THE

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

JOHN SAUNDERS.

VOL. III.

"The grand doctrine that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness. of exercising the powers and affections of a man,—this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth."—CHANNING.

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**** The Titles of the Engravings are printed in Black Type.*

APPENDIX.



THE NEGLECTED GENIUS.

By W. Hunt.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Genius, like Virtue, its "own exceeding great reward."

THE

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THE EDITOR TO THE READERS OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

About thirteen months ago, I issued my first and hurried prospectus of the *People's Journal;* and in order to carry out the purpose therein announced, of seeking the aid of "writers eminent not only for their original ability in their several departments, but also for the steady devotion of their talents to the noblest of objects, those of increasing the happiness or elevating the characters of the people," I applied to Mr. W. J. Fox, Mr. Ebenezer Elliott, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mrs. Gillies, Miss Toulmin, Mr. Angus B. Reach, Mr. Hunt, and others, and was honoured by the immediate assistance of all. To these were subsequently added, just before the publication of the first number, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt. That first number was issued with some anxiety, but much more hope. Years of patient and thoughtful literary labour, in connection chiefly with one whose name should never be mentioned among Englishmen without exciting a sentiment of respect and gratitude for his many and important national services, Mr. Charles Knight, had opened to me, I believed, a novel and mighty field of operation in Periodical Literature. Works of this class had not previously sought for a high *Original Character,* though containing many original and excellent papers. They had not dealt with those great topics of the day that come home, as Lord Bacon says, to the business and bosoms of men. Above all, they had not attempted to shape out any consistent and apparently complete scheme of the philosophy of human life, as it is, and as it should be, wherewith to guide themselves through all their endeavours to guide others. But honour be unto them! They were the pioneers of that mighty and onward March of Life that is but now truly commencing. They did their duty to their time bravely; and if the *People's Journal* may but as well perform its duty now, the writer of these lines will not have laboured in vain.

While then I thought there remained much to be done to give the People a Periodical Literature worthy of them, it also appeared to me, that the exact time had come to make the necessary experiment. In the opening number of *Jerrold's Magazine,* I had thus a twelvemonth before, described some of the characteristics of the period, and drawn from them what appeared to me to be a true and momentous deduction.

"One may certainly seek in vain through all history, for a parallel to the present time. Look around? What a chaos of conflicting influences and movements are at work! Listen! What a hubbub of voices, each with its own peculiar burden, ascends from the tumultuously heaving masses of society! 'Improve your system of cultivation,' recommends the landlord; 'Give us leases,' rejoins the farmer; 'Give us bread,' chimes in the labourer, and in his ignorance and despair fires a stack by way of calling attention to his words. 'Hurrah for the League and the Repeal of the Corn Laws!' exclaims the manufacturer; 'Suppose you give us a Ten Hour Bill first?' suggest his artisans; 'England would be ruined if they did,' shrieks the Economist, or political Cassandra, 'Ruined! Ruined! Ruined!' and so he disappears among the crowd, to emerge again presently with the same unfailing hoot. 'The poor man wants baths,' says one; 'No, parks and gardens,' says another; 'You are both wrong, he wants national holidays,' insists a third. 'Ah! if the state would but erect more churches!' croaks a respectable-looking gentleman in black; 'Or make us go back to the excellent customs of the middle ages.—Alas! faith went out with the credence tables; charity disappeared with the offertory;' remarks his glossy-coated neighbour; 'Or,' roar a host of voices, overpowering both speakers, 'if it would but put down Puseyism, before Puseyism puts down the church.' 'God bless me, that district has not yet enjoyed the advantages of our excellent Poor Law,' points out the statesman; 'introduce it immediately!' but while he speaks, both he and his darling measure are assailed by a shower of epithets, among which, 'Unchristian! Savage! Atrocious!' are but the gentler specimens; and mingling with them are heard too often, as though in evidence of their practical truth, the sob of the wife, who had been denied admittance to the place where her husband was dying, because it was night; the frenzied outburst of the parent whose young ones are famishing, while he waits the relieving officer's convenience; or the terrible curses of those who perish in their pride rather than submit to the mercies of the workhouse.* But our eyes are weary—our head aches with the confusion and the din: amid which, however, it is evident the destructive agencies are exhibiting a startling degree of activity. Every creed, science and art, of any pretensions to age—all institutions, however time-honoured, appear to be smitten and tottering to their base; and whilst the resisting forces are growing daily weaker, the attacking ones on the contrary are, with every step they take, becoming more and more vigorous. Baffled here, they advance there; or else, after a pause, return with redoubled force to the old breach.

"*What does it all mean?*

"*Simply, we believe, that the Spirit of the age, conscious of the unprecedented magnitude of the evils that afflict and weigh down humanity, and seeing the insufficiency of those ordinary processes of renovation that are ever quietly going on, is, without troubling himself about niceties or appearances, turning society into one grand workshop; and there, with unabating activity and unflinching purpose, examining and pulling to pieces whatever has ceased to be useful or suitable to the work he has in hand—that of accumulating materials for a new, more harmonious, and infinitely nobler state.*" †

To temper these destructive tendencies by infusing into their human agents a respect and love for *all* humanity, to make the work of rebuilding go on with a rapidity proportionate to the work of demolition, and so to realise in some degree that "new, more harmonious, and infinitely nobler state," before the ruins of the old one should fall about our ears, there appeared to me, an imperative need for a new Literary Periodical,—one that should make it its business to gather together and to express the thoughts and feelings of society, and to solicit the counsel of the ablest and best of the members of that society, on the novel and sublime phase into which it was entering.

Hence my projection of the "People's Journal."

Yet I could not conceal from myself the vast difficulties that beset the path even to the first stage of

* The readers of the newspapers will perceive we refer here to real not imaginary cases, which are unhappily so frequent as to render it unnecessary to particularise.

† *Jerrold's Magazine.*—"Shadows of Coming Events," vol. i., p. 22.

progress—that of commercial success. New periodicals, are for the most part, becoming an old nuisance. We might almost say with Ross in *Macbeth*, "each minute teems a new one." Consequently the healthiest literary bantling is for a time hidden, and in danger of being smothered by a host of competitors, who make up in clamour and by numbers what they lack in individual strength.

Again, to fail would have been ruin both to myself and my friend and partner, Mr. Turrell, (my sole partner for the FIRST *four months*). How great then the responsibility upon me, who must undertake the entire conduct of the journal, both as regards business management, and the editorship: departments that from the first hour to the one that is now fleeting away, have remained exclusively in my hands.

There was a still greater difficulty behind. The whole machinery of the business had to be created by me—a literary, rather than a business man. "What of your business arrangements?" said to me the author of the admirable lectures that have enriched these pages, on the very day the arrangements were made for the publication of those lectures; "What of your business arrangements? The best publications often fail through bad business machinery; the worst often succeed for a time, by excellence in that respect." I answered that I was so conscious of the danger (one that literary men are especially liable to), that I had determined at any and every (*present*) sacrifice of personal tastes, or of literary ambition, to devote myself day by day, week by week, month by month, and, if necessary, year by year, to the creation and perfecting of the requisite business machinery, and to the establishment of the journal on a solid commercial basis.

And thus have I done. The experiment was determined upon and commenced; and then, as I presume, commonly enough happens in such cases, endless and daily difficulties occurred, undreamed of before. For the first three months I scarcely knew sleep. The labours of the day over in the management of the business, the labours of the night began in connection with the editorial duties of the journal, and more especially in answering as far as practicable, the overwhelming amount of friendly correspondence that poured and continues to pour in upon me.

AND THE RESULT? *The announcement made in the Number of Feb. 18, must have prepared our readers for the one now to be made. With deep joy, and unutterable thankfulness of heart, do I now announce that the preliminary stage is accomplished,—that the* People's Journal *is commercially established,—its safety is permanently secured.* In one short twelvemonth, twenty thousand subscribers have attested their faith in it at home, whilst abroad it is rapidly and firmly rooting itself in the United States; and its winged sheets—winged, I hope, by love and faith—are flying hither and thither to so many different parts of the globe, that before long, there is a reasonable probability that wherever the English language is spoken, there will the *People's Journal* be.

To make the *Journal* more and more worthy of such sympathy and support, and of the name it has ventured to assume, will henceforth be the chief duty of my life. And a great and solemn duty I am bound to regard it. A duty, it is true, that exacts more than any man can hope to render, but which, I think, needs only to be performed in a humble and loving, as well as in an earnest and determined spirit, to be looked at in these pages with friendly eyes, and to have all its deficiencies supplied from the overflowing fulness of charitable hearts.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

Dec. 28, 1846.

REMOVAL OF THE CHINESE EXHIBITION.

THE Chinese Exhibition, which has been so long an object of attraction to all persons either residing or visiting in London, and (I may add) which has been, for so very long a time, "*positively about to close*," is really going to be removed from its present station in that startling, queer-looking, peaked-pointed Pagoda at Knightsbridge. At the latter end of January there will be a *flitting* of Mandarins, lanterns, precious porcelain, junks, carved and painted ornaments, and the three colossal Buddhas;—these things will disappear from Hyde Park, and make an avatar in Birmingham. Subsequently, a succession of such avatars will take place at the various large cities of the United Kingdom. Before it leaves London, it is to be hoped that every man, woman, and child there, who has sixpence to spare, and an inquiring, intelligent mind, will be able to visit the collection.

Gratitude for profit or pleasure conferred is as becoming in a multitude as in an individual; and I am sure it is due from the vast numbers who have visited this exhibition to the deceased Collector, who, to use his own words, "devoted the flower of his life to this collection, and never hesitated at expense."

Every succeeding year will, probably, add to our present amount of knowledge about China, or, at least, diffuse more generally that which is already known; but until this exhibition was opened, I verily believe that half England was about as well informed concerning the habits, manners, literature, and arts of the Chinese as their ancestors in the time of Marco Polo. It is true we drank tea, and some of us had porcelain vases; but how few ever thought of learning the nature of the tea preparers, or the skill of the porcelain makers. They were Chinese, and lived far to the east, in Asia, were said to be a very ancient nation, and had presumed to go to war with us. They might have been "Anthropophagi,—and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," for aught we knew. During the last century, eastern travellers and lovers of Oriental lore knew a little, and speculated a great deal more, about China, and its wondrous system of civilisation. A few specimens of Chinese industry and skill adorned the cabinets of the curious; one or two Chinese novels and other books had been translated into English; and a great number of Chinese jars, teacups, and monstrous creations in porcelain, delighted the eyes and emptied the pockets of ladies of quality; but beyond the circles of the travelled, the wealthy, and the learned, all information respecting China was confined to the suggestions thrown out by the willow-patterned dinner-plates concerning architecture, ornithology, trees, canals, boats, and costume, which were certainly surprising enough. The various embassies to that country (Lord Amherst's especially) afterwards turned the attention of many persons to the consideration of the government and institutions of this singular empire, by far the most populous in the world. Our increased trade in the East, the outbreak of the war about the opium dispute, and our victory, have successively been the means of drawing public curiosity in England to China and the Chinese. But until this exhibition was opened in London, not one person in five hundred had anything like a correct idea of the nature of a people we were pleased to call *barbarous*, because their civilisation differed from ours. It is impossible to see this collection, so illustrative of a whole nation, without confessing that we do wrong to call them ignorant or uncivilised, although they are very unlike us; that we should do well to extend our sentiments of toleration farther than France, or Russia, or Turkey; and we may learn from seeing these evidences of a state of social life not known in Europe,

that nothing is a surer mark of ignorance and folly than to laugh at, or despise any new or strange thing, merely because we do not understand it, or have never seen it before. Much is to be learned by a philosophic mind from this Chinese Collection. The general view of the long saloon or gallery, which is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and fifty feet wide, is very beautiful. At night, when the numerous richly-coloured lanterns are illuminated, the effect is brilliant, gay, and magnificent enough to charm the most fastidious European frequenter of "gay and festive scenes," and "halls of dazzling light." Unlike most other exceedingly gorgeous and striking looking places, you are not shocked upon a minute examination by the tinsel and tawdriness which passed for magnificence at a distance. On the contrary, the more narrowly you examine the details here, the more your admiration of the whole is increased. Many things here are of great value, and the whole must be worth a fortune. To particularise the contents of this collection would be useless; they must be seen to be appreciated. The most remarkable objects are, I think, the section of a temple containing the three colossal figures of the Buddhas; a small statue of Confucius (Kung Foo Tsze) and other statues, representing popular gods and goddesses. There is something very fine in the repose (so different in each) of the three Buddhas, or presiding deities of the world. They are eleven feet in height, and are seated. The Buddha of the past raises its out-stretched hand in calm admonition; the Buddha of the present seems to call attention to himself, while the Buddha of the future, with carelessly folded hands, seems to "bide his time." The statuette of Confucius was taken from a temple dedicated to him, and is said to be the only correct likeness of that great philosopher in Europe.

There are three religions prevalent in China; Buddhism, which is the religion of the people (a sort of atheism existing among its *esoteric* professors); the Taou, or Rational Religion; the doctrines of which resemble those of the Greek Epicurus (its founder lived in the sixth century before Christ); and the religion of Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before Christ, and taught the highest moral truths and the worship of one God.

Besides this temple, I would point out for especial consideration a beautiful and very large screen at one end of the saloon, which affords ample opportunity for judging of the skill and taste of Chinese artists in flower-painting and carved and gilt fret-work. At the opposite end of the apartment is an exquisitely beautiful room in a mandarin's summer residence, the circular opening or doorway, through which you have a view of the country beyond, enclosed as in a picture frame, might be imitated in many an English country-house with very good effect. The furniture in this beautiful room does not accord with our English ideas of comfort, but no one can deny the perfect good taste and elegance of the whole.

The lanterns which decorate the ceiling of the saloon, and a very splendid one of an enormous size, in a case, are worthy of particular observation. The mercer's shop is probably the best of the representations of trades. The specimens of carving in ivory, mother-of-pearl, and wood, are very fine. The paintings which cover the walls are very curious and interesting. Some of the female faces approach very nearly to our ideas of beauty.

The literary character of the Chinese is one of the most important points in the history of the nation. It is the educated, the learned, and the talented, who form the aristocracy in China. Their education is not of the best kind, but such as it is, it is more honoured than anything else. Some western nations may take a hint from the Chinese on this subject. They are much given to writing verses. I have read many verses worse than the following specimen of Chinese poetry, written 3,000 years ago. "The song bemoans the fate of a maiden, betrothed to an humble suitor, but compelled to become the bride of a rich and powerful rival."*

I.

The nest yon winged artist builds,
Some robber bird shall tear away,
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

II.

The fluttering bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell
Forth goes the the weeping bride constrained;
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

III.

Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest,
Mourn for the hapless stolen bride,
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!

The proverbs of the Chinese deserve to be inscribed on the walls of their apartments, and will bear comparison with those of western nations. I can only transcribe one or two.

"Following virtue is like ascending an eminence, pursuing vice is like rushing down a precipice."

"When Mandarins are pure, the people are happy."

"Those who respect themselves will be honourable; but he who thinks lightly of himself will be held cheap by the world."

"In learning, youth and age go for nothing; the best informed take the precedence."

"Let every man sweep the snow from his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles."

"A man without money is a reptile; but with money, a dragon."

I must now close my brief notice of this interesting exhibition, with a recommendation to such of my readers as may not have seen it, to indulge themselves during the Christmas holidays with a visit to it. Not the least attractive part of the affair is the conversation to be had with two Chinese youths who speak English very intelligibly, and who are always in the saloon to attend the visitors. J. M W.

BLACK GANG CHINE.

An Isle of Wight Poem.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Path of darkness! Road of night!
Black Gang Chine!
Way of gloom, for cataract bright,
Unto the brine!
Thine, the dizzy height, the edge
Of wondrous line,
Whirling on its Mammoth ledge—
Black Gang Chine!
Thine, the black rock; thine, the chasm;
Thine, the vast spine,
High, wide and growthless; born of spasm!
Monster divine!
Thine dark beauty, wooing tender,
Like Moorish lips!
Thine dark grandeur; thine the splendor
Of an eclipse!
Thine the path of grand dark spirit,
Lost to the divine,
Fallen from that it did inherit—
Black Gang Chine!

* Published in the 2nd vol. of the "Royal Asiatic Transactions."

SOCIAL GEOGRAPHY.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

Thinking the other day upon the many grades into which society in England divides itself, how little many of these know of each other, I wished for the power to lay out a map of our social geography, so as to present a complete and comprehensive view of our diversified life in this island—showing the various tracks of the whole people, in which of these tracks run the richest veins of mental and moral ore, and in which they are best worked.

The middle classes, of whom Burke said, fifty years ago, that they had swelled out of proportion, are an immense, powerful, and important body. It has received an accession from the social strata below it that has enriched as well as enlarged its ranks. While, by means of money and an imitative homage—many of its members have struggled into the aristocracy, where, if well plated with the precious metals, they meet condescending sufferance—the intellectual workers, the people of talent and intelligence, under the impulse of enterprise and invention, indifferent to origin, and conscious of desert, have taken firm footing in the middle walks of life, and bid fair not only to infuse into them a better spirit, but to create a natural aristocracy, to which none but those who bring credentials from nature and education will be able to gain admission. In proportion as it is felt that humanity carries within itself a principle, upon the development of which depends the highest and most permanent greatness, the claims of natural dignity, in opposition to artificial elevation, will be recognised. The social middlemen and middlewomen will grow ashamed of the title-worship which has too long marked them: the frigid farces of state and style, with the endless fopperies of unmeaning display, will give place to intellectual elegance and social simplicity.

It is easy to see the obstructions which exist; it is sweet to hope they will be removed. Taking my station in an imaginary balloon, let me float away, above this vast and various scene—look down upon the Alpine paths of politics, with their parallel precipices and subterranean passes, with that leviathan recorder and controller, the press, thundering through the defiles, making a wholesome agitation, and keeping governments from degenerating into despotisms.

Let me view the rich levels of the church, with their episcopal palaces and proud cathedrals, their fertile glebes and lowly curate homes, whence often flows the stream of an unobtrusive benevolence, cheering lonely spirits, stimulating high endeavour, and insensibly spreading hope through the atmosphere of humble life, by a holy power like that of Oberlin at Steinthall.

Around and amid all this, I mark the devious, ill-kept paths of education, here and there relieved by bright spots, but showing a large array of desecrated, underpaid, unestimated teachers, a promiscuous, fragmentary multitude of schools and colleges, sending forth a motley crowd of agents to make or mar the means of human happiness. The divergence of these multitudes will carry me far and wide. Here, upon regions over which political economy holds peculiar sway, through which stalk currency and competition—each a Polyphemus, with but one eye, and that fixed upon national wealth rather than national happiness; both eager for accumulation, regardless of distribution: the one armed with a petrific mace, keeping the bullion stagnant in the Bank; the other, with a two-edged sword, wounding, often cutting in twain, the ties that should unite the brethren of Christianity—the children of civilisation.

Beyond and about, I behold the jungles of poverty, with their labyrinths of ignorance, and lazar houses of want and vice, amid which wander the suicide, the murderer, the marauder; every one the unconscious sepulchre of a world of original moral excellence and mental lustre, which might be opened up for time in this world, and for eternity through millions of others.

Not far from the confines of these sad scenes, I discern the paths of the professions, which draw an unnatural fertility from these fetid sources. In the professional arena, how may we trace the acute but narrowed intellect, that leads to a plan of life in which the claims of expense and display stimulate selfishness and subserviency—in which the power to revise and advocate human rights is postponed for poorer objects. The barrister and the physician, like the church dignitary, live in a dangerous vicinity to conventional greatness; the climate of which often produces fruit at variance with the germ of early character: the tendency to such taint traverses whole courses, and those who form the rear take the tint of those they follow.

Throwing out a little ballast, my balloon takes its way over the broad lands of aristocracy. There I perceive primogeniture and gamekeepers equally at war with the rights of nature; and observe, if the people sometimes poach on a private manor, that the pampered scions of nobility poach upon the public purse, into which they are allowed to put their hands, not from claims of superior desert, but under shelter of privilege. At intervals, we mark large hearts and exalted minds in high places, as we do stately halls with portals ever open to the wanderer; but such hearts have grown ample, and such minds high, by bathing in the philosophy of humanity, by giving lessons at the holy altars of universal rights. The masses of fashion are in society what the coral insect is in the ocean. It is well for these masses that the spirit of general intelligence is awakened. This angel-visitant is coming on, winnowing the air with his bright wings; and as he comes nearer and nearer, the fetid vapours disperse, the growth of moral power increases, millions of new lights irradiate the social atmosphere, and a magic change, instead of a mighty revolution, will ensue.

From the landholders, onward I glide to the labourers and agricultural classes; and while feeling how Burns has consecrated the plough, I cannot but recollect that from these classes the intellectual forces of England has gathered fewest recruits. Why is this? I leave others to disprove, if they can, the assertion, and pass on to the—

Manufacturing masses. Among these I behold many a man who, amid the toils that win his bread, elaborates thought, and stands out like a lighthouse amid the surging waters of the social struggle, throwing a beacon ray along barren tracks, and guiding many an adventurous boy, like Isaac Milner, who left the loom, and found his way to Cambridge and a professorship. But the multitude are stunted children, bearing the character of premature age, derived from early toil and trial. To what will such desecration of humanity lead? The injury rests not with one generation, nor at one point of time.

I must again away. Whither? To the marts of trade. Here are busy hives, but the bees sometimes visit poisonous plants. Into these classes

less than most others have penetrated the lofty principles which lift man into independence. Good speed to the emancipating movement now at work—prompt be the time when books will displace tapes and bobbins, and the counter no longer concentrate all the faculties of many fine minds. Many of them will be soon awing.

The bright uplands of literature will be open to all; over these let me pause, and note the neighbouring groves and gardens of the arts, where shrines are yet to rise sacred to music, song, and sculpture—to poetry, painting, and her graceful coadjutrix, engraving. While here, let us turn with a kindly smile to the Italian boy, who came among us with his sunny southern face, an unconscious benefactor: his plaster casts of the beautiful creations of art, not only awakened and improved the perceptions of the people, but have established it as a "great fact," that they have perceptions to be improved, capabilities beyond those necessary for mere animal life. Our ancestors, ay, and some of their recent descendants, would have thought as soon of feeding the people upon ortolan and tokay, as raising and refining them by means of the arts and literature. Let me not leave this field without remembering how much we owe to the wood engraver, who has poured so many gleams of moral sunshine through the gloomy habitations of poverty, and carried to the enduring indwellers impulses of feeling and flashes of thought that keep the bosom fires from being extinguished.

But now I come to the close of my aerial voyage, reserving for the last the quiet fields of science. In the divine circle they present, man tastes the truest happiness, having its source in engrossing, ennobling, unfailing occupation: here he proves the purest religion and slakes his thirst for truth and good: here his hand is upon the best links of that golden chain which reaches down from heaven to earth, and will encompass all: here he is continually extending his acquaintance with the works of God—the vast, the various volumes of creation. This is the citadel of human felicity—hence open vistas which no other portion of life's allotment presents.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE

By the Editor.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

Oh can I forget, as I bend o'er my loom
So many long hours in this dark, stifling room.
My boyhood's sweet time, when I roamed all the day,
As untamedly glad as a bird in its play?

Oh can I forget, as my own darling wife
Is soothing her hungry ones, calming their strife,
Her tears rolling down as she thinks of their fate,
How light-hearted, mirthful, her maidenly state?

Oh can I forget with what joy and what pride
I saw in the future a happy fireside,
Where our old age should rest in the cradle of home,
Where our dear children all should at holidays come?

Alas for the boyhood for ever departed!
Alas for the maiden so fair and light-hearted!
Alas for the home and the merry ones nigh!
God help us!—we're born but to toil and to die.

THE YOUNG POET'S PLAINT.

From an Unpublished Lyric, entitled "Life According to Law."

By Ebenezer Elliott.

God! release our dying sister;
Beauteous blight hath sadly kiss'd her;
Whiter than the wild white roses,
Famine in her face discloses
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair but passing slowly.
Nor of hope hath pain bereft her,
In the city where we left her!
"Bring," she said, "a hedge-side blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

ARA FORCE.

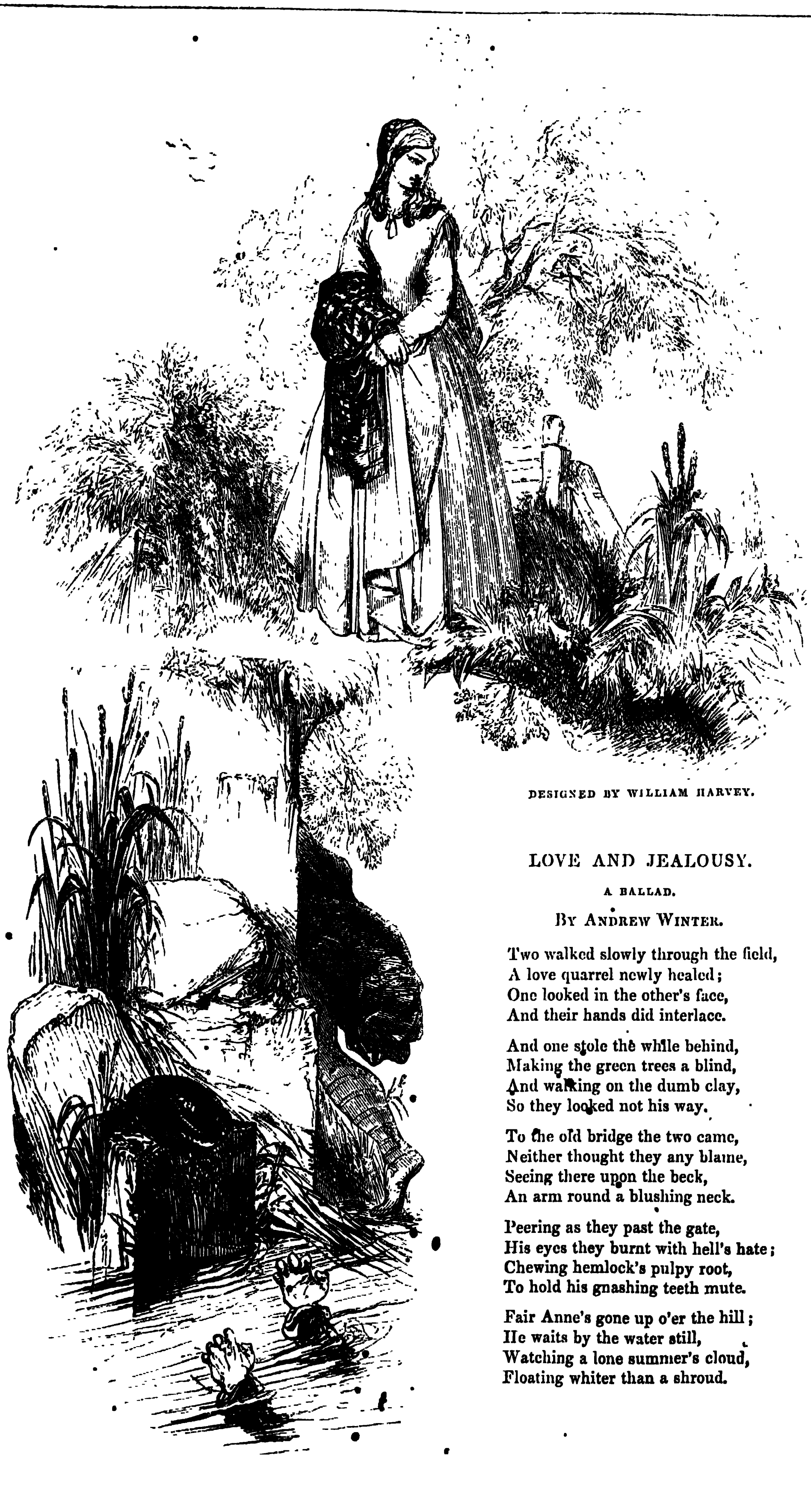
A SKETCH.

By Harriet Martineau

I will not attempt to describe Ara Force. If pictures give little idea of waterfalls, descriptions give less. As I sat in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling waters never dies, and the ferns, long grasses, and ash-sprays wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and, as looking up, I saw my young companions perched upon the bridge which spans the upper fall, I thought of the mournful legend which belongs to this place: and which Wordsworth has preserved.

In the olden time, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory; and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it. But he was so long in returning and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep; and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly-tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine, to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower. But he saw a gliding white figure among the trees; and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady-love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous place: he put out his hand to hold her. The touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his hold into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank—not however without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her. He built himself a cell on the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

We sat down under the trees above the ravine, within sound of the gushing waters, while I told my companions this story; how much more beautiful a story for being told on the spot, absent readers can never know.



DESIGNED BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

A BALLAD.

By Andrew Winter.

Two walked slowly through the field,
A love quarrel newly healed;
One looked in the other's face,
And their hands did interlace.

And one stole the while behind,
Making the green trees a blind,
And walking on the dumb clay,
So they looked not his way.

To the old bridge the two came,
Neither thought they any blame,
Seeing there upon the beck,
An arm round a blushing neck.

Peering as they past the gate,
His eyes they burnt with hell's hate;
Chewing hemlock's pulpy root,
To hold his gnashing teeth mute.

Fair Anne's gone up o'er the hill;
He waits by the water still,
Watching a lone summer's cloud,
Floating whiter than a shroud.

By the shadow of the arch,
Some one creeps with stealthy march;
But what need to be so still?
The other knoweth not his will.

Shadow of an arm and hand,
Slowly moves where he doth stand,
One bold dash, and the dark wave,
Made brave music o'er his grave.

Fair Anne's come down o'er the hill,
She waiteth by the waters still;
"Oh, where art thou my Willie dear,
Wherefore tarry you not here?"

Up 'gan float from the deep hollow,
Bubbles thick, and words did follow:
"Chill is the water, Anne dear,
And long, long have I tarried here.

"The slimy weeds my forehead lave,
And all around like green snakes wave,
Slow as a pulse they rise and fall,
And wrap me in a throbbing pall.

"Hard lies my head upon a stone,
A rat sits warm on my breast bone;
The minnows dive about my hair,
While great fish keep aloof and stare.

"Throw down a pebble from the brink,
A little thing, it makes them shrink;
And when above the great rings spread
They leave alone the helpless dead.

"I told thee, Anne, to drop a stone,
But now I hear thee make a moan,
And weeping fast—tear after tear;
They drop bright pearls upon my hair."

There's some one lurks by yonder tree,
His smile is calm as calm can be;
But if you could look deeper in
His heart 'tis wrinkled up with sin.

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

By George Wallis,

Late Principal of the Manchester School of Design.

No. I.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF POPULAR TASTE IN THE FINE ARTS, THROUGH THEIR APPLICATION TO INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES.

In an age of progress, like the present, when literature and science are striding onward for the enlightenment and benefit of the masses, and continually receiving an accession of strength from the ranks of the heretofore neglected serfs of the labour market, it would appear to be quite time that in this advent of education we should look for an extended consideration for those arts which have been ever acknowledged as exercising a great and enduring influence over the manners of every people of which we have any record,—adding very greatly to the sources of intellectual enjoyment, and materially assisting in the moral and religious training of all who had the good fortune to be brought within their influence.

Time was, when Art was the great teacher of the people—when pictures and statues spoke a language which required no translation, and appealing as it did directly to their limited perceptions, held the place which literature now supplies, as the esoteric instructor of the exoteric multitude. The printing press has absorbed the painter's pencil, and the sculptor's chisel—"the book has destroyed the building."* At least, it has done so in Britain up to the present day, nor can we ever expect a full revival of the olden Art-spirit, inasmuch as mankind needs it not; because its place is supplied by a much more efficient teacher. Yet largely as literature may fill the place of the early mission of Art, it cannot be said to supersede it. Nay, in some respects it may be that literature tends to increase the want, but it is in a very different direction to that in which the great works of antiquity influenced the mental perceptions, and educed the dawning reason of mankind. In this age, Art has come to be looked upon as as an embellishment, rather than an instructor, as in the olden time; in which light, even in this day, its highest aims ought to be viewed. It is, however, rather as an *illustrator* than as a positive *instructor* Art now comes before us; but whilst illustrating, it seeks to enhance the value of the teaching of that literature which has grown up out of the requirements of the last four centuries, and which has received one of its greatest charms, and effected some of its greatest triumphs, through that very Art whose early work it was sent to consummate.

To a generation whose wants, feelings, habits, manners, and requirements are so different as the present, the grand works of the past have become but as soulless or misunderstood embellishments on the one hand, or as mere antique curiosities on the other. The earnest spirit which produced them, the zealous devotion which bowed before their influence, have alike departed; and picture-brokers and curiosity-mongers usurp the place of the church, the painter, and the worshipper. Trafficking *in* pictures and statues has taken the place of instructing *by* pictures and statues. The spirit of the *past* is constantly evoked to crush the spirit of the *present*. Ignorance bows down to worship that which it cannot understand, at the dictation of a priesthood of connoisseurship, whose greatest knowledge consists in understanding how to mistify the full-pursed patron whose vanity whispers "have a taste."

Such is the position of Art in its more positive departments of historic painting and sculpture. In its application to those articles of everyday use whose value and beauty become so largely enhanced by its effects, we unfortunately see nothing of a more congratulatory character. Yet in a country like England, so largely dependant for its prosperity on the beauty of its manufactures, it seems to be but reasonable to expect a large amount of appreciation of the value of Fine Arts, as applied to those industrial productions which we are constantly called upon to furnish for the use of the greater portion of the globe, and which too we continually pride ourselves upon doing "better and cheaper" than any other people. Without staying to question whether we really succeed in achieving

* Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*.

this, it may be affirmed that we *ought* to do so, and it is quite certain that we *might* do so, if we did but take the proper course in the encouragement of the Fine Arts, and gave due consideration to the high value of sound Art-Education, which it may be safely asserted has been hitherto as totally neglected, or as completely misdirected, as if its results were of the most insignificant import, either as regards our commerce, or our social and intellectual standing in the scale of modern nations.

Many difficulties arise to prevent the education of our youth in a full degree of appreciation of the value of the highest departments of Art, usually so called; because our utilitarian habits, staid manners, and, too frequently, sordid pursuits, are inimical to the development of that warm feeling and genuine enthusiasm which belong to those whose natural tendencies lead them to the study of the beautiful and the true; but which in some instances are as largely developed in Britons, as in the natives of any other country. These, however, are *the few*, not *the many*. Yet who can doubt that all possess a capacity which opportunity would develop, until the result would become as palpable as the changes for the better in other things; and that whilst sending beauteous creations for our *enjoyment*, the Almighty Dispenser has also given us a power to *enjoy*, if we but seek to cultivate it.

Our Art-Education, however, has hitherto been *downward* instead of *upward*. We have called upon our countrymen to appreciate the great works of great masters, without giving them the intermediate lessons in Taste which convey to their minds a sense of the beautiful through those works on which they are themselves engaged; and whilst suffering them to go on modelling, painting, printing, and weaving ugliness in or on their own productions, it has been foolishly expected that they should fall down and worship beauties their souls could not recognise. In short we have sought to educate *down* from pictures and statues, to silks, calicoes, and porcelain, instead of to educate *up* to pictures and statues, by and through those utilities of life, in the manufacture of which so large a proportion of our population is engaged for the attainment of daily bread. Worst of all, nothing has been recognised as a work of Art, according to the conventional sense of that term, except a fine painting or a fine statue.

That the arts have a refining and softening influence, no one thinks of denying. That they have a tendency to intellectualise all who come within their influence, is also granted. That they are valuable as aids to industry, stimulative of the ingenuity of a people, and even creative of occupation, would appear to be clear enough. Then why have we not cultivated them as we ought to do? Simply because we have misunderstood their true application at the outset, and begun at the wrong end in the education of the youthful student. Parents—even those engaged in decorative manufactures—have imagined that paltry drawings of pigs and poultry were better examples for their children than beautiful porcelain or damasks, and that copying landscapes in the album style, to the consumption of unlimited quantities of black-lead pencils and card-board, would eventually bring out the latent genius of their sons to the astonishment of their neighbours and the satisfaction of their own vanity, much better than teaching them those principles of beauty which ought to govern the production of those articles by which their children will, in all probability, be called upon to raise their position in society, either as manufacturers or as workmen, and which would be the surest foundation for a true and legitimate taste in the more elevated departments of the Arts.

Artists, too, have deemed the beauty of a tea-pot or a candlestick as things quite beneath their notice, and inconsistently expected the same persons who bought ugly china or misproportioned metalware to appreciate, and of course purchase fine pictures. The thing is absurd. The power to appreciate must ever come before the inclination to possess.

The artisan has been left to carry on operations requiring a considerable amount of artistic talent and feeling, upon the mere traditionary teaching of the workshop. He manipulates as his master did,—an animated machine, who paints one kind of flower, one species of ornament, moulds one class of forms, carves one sort of leaf everlastingly, and with an endurance worthy of a martyr works at one type all his life-time, with the chance of finding it engraven in indelible characters on his cerebral tissues after death. One would wonder he does not die of doing one thing. Perhaps he does!

To give a sound education in Art to the rising youth of our day would be a glorious privilege. To direct their attention to the wide field open to them for the exercise of their genius whilst pursuing their daily vocations. To show how largely Art may again be brought to bear as a teacher of the people; but in a new sense, and for a new purpose. In short, to make it once more subservient to the elevation of man, in a manner consonant with the leading features of our own times as distinguished from those of the past. Taking that domestic feeling which is so marked a characteristic of the social state of Britain, in combination with that commercial tendency which is our great national feature, we may eventually aspire to a position beside those empires of the past whose proudest trophies now consist merely of the remains of those Arts they nourished and brought to maturity; each out of the master-spirit pervading the age in which they flourished; which spirit they sought to perpetuate in the ever enduring monuments their skill and genius prompted them to erect as land marks for future generations.

It is not then, we maintain so much by picture exhibitions, by art-union societies, by museums of art and science,—all most excellent, nay imperatively necessary to future progress, that we should look for the true education of the people in the Arts. It is to that simple power, which, beginning at the beginning, seeks to educe those principles, and inculcate those precepts on which all beauty in Art and all true observation of Nature must consist. Taking the simple line as the foundation of primitive form, evolving thereout those combinations which strike the eye and convince the judgment, proceeding carefully to apply these, not to such high flights of genius as the subtle power of the educated artist can alone comprehend, but to those everyday beauties which stand at our elbows, and surround our firesides, which reproach us by their ugliness, or congratulate us in their beauty.

Can any one suppose that the workman whose executive and artistic power enabled him to produce beauty on a tea-tray, would not have an equally true perception of the beauty of the tea-equipage to be placed upon it; or the weaver whose sense of beauty was awakened by the productions he saw growing under his fingers in the loom, though that beauty was another man's brain-work,

would not, as far as his limited means allowed, be inclined to put a pretty calico print on the back of his wife or child? The power to appreciate and the power to purchase, may differ very widely, but if the former is there the latter will seek to follow; whilst the lack of appreciation makes purchasing doubly hazardous.

In this, then, consists the power to cultivate popular taste through the agency of the Industrial Arts. It is an *upward*, not a *downward* cultivation. It begins with those more palpable and more easily understood productions which are so largely spread around us, and carries the mind onward by imperceptible gradations until it places before it for admiration and appreciation the highest achievements of the pencil and the chisel, which, without this ladder to ascend towards the beautiful and the true, are misunderstood, and consequently neglected.

Teach the youthful artisan or manufacturer to understand Art in its application to his own immediate purposes. Show him its utility, its positive necessity to his every day pursuits. Lead him on from this to the apprehension of the higher qualities which enter so largely into the departments of History. Imbue his mind with that respect which is due, alike to the tasteful production of the loom, or the storied canvass, and you give him an appreciation of his own powers, and his own position totally different to that morbid and silly vanity which turns card-board consuming boys into canvass spoiling artists; and small manufacturers of album embellishments into starving geniuses, whose dreams are of Michael Angelo and High Art!

If you give the student principles he will use them for himself, and can test his own powers to *do*. If he is merely taught to draw or copy without principles, he will be apt to fancy himself much more talented than he really is, and plunge headlong into a difficulty which more knowledge would have taught him to avoid.

Our Schools of Design must look to this, for it is a useless work to merely teach a mechanical power to copy. He who would succeed well in Art must study principles, and these *must* be taught in these schools, not mere rote-practice. To this point we shall return again, after considering the manufacturers' interest in this question.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE ON THE RHIGI.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

The Rhigi is the most fashionable of the Alps—or rather of the Alplets—of that outlying chain of lesser hills, which form, as it were, epaulettes upon the mighty shoulders of the snowy ranges which rear their bulwark between France and Italy. Everybody who goes to Switzerland climbs the Rhigi. The ascent is quite a *sine qua non*. The steep paths, from the little villages of Art and Weiggis to the summit, are perfect thoroughfares for tourists. And, in truth, the Rhigi has fair claims to popularity. It is of a happy medium size—not a Mont Blanc or a Jung Frau, certainly—but anything but a mole-hill. The weak and the lazy may ride comfortably to the summit on the backs of surefooted mules or shaggy mountain horses; the strong and the active, who prefer their own feet, will own that the work is of the roughest, ere they quaff a glass of purest kirch-wasser at the hotel on the highest peak. Then the mountain though sometimes difficult, is perfectly safe. You need no guide—the path is as clearly marked as the pavement of Ludgate-hill. You encounter no glaciers, are in danger from no avalanches. At the same time you clamber up by giddy precipices, and look down into splintered ravines and deep black crevices in the rocks, where, in the time of melting snow, the torrents come foaming, driving before them wrenched up trees, and rolling down vast stones, as a gust of wind puffs feathers. The view from the top of the Rhigi, too, is one of the finest, and perhaps the most extensive in Switzerland. The mountain stands by itself, facing, as it were, the grand chain of the Bernese Alps, and towering above the clear waters of the lakes of Lug and of Lucerne. A line of five hundred miles in length would, probably, be too short to encircle the panorama of lake, mountain, and stream, which, in the clear atmosphere of Switzerland, lies within the ken of a pair of sharp eyes, elevated to the top of the scaffold observatory which crowns the Rhigi. No wonder, then, the hill has become so great a favourite with tourists—no wonder that during the summer and autumn months it is perfectly peopled with an ever-shifting, ever-changing colony of wandering English.

I joined lately a pedestrian party of my countrymen—with whom I fell in on the lake of Zurich—in a walking expedition up to the inevitable Rhigi. The village of Art, on the margin of the lake of Lug, was our starting point. It stands at the head of a deep bay, from one side of which rises, in a series of inaccessible precipices, the vast form of the Rhigi. A wood belt of pines girds the hill—occasionally showing through their sombre mass of brown, grey jagged pinnacles of rock, but leaving the summit bald and treeless, to heave up its outline against the blue sky. The path stretches backward from the lake to join a huge ridge or shoulder thrown out from the mountain, and along which you must urge your way.

Leave, then, the village of Art—like all Swiss villages, a drear collection of dingy wooden dwellings; the shingled and projecting roofs, clustered over with huge stones; the ricketty balconies and outside staircases half hidden by the rich greenery of the trailed vine, and the broad leaves of the fig-tree; turn to the right-about, the crowd of stunted looking peasants, who will beset you with clamorous applications to be hired as guides, and after sauntering through some fair meadow ground, the path will turn to the left, commence to rise, and presently give way to a steep irregular stair, cut out in what appears the bed of a torrent. Lay yourself now to the work. You are fairly in for it. The mountain staircase ascends in a series of zigzags—winding round huge masses of rock, which lie in the path. Thick underwood grows on both sides. Sometimes you catch a glimpse of the path winding over ledges far above you. Grey masses of cliff look down from amid the pines on one hand, while on the other—so near does the path approach the ridge of the precipice, that you may grasp, as though it were underwood, the topmost branches of a lofty pine springing from a rift in the rock—an hundred feet below. Look down, and you will see dimly in the forest shade—the outline of cliff and ravine stretching away beneath—the hardy pines rising from every crevice in the rock. Occasionally, too, the wood opens—you stand upon a projecting point, and catch a peep at the lake sleeping tranquilly below—the foliage clustered dwellings of Art already far beneath—the steep slopes of the opposite hills, and here and there beneath a sheltered chalet—a spot of emerald green, where a luxurious harvest of hay is mowing—and where the browsing cattle move, all lazily, to the tinkling of their bells. But up—up—stop not, but at the stations. Each is marked with a cross—

and beneath a mass of rock you will find a rude bench. Throw yourself on it for some three minutes —not longer. You must not let yourself grow cool; and then on again. In an hour and a quarter, or so, you will find yourself on a green platform before a solitary cottage—a Swiss gasthof or inn, and the first grand station. Whilst you are reposing—munching a black morsel of rye bread—you can't have anything better, washed down by a thought of transparent kirchwasser—admire the rude glen which stretches beneath you towards the snowy chain in the distance. See the slopes of the hills dotted with the broad-roofed chalets—watch the effect of the lakelets glittering in the hollows—carry the eye on to the twin, huge, jagged peaks, which appear to close the valley; and then, still higher, to the Sierra-like ridge, which traces its white outline of eternal snow against the blue of heaven. It is the chain of the Bernese Alps; and you gaze upon glaciers and fields of snow, whereon never was, or never, in all probability, will be planted the foot of man.

And now up again. Take to the stairs, and half an hour's hard climb will be rewarded by finding yourself on a tolerably level tract, where it is perfect luxury to walk. You move on, apparently without being sensible of it. Your legs, accustomed for a couple of hours to a perpetual tread-mill species of motion, have come to treat level ground with all but contempt. You feel as though invested with seven-league boots, and, in all probability, stride past half a dozen stations without deigning to repose beneath their crosses. You are now on the top of the shoulder of the hill, but its neck and forehead tower yet above you. The path extends by a deep ravine. You hear the everlasting tinkle of the goats' bells on the green slopes beneath. Silver threads appear to glisten amid the rocks opposite; they are foaming waterfalls, and you can trace them, appearing and disappearing, until at length they pitch their roaring waters into the troubled stream which growls and chafes beneath. Up —up again—you pass a cluster of houses—chill-looking dwellings—wooden and dingy, crowned by a white-washed church. An ancient, blear-eyed, goitered crone may peer at you from a one-paned window; a couple of dirty-faced juveniles may send forth a shrill supplication for a "batz;" a more comely-looking damsel may, perchance, be fetching deliciously-cold water from a cross between a shabby fountain and a ricketty pump;—but long-legged pigs, apparently of vagrant and disreputable habits, and goats, whose dinner-bells are perpetually sounding as they crop the short heathy grass, are the most prominent living things. Up again, Mister Pedestrian—up, by the edges of the steep ravine formerly spoken of—until at length it gradually opens out into a heathy slope, matted with beds of grey stones at the top; whereon, rising against the sky, you perceive a distant dwelling. Now, upon the Rhigi, there are two hotels; the one called the "Rhigi Culm," upon the extreme peak of the mountain; the other, perhaps half an hour's walk below, upon the ridge of a hollow which extends between the higher extremities, called, I believe, simply the Rhigi gasthof, or hotel. The upper house is the fashionable one, but only in one respect, and that a trifling one, does it outstrip its rival. Every one who climbs the Rhigi sleeps there that night, and is abroad to see the sun rise in the morning. Now, if you stay at the lower house, you have certainly half an hour's hard walk before you, to reach the point from whence the rising sun is visible; but I doubt much whether, in the bitterly cold air of an Alpine dawn, the exercise be not more desirable, than the listless fashion of sauntering into the cold, wrapped up in blankets, or shivering and regretting one's warm bed at the door of the Rhigi Culm. Note, too, that the lower house, not being so much in vogue as the upper, is much more quiet, just as comfortable, and much less expensive. The view from one is as fine as from the other, and that of the setting sun can be enjoyed as well from the second house as the first. For these reasons then I would counsel the tourist to call a halt at the lower hotel; and, whenever he has reached it, to make his way up its rude wooden staircases, its low browed creaking passages—avoiding the blocks and beams of roughly hewn wood which jut out their ends in a somewhat unseemly way, and after he has soused himself well in warm water, and changed every practicable article of dress, to descend, and from the platform before the inn watch the setting sun. Dinner will come best in an hour or so. Meantime, look forth on that noble prospect. See the lakes of Lucerne and Lug silver-like beneath you. Trace their every creek and bay. Look at the black specks scattered over them—returning boats; mark the grey lines running along their woody banks—dusty roads; observe the white specks, now strewed singly, now clustered in earthy nebulæ, by glittering stream and on green sloping banks—gay villas and scattered hamlets. Carry the eye still further. It loses itself in one vast brown expanse of mountainous country—hill on hill—ridge on ridge—mountain on mountain. You know not how far you gaze—a kingdom seems within the visual grasp —a vast indefinite dusky outstretched mass of world; the lakes here and there gleaming from its bosom—the peaks and bald summits of hills, still illuminated by the full blaze of the setting sun, forming the lights of the picture. One by one their individuality fades away, as the slanting radiance deserts them; at length the line of the horizon is reached; the sun's disc touches the wavy outline of far, far-off hills: for a moment only you can gaze on its glory as it appears to pour in a cascade of light over the ridge behind which it is disappearing; and then you withdraw your aching eye—the saw-like outline of the mountain still dancing before your sight —sharp and clear, and nakedly defined against the blazing sun. And, now, all is over—the sun is down —warm, rich, red clouds only hang about the West. A cold dimness broods beneath you; grey mists crawl forth from lakes and skulk adown glens; the shadows of the evening fall fast; far off lights already twinkle from chalets; the stretch of country beneath you becomes but a dusky—uncertain—brown expanse—and, as you gaze wistfully upon it—ugh!—a shivering cutting blast of Alpine wind— —a gust, which half-an-hour before has tossed the drifted snow upon the glaciers of the Jung Frau—lashes you to the very bones. In—in to dinner. The stove sends forth a glorious glow. The soup carries smoking geniality to your very heart: the red trout, with wine sauce, are pronounced worth a Rhigi climb for their proper selves. Don't slight the mountain mutton; prefer it to the fowls—they are apt to be skinny: venerate that brown, savoury dish of "beccaficas"—a species of Alpine lark or snipe; steer clear of the cheese—I say it as a friend; and after you have washed down a substantial dinner with plenty of white country wine,—don't try red, unless you have a fancy for having your mouth rasped with files partially softened in vinegar,—you can smoke your cigar in blissful serenity, or cuddle yourself up under the feather bed, which, in Switzerland as in Germany, does blanket duty, and fully prepared to jump up, and into the nipping air, when, at four or so the next morning, an Alpine boots will admonish you that it is time to be up and stirring if you wish to see the sun rise from the Rhigi Culm.

Dawn, grey dawn, upon the topmost peak of the Rhigi; the stars pale and dying; the eastern sky, red behind the snow peaks of the Glarus Alps; the country, looking towards Lucerne, dim, and almost indistinguishable; white clouds of mist brooding in the ravines

and hollows, as if, suggested the most fanciful of our party, the "world had been putting cotton in its ears;" but on the mountain ridges not an atom of fog; rock, and snow-field and glacier cutting into the air with a knife-like sharpness of outline; and here where we stand on the Rhigi, the grass white and crisp, and the earth iron hard with last night's frost.

The dwellers in the top-most hotel are pouring forth to see the sun rise, like a shivering troop of ghosts; ladies muffled up in furs and cloaks or shapeless masses of shawls and blankets—a sort of North Pole toilet—gentlemen in like manner adorned with the bed clothes in addition to their own. There are, say an hundred vagrant sight-seers, stamping their feet and blowing their fingers round the rude scaffolding which crowns the Rhigi. And nine tenths of them are English. Here and there you see a German with a handsome, greasy, stolid, pompous face; or it may be a stray Frenchman, somehow or other spirited away from the Boulevards; but the vast majority of the company are formed of just the ladies and gentlemen you meet, now on Cheapside, anon in Kensington Gardens, sometimes the voyagers in a Greenwich steamer, again the passengers in a Richmond omnibus.

And meantime the dawn is slowly brightening into day. The red blaze behind the chain of distant Alps will soon burst into the sun's living flame. And meanwhile observe the mighty Sierra of snow-peaks rising from the sea of lesser hills, tumbled and tossed like waves at their base. Three parts up, the mountains are just powdered with last night's snow—above lie the white fields of ice which never melt. Here a peak is clothed with virgin snow, speckless, stainless; near it you observe the outline of a precipice, the perpendicular and naked rock, crowned with a layer of snow, just like the coating of sugar on a slice of plumb-cake. But here comes the sun! The three peaks to the right—one whereof is the Jung Frau—are already golden with the earliest beams; then they burst forth in a stream of glory down from the eastern ridges, lighting up in a moment the lesser hills, showing the ravines and scars which furrow them—sparkling on the silver threads of distant waterfalls—anon gleaming on sleeping lakelets—and gradually, and as it were bit by bit, lighting up the whole panorama of wood and hill beneath—bringing it out clearly and definitely, dividing into patches of lighter and darker green expanses which, ten minutes before, showed but as one mass of dingy, indefinite, unsatisfactory brown, until at length the whole glowing landscape is basking in the sunlight, save where the shadow of the Rhigi itself—like a colossal cloud, is flung westwardly over glen, and lake, and forest—a shadow twenty miles long!

Never was there a more glorious sunrise in the Alps. We might have lived a summer on that bare hill-top, and not have seen a finer. For, often, for days and weeks together, all is mist, cloud and drizzle; day brings no sun, and night no stars; the Alps, like Jack the Giant-killer, have put on their invisible coats, and the hunters of the picturesque, who have climbed the Rhigi amid the mist—in hope—may, unless they prefer a lengthened sojourn in quarters which, if they be somewhat monotonous, are, at least, remarkably airy—may as well, I fear, imitate the inglorious example of the King of France, and his twenty thousand men, "who first marched up a hill and then marched down again." Such, at all events, seems to have been the lot of a party, of whose melancholy fate I found the following touching record in the album at the Rhigi Culm:—

"Nine tedious miles, up hill we toiled,
The setting sun to see;
Sullen and grim, he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we:

"Nine tedious hours, we sleepless passed,
The rising sun to see;
Sullen and grim, he rose again,
Sullen and grim rose we."

CRACOW.

By Joseph Mazzini.

It is finished! The last fragment of that brave nation, whose body was riddled with wounds in the defence of Europe against Mahometanism, has disappeared. The last rag of its warrior mantle has been torn and parted among them, and they have thrown it as the price of blood, to the one who, in these latter times, has most deeply struck the victim, to that one whose immediate agents (rewarded for their conduct) have organised, directed, paid for the massacres of Gallicia. First assassination, then plunder. Cracow is now an Austrian city. The Austrian flag floats, like a bannered shroud, over the monument of Kosciusko. The heavy tread of the Austrian sentinel profanes the threshold of the old cathedral where lie the bones of Sobieski, the saviour of Vienna. There was no real force there; nothing that could seriously menace the Trinity of Evil about to accomplish this misdeed; 23 square German miles, deep in the midst of the Prussian domains, Austrian possessions, and Russian Silesia. But a name was there, a remembrance, the outward sign of an existing idea; and in this sign, this remembrance written on the front of a city, in which, from 1320 to the eighteenth century, the chosen of the nation were anointed kings of Poland, there was a reproach, a living remorse, for the dismemberers. They desired to efface it. They had sworn by the name of God in 1815, to maintain in perpetuity the independence of Cracow; but since then they have so falsified their oaths, that one perjury more could not stay them. They had placed their oaths under the guarantee of other powers, England and France, swearing with them to the treaties of Vienna; but they knew very well that the highest possible energy of constitutional governments would not go beyond an inert protest—Pilate's washing his hands of the innocent blood. They have torn the treaty, and given the last blow to their victim. To-day the last spark of life has disappeared: Old Poland is dead; nothing but its ghost remains. May it, like that of Banquo, take its seat at the table of the reigning Macbeths, and urge them, through terrors and the keen agonies of remorse to their final overthrow!

The bitterness of our words must not be attributed to grief. We brand a crime; we have no dread of its consequences: far from it. Speaking individually, we like everything which clears and renders more precise the situation of things in Europe. Thank God, the people have never signed the treaties of Vienna; they have never acknowledged themselves bound by them; and it matters little to their future whether or not they are violated, annulled. But their being torn up by the very persons who had drawn them up and signed them, adds to the morality of the cause we sustain; it proves that there is no law, not even that which they had imposed upon themselves, for the absolutists; it dissipates a phantom which yet held timid minds in uncertainty; it chases the mists accumulated by diplomacy over the question which occupies us all; it leaves face to face nationalities

and their oppressors, right and brute force. The victory is not doubtful. In these days nations do not perish; they transform themselves. In incorporating Cracow, Austria, the representative of immobility in Europe, has only added one enemy more to those already stirring in her bosom: she has, by uniting their interests, added one more pledge of alliance to those which already existed between the two future avengers, Poland and Italy. And when the word of death has passed over our lips, we hasten to add the epithet *old* to this sacred name of Poland. We know very well that her tomb is the cradle of a young and beautiful and grand Poland, which the popular faith of the dawning epoch will baptize for the holy struggles of civilization. But the *intentions* of the despoiling powers does not the less merit the indignation of every honest heart, the branding of every people that has not entirely lost in apathy and in the worship of material interests, the sentiment of the unity of the human race and of European fraternity. The triumph of the Christian faith had its germ in the blood of the martyrs; but we do not, on that account, bless the memory of their executioners.

Yes, that old Poland, aristocratic Poland, which we admire for the chivalrous bravery and Christian instincts that impelled it to throw itself in the way of the Mahometan invasions, but whose interior organisation can find no sympathy among us, is dead: dead never more to revive. The Polish people rises from its tomb. And the time is so providentially marked, for its advent, that every blow the oppressors strike at the nation turns to the profit of its cause. The massacres of Gallicia have proved to the last representatives of the Polish aristocracy what old recollections of oppression and the instincts of equality can do when perfidiously managed on one side and neglected on the other. The occupation of Cracow teaches them that they have nothing to hope from diplomatic combinations, and that these very treaties of Vienna, invoked by some of them, as a basis for the re-establishment of I know not what mutilated kingdom of Poland, were nothing more than so much waste paper, good at most, to give to those who signed them leisure to wait the favourable moment for the work of destruction. They know that now; and, with the exception of some incorrigible men, who comprehend nothing of the ways of God upon the earth, they are entering—they will all soon enter into the great democratic current, which alone contains the secret of life for Poland and for all peoples. They know, on the one hand, that the power of Poland exists henceforth altogether in the masses, and that it is only by abdicating their ancient privileges, and appealing to the peasant, to fraternise with them on the common ground of equality, that they can conquer a second life for their common country: they know, on the other hand, that a people has no right to a national existence, except in so much as it proposes to itself an end beyond and out of itself, a mission to accomplish for the good of all; and they comprehend that Poland ought not to live again, but on condition of placing herself as advanced guard of all the Slavonian populations, that from the shores of the Baltic to the Adriatic coasts of Illyria, now bestir themselves under the impulse of national instincts, unknown everywhere, and especially in England, but destined to change one day the map of Europe. It is sufficient to recall, as regards the first tendency, the demands annually made, since 1840, by the diet of Leopol to the Emperor for the abolition of feudal service, and to make the peasants landowners—the identical reclamations of the Grand Duchy of Posen—the language of the insurrectionary manifesto of Cracow, of the 22nd of February, 1846—and all the characters of that manifesto, too little studied, too soon forgotten, which has initiated a new era for Poland. The general movement of the Slavonian races will be the subject of several articles, in which I shall endeavour to gain appreciation for the importance of this renovating element upon Europe, and the directing part therein that Poland prepares to take.

But, if the occupation of Cracow is destined to serve, rather than to injure, the Polish cause, is there not in it a great lesson for Europe, a warning to all people, a definition clearer than ever of our duties, too long forgotten?

There is no longer, at the present time, any Public Law in Europe. The Treaties of Vienna formed the basis of international transactions among the European governments: they are no more. There exists now in Europe a league between the despotic states in order to accomplish Evil, whensoever that can serve their interests or their principle of retrogression. There exists no alliance for Good, for the protection of national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceable evolvement of the progressive principle. In the heart of a Humanity which calls itself Christian, issue of the law of love, there is absolutely nothing *collective* to represent love, to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity, the common mission of everything that bears upon its brow the sign of human nature. Hate reigns, for only Hate *acts*: it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts; its right is Force. Here, it organises and accomplishes, with atheistic *sang-froid*, the butchering of one caste by another; there, it combats beliefs by torture, it crushes down the human soul under the knout; elsewhere it says—*the independence of this territory hinders my projects*,—and it suppresses it. Switzerland feels that in the absence of a National Compact, of a federal organisation where the general interests of the country would have place, every quarrel between two localities can only be exhausted by force, and brings on a civil war; she aspires to give herself a compact, to build up the holy arch of her nationality; Brute Force says to her—*you shall have neither Compact nor Nationality; you shall keep within your bosom the source of civil war, but so soon as civil war appears in the midst of you, we shall occupy your territory with our armies.* Twenty-two millions of Italians feel that the hour is come to realise that fraternity to which God from of old has called them; they have abdicated, renounced in the expiation of a common suffering of three hundred years, their old enmities, their egotistical prejudices; they aspire to embrace each other in a common bond, in a common life: Brute Force says to them—*remain disunited, hostile, feeble, for ever; we will it so, and our armies are there to maintain our will.* There is not a single government which dares interpose, in the name of God, and of Immortal Justice, its arm, its action. Not one that appears to feel how immoral, how impious, how atheistic is this inertness.

Such is the actual state of Europe; such is the lesson unfolded by the occupation of Cracow. It is the throwing off the mask on the part of the despotic principle—a programme of its intentions and of its future acts—a gauntlet of defiance, flung in the name of Force at all, peoples or governments, who maintain that the law of the world is the principle of liberty in love.

Shall the gauntlet be taken up? It shall, without doubt, in a hour more or less remote, by the enslaved peoples. But for those who already rejoice in their liberty, are there not from henceforth duties? Can they not, even now, accomplish them in part? I shall endeavour in the next number to give some reply to this double question.



FAIRY STRUCK; OR, THE DYING CHILD.

By F. Goodall.

FAIRY STRUCK;

OR, THE DYING CHILD.

It is difficult to account for the neglect with which artists have treated Ireland and Irish subjects, unless we bring to our aid the old proverb, that "Familiarity breeds contempt." Our painters have penetrated the remotest East, braved deserts, and defied disease and death, for the sake of bringing home a good bit of colour, or clever costume. Poor Müller astonished the peaceful shepherds on the Lycian plains, and disturbed (impious deed) the storks amid the ruins of Zanthus, or stood and contemplated the Eternal Sphinx of the desert in the red sunset. Roberts pitches his tent in the Holy Land, toils up the sacred river, and "does" the Second Cataract, in search of some new feature with which to astonish the world. Angas doubles the stormy Cape, and trudges on foot and unarmed amid the savage tribes of New Zealand to enrich his pencil with some new idea. Year by year the sympathies of the artist, like those of the missionary, seem drawn towards the Antipodes, whilst a country which presents features of infinite beauty, whether we regard the character of its people or the picturesqueness of its scenery, is left entirely neglected. Topham is the only man of the present generation who has devoted himself to Irish subjects, and by his faithful delineations stamped them as his own. And yet what infinite material do we find among its people fitted for the pencil of the artist? What graceful superstitions —nay, sneer not Mr. March-of-Intellect, as I say it—what ignorance, redeemed by some poetic touch. How many greedy eyes and nervous fingers still search in old ruins for crocks of gold. How many by twilight still see the Banshee. How many green fairy-rings wed the meadows, and hold in awe, the hearts of the people, in defiance of the explanations of chemists and philosophers? What food for fancy presents itself to us in this country at every turn? Yet how few have availed themselves of materials which lie at our very doors? Among the few Mr. Goodall takes a very prominent place, and his picture of "Fairy Struck," hung in the last Exhibition of Paintings at the British Institution, and an Engraving from which we this week present to our readers, is an admirable example of the class of subjects which Ireland affords to the pencil of the artist. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in speaking of the Irish superstition that a fine healthy child has been "struck" by a fairy arrow or elf-head, and will not live beyond next Midsummer-day, gives the following charming explanation of the title of the picture.

"You frequently in Ireland hear the observation, 'That child's *not right*; it will come to no good—its so crabbed.' People seldom like to say directly that 'the child is fairy struck,' but the words 'It's not right,' signify as much. The mother knows that her dear one must be taken from her. She has done her best; she has passed it nine times between the forelegs of a white donkey; she has left a little crock of pullets' eggs outside the house on a dewy summer's eve; she has been three Fridays fasting to a fairy man; she has covered its little bed with the powdered leaves of the mountain ash; and has travelled far and near to seek a four-leaved shamrock. These and other superstitious acts she has noted as meritorious; but her earnest prayers, her tears and sighs, have gone for nothing: they were the dreams of her sleep, the perpetual occupation of her waking hours, and yet they are unavailing all—the child is stricken. The brighter its eyes burn, the nearer it is to death: the more intellectual its lisping words, the more certain is she that it will soon be called." The priest has been to see it, and said "it was in a decline;" but in this instance she knows better than the priest, for the neighbours say it is "struck." She believes "his reverence won't give way to such things;" and knows, too, that though Dr. Kennedy has come a long ride, "just for the love of God," its of no use. "No doctor ever knew how to cure a fairy strike!" And this scene of "Fairy Struck" Mr. Goodhall has transferred to his canvass. In a wretched cabin of Connemara the poor mother kneels, and counts her beads over her stricken child. What a cheerless hovel! To think that out of this ruined roof, this miserable door bolted with the huge stone, and stuffed with straw to keep out the wind, the word "picturesque" should be coined, and that the power of the artist should be able to produce emotions of pleasure! Those, however, who look more at the scene as a moral than an intellectual study, can, indeed, in its miserable walls read "sermons in stones." The finish of the original is exquisite. Wilkie's "Village Festival" is not more elaborate and delicate with painting than the faces of this sorrowful group. We will not attempt to describe the pathos of the picture. A glance will tell the reader more than we could, if we were to fill the *Journal* with its description.

A. W.

THE EUROPEAN QUESTION.

By Joseph Mazzini.

I am not aware if many Englishmen in the present day occupy themselves with the condition of the people of Europe, and their probable future; and what I see of the opinions on foreign affairs uttered by the press, inclines me to think the contrary. But one thing I know, and all serious men on the Continent know it with me; it is that *Europe rapidly approaches a tremendous crisis; a supreme contest between peoples and their despots, which no human power can henceforth hinder, but which the active concurrence of all the brave and good would render shorter and less severe, and whose final result will be a new map of Europe.* If, at the epoch when those miserable treaties, which they have just destroyed at Cracow, were concocted, there had been in Europe an assembly of statesmen, wise, foreseeing, and especially convinced that there is here below a Humanity living, through God, its own life, of which all statesmen ought to be the interpreters and the servants, this violent crisis might have been avoided. But at Vienna there were none but short-sighted politicians, knowing nothing of Right, believing only in actual (*de facto*) governments, and who coming out of a long war, and almost frightened at their own success, only had it at heart to organise the balance of the then existing powers, and mutually to pay themselves for the services which they had rendered one to another in time of danger; they regulated this on the map of Europe, throwing out of consideration the men who inhabited it, and their tendencies. It was a partition of *matter*, without a single thought of *spirit*. And since then the struggle has not ceased for an instant. Dull at

first, the thunder has growled menacingly for the last seventeen years: to-morrow or the next day there will be an explosion: every endeavour at conciliation will be useless.* Between the two champions, Force will soon judge: this is why they themselves have torn these powerless treaties, and boldly taken a step in advance, as if to choose their ground.

The struggle of which I speak, is invested on the Continent with a special character to which sufficient attention is not paid in England. There, as everywhere, the end is, doubtless, the same: Liberty, the development of all the faculties which constitute the human being, the progressive perfecting of society, of the individual; but the form which the question takes, the means by which it seeks to produce itself are different. Nationality is the flag of combat. There are races which are struggling: millions of men placed by the hand of God in fixed geographical circumscriptions, having a language of their own, manners, tendencies, traditions, national songs of their own, and held in leash, governed by other men whose manners, tendencies, language, are altogether foreign to them: peoples without name, without flag, without outward sign of life in the congress of the nations, feeling stir at the bottom of their hearts that spontaniety, that conscience of a mission to fulfil in the world, of a phase of humanity to represent, which constitutes the individuality of a nation. There is Poland, a nation thrown into the tomb alive, violently partitioned at the very moment when the work of transformation was commencing in her bosom, which would have made of an aristocratic republic a people of equals; and whose every movement attests an imperishable vitality. There is Italy, ripened into unity by three hundred years of a general and uniform oppression, raising her head, consecrated by Genius, by Good done to Europe, and by Martyrdom, and determined to emancipate her lively, prompt, and artistic nature from the Austrian nightmare which weighs upon her. There are the Slavonians of the Austrian Empire, Tcheques, Slovaques, Rusniaks, Wendes, &c., forming more than half the population of the Empire, groaning, like the Lombard-Venetian Italians, like the Walaques of Boukowine, of Transylvania, and the military borders, under the yoke that six millions of Austrians impose upon them, and preluding their nationality everywhere for the last twenty years, through a series of literary and political works entirely unknown in England. There is Switzerland, all whose ill-understood intestine quarrels, betray a lively need of that national centralisation which might withdraw her from under too powerful foreign influences. There is Greece, stifling within the limits that diplomacy has imposed on her, and aspiring, far more actively than is suspected, to rally under the national flag her children of Thessaly, of Candia, of Macedonia, of Roumelia, and thus to raise against Russian projects a barrier more natural and stronger than that carcase which they call the Ottoman Empire. There is Germany, peopled by a race slow and patient, but tenacious and sure to reach, who after being intoxicated with pure thought, is willing now to become practical, and feels her way across intellectual and commercial unity to political unity. There, among these peoples, who have acquired conscience of themselves, and wish to become Nations, is elaborated, whatever may be done, a new Europe: a new Europe, which shall rise in full vigour, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, so soon as a single one of these peoples shall raise itself, inspired either by the feeling of its right, or by despair, in the name of all those who suffer, and shall know how to maintain itself for three months openly against its oppressors. There also, in the knowledge of this prophetic fermentation of which I speak, lies the secret of all the incertitudes, of all the terrors, of all the cruelties, of present European policy. Fear, which put the pike in the hands of the slaughterers of Paris in 1793, has inspired the massacres of Gallicia. The like means of defence say more than all I could say here. These men know themselves to be lost. They are afraid of everything—of their friends, of their enemies, of railways, of scientific meetings, of a pamphlet, as of a conspiracy. They are afraid of me who write these lines. God has set the mark of Cain upon their brows, and in their hearts deep terror of all that lives and loves.

The government which should comprehend this—which plunging, beyond the factitious world of Courts and Embassies, into this Europe, yet subterranean, but ready to reveal itself, should feel where is life and where is death; and raising itself above the petty political combinations of the day, should regard itself engaged to the future of its nation—could, by a single step, in creating for it the sympathies and a duty of gratitude in the bosom of all those people who desire to rise, open for it the finest part one can conceive—prepare for it, through its moral supremacy, the highest position in Europe; and assure, beforehand, to its industry, a series of new channels, which the new-born nations would hasten to open to the government which alone had protected and lovingly saluted their advent. It would not be necessary for that government to plunge itself into a revolutionary crusade, which no one dreams of invoking. No; it would only be necessary, as I said in commencing, to recollect that sovereignty belongs to God alone, and that governments are here below to aid in the development of his law of life. It would only be necessary to say in a firm and calm voice, so as to be heard by all—"You had treaties which yet might have bound us: you have torn them. You have destroyed the charter of international right, and thereby abdicated all claim to intervention. Remain at home now, and let not your action overpass your frontiers! Leave God's life to manifest itself freely; and, once manifested in the heart of a people, let it be sacred to you as to us. We cannot tolerate that the law of the world shall be brute force—that the violation of agreements can thus abolish the limits of your power. If you interfere for evil, we will interfere for good, and God will judge." This would be at most the faithful execution of a principle laid down (one must needs say) by England and France in 1830: nothing more.

But this is not to be hoped. The governments of to day have evidently abdicated all feeling of European unity and consolidation. They are not moved, they do not believe they ought to be moved, in their acts by any great religious belief, by the conscience of a high moral mission to accomplish on the earth. They make head as they can against the necessities of the day; they are dragged in the wake of opinion, instead of directing it. The initiative of any great thing seems lost for them.

* The writer, it must be borne in mind, is not here, or in other portions of the paper, stating a theory of what he wishes, or thinks ought to be, but a lamentable fact that exists. His object in this, and in ensuing papers, is to show the true state of the People in the more despotic countries of the Continent, in order to arouse the sympathies, and call forth the Public Opinion of the People of this country.—[Ed. *P. J.*]

However, this power of initiation, this conscience of a great religious principle binding together all here below, of a supreme *duty* common to every human being, must be; for, without that, there would no longer be humanity, nor nations, nor recognised divine law. Humanity would be no more than a simple aggregation of beings without faith, without common sign. Religion would be no more than a hypocritical formula, without hold upon life, without any realisation upon thise arth, which has been given to us as the workshop in which we ought to conquer our rights to progress towards God.

I believe that this conscience exists as ever in the heart of the nations, all indifferent and asleep as they appear. I desire no better proof than that general agitation which, though but for an instant, stirs the masses, whenever there is a great misfortune to deplore, a great crime to brand, a great act of devotion to admire. When, last year, the news arrived that Poland was yet once more in action, where is the heart which did not beat more rapidly with the incitement of hope? When, about a month since, the destruction of the liberties of Cracow became known, whose are the lips over which the word Shame! has not passed? It is true this trembling of hope or of indignation has been sterile, and every one has soon fallen back into the lethargy which now seems to be the normal state of the populations already initiated in liberty. But is this a want of goodwill or of energy? No; it is rather, I believe, a want of knowledge, of accordance of a centre of common inspiration. All said instinctively—"*This cause is our own;*" but each also said—"*What can I do for it? I am far off, ill-informed, and isolated.*

Take the first Englishman you meet; say to him these simple, clear, and incontestable words—"We are all children of one God, issues of one only stock, governed by the same providential law, members of humanity, living by that, learning by that, progressing by that. We are, then, all brothers, bound to a common duty—love and co-operation. And we cannot allow any part of this duty to be violated, without ourselves feeling again the hurt of such violation. In the same manner that one class in a nation cannot be in suffering without all classes in some way or other feeling the same, so, in the heart of the great human family, a single people cannot be in suffering through oppression, through superstition, through corruption, but its ill, directly or indirectly, acts on all other peoples. It acts by example; it acts, inasmuch as it withdraws from our own progress the activity, the intelligence, and the sentiment of millions of our brothers. It acts in this, that breaking the divine unity, it saps the foundation of our common faith, opens the gates of doubt on the eternal notions of justice and right; and degrades our being by attacking it in that which constitutes its common nature, human dignity, human conscience. Every man is here below to make Good triumph over Evil, the Beautiful over the Deformed, God's truth over the Devil's lies and appetites. Every one of us is his brother's keeper; and it is not only when we kill him, but when, able to defend him, we permit others to kill him, that we have to fear the question with which God pursued the first violator of the solid bond of humanity. A desire, a wish, is not enough. Every thought of good which you do not seek to realise, to translate into acts, is a sin. It is the light under the bushel, the talent hidden in the earth. You are a being endowed with body and with soul, with intelligence and will, thought and action. God, whom, as far as your feeble nature allows, you must represent in you, only thinks in acting; he creates: he manifests himself." Do you think you would meet a single denial, a single man fallen low enough to reply to you—"*I doubt the truth of what you say?*

What is wanting, then, for this unanimous, though hidden agreement to express itself clearly in the broad light of day? for this truly Holy Alliance of Good (the absence of which in Europe I remarked in my preceding article), to establish itself in the face of that League of Evil which has just effaced Cracow? for the peoples who are struggling to learn to esteem themselves in the esteem of others, to rehabilitate themselves in love, and to feel that humanity keeps count of their efforts, and invites them to constancy, without which there is no virtue?

Perhaps there is nothing wanting but the courageous commencement of some few men of faith, convinced that, from whatever hand it falls, no germ of good is ever sterile in God's earth, esteeming themselves, and esteeming the people who surround them. I hear say that such men are found, that this commencement is being worked out, this very moment, here where I am writing. If it is so—and in the mere hope, I feel I ought to suspend any expression of my individual thought as to what ought to be done—may those men be blessed! Let them, calm and firm, proclaim from the height of a religious principle, that there exists a radical evil, an organised atheism, at this moment in Europe, the negation of liberty, of human conscience, by despotism—that the cause is one—that the struggle ought to be one—and that inertness, where evil acts and defies, is a crime and a cowardice. Let them plead at the bar of their own nation the cause of all others. Let them explain to it the griefs of the present, the sources of the holy and inevitable future. Let them make it feel the intricate bonds which knot together this future even to its own. Let them, by a series of legal and peaceable manifestations, salute martyrdom wherever it appears—denounce tyranny wherever it raises its hideous head! And they will have rendered an immense service to England and to humanity. We are, I repeat it, on the eve of an epoch of renovation. And for every people which desires to enjoy its benefits, the time is come to make profession of faith, and to act accordingly.

THE WEDDING BONNET.

A VISION.

By Andrew Winter.

I was the other day in the company of half a dozen young ladies—gentle cousins—all of them as merry as little larks, as busy as lamplighters, and as important as the preparation for that great event in female life—a wedding—could make them. The bride's bonnet had just come home, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a dozen lily-white hands all in one tumultuous group, arranging and shaping it to the face of the fair maid herself. It was pronounced on all hands quite the thing—a love of a bonnet, in fact; and after having deposited it in the centre of the table, and hunted under the sofa and all quarters of the room to make sure that the cat was not there, they left me with an especial charge not to touch it for the world. I promised accordingly, as I sat dozing before the fire, and they left me alone to pursue

their welcome task. Presently a knock, knock, came to the door; it speedily opened, and a strange gentleman in respectable black entered with a magic lanthern under his arm. Somehow or other I was not a bit astonished at his entrance, but took it quite as a matter of course. "So you have a bride's bonnet there," said he, looking at me with his keen, grey eyes, "all smiles and happiness, I suppose?"

"Yes," said I, as though he had been the oldest friend in the world, "little Anne——"

"Ah!" said he, stopping me, "people must marry, I suppose; but I have a word or two to say to you about this gimcrack." And stepping up to the bonnet, he turned up his cuffs like an expert chemical lecturer, took it in his hands, blew upon it, and as quickly as a child's card-house rattles to the ground, the bonnet lay in pieces before him. Satin, blush-rose, feather, frame-work, and the very cotton with which it was sown, lay grouped under his hands. He then deliberately wiped the illuminated lens of his magic lanthern. "Let us begin," said he, "from the beginning," taking in his grizzly fingers the blush-rose, and stripping its stem until the iron wire of which it was composed was laid bare. Before even this thread of metal can be prodrced, men must dive into the bowels of the earth to procure the ore and the fuel with which to smelt it. "I will show you the true history of the making of this bonnet." With that he turned the focus of the lanthern upon the wall, and I saw a picture of a deep pit into which men continually kept entering, and as continually emerging from, like so many emmets, black and filthy to the last degree; and further in the mine, toiling up steep ascents, women on their hands and knees, with chains round their bodies, dragged up the heavy corves of coal.*

"But this," said I, "surely is not fit employment for women?"

"Well," said he with a shrug, as if mimicking a general expression, "what's to be done? Somebody must do it."

With that he changed the slides, and I saw a child, not more than five years old, sitting in a narrow little passage in the remotest darkness of the mine. I saw him pull something he held in his hand. a little door opened, and the woman harnessed to the corve passed onwards; the door shut too, and the child was again in the darkness, huddled up in the corner to protect himself from the cold and damp. Noticing my surprise, my strange visitant shrugged his shoulders again in his expressive manner. "Well, 'tisn't a pleasant business, certainly," said he, "but the thing must be done, you know! But stop, we have only got as far as the coal in our lecture."

With that he again changed the slides, and the next picture he showed me a roaring furnace, out of which leaped and sparkled into the moulds the molten metal, like a gnome escaping into the earth from which it had been abducted. Workmen stood by, lit up in the glare, the sweat running from them in great drops; with the courage of heroes they seemed to defy the blistering heat.

"How," said I, "can these poor fellows stand such a life?"

"They don't," said he, with his sly sneer, "it soon uses them up, but there are plenty more in the 'labour market.' What so cheap as flesh and blood? But we have forged the tough iron and spun the fine wire. Now for the artist's touch."

As he spoke, a fresh slide rattled through the lanthern; and in a mean room, I saw a poor girl, winding delicate gauze round the iron wire, and with wan fingers, mocking nature in one of her most beautiful moods. As she added petal after petal of the rose she was making, she stole hour after hour from the night. "You see," said he, "she tints the flower from the colour of her own poor cheek. Alas! that the human rose should decay that this artificial thing might flourish!" He said this sadly, but immediately added in his usual tone, "but there—what's to be done? The pay is slow starvation I admit; but these women crowd the labour market so, that they are glad enough to slave even at this work—if not, a *worse fate awaits them.*"

"But we have only got as far as the flower in our lecture," he said, and held out the blush-rose he had taken from the bonnet; he then put it aside with the triumphant air of one who has just made a successful demonstration.

"Here," said he, holding up a piece of the glazed calico lining, "I will show you something interesting about this," and immediately threw out upon the wall a picture which differed from all that had gone before it. Tall palms, and all the luxuriant vegetation of the East shot up. Then a village was seen upon the the banks of the Ganges. In the open air workmen sat at their looms weaving cloth, and singing as they wove.

"Have you noted the scene enough?" said he. I nodded, the picture dissolved, and instead of the former scene of beauty and industry, I saw a village in ruins, through which the wild dog alone roamed, and the jungle grew up to its very foot.

"You see," said he, anticipating my eager query as to the cause of this change, "when the power-loom first began to revolve, and the tall chimnies of Manchester to rise, the poor rude looms on the banks of the Ganges, and their frugal, industrious workers, perished at a blow—but you know competition is the order of the day—the weak in these times must go to the wall."

Perceiving that I did not exactly understand the Christian spirit of this doctrine, he added, with a more earnest tone—"Perhaps the time will come, when the transition from a slow to a more speedy method of production, through the agency of machinery, will be made with some mitigation of all this sudden and unlooked for misery—but while I am moralising my lamp is burning, and I have a score of slides yet to show you."

With that the lantern threw upon the wall another picture. It was an African desert, and an Arab on horseback was hunting down the swift ostrich, who with outspread wings sailed along the burning sand. At length, worn out by the greater power of endurance of his pursuer, he was taken and slain, and his captor rewarded himself for his trouble by plucking from the yet bleeding bird his waving plumage. In the distance, a caravan comes winding along towards some distant mart, to which the Arab attaches himself—the wells fail the moving multitude, and one by one man and beast fall, and leave their whitened bones as a track-mark for future travellers across the waste; but the merchandise is borne home though human life is lost.

"You would not think, to see with what negligent elegance this feather falls," said the stranger, holding up its white sweep, "that

* It is but just to say that women are no longer thus degraded to the condition of beasts of burthen. The picture is retained, however, as it affords a startling example of the hardships and miseries the working classes submit to in the course of their daily avocations. As in this instance, public attention only requires to be drawn to the unhealthy influences and bad arrangements which in too many cases needlessly surround them, to effect great and important changes in their behalf.

man had given even life in the struggle to bring it to this perfection. But there, what's to be done?—we always thought more of matter than of man. We have not quite finished yet," said he, taking up the framework of the bonnet, "we must go to the New World for our next picture."

As he spoke, he adjusted a new slide, and showed a Brazilian plantation, in which the slaves laboured under fear of the cowhide of the overseer. "The bees who make the honey," said he, with his cold sneer, "how grateful man is to them! I suppose you think *we* have no such slaves. I have two or three choice slides here," said he, holding up the transparent glasses—"a figure or so of an exhausted milliner, and a Spitalfields weaver in his little garret, weaving inch by inch of glossy satin, whilst his own poor family have only rags to cover them; but I have shown you enough of the misery that has gone towards making this little trifle. The pretty little miss, when she puts it on, and carries it so lightly on her head, will little think how it has been delved, and forged, and weaved, and built up into such becoming fashion —but 'tis worth a thought about." With that he blew lightly upon the scattered materials, and they rushed together again as speedily as they had before fallen to pieces.

"And now," said he, in the rising tone of one coming to his peroration, "I am not altogether such a bad sort of a spirit as you might have taken me to be. So I will give you a sentiment of much importance to the working bees in the busy human hive, and that is—

A HAPPIER PRODUCTION AND A BETTER DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH."

And clapping his magic lanthorn under his arm, he wished me a good evening and disappeared.

"Why, Tom!" said a sweet voice close to my ear, at the same time a soft little fist thumped me on the back: "why, Tom!" said Anne, "you have been talking such strange things in your sleep this last half-hour. I told you how 'twould be, eating so many nuts." And truly I had gone fast asleep with my feet on the fender, and saw this vision.

And now, gentle reader, do not be angry with me if, imitating the tactics of newspaper puffs, which begin with some alluring title and gradually lead on to the "Mart of Moses," or the as inevitable "Macassor," I have struck in your heart upon an universal sympathy, and thus beguiled you into the less interesting channels of social economy. But for once the puff, like the foam of the tankard, is all on the top, and it will be seen, perhaps, that there is more substance in the matter below than the title warrants. Considering how important a portion of the community are the productive classes, it is no slight matter that we endeavour to rid their daily occupations as much as possible of the needless repulsiveness and danger that in too many cases at present attaches to them. As for the proposition of "A better distribution of wealth," it has occupied the attention of all the most enlightened economists, but they have looked upon it as a thing rather to be desired than capable of accomplishment. In the various joint stock associations, however, and mutual benefit societies, which have spread lately so widely among the middle and working classes, by which profits are diffused through the masses instead of centering in large capitalists, one of the methods in which the problem is to be worked is perhaps hit upon. The subject, however, is so wide a one, that most probably I shall return to it again.

FELLOW WORKERS.

From the crevice of a cloudlet,
In the eastern grey,
Came a beauteous Beam of lightness,
Leading in the Day.
Flowrets woke up as she softly
Stole upon the lands;
Joyfully the leaves and grasses
Clapp'd their dew-wet hands!
Over field, and over forest,
Silently she went,
Like a messenger in earnest,
On some mercy bent.

By a quiet, shady hedgerow,
In a sheltered nook,
Where we love to linger, reading
In God's leafy book;
There a tender Shoot of greenness
Claimed earth's needful care,
And the Beam, so soft and gentle,
Was beside it there;
And, with streaming hands of silver,
Bent she down in prayer,
While a murmur, indistinctly,
Rose upon the air;

"Oh, behold this germ of beauty
Pressing into life;
Come, thou golden god of noontide,
Help it in this strife!
I will tint its slender leaflet
And its fragile flower;
Ray of sunshine—Fellow-worker—
Help me with thy power!"
Light and Heat were fellow-workers,
And God bless'd the deed;
For the flower was passing lovely,
Though a simple weed!

There are many germs of goodness
Dormant in each breast,
Lying there in sad half-slumber
And unquiet rest.
Fain they would both bud and blossom,
But, within the soul,
Prison'd are they—nothing nearer
To the distant goal.

Come, oh, silvery Beam of Knowledge!
Turn the dumb intent
To a speaking, healthy action,—
For this wert thou sent.
Be thou, too, a fellow-worker,
Glowing Ray of Love;
Pierce within the sheltered hedgerow,
Draw the germ above:
Souls that else were poor and lifeless
Shall evolve new powers—
Weeds upon the wayside worthless
Shall be God's bless'd Flowers!

MARIE.

Chorley, Nov. 1846.



DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

By Angus B. Reach.

"Who'd ha' thought it, Mrs. Dobbs?"

"You don't say so, Mrs. Dobbs?"

"Oh, but it's quite true. It must be. Besides, William heard it at the barber's shop."

"Well, now, do you know I always had my suspicions—there was always a something—a what-do-ye-call-it sort of a look about the Browns, which I never liked. They say it was all along of the railways. But whether or no—that's the fact. John Brown's shop is shut up this morning. Depend upon that."

"Well, well," rejoined Mrs. Dobbs, "it's no more than I have always said it would come to. They always lived above their position. As Dobbs, my husband, often said to me—'Nancy,' says he, 'mark my words, for all that them Browns hold up their noses like conceited peacocks as they are, pride will have a fall,' says he, 'pride will have a fall.'"

"And such goings on, Mrs. Dobbs, to be sure—such goings on. Parties, parties, parties, from Monday till Saturday—the best joint at the butcher's, the crustiest loaf at the baker's, always bespoke for the Browns. Well, they must be content with scrags of mutton now."

"If they can get even 'em. For as Dobbs, my husband, says, they will be sold out and out—down to the baby's go-cart. Deary me, deary me!"

"Only to think. How different it was this time last year, Mrs. Dobbs, to be sure. Mrs. Brown, with her new velvet dresses—finest Genoa—and Mr. Brown, with his new gig—and Master Brown, with his new pony—and Emma Brown, with her new Polka jacket."

"And even the errand boy, with lace round his hat, Mrs. Dobbs."

"But everybody could see what was coming. It could not go on so for ever. That's what I said. But Brown was always such a rash man."

"Never would take anybody's advice but his own—there, it was no later than Wednesday week, when my husband, Dobbs, civilly asked him in the most neighbourly way in the world, if he wanted a little conversation with a friend about his affairs, like, as they were going backward visible — what do you think the brute said? 'Dobbs,' said he, 'you and your wife go chattering about the parish like a couple of human magpies, only the birds' instinct is better than your reason.' Ugh—the brute!"

"Brute, indeed, Mrs. Dobbs—you may well say that. Birds' instinct, forsooth!"

"Set him up to talk of reason. Had he reason enough to keep himself out of the Gazette?"

"I should not be surprised, Mrs. Dobbs, though he were to take to drinking."

"And as for the matter of that, my dear—Thompson told Green, who told Jones, who told our Becky, who told Dobbs, that Brown was seen coming out of the White Hart this very morning."

"Drunk, of course."

"Well, I don't know exactly; but I think it is much more likely he was drunk, than that he was sober."

"Well, well; its poor Mrs. Brown that I pity. I'm sure I shan't have a wink of sleep all this blessed night, a thinking of her."

"Poor woman, I'm sure I feel for her. Not that she was ever much better than him. They do say—but I don't know of my own knowledge, you see; and I'm the last person in the world to slander anybody behind anybody's back—but they do say, not that I believe it—that before they came to our parish, there were reports—sort of insinuations, curious stories like, I don't know the rights of it—something about a cousin of Mrs. Brown's, a handsome man in the haberdashery line; but I dare say its all nonsense—only, of course, there are some people who will talk."

"There now—who'd ha' thought it. Did you ever? But there was always something very bold about Mrs. Brown: I've seen it often."

"What I hope is that Emma won't take after her mother—poor thing—that's all."

"Oh, as for that, bless you—like parent like—but I say nothing. No, no! nobody ever heard Nancy Dobbs. Mum is my word—mum. What I say is, that people ought to keep people's tongues between people's teeth: that's all. Emma Brown! —ha, ha, ha! Lord bless you."

LOVE'S ANGUISH.

By the Editor.

Nay, tell me not that love like mine
Can be subdued;
As 'twere the offspring of an hour,
An idle mood;
Ah, *not* to love him were to me
The truest pain:.
So I love on, and weep to be
Unloved again.

The love that groweth like a flower,
By sunshine fed,
May wither when cold winter comes
Until 'tis dead;
But mine sprang up in gloom and woe;
And tears have been
Its simple nourishment;—and lo,
The Evergreen!

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. VII.

CARE OF THE FRAME.

We have seen something of the influence of the infant upon others: now let us see what others can do for it.

Here is a little creature containing within itself the germs of all those powers which have before been described; but with all these powers in so feeble a state that months and years of nourishing and cherishing under the influences of Nature are necessary to give it the use of its own powers. What its parents can do for it, and all that they can do for it, is to take care that it has the full advantage of the influences of Nature. This is their task. They cannot get beyond it, and they ought not to fall short of it.

Nature requires and provides that the tender frame should be nourished with food, air, warmth and light, sleep and exercise. All these being given to it, the soft bones will grow hard, the weak muscles will grow firm; the eye will become strong to see, and the ear to hear, and the different portions of the brain to feel, and apprehend, and think, and to form purposes, and to cause action, till the helpless infant becomes a self-acting child, and is on the way to become a rational man. What the parents have to do is to take care that the babe has the best of food, air, warmth and light, sleep and exercise.

First, of food. About this there is no possible doubt. The mother's milk is the best of food. What the mother has to look to is that her milk is of the best. She must preserve her own health by wholesome diet, air, and exercise; and by keeping a gentle and cheerful temper. Many a babe has had convulsions after being suckled by a nurse who had had a great fright, or had been in a great passion: and a mother who has an irritable or anxious temper, who flushes or trembles with anger, or has her heart in her throat from fear of this or that, will not find her child thrive upon her milk, but will have much to suffer from its illness or its fretfulness. She must try, however busy she may be, to give it its food pretty regularly, that its stomach may not be overloaded, nor long empty or craving. An infant does not refuse food when it has had enough, as grown people can do. It will stop crying and suck, when its crying is from some other cause than hunger. and it will afterwards cry all the more if an overloaded stomach is added to the other evil, whatever it may be. Of the contrary mischief—leaving a babe too long hungry—there is no need to say anything. And when the weaning time comes, it is plain that the food should be at first as like as possible to that which is given up; thin, smooth, moderately warm, fresh and sweet, and given as leisurely as the mother's milk is drawn. It is well known that milk contains, more curiously than any other article of food, whatever is necessary for nourishing all the parts of the human body. It contains that which goes to form and strengthen the bones, and that which goes to make and enrich the blood—thereby causing the soft bones of the babe to grow stiff and strong, and its heart to beat healthily, and its lungs to play vigorously, and its muscles to thicken and become firm. While all this is going on well, and the child shows no need of other food, there is nothing but mischief to be looked for from giving it a variety for which it is not prepared. Milk, flour and water are its natural food while it has no teeth to eat meat with, and vegetables turn sour on its stomach. As for giving it a bit or sip of what grown persons are eating and drinking—that is a practice too ignorant to need to be mentioned here.

Next comes air. Here, as usual, we have to consult Nature. There is an ingredient in the air which is as necessary to support human breathing as to feed the flame of a candle. Where there is too little of it, the flame of a candle burns dim; and where it is not freely supplied to a

human frame, it languishes, and pines and sickens. A constant supply of pure air there must therefore be. If the house is close, if the room is too long shut up, with people in it who are using up that ingredient of the air, they will all, and especially the babe, languish and pine and sicken. Every morning, therefore, and during the day, there must be plenty of fresh air let in to replace that which has been spoiled by breathing; and in fine weather, the babe should be carried into the open air every day. But Nature also points out that we must avoid extremes in giving the child air, as well as food. We see sometimes how a babe grows black in the face if carried with its face to the wind, or whisked down stairs in a draught. Its lungs are small and tender, like the rest of it, and can bear even fresh air only when moderately given. By a little care in turning its face away from the wind, or lightly covering its head, a child may be saved from being half strangled by a breeze out of doors; while care will, of course, be taken within doors to keep it out of the direct draught from door or window.

As for light—we do not yet know so much as we ought about the relation between light and the human frame. I believe some curious secrets remain to be discovered about that. But we do know this much—that people who live in dark places, prisoners in dungeons, and very poor people in cellars, and savages in caves who do not go abroad much, are not only less healthy than others, but have peculiar diseases which are distinctly traceable to deficiency of light. My own conviction is that we grown people can hardly have too much light in our houses; and that we are, somehow or other, alive almost in proportion to the sunshine we live in. But we must observe, at the same time, the difference which Nature makes between the infant and adults. The infant's eyes are weak, and its brain tender; so that, while there is plenty of light about its body, we must take care that there is not too much directly before its eyes. If held opposite a strong sunshine, it will squint if it does not cry, or by some means show that the light is too much for its tender brain.

As to warmth—everybody knows that a babe cannot have that constant warmth which is kept up in older persons by constant activity. Its little feet require frequent warm handling; and its lips often look blue when everybody else in the room is warm enough. By gentle chafing and warming it must be kept comfortable during the day, without being shut up in a hot room, or scorched before the fire. As for the night—its warmth should be secured by sufficient clothing, in a little bed of its own, as early as possible, rather than by lying with its mother, which is far too common a practice. It may be necessary, in extremely cold weather, to take the child into bed for warmth; but even then, the mother should not sleep till she has put it back, warm and well covered, into its own bed. I need say nothing of the horror we feel when, every now and then, we hear of a miserable mother whose child has been overlaid. That accident happens oftener than many people know of. But, besides that danger, the practice is a bad one. The child breathes air already breathed; it soaks in the perspiration of its mother. If its sleep is healthful, its natural sleep will keep it warm, supposing its bedding to be sufficient; while it is likely to be too hot, and not to breathe healthfully, if laid close by another person. In all seasons, its clothing should be loose enough to allow of a free play of its limbs, and of all the movements within its body—the beating of the heart, the heaving of the lungs, and the rolling of the bowels, to go on quite naturally. By careful management, an infant may be kept in a state of natural warmth, night and day, through winter and summer, as every sensible mother knows.

The little frame must be exercised. Every human function depends on exercise for its growth and perfection. A person who lives almost in the dark has little use of his eyes when he comes into the light; an arm hung in a sling becomes weak, and at last useless; a talent for arithmetic or music becomes feebler continually from disuse. To make the most therefore of the frame of a human being, it must be exercised—some of its powers from the beginning, and all in their natural order. We must take care, however, to observe what this natural order is, or, judging by our present selves, we may attempt too much. We must remember that the infant has to begin from the beginning, and that its primary organs—the heart, lungs, and brain—have to become accustomed to moderate exercise before anything further should be attempted. At first, it is quite enough for the infant to be taken up and laid down, washed and dressed, and carried about a little on the arm. When the proper time comes, it will kick and crow, and reach and handle, and look and listen. Its very crying, if only what is natural to express its wants, is a good exercise of those parts intended to be used afterwards in speaking and making childish noises. Poor Laura Bridgman, the American girl, who early lost both eyes and the inner parts of the ears, and cannot hear, see, smell, or taste, and whose mind is yet developed by means of the sense of touch, said a thing (said it by finger language) which appears to me very touching and very instructive. Not being able to speak, she was formerly apt to use the organs of speech in making odd noises, disagreeable to people about her. When told of this, and encouraged to try to be silent, she asked—"Why, then, has God given me so much voice?" Her guardians took the hint, and gave her a place to play in for some time every day, where she can make as much noise as she likes—hearing none of it herself, but enjoying the exercise to her organs of sound. What Laura does now, an infant does by squalling, and children do by shouting and vociferating at their play. Their parents, it must be remembered, are talking for many hours while they are asleep.

Other exercises follow in their natural course—the rolling and tumbling about on a thickly wadded quilt on the floor (saving the busy mother's time, while teaching the child the use of its limbs)—feeling its feet on the lap, and learning to step, scrambling up and down by the leg of the table, pulling and throwing things about, imitating sounds, till speech is attained—these are the exercises which nature directs, and under which the powers grow till the mother can see in her plaything the sailor who may one day rock at the masthead, or the stout labourer who may trench the soil, or the gardener who will name a thousand plants at a glance, or the teacher who will bring out and train a hundred human intellects. What she has to look to is that the powers of her child are all remembered and considered, and exercised only in due degree and natural order.

After exercise comes sleep. If all else go well, this will too. If the child digest well, be warm, sufficiently fatigued and not too much—in short, if it be comfortable in body, it will sleep at proper

times. One of the earliest pieces of education—of training—is to induce a babe to sleep regularly, and without the coaxing which consumes so much of the mother's time, and encourages so much waywardness on the part of the child. If a healthy child be early accustomed to a bed of its own, and if it is laid down at a sleepy moment, while the room is quiet, it will soon get into a habit of sleeping when laid down regularly, in warmth and stillness, after being well washed and satisfied with food. The process is natural; and it would happen easily enough if our ways did not interfere with nature. By a little care, a child may be attended to in the night without fully awakening it. By watching for its stirring, veiling the light, being silent and quick, the little creature may be on its pillow again without having quite waked up —to its own and its mother's great advantage.

Cleanliness is the removal of all that is unwholesome. Nature has made health dependent upon this, in the case of human beings of every age; and the more eminently, the younger they are. One great condition of an infant's welfare is the removal of all discharges whatever, by careful cleansing of the delicate skin in every crease and corner, every day; and of all clothing as soon as soiled. The perpetual washing of an infant's bibs, &c., is a great trouble to a busy mother; but less than to have the child ill from the smell of a sour pinafore, or from wet underclothes, or from a cap that holds the perspiration of a week's nights and days. It is a thing which must be done—the keeping all pure and sweet about the body of the little creature that cannot help itself; and its look of welfare amply repays the trouble all the while.

Such are the offices to be rendered to the newborn infant. They consist in allowing Nature scope for her higher offices. By their faithful discharge, the human being is prepared to become in due season all that he is made capable of being —which may prove to be something higher than we are at present aware of.

THE PEOPLE'S SABBATH PRAYER.

From an Unpublished Lyric entitled "Life According to Law."

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Again, oh Lord! we humbly pray
 That thou wilt guide our steps aright:
Bless here, this day, tir'd labour's day!
 Oh, fill our souls with love and light!
For failing food, six days in seven
 We till the black town's dust and gloom;
But here we drink the breath of heav'n,
 And here to pray the poor have room.
The stately temple, built with hands,
 Throws wide its door to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadle stands,
 And thrusts the child of toil aside.
Therefore, we seek the daisied plain,
 Or climb the hills to touch thy feet;
Here, far from splendour's city fane,
 Thy weary sons and daughter meet.
Is it a crime to tell thee here,
 That here the sorely-tried are met,
To seek thy face, and find thee near,
 And on thy rock our feet to set?
Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies,
 Where sings the wood-lark on the tree,
Beneath the music of thy skies,
 Is it a crime to worship thee?
"We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,"
 Content to toil, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of thy word
 Alone, assail'd our foes and thine.
Thy truth and thee we bade them fear;
 They spurn thy truth and mock our groan!
"Thy counsels, Lord, they *will* not hear,
 And thou hast left them to their own."

THE GOOD NEWS FROM AMERICA.*

Hail happy hour! that brings the glad tidings of another glorious victory. Oh, what delight for every feeling heart to find the new year ushered in with the announcement of this noble discovery of the power to still the sense of pain, and veil the eye and memory from all the horrors of an operation. And then to find it acted upon almost on the instant by our first operators, is as gratifying as unexpected. We have conquered pain. This is indeed a glorious victory to announce; a victory of the pure intellect. And from America comes the happy news; from our brothers in another land, with whom we were lately going to war. Oh, shame be in the thought! This is indeed a glorious victory; but there is no blow struck, there has been no grappling together in the war of savage impulse, no bloodshed, no remorse. It is the victory of knowledge over ignorance, of good over evil: there is no alloy; all our finer sympathies are enlisted in one universal prayer of grateful rejoicing. Benevolence has its triumph. It is a victory not for to-day, nor for our own time, but for another age, and all time—not for one nation, but for all nations, from generation to generation, as long as the world shall last.

Yet, hark! there is no firing of cannon from the Tower—no banners waving in the air—no drums and fifes sounding before the conquering hero—no hubbub in the streets—no gazing multitudes thronging the towns to see the illuminations; no, these are for the most part but the instruments of war, the loud rejoicing of the passions of men triumphing over their fellow men. We have nothing to do with that now: but only to stretch forth our hand to soothe the agonising wounds the sword has caused, to allay the sufferings of the afflicted, to still the nerve and sense, whilst the knife performs its friendly office.

The rejoicing here is of the heart, in the smile, the tear of joy for suffering relieved, the still voice of the benevolent soul rejoicing inwardly; for to those who can grasp the full sense of the immense boon which has been given to us, it is, indeed, overpowering—the blessing is incalculable. Oh, let there be no exulting over those who have denied the possibility or the blessing of this good: let that pass. We poor despised mesmerisers have

* A practical paper on this most deeply interesting subject—Inhalation of Ether—will appear immediately in the *People's Journal*.

fought the good fight, we have gained our end, no matter for the means; henceforth and for ever operations shall be performed in our hospitals without pain. Let the joyous news spread quickly from ear to ear through all the length and breadth of the land, and wing its way over the seas from shore to shore. And you, poor sufferers, who are now lying in our hospitals and infirmaries on the bed of sickness, waiting your time for the dreaded operation, hear you the reprieve which has been sent!—fear no more the pain that you shall endure—a sweet oblivion shall steal over your nerves—and it shall all be to you as though it were not—you shall awake—it is all over, you have felt nothing. Go forward, nurse, from ward to ward, from bed to bed, and announce the glad tidings, and cheer the drooping spirits of the sufferer, and raise a load of fear and anguish from the heart. And see—yes, the pulse beats tranquilly again: they smile—they press your hand in thankfulness. They are prepared. They are ready now, when you will: the knife is robbed of all its terrors. Poor soul! and perhaps your hired nurse the only friend you have by to sympathise in your sad condition.

Go forth, ye Sisters of Charity, ye benevolent hearts, fear not corruption, or to meet the poor—the sick bed levels all distinctions—put off your gay dress and sit by the bedside of the sufferer, the friendless sufferer in the hospital—alas! there are many such—take courage, go—you shall find your reward: others shall strive their utmost to allay the pain of bodily suffering—it is for you to minister to the mind. Take with you a friendly hand, and a kind, sympathising, warm heart; but no cruel, terrifying preachments—no presumptuous lecturing—and a peace and blessing shall attend your steps, and every eye shall brighten as you approach. Hear this, ye listless idlers, who with plenty of kind impulse know not how to use it for good, which way to to turn for occupation, or how to pass your day through without repining: you subscribe to charities, work pretty things to help the building of a new church—pshaw—nonsense—let the whole community pay for the community's wants—put your foolish worsteds by—go to the poor. It is the sympathy of your heart they want, your living soul, not your trash; and if you shall meet a poor creature of the streets, turn not away, she may be worthy of your best endeavours — of your pity always: perhaps she is a sufferer in the hospital—go to her, she will not corrupt *you*, but you may save or soothe her. Yes, go to her, and affect not a superiority of virtue. Alas! who shall judge the heart! If you are better conditioned than that poor sufferer, then are you most fortunate, and the better able to influence and aid the other. With all the kindness and humility, and piety of a true, benevolent, and noble heart go to her. Go; the office is open to you. Will you accept it, or shall another fill your place? Go; there is time for all good things: and you shall not reverence your Bible, or enjoy your Shakspeare, or your music the less, or look less charming in every good man's eyes, or less graceful in the drawing-room, that you have spoken with the sick and sorrowing but an hour before, that you have performed a duty, a good deed. Go; and tell me if I am right.

Henry G. Atkinson,
18, Upper Gloucester-place.

Jan. 3, 1847.

LUCY HINCHLIFF,
THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

By Thomas Campion.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a very modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieux, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived, a better girl, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realised our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being waterproof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The greengrocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind

word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at service yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marten," retorted Dame Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss — Miss —, I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependant, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, Ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my deshabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in fashion as to own to the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance; "*are* you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, Ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, Ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, Ma'am," replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of playhouse thing."

"Which was that, Ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell *me*," replied the lady. "You know, of course—the pretty Italian poem with the playhouse name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, Ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*.

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Commedia* was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbour, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practise the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfilment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house, on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought, "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time,

Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, Ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, Ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease, she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, Ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff;" exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy, appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbour said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practise the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation, brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widower, having made dishonourable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, much pondering over many things, but chiefest what it was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantle-shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly. No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we lives in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is your's to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two hundred a year would satisfy you, why—why its done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy — very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke-Newington.



BOY PRAYING.

By W. Hunt.

No. 55. Jan. 16, 1847.

MILITARY AGRICULTURAL COLONIES.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Among the unproductive classes which are an injury to society the soldiery may rank as one. It does not produce food; it does not distribute food. it only consumes the food of others. Supposing, however, that the army is necessary in time of war, and that its bloodshed is equivalent to its rations, and supposing that a standing army is at all times requisite for the welfare of the state, it yet does not follow, as in a time of war, that that army should be industrially idle in a period of peace. There is no reason why it should not, when its country is at peace, produce its own food or a portion of its own food, and thus remove a heavy tax from the shoulders of the general producers. The practical adoption of this view would result in the establishment of Military Agricultural Colonies.

France has preceded England in the application of an industrial organisation to her soldiery. Marshal Bugeaud has established an experimental military farm at the camp of El Arrouch, in the district of Constantina, in Algeria. There, a detachment of soldiery cultivate a large tract of land, both farm and garden, as well as breed cattle, and supply seeds and trees. Agricultural implements are manufactured in workshops attached to the farm, and the whole establishment presents the appearance of a united self-supporting colony. "Since the commencement of the experiment," says Captain Kennedy, in his recent work,* "the offences that have been committed bear but a small proportion to those that formerly occurred during a similar period in garrison." Thus we see the morality of industry might be brought to bear upon the soldiery. Idleness is the parent of almost every vice. Make a man industrious, and you go far to make him virtuous also. The lazy habits of the barrack have caused the demoralisation of the army. To remedy this, we must take a lesson from the experimental military farm at Algeria, of the details of which we regret that so little are known.

The military service is well adapted in many of its elements for the adoption of an associative industrial organisation. The barrack is already a military communitive building. The mess of a regiment is a common meal, very little differing from that instituted by that most military of lawgivers, Lycurgus. Even the discipline which has been organised for destruction would be highly serviceable for production. The soldier knows also the power of united number, of simultaneous exertion, of co-operative effort. He could easily see that there could be an industrial phalanx, as well as a military one. There wants but the farm around the barrack, and the order of the commander-in-chief, and the most serious difficulties are removed.

Military Agricultural Colonies would be a great benefit to the public at large, as by the employment, in works of production, of the soldiery in time of peace, not only a portion of a heavy tax in the shape of the pay of the army would be removed, but the army itself would assume a more safe, respectable, moral character. One of the greatest curses to the soldier is the long term for which he enlists. A silly, thoughtless youth goes to a country fair, gets drunk, is tipped by a recruiting sergeant with the queen's shilling, and wakes the next morning to find his hat bedecked with many-coloured ribbons, and, when thought returns, to discover that he is condemned to be a liveried fighting slave until old age frees him with a pension of sixpence a day. For a while, change of scene may prevent the recurrence of this thought, but it will and must return, and is well known in military statistics to be one of the chief causes of dissoluteness, disaffection, mutiny, feigned or purposely caused disease, desertion, and even suicide, in the army. The healthy employment of a military agricultural colony would go far to remove these evils, and were the period for enlistment shorter, and an industrial colony open to a veteran on his discharge, a great reform would be effected in the army, and perhaps the greatest which could be instituted until that period when the sword shall be converted into a ploughshare, and nations learn the art of war no more. Of that blessed time the military agricultural colony would be a sure harbinger, and no one would rejoice more in its advent than the soldiery themselves, were they freed from the monotony of the barrack, the tiresomeness of the parade, and the slavery of the march, if they then were allowed a gratuitous entry into a co-operative colony, or at least an independent freehold upon the allotment system. In this brief notice we have contented ourselves merely with a simple indication of the plan of military agricultural colonies. The details can be filled up by any practical man.

* Algeria and Tunis in 1845. London, 1846.

THE LAST HOUR.

By W. B. Bateman.

(Founded on fact.)

"It is done!" exclaimed Eustache Arral, casting aside the implement he had been using, and holding a small screw to the shaded lamp—"it is done. the toil of a life is accomplished, the labour of sleepless nights and fevered days is complete, and now for happiness—kiss me Benedetta!"

A dark-haired woman, whose tall figure, and pale but spotless brow still bore the stamp of more than ordinary beauty, instantly approached the speaker, and wound her arms caressingly around him. A boy too, in the first flush of youth, pressed fondly between his knees. They were his wife and son, and he strained them to his heart with triumphant pride. There was something in their faces, lighted as they were with long forgotten smiles, that seemed to speak of a loftier birth and prouder sphere than the position they then filled, for poverty reigned around in many a dreary shape. The apartment was a small and low garret in the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf. The scanty furniture presented only the most indispensable necessaries of household economy; the slated floor, the decaying walls, the damp roof darkened by the spider's loom, all spoke of a dire struggle between humanity and want.

There was wretchedness around, but there was happiness within!

"Yes!" he said, "here is the talisman that shall make our lives henceforth a golden dream of luxury. No more of the gaunt spectre, Famine—no more lacqueying in the footsteps of the great—but *I* shall be independent of all, and *you*, my Benedetta, shall fill again the station from which I took you when we were both young and full of hope; one hour more, and I shall be worth sixty thousand florins!"

He rose hastily, and, opening the casement, looked upon the scene before him. The stars shone down with their ever-glorious light upon the dark waters of the Seine, the numerous bridges had been deserted by the Parisians for the gaiety of the Boulevards and Palais Royale. Excepting the occasional splash of an oar, there was scarcely a sound borne on the air. While he gazed long and silently, the moon rose up, illumining the busy city.

"Look," he exclaimed suddenly, drawing his wife nearer, and pointing to the solemn outline of the distant Faubourg St. Germain; "do you see that mansion on which the moonlight falls?"

She leaned her head fondly on his shoulder, and whispered her assent.

"It was *there* my father dwelt," he continued: "it was there *his* father grew grey, and there we will live again. I could not brook the neighbourhood of the new noblesse; neither our fate nor our broken spirits could endure their flaunting show. No, Benedetta, we will live in the old ancestral home, and the same hearth that gladdened *them* shall shed its warmth on *us*."

"And I shall see you happy, at last?" she inquired.

"Yes!" he replied proudly. "Happy in a rugged destiny overcome, happy in *your* happiness —the night of our sorrow is succeeded by a glorious dawn—we have now only to rejoice!"

An expression of delirious pleasure was overspreading his colourless cheek, his wife was sweeping the hair from his temples with her thin wan fingers, and looking in his face with a mingled look of pride and love, when suddenly she saw his features violently convulsed. A deep, agonising pain shot through his left side, the heart palpitated audibly. But he subdued the exclamation that was rising to his lips, and smiled away her anxious fears. After a few moments' silence, during which the pang ceased, he rose with unwonted elasticity in his tread.

"Do not go out to-night," said his wife, "you are in no state of health to encounter the misty air; surely to-morrow will suffice!"

"It is time," he replied, "and the *last* time that I visit these stern taskmasters. Ah! ah! tyrants that they have been, they are humble *now*, for I kept back the last stroke that sets the machine in motion, and without this little screw it is valueless. Adieu, my Benedetta, within an hour I shall have exchanged my secret for the fortune that will render us happy!"

He seized his hat, embraced her, and hurried from the house to a voiture that stood near. His wife saw him enter and drive off.

* * * * *

Fifteen years before, the family of Eustache Arral had been one of the happiest in France —its wealth commanded luxury, its lineage procured consideration and respect. A scion of that old school, whose formal manners and studied politeness had remained unaltered since the age of Louis Quatorze, the young Eustache was born at the commencement of a new era. Society was casting aside the buckram suit of the old regime, and assuming an ease more congenial to modern taste and peaceful relationship. Mingling, then, with the ancient chivalric devotion to the fair sex, this seductive freedom of a later day, Eustache, at twenty-five, was pronounced by female authority to be *perfect*. Amid the young, the gay, and the thoughtless, he shone the resplendent star of society. But alas! that *society* was in its last hour. The womb of time was pregnant with calamity and change, and her travail was at hand. Only *one* drop was wanting to make the cup of retribution overflow: *that drop fell*, and the masses were aroused to a knowledge of their strength. Every wild schemer, every restless spirit, every disappointed gamester in the play of life, who loathed inactivity, and hoped in the tumult of civil commotion to reap a harvest he had never sown, now stood forth the pseudo-advocate of freedom. The stream rolled on, until at last it burst resistlessly into the sea of Revolution. Then came all the horrors of intestine war—an anarchy with many leaders, a religion formed to suit human philosophy, the streets slippery with the blood alike of the just and the proscribed.

When the storm passed away desolation was left behind. Families, whose ancestry had bled for France during the *middle age* of her glory, were now utterly extinct; their mansions razed, their fortunes scattered to the winds. Among these, with a young wife, stood Eustache Arral—a beggar and alone!

But two alternatives now presented themselves; starvation or toil. The hand that had hitherto never known an ungloved movement must sear its cherished whiteness in the art of the mechanic. There was *one* soothing reflection, and *one* only, that made the sacrifice less bitter. Like many other lofty families which had been completely annihilated during the revolutionary troubles, his own, with the exception of himself, had ceased to exist. He might therefore sink unnoticed and forgotten among the common crowd. If he ever retrieved his position, there would be no degradation attending his return; if Fate kept him struggling at the bottom of the stream, he knew the great world too well to imagine it would ever waste a thought on the curled darling of a departed day. Labour, then, became his portion, and angrily the spirit chafed, hotly the proud cheek burned, at the dire necessity. A glance, however, at the tender wife, who had shared alike his happier and darker lot, sufficed to quell his waverings. Nothing remained but the choice of toil, and *that* was determined by one of those strange coincidences with which the romance of real life is so replete.

During his prosperity, the natural restlessness of his active mind, though apparently devoted to the frivolities of life, had often found time for other and more useful occupations. With the desultory application of fashionable indolence, he had wandered into the mazes of science. The result of his pursuits, though it seemed trifling, was sufficient to amuse an amateur. Occasionally it burst forth in a clever adaptation of some contrivance for his carriage, his library, or his grounds; and then his invention paused with the necessity that aroused it. At last, however, a great THOUGHT struck him. He pondered over it long and gravely. He made experiments that tended to illustrate its use, and the possibility of its application: they were successful. Astonished at the advent of such a discovery, he was about to prosecute it with all the appliances that wealth, knowledge, and influence could bestow, when the Revolution burst forth, in which no science flourished save that of slaughter. It passed away, however, as all things human must. Blood enough was shed, sorrow enough was inflicted at last. The whirlpool of death shrunk by degrees, and dissolved into a calm, leaving Eustache Arral among its wrecks. So now the scene of toil began. Under an assumed name, and in a lower quartier of his native city, he worked daily for a pittance that was just suf-

ficient to keep his wife and himself from positive want. In course of time a son was added to increase their necessities. He did not despair. Sometimes literary efforts extended his slender revenue, at others extra toil rendered him independent of assistance. And all this time the discovery progressed—the mighty engine that was not only to bring back their former wealth, but immortalise his name, was hastening towards completion. His employers got an inkling of the pursuit of his leisure hours. They sought with every art to worm out the secret. They bullied, threatened, cringed; and, finding their attempts unavailing, ended by offering gold for the invention. Their offers were of course infinitely below its real value; and, after permitting them to know just enough to see the importance of it, he fixed his price and assumed indifference. The proud masters then became humble to their haughty servitor. They accepted his terms. Securities were given to insure mutual good faith. Still Eustache Arral jealously withheld the last magic touch that was to render the engine a golden crucible. The toil of nights when all else slumbered, of holidays when all else made jubilee, must not be yielded until the equivalent was grasped—palpably grasped—in the yellow dross that was to raise him to triumphant splendour. An appointment was made when the exchange of intellect for gold was to be concluded. The intermediate time passed, the last needful stroke had been prepared, and he had gone forth with it to the rendezvous.

But different—alas! far different—from the gay scion of fashion who had first conceived that sublime discovery was the worn-out mechanic who now hurried to complete the task. His chestnut hair had become scant and grey, his brow was seamed with rigid furrows. There was a fitful, hectic flush in his cheek, like the deathly red of the autumn leaf; an unnatural light shone in his eye. With broken frame, with tottering limbs, with features convulsed by suffering, he had gone forth. Yet lightness reigned in his heart. The task was done—the price awaited him; the future loomed before him like a garden, where every step fell on flowers, and not even a ruffled rose leaf should disturb his epicurean joy. Yes; happiness awaited him! happiness for Benedetta and his boy!—all was light in the landscape of life!

* * * * *

"It is strange he should delay at such a time as this!" said the first of three men, who awaited the arrival of Eustache Arral.

"Ah!" sighed the second, a thin shrivelled being, with narrow forehead and pursed-up lips, in every line of which the character of miser was written indelibly—"it resembles his usual insolent indifference. Sixty thousand florins! an awful price!"—and he sighed again—"yet the bourgeois vagabond lingers still. Is it impossible to dispense with this last stroke, and cheat the knave?"

"Quite impossible!" said the first speaker.

"Quite impossible!" echoed the third individual. "I have studied it attentively, and without his aid the iron mass is a heap of lumber!"

They all sank again into silence, and wandered listlessly around the huge machine, which nearly filled the apartment. From the floor to the ceiling, from the right wall to the left, stretched the intricate network of wheels, cylinders, and cogs. There it stood, cold, useless, motionless, waiting, like the completed monster of Frankenstein, but a single breath to kindle it into life.

"An hour past the time!" said one, looking at his watch, and as he spoke, the hollow bell of Notre Dame confirmed his words with its booming voice.

"Surely, that is the sound of carriage-wheels," cried the shrivelled expectant, opening a window that looked upon the street below. "Yes; it is he at last: a voiture stops at the door."

They sat down, and assumed an air of unconcern. A minute's pause, and the driver jumped from his box, the steps rattled down, they heard the door of the vehicle opened. Then there was another pause. They listened for his step upon the stairs. All was still—until suddenly the silence was broken by a loud murmuring hum. It grew into a conflict of voices. A sound of groaning and creaking mingled with the cry, as if some heavy body were being extricated from the crazy conveyance. A feeling of misgiving seized all three at once. They hastened to the window. After a single glance, they rushed from the apartment, and hurried down stairs with a simultaneous impulse. Around some prostrate figure stood a gaping crowd. They pushed impetuously through the mass—at length the whole scene was before them—and *then* each of those selfish faces turned pale as ashes.

Supported on the hall step, lay Eustache Arral—his eye fixed, his teeth spasmodically clenched. They did not cry for help, for they knew that it was useless. He was dead!

In his pocket was the screw that was to complete the task, but they could never apply it. The engineer and his secret had died together!

LAVATER'S
JOURNAL OF A SELF-OBSERVER.

(Concluded from vol. 2, page 319.)

SUNDAY, *January* 7.—When I awoke this morning, a messenger was at my bedside. He brought a letter from my dear H— (Felix Hess), who begged of me to go to him immediately, for he was very ill. I was thunderstruck; and yet, mixed up with this painful intelligence, there was something that conveyed an almost agreeable impression. God knows, however, that I love my friend sincerely, and that it would give me inexpressible pain to lose him; but it is not the first time I have remarked that a touch of secret satisfaction seems to mingle with the terror we feel at an unexpected piece of bad tidings. I remember having experienced one day, on hearing suddenly that the town was on fire, an emotion in which there was something that pleased me, whilst, on after reflection, the bare idea made me shudder. Can it be the novelty, the unexpectedness of an occurrence? surmises of the part we may be called on to act in it, or the anticipated opportunities of talking of it afterwards? or is it the confused perspective of changes which are about to interrupt the monotony of existence, or a feeling of self-congratulation at having escaped the misfortunes which have befallen others? I should like much to know how it is with others, especially men of upright and feeling minds, when they are surprised by sudden and grievous tidings; but I fear that few pay any attention to their sensations under such circumstances, or if they do, they are studious to conceal them from their friends, and perhaps from themselves.

After having rapidly made some necessary arrangements, I set out. During the first quarter of an hour my mind was vaguely agitated by bewilderment, grief, anxiety, and a secret compla-

cency at the pleasure my prompt arrival would give my friend, and the praises I should receive from him and his in consequence; at the same time I felt ashamed of my selfishness. At length shame and affection predominated. I made a resolution to regulate my thoughts, and so to regulate them, that I might be able to avow them without restriction before God and my conscience. It was cold, I had drawn up the glasses; two poor children, who were on their way to church, ran after the carriage asking alms, and blowing their frozen fingers. Half laughing, I allowed them to run for some moments without noticing them. Love of my ease, wert thou the cause that I did not put down the glass at once? Was I restrained by avarice, and did I fear to give a halfpenny to those little ones? Or was it the puerile vanity of making my generosity more appreciated? And this only a few minutes after I had made such a firm and wise resolve! Such conduct was neither great nor noble. At length, with some impatience, because my great-coat made it inconvenient, I felt in my pocket for a few halfpence, which I flung out of the window, and the poor children had to search for them in the snow with their red and frost-bitten hands, and I was on my way to a death bed!

I repented, but I sought to free myself from scruples by thinking of my friend. This return to him, however, was less owing to genuine friendship, than to a desire to rid myself of humiliating thoughts. Instead of meditating upon what I should say to him, how I might be a blessing to him in his last moments, and how I might myself be blessed in ministering to him, my imagination pictured the pleasant days of happiness and affecfion that we had spent together in the course of our lives. And then the thought came home to my heart; *He is sick, sick unto death;* I seemed to see him, pale and weak, stretched upon a bed of suffering, with his weeping wife beside him. Tears came into my eyes, I sighed deeply, and my heart warmed by friendship and compassion, I cried: "God of Mercy! spare the best and most faithful of friends. Bless the means employed for his recovery. Restore him to us . . . ."

As I drew near my friend's house, and the moment of seeing him approached, I felt painfully oppressed, and when at length the coach stopped I had hardly power to move. My friend's wife was at the door. "Come, come," said she, "friend, blessed by God—but how pale you are!" Tremblingly, I ascended the stairs, and entered, alas! into the sombre chamber of sickness. I pressed the white and powerless hand that was feebly held out to me; I bent over the pallid face, covered with cold drops of perspiration, and, thank God, I felt myself wholly man and friend. What I wished to say or not to say, I no longer knew, but, I thank my God, I was able to weep. All I desired was to be left alone by the bedside, to fall on my knees, and to weep and pray unrestrained. "Do not grieve so, dear friend; be calm, I entreat you, I have yet much to say to you; we shall be alone presently," said my dying friend, with so peaceful a countenance, that I felt inexpressibly relieved. They brought me tea, and entreated me to take some rest, but every moment that deprived me of my friend's converse was a burden to me. At length we were left alone. "Come nearer to me," said he. And oh, may I ever faithfully remember each one of his invaluable counsels, and not only his very words, but also the truthful, simple, and penetrating accents with which they were uttered. May they be indelibly engraven upon my heart.!

* * * *

"My friend," he continued, "I have still three things on my mind. I have several godsons, whom I had resolved to bring up and educate; I thought myself the more obliged to do this, as Providence had not seen fit to grant me children. Will you replace me towards them? I have left four hundred crowns to be shared between four of them, whose names and abodes you will learn from my wife. I bequeath them to you; I need say no more.

"You will find a volume of Buffon's *Natural History* in my library. With unpardonable neglect, I have put off returning it to its owner from time to time. Do it for me, beg his pardon in my name, try to discover if any book in my library would be acceptable to him, and give him whichever he may designate. If he refuse to name any, give him my best edition of Horace. Alas! there has been much petty vanity displayed in the choice of my books, much money spent that might have been better employed, and how much time also! Oh, dear friend, in so short a life, what is not the value of an hour!"

He ceased; tears were burning in my eyes. After a few moments, he continued, sorrowfully: "Influenced by motives which I hope have been forgiven, and the impression of which I pray God to obliterate from my immortal soul, I knowingly uttered a calumny against a good man. Go to him as soon as I am no more, I would say before, but I have so little time to be with you. Offer him your hand which presses mine at this moment, and is moist with the sweat of my agony. Tell him what bitter tears it has caused me to shed; embrace him for me, and then go to Messrs. M— and B— (do not spare me, I entreat you), and tell them of the mental anguish that calumny has occasioned me upon my death-bed."

My friend ceased speaking. I promised faithfully to execute his commands. "God will bless you, my kind friend," he said. He then called for his wife. My heart felt so calm and tranquil at that moment, that it almost seemed as if I had forgotten the irreparable loss with which we were threatened. H— fell asleep, and I hastened to write his last words in my journal.

Until midnight, the dying man remained in about the same state; his breathing gradually became more difficult, and he no longer spoke to us. To keep myself from sleeping, I took my journal and wrote. All at once we fancied his respiration ceased; the light was brought nearer, and we saw that his end was fast approaching. His wife wept aloud. "He is dying, he is dying!" cried she. "O, God, have compassion on me!"

When I again looked upon him, and laid my hand upon his cheek, courage, consolation, all failed me. I almost fell to the ground as I repeated aloud, and with tears—"*He is dead.*" I was obliged, however, to command my feelings. I helped to lay him out for interment, and I thought I should have fainted. "Ah, Lord! what is mortal man? What am I now, I who still live? This hand which now guides the pen will become cold and ice-like; the source of my tears will be dried up in eyes extinct like those of my friend; my tongue will be silenced; I shall be extended helplessly, incapable of hearing the good or evil spoken of me before my soulless corpse. Ah! how deeply do I now feel, what I have a thousand times repeated with indifference, and smiled at with a kind of disgust, as at a mere

common-place expression, *that I am mortal!* Oh, how wide is the difference between *speaking* a truth and *feeling* a truth!"

I wrote this after I had retired to my chamber; but how shall I confess what I am ashamed of having experienced? I was alone — only a staircase separated me from the dead—and I felt myself suddenly seized with a strange and inexplicable terror. I was uncertain whether I should extinguish the light or not. "Oh, weak philosopher! Oh, poor Christian! Which didst thou fear, the soul or the body of thy friend? Is not God present wherever thou art?" A little tranquillised by this thought, I put out the light, and got into bed. How much need had I to meditate, to feel, to pray, but I was weary and fell asleep.

January 8.—"My friend is then no more; his lifeless clay lies in the room beneath; where is the spirit now? Alas, far from me! He is in light, and I remain in darkness. I shall never more enjoy the converse of my beloved, faithful, pious, friend. How little have I appreciated him, and now repentance comes too late. . . .

January 10.—One half of my life is already spent and I have never been able to meditate upon myself, my destiny, my immortality for half a day together. Oh, fatal thirst for distraction, opposed to reason and true wisdom, destructive of peace and happiness! when shall I be freed from the restraints thou hast imposed upon my acquaintance with myself? I will draw near to my friend's coffin before it is closed; and there, before God alone, abandon myself to my feelings. The Almighty will perhaps deign to bless my meditations, and make this day, to me so important and so sad, the first of a new and a better life.

I entered the chamber of death, and, closing the door after me, I timidly, and with a feeling of reverence removed the lid from the coffin, and raised the covering from my friend's face. Upon my knees, and with my heart full of tenderness and regret, I contemplated it for some time. "There thou art," I said, "friend and faithful brother, pale and mute, at the term of life and of human misery. How many joys and griefs have I shared with thee! how many delightful hours! How much I have learnt from thee! how much more, alas, might I not have learnt!" Some one came to the door; I rose precipitately and brushed the dust from my knees. Later I had an opportunity of returning, and was there alone for half an hour. The solemn solitude did me more good than I can express; still, the signs of decomposition impressed me with a feeling of horror. I could not look upon my friend's face. Gazing at the half-opened coffin, I said—"I will never forget thee, my friend; I solemnly vow before thy happy spirit, if it be permitted to hear me, that I will henceforth live as if thou wert a perpetual witness of my life; this hand which hath pressed thine shall only be employed to do good; these lips engage over thy coffin to utter nothing but what is good." I closed the coffin with tears of affection and returning to my chamber, I have written this that the impressions of the moment may be rendered durable.

January 11.—I put up at an inn, my heart still full of the thoughts of death, and deeply impressed with the uncertainty of my own life. Three or four men were sitting in the public room. "Coarse, vulgar minds," thought I (their language was that of the common people), "deeply plunged in the night of ignorance, enemies to meditation, wanting sensibility, yet immortal like myself, like my blessed friend, and like us, mortal also. What a gulf between their thoughts and those of death and immortality! Unfortunate beings, who will snatch the bandage from your eyes?" Such were my thoughts, and I felt foolishly angry at their words, their actions, and even their attitudes. Sometimes I pitied them, and then I despised them from the bottom of my heart. I fancied that they ought to feel as I felt, that they ought to be filled with thoughts as serious as if they too had just quitted the coffin of a beloved friend. Their bursts of laughter, their countenances, everything, even their tobacco pipes, seemed to me so insufferably vulgar, that I was tempted to address a reproof to them. I recollected myself, however, and heaved several deep sighs, of which humility was not the chief merit. Seating myself in a corner, I began to read, but the noise so disturbed me that I asked for a private apartment. In conducting me to it, the host showed me his son's study. "My son," said he, "is a surgeon and a skilful anatomist." He told me to go in and examine the cabinet, filled with skeletons and embryos of every description. I had no particular desire to do so, but no sooner had I entered than I felt glad of it, and looked upon the circumstance as particularly directed by Providence. As soon as I was alone, I commenced sketching a death's head; then detaching the head from the skeleton, I took it in my hand and gazed upon it with attention. "This," thought I, "is the skull of a man who was once as full of life as I am. Perhaps my body may one day be dismembered like this, and serve to ornament a cabinet of anatomy. Can it be possible that my head, the seat of so much power, the living expression of my soul, may one day be turned about and curiously examined like this." Hearing some one coming, I replaced the head upon its skeleton, and then the thought struck me that I should like to procure a skull. Assuredly, thought I, it would serve to remind me most powerfully of my mortal nature; assuredly it would make me wiser, more serious, better able to keep the vow offered up before my friend's coffin. I asked the host if his son had not an odd skull that he might let me have. This request was altogether incomprehensible to the lively good-natured man; he thought I was joking. "What was I going to do with a death's head?" he asked smiling. "I was not a surgeon, nor did I wish to become one;" however, he had one at my service, and he would arrange with his son about it. Thereupon, he went into the next apartment and brought out a fine, well-bleached skull, from which he blew the dust before he presented it to me, at the same time praising his son's skill, and telling me I should have it without payment.

Never had a present been more welcome; I looked upon it as a sort of sanctuary, the former abode of an immortal spirit. I could almost have embraced the host in the fulness of my gratitude. "How strange," he observed, "to be so rejoiced at a death's head; I should like to know the reason?" "A few days ago," I replied, "I lost a dear friend, and I wish to keep the thoughts of that death which awaits me also, ever present to my mind; this skull, which you have so kindly given me, will enable me to remember it." "Oh! is that all? you will soon be of another way of thinking." His reply half amused, half embarrassed me. However, I wrapped up my skull, retired to my room, where I wrote thus far in my journal, and soon after I set out towards home.




THE DESIGN BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS.

FROM VIRGIL.

By Walter Savage Landor.

The shell assuaged his sorrows: thee he sang,
Sweet wife! thee with him on the shore alone,
At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee!
The mouth of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
Groves dark with dread, he enter'd; he approacht
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.
Rous'd at his song, the Shades of Erebus
Rose from their lowest, most remote abodes,
Faint Shades, and Spirits, semblances of life;
Numberless as o'er woodland wilds the birds
That wintery evening drives, or mountain storm;
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unmarried maids,
And youths on biers before their parents' eyes.
The deep black ooze and rank unsightly reed
Of slow Cocytus's unyielding pool
And Styx confines them, flowing nine times round.
The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death
And (the blue adders twisting in their hair)
The Furies were astounded.
On he stept,
And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws;
On stept the bard.. Ixion's wheel stood still.
Now past all peril, free was his return
And now was following into upper air
Eurydice, when sudden madness seiz'd
The incautious lover: pardonable fault,
If those below could pardon: on the verge
Of light he stood, and on Eurydice,
Mindless of fate, alas, and soul-subdued,
Lookt back..
There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all
Thy labour shed; there burst the dynast's bond,
And thrice arose that rumour from the lake.
"Ah what," she cried, "what madness hath undone
Me, and (ah wretched!) thee, my Orpheus, too!
For lo! the cruel Fates recall me now,
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes.. adieu!
Night rolls intense around me as I spread

My helpless arms . . thine, thine no more . . to thee."
She spake, and (like a vapour) into air
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void
And sought to speak; in vain: the ferry-guard
Now would not row him o'er the lake again:
His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?
What chaunt, what wailing, move the Powers of Hell?
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she!
Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high
Seven months, seven long-continued months, 'tis said,
He breath'd his sorrows in a desert cave
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song.
So Philomela mid the poplar shade
Bemoans her captive brood: the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed and took them: but all night
Grieves she, and sitting on the bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.

WOMAN AND DOMESTICS.

By Catherine Barmby.

That there is a vast amount of evil and suffering throughout the ramifications of society is the general admission. It should also be evident that a great mass of the misery endured is caused by the imperfect forms which constitute our present social condition. Appeals are made to the legislature, and petitions are forwarded to the government, with the expectation that relief will be obtained; while, at the same time, it may clearly be seen that neither the legislature nor the government can fully effect the remedy, and that we are neglecting our own duty, and disobeying the dictates of our common sense, in asking others to do that which we can best do ourselves.

To re-organise society, to render it more blessed and happier, its domestic condition has to be improved. Now domestics form a sphere which belongs essentially to woman. It is her absolute province; in it she reigns queen, and man cannot, if he would, deprive her of her sovereignty, because it has been allotted to her by that Wisdom whose decrees human power or will is not able to withstand. Think of it as we may, the laws and order of society are, in their origin, divine—hence the woe that follows our transgressions. If we sow the storm, we reap the whirlwind. So fares it in all parts of God's earth. And thus, it is not so much contradictory change, as further development, that is needed.

Customs and habits, private and public manners, dress, and the whole circle of home duties, are included in domestics. It is surely as important then as politics, and as difficult to regulate. Yet it is not the Houses of Parliament that can legislate for it; for the reason that women do not deliberate, and cannot pass their judgment in them.

The workings of society in its state of civilisation, have revealed, partially, the true order of nature in the division of duties for the sexes. To the woman, the interior or household economics; to the man the exterior or politics. Both are valuable, and have elements in common together. Man should not be entirely ignorant of home management, nor should woman be left unacquainted with laws and governmental policy. Their own and their children's welfare are connected with both; and therefore, to the mother and the father, they stand each as a great subject. Civilisation, hitherto, it is not to be lost sight of, has influenced woman only materially in the discharge of her home duties. It has taught her to barter, to buy the cap and gown cheap, careless of the ruin she may bring down upon the seller. Competition, in its lowest grades, has received the greatest encouragement from woman. The sufferings of fellow-creatures have not been thought of, when shillings and sixpences were to be saved. Dress and furniture, company and so-called amusement, the rivalry, jealousy, and wretchedness they have engendered, render them in their very enumeration terrifying, and make us hurry to get away from their reviewal.

Civilisation has not finished her work. She, like an educating parent, will perfect in her adult, what she could only commence with her infant children. She will now teach woman spiritually the devotion of her home duties!—to become a priestess, even at her hearth-side! Elevated and strengthened, her footsteps on the earth rendered steady and secure, how rejoicingly will she live in the land where she now mourns and dwells a stranger!

The instruction of woman in her higher, more spiritual, home duties, is one of the greatest wants of the age. It is becoming more and more apparent, and, if not speedily attended to, will be a most serious drawback to the progress now sought to be made. The new associations in town and country—which will be consequented by our novel building societies and projected model villages; and by our Whittington Clubs, where women are admitted on their committees; and our British and Foreign Institutes, where women assemble at their *soirees*—show an imperative necessity for the progress of woman in her appreciation of social relations, and in higher ideas of her mission as the queen of domestic life, and the arbitress of the code of manners in society.

The delicate machinery of domestic life is ever at work, producing countless shades of joy and gloom. It is from the flame of the domestic hearth that the warmth and lustre of some of life's most refined relations are derived. Would that this flame shone more brightly now! beamed forth more divinely, holily! That the abodes of our people were more cheered by its rays! That the dwellers at our hearths were more conscious of its presence. How general is poverty! how widespread is misery! Fearful is the unrighteousness of society! frightful are its responsibilities!

Why goes forth that man this Saturday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from their engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deeper depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home? Truth has to be told; but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell.

It is because woman does not truly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present conditions of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is ever employed in drudgery for her children and her household. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change, and does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the con-

ditions she labours under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table. And she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much of this is owing to the present circumstances of social life, is true; but that much of it is chargeable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its disciplines and ends, than they now do. A greater regularity in time—a greater simplicity in dress—a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others—an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations—would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they now are doing.

If the wife will begin to wish her husband to read the last new periodical, while she is mending his stockings; if, even while at work herself, she will now and then talk to her children of that which is good and pleasant, as a priestess should talk—and every mother has a priestly office—she will hallow and lighten her own labour, and for her household a blessed reform will, in domestics, have commenced.

Oh, for a power to hasten this period! Oh, that one might abide the dawning of that bright day when domestic love and family enjoyment crown the great social destiny of humanity! Then might one depart in peace, and the beams of the *good time come* be over us, and death be hallowed by the sanctification of life. Follow out God's laws, work in his holy order, do all things in season, leaving nought undone that should be done, and full surely this divine, this perfecting labour of human existence, will be consummated.

A SPRING NOON.

BY THE EDITOR.

How eloquently still young Nature seems!
  Her breathings are just audible—no more;
She surely sleeps entranced in her dreams,
  Whilst from her rosy lips are bubbling o'er
The gushing utterings of her happy soul:
  So happy, that though sleeping, she must speak;
In tones of peace, and love, and bliss, so full,
  That like o'er-laden bees, whose wings grow weak,
Down noiselessly they fall. But not unheard,
  But not unheeded: wanderers lone like me,
Hear them now whispering of some gentle bird,
  Glad waters, and their hushing guardian tree;
Of sunbeams, and young fish at play:—the cautious leap—
The catching, laughing flash—the mirth-enwrinkled deep.

AN APPEAL
ON BEHALF OF PRINCE AND WALKER,
THE WORKMEN POETS.

OUR attention has been drawn to the noble efforts now being made by a committee of gentlemen in Ashton-under-Lyne, towards raising a fund in aid of John Critchley Prince (a native of Wigan, and now of the above-named town), author of *Hours of the Muses*, and other poems of no ordinary character, and which are familiar to those of our readers who dwell amid the busy spindles and clanking looms of the North.

Shelley said of himself and brotherhood—

> We learn in suffering
> What we teach in song.

And this truth seems particularly applicable to poor Prince, for a writer in the *Manchester Courier*, who appears to be intimately acquainted with his history, says of him:—

> In the course of his life he has travelled on foot hundreds of miles in search of work in this country, in France, and in Germany. In the lands where he was a friendless and impoverished stranger, he never asked for shelter and had it refused; he never had to lie in the open fields; he never was thrust into a workhouse garret to pass the night with the sick and the miserable, and to find in the morning that his next neighbour lay dead by his side: *but all this he has had to endure in his own country.*

It would be difficult in so few lines to convey a sadder reproach than this to our own countrymen of their neglect of genius; and we are glad to see his fellow townsmen are so ready to wipe it out by setting on foot a subscription on his behalf, and the more pleased to find that they have offered their aid in a manner which must be most acceptable to the feelings of the individual concerned—the object of the subscription being stated as follows:—"To keep Mr. Prince and his family from want—to encourage his literary efforts, and to assist in the publication of his works."

There is something in this proposal which appears to us quite charming for its delicacy, and the sympathy it shows towards the labours of Mr. Prince. It seems to acknowledge that something more than payment for the past is required, and that for the future his muse will be duly fostered. In aid of this fund, we perceive that the Rev. Mr. Hutton has kindly been giving readings from the works of the poet in different towns of the North; and Mr. Vandenhoff, with that liberality which so distinguishes his profession, has also contributed his aid by giving recitations from Shakspeare. We trust that the working men will not let this opportunity pass of contributing something towards this fund on behalf of one of their own order. They could not give to a more worthy cause. We mention the name of the Hon. Sec. of the Prince Testimonial, John Brooks, Esq., Ashton-under-Lyne, for the information of those we would wish to respond to the appeal.

We have one more name that we wish to bring before the public, and especially before his fellow-townsmen, in order that some provision might be suggested for one whose position seems to be even more sad than that of Prince—for where there is health there is energy and hope—it is that of John Bradshaw Walker, well known in Leeds, where he worked in a woollen factory until incapacitated for labour by illness. Walker has published a volume of poems called *Wayside Flowers*, many of them full of feeling and tenderness; and we have lately received a letter from him containing a little poem for insertion, called *Fading Flowers*; with respect to which we find the following paragraph in his communication:—

I beg your acceptance of a few verses lately written. I seem to have been fading fast from the time when,

feeling rather poorly, my poor heart conversed with fading flowers.

Surely it is not right that men like these, who, amid all the degrading influences that surround them, keep their hearts pure and hold the silver lamp of poesy to guide the feet of their fellow labourers, should be allowed to pine unheard, and die neglected—that their genius, instead of being their glory and brightness, should be their curse and destruction. Busy men, as they journey along the dusty road, will sometimes pause to listen to the lark who soaring ever sings; those who throng the high roads of life find moments for the song of the poet; but, alas, too often here their attentions end. In the words of the author of *Modern Painters*, do they not think it enough "to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay honour to the ashes when they have denied to the spirit. Let it not then displease them that they are bidden amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life to listen for the few voices, and to watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them; that they may not learn the sweet by their silence, or the light by their decay."

Our Library.

MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.*

The heavy-handed Titmarsh, the remorseless crusher of the whole race of Snobs, the sly, satirical Michael Angelo Titmarsh, ladies, has with dire intent commenced an assault upon the fluttering butterflies of drawing-rooms, and with a cruel, cold-blooded malignity, begins by giving the physiology of Mrs. Perkins's ball. Oh, fairy-like creature, floating in the mazy dance, take heed how you triumph in the perfection of your *tournure*—for his remorseless eye falls upon your deceitful *crenoline*. Oh, blandly smiling hostess, 'tis of no avail that charming suavity—he sees, underneath thy human mask, thy terrible anxiety lest the camphine lamp which does duty in the little boudoir suddenly gives up the ghost, or some other portion of the long planned machinery of the ball fails to perform its expected duty. And you, young gentleman, smiling and whispering in that gentle falsetto, as you turn over the leaves of the Albert Polka to the charmer in pink—take heed, his scalpel is ready and gleaming to lift up thy false epidermis, and show thee as thou art. With what power, in this delightful little book, has he drawn the portraits of the class of people one meets for a moment in what has not inaptly been called "the battle-ground of women," the ball-room. How, with half a dozen touches, he brings to recollection the little fragments of conversation snatched between the figures of the dance? But let us now, ere the chandeliers are well lit, be among the early guests, that we might laugh over the introduction of the Mulligan of Ballymulligan to the host and hostess:—

My distinguished friend, the Mulligan of Ballymulligan, was good enough to come the very first of the party. By the way, how awkward it is to be the first of a party! and yet you know somebody must; but for my part, being timed, I always wait at the corner of the street, in the cab, and watch until some other carriage comes up.

Well, as we were arranging the sherry, in the decanters, down the supper table, my friend arrived. "Hwhares my friend, Mr. Titmarsh?" I heard him bawling out to Gregory in the passage, and presently he rushed into the supper-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and myself were, and as the waiter was announcing "Mr. Mulligan." "The Mulligan of Ballymulligan, ye blackguard!" roared he, and stalked into the apartment, "apologoizing," as he said, for introducing himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins did not perhaps wish to be seen in this room, which was for the present only lighted by a couple of candles; but *he* was not at all abashed by the circumstance, and grasping them both warmly by the hands, he instantly made himself at home. "As friends of my dear and talented friend, Mick," so he is pleased to call me, "I'm deloighted, madam, to be made known to ye. Don't consider me in the light of a mere acqueentance! As for you, my dear madam, you put me so much in moind of my own blissid mother, now resoiding at Ballymulligan Castle, that I begin to love ye at first soight." At which speech Mr. Perkins getting rather alarmed, asked the Mulligan whether he would take some wine, or go up stairs.

"Faix," says Mulligan, "its never too soon for good dthrink;" and (although he smelt very much of whiskey already) he drank a tumbler of wine "to the improvement of an acquaintance which comminces in a manner so deloightful."

"Let's go up stairs, Mulligan," says I, and led the noble Irishman to the upper apartments, which were in a profound gloom, the candles not being illuminated, and where we surprised Miss Fanny, seated in the twilight at the piano, timidly trying the tunes of the polka, which she danced so exquisitely that evening. She did not perceive the stranger at first; but how she started, when the Mulligan loomed upon her.

"Heavinlee enchanthress" says Mulligan, "don't floy at the approach of the humblest of your sleeves! Reshewm your place at that insthrument, which weeps harmonious, or smoils melojious as you charrum it! Are you acquecented with the Oirish Melodies? Can ye play "Who fears to talk of Nointy-eight," the "Shan Van Voght," or the "Dirge of Ollam Fodhlah?"

A torrent of raps at the door and an influx of visitors relieve the poor little girl from the "soft-sawdering" Mulligan. The first quadrille is commenced with all the solemnity of a religious ceremony. Easy, *nonchalant* dandies, hang round the ball-room doors and quiz the girls.

1st Gent.—Who's the man of the house—the bald man?

2nd Gent.—Of course. The man of the house is always bald. He's a stockbroker I believe. Snooks brought me.

1st Gent.—Have you been in the tea-room? There's a pretty girl in the tea-room: blue eyes, pink ribbons, and that kind of thing.

2nd Gent.—Who the deuce is that girl, with those tremendous shoulders? Gad! I do wish somebody would smack 'em.

3rd Gent.—Sir—that young lady is my niece, sir—my niece. My name is Blades, sir.

2nd Gent.—Well, Blades! smack your niece's shoulders! She deserves it, begad; she does. Come in, Jinks, present me to the Perkinses. Hollo! here's our old country acquaintance, Lady Bacon, as I live! with all the piglings: she never goes out without the whole litter. (Exeunt 1st and 2nd Gent.)

And this, young ladies, is a very good specimen of the kind of talk young bloods enjoy in those first awful hours before champagne and the fascination of your charms have with their irresistible force in some measure amalgamated the book muslin and the black coats. Then they take you into their confidence, and you run down poor human nature in couples. Ah, well, this scandal is "pleasant though wrong;" what on earth could one talk about in those short pauses of the dance, if your *vis-a-vis's* arms were not "mottled;" or if Miss So-and-so hadn't such queer Denmark satin shoes" to quiz? Now honestly, young ladies, we ask, how many of you have not been the "Miss Mullins" of the following conversation? young gentlemen, how many of you the Mr. Winter:—

Mr. W.—Miss Mullins, look at Miss Ranville; what a picture of good humour.

Miss M.—Oh, you satirical creature!

Mr. W.—Do you know why she is so angry? She expected to dance with Captain Grig, and by some mistake the Cambridge Professor got hold of her; isn't he a handsome man?

Miss M.—Oh, you droll wretch!

Mr. W.—Yes, he's a fellow of college—fellows mayn't marry, Miss Mullins—poor fellows, ay, Miss Mullins?

* Mrs. Perkins's Ball. By M. A. Titmarsh. London: Chapman and Hall.

Miss M.—La!

Mr. W.—And Professor of Phlebotomy in the university. He flatters himself he is a man of the world, Miss Mullins, and always dances in the long vacation.

Miss M.—You malicious, wicked monster!

Mr. W.—Do you know Lady Jane Ranville? Miss Ranville's mama. A ball once a year; footman in canary-coloured livery; Baker-street; six dinners in the season; starves all the year round; pride and poverty, you know; I've been to her ball *once;* Ranville Ranville's her brother; and between you and me (but this, dear Miss Mullins, is a profound secret), I think he's a greater fool than his sister.

Miss M.—Oh, you satirical, droll, malicious, wicked thing, you!

Mr. W.—You do me injustice, Miss Mullins, indeed you do.

(*Chaine Anglaise.*)

Then we have the spirited girl, Miss Joy, fresh and lively as a daisy after her fourteenth dance. We cannot, for our part, understand how it is that delicate young ladies, too delicate to run up and down stairs in their own houses, are able to dance down the strongest men in a hot ball-room. 'Tis a phenomenon of nature of which no one seems capable of giving an explanation. What young girl ever refused a handsome partner at five o'clock in the morning, on the score of being "so tired?" But here's a little scene in the boudoir:—

Mr. Brown.—You polk, Miss Bustleton? I am *so* delaighted.

Miss Bustleton.—(*Smiles and prepares to rise.*)

Mr. Smith.—D— puppy.

(*Poor Smith don't polk.*)

But the genuine humour of this scene it is impossible to give without the help of the illustrations; indeed, all the wood-cuts second the text in a matchless manner. Thackeray was an artist before he became a literary man, and this accounts for the perfect ease and freedom with which he draws. We have no room to give more of the characters of the ball at much length, but we must not omit to mention Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, who is "such an ass, and so respectable;" "who has never committed himself in his life," the sort of solemn gentleman who would examine his washing bill with as profound an air as if it was the treaty of Vienna. Then there is Bob Hely, who performs the *cavalier seul* with a face as if he was advancing towards a dentist; and M. Canaillard, chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the undersized Frenchman and the gigantic Baron de Bobwitz, who do the same figure with a most *vainqueur* look. We must conclude, however, with this extract. The Mulligan has outstayed the whole company, even the company of the candles, many of which are beginning to smoulder in their sockets. The abominable Mulligan, nevertheless, "sits swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table."

Perkins was opposite, gaping at him.

The Mulligan.—I tell ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne; it's good at this house.

Mr. Perkins (*with dignity*).—It *is* good at this house; but—

The Mulligan.—But hwhat? ye goggling, bow-windowed jackass. Go get the wine, and we'll dthrink it together, my old buck.

Mr. Perkins.—My name, sir, is Perkins.

The Mulligan.—Well, that rhymes with gerkins and jerkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins (*with apoplectic energy*).—"Sir, I am the master of this house; and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, sir. I'll send for a policeman, sir. What do you mean Mr. Titmarsh, sir, by bringing this—this beast into my house, sir?" At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan of the hundred battles sprung forward at his prey; but we were beforehand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the Young Gentleman, and myself rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain and confined him. The doctors of divinity (waiters) looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully.

A POLISH POET'S IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA.

Translated from the "Dziady," or "Feast of the Dead," of Adam Mickiewicz.*

By Thomas Wade.

THE ROAD TO RUSSIA.

Speeding like the desert-gale,
The kibitka cleaves the veil
Of the earth-o'erfolding snow,
In its course through regions drear,
Which in all its on-career
Wilder and still wilder grow;
And my falcon-visioned eyes
All the boundless sea explore,
And, enwhirl'd in stormy skies,
Cannot pierce to any shore.
Elements unkindred over,
Unreposingly they hover,
With no secret shelterings
Where to furl their weary wings;
And their glance intently strain
O'er the vast unvarying plain,
Feeling, in fix'd-orb'd despair,
That they can but perish there!

Here no proud city is descried;
Mountain seen; nor of the pride
And fresh grace of Man or Nature
Is there trace of any feature.
'Tis a country wild and lorn,
As 'twere just of Chaos born.
Only, from its soil primeval,
With the Cataclysm coeval,
Springs the Mammoth here and there—
Deluge-wafted voyager!—
Which, in language recondite
To the peasant Muscovite,
Doth proclaim its ancient source,
And its Asian intercourse,
When the Future's Ark-borne fate
Haven'd upon Ararat.

Volumes seal'd to all the West
Vouch this region desolate
Once bore Nations on its breast;
But the Flood's all-hiding torrents
Traversed its extended plains,
Track nor sign of their great currents
Fixing on the drear domains;
Whence People after People banish'd
By the tyranny of Time
Have no trace of where they vanish'd
Left on the bleak wilderness.
Far on Alpine rocks sublime
Did the waters hence that roll'd
Of their mighty course impress
Awful workings manifold;
And, beyond, from all her wreck,
Rome doth of that deluge speak,
Of thick-horded thieves that pass'd
Fiercely from this desert vast.

Region blank, uncharacter'd,
As pen-destined paper white—
Thereon will God's finger write?
And, for letter and for word
Using just and faithful men,
There this truth religious trace—
That Love rules the Human Race,

* The only knowledge which the English translator possesses of this remarkable Polish dramatic poem has been derived from a French prose version of certain portions of it, which was published in Paris in the year 1834.

And all triumphs of the world
In self-sacrifice are furl'd?
Or, will God's old Arch-enemy
With his sword engrave within
That the earth is a foul den;
Wherein men in chains must lie
In life-quelling agony;
And the Knout its trophy high?

O'er the white and desert region
Sweep the raging winds in legion;
And now rive, and now upthrow,
Mountains of unresting snow:
Swelling sea which darkens never!
Billowing from its bed for ever;
And subsiding, smooth and gleaming,
In the pauses of the storm,
One petrific ocean seeming,
Vast, and white, and uniform!
And at intervals there springs
From its circumpolar den,
Whirling on terrific wings,
A resistless hurricane:
Even to the Euxine's verge
All the drear plain heaving, rending;
Whilst thro' all its course upsurge
Snow-clouds, soaring, re-descending!
And beneath its path of doom
The kibitka doth entomb—
As the simoom fierce inters
The parch'd Libyan travellers,
Journeying toward the Erythræan Sea
Thro' the sands of Cadupee.

Here and there, the northern firs,
Like to distant isle and shore,
Far amid the ocean white
Cast a gleam of darkness o'er
Its monotony of light!

Tree trunks, of their bark despoil'd,
Each on each compactly piled,
In the guise of roof and walls,
Serve, at dreary intervals,
For mansions to lone dwellers rude
Of the dismal solitude.
And afar, by thousands set,
In a snow-wold limitless,
Together in array complete
And arrangement regular
Of file, of circle, and of square,
They unto the eye present—
The city of the wilderness!
From whose roofs the smoke-wreaths stream,
Plume-like, to the element;
And whose little windows gleam
Like the bright accoutrement
Of fresh armies, far beheld,
Glancing to the battle-field!

Here be men with shoulders broad,
Ample chest and sinewy neck,
Full of freshness, health, and force—
Like all creatures whose abode
Is the North. But every face,
Even as its native place,
Is a desert blank and bleak;
Unkindled by the fires whose source
Is the heart's volcanic glow,
And which have burn'd not on the lips,
Nor in their intense eclipse
Wrinkled o'er the darken'd brow.
Unlike the East, unlike the West,
Where every human face appears
With the furrows deep imprest
Plough'd by hopes and griefs and fears—
That each visage eloquent
Is a Nation's monument!

Men's eyes, like their dwellings, here
Are expansive, large and clear:
But, thro' the spirit's tempest fierce
Never did their iris glance;
Nor did ever anguish pierce
And make pale their radiance.
From afar their light is splendor;
But if once their depths surrender
To one mental glance sublime,
All is soulless, drear and dim.
Men benumb'd, their body is
As the thick-cased chrysalis,
Which in winter still is rife
With the caterpillar's life,
Ere it don the rainbow state
Of its pinions delicate;
But when the Sun of Liberty
Sheds great summer from on high,
What the insect shall elope
From the formless envelope?
Shall a butterfly unfold
Its flashing wings of purpled gold,
And on every flower display
Their glory to the throbbing day?
Or a dullard moth impure
Flutter through the night obscure?

Roads, by lone roads intercross'd,
In the distance drear are lost;
Not the industry of man
Framed them for the common need,
Nor the feet of caravan
Wrought them with incessant tread:
The Czar's finger traced them all
From his far-off capital!
On its passage, is there found
Hamlet poor on Polish ground?
Or array of castle-walls?
Hamlet, castle, earthward falls;
And above the ruins left,
Hath the Czar a highway cleft.
'Mid the plains, invisible
The snow inundated roads;
But athwart the glooming woods
The tired vision tracks them still;
Straight and long, each stretches forth
Far into the utmost north,
And, bright as rock-encradled rivers,
Thro' the forest gleams and quivers!

Who travel on these highways? See!
The fast-darting cavalry,
In full gallop and display,
Snow-blanch'd on their rapid way!
And the training infantry
In battalion'd close array;
In the midst of cannon, shot,
Sledge, and laden chariot!
Armies which, at finger-beck,
Or slightest stoop of the proud neck,
Of the Czar, rush fiercely forth
From the East to scourge the North;
From the North, tumultuous,
To the base of Caucasus!
None know the aim, and none inquire,
Or motive, of their speed of fire.
Here the bloated-faced Mogul,
With straight eye, asquint and dull:
There the peasant, forced to come
From his Lithuanian home;
Pale and sad, and dragging slow,
In his country-craving woe:

Here the English firelocks glow:
There is bent the Calmuc's bow,
With its frozen string intense.

Where their motley officers?
Here a German captain leans
From his carriage, and confers
Honour on each passing soldier
With a clap upon the shoulder,
Humming in his self-content,
A romance of sentiment.
There a Gallic colonel chants
Patriot lyrics nasally;
Philosophic errant, he
Hotly after fortune pants;
And with the Calmuc chief consults
On economical results
Of consumption and supplies,
And the troops' necessities.
What to them, though half the host
Should upon the march be lost,
If their wisdoms can combine
Half the rations to purloin?
If they do but juggle well,
They are sure the Minister
Due promotion will confer;
And the merit-loving Czar,
Human greatness' pinnacle!—
Will with riband and with star
Guerdon them, with gracious pleasure,
For their care of his great treasure.

* * * * *

THE SUBURBS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The Autocratic capital
Still at distance is descried:
Palaces majestical,
The stately road on either side,
Lift their fronts in regal pride.
Here is seen the flashing glow
Of a chapel's dome and cross;
There, enwrapt in whisp and snow,
Statues, like to mounds of hay,
Rise upon the haughty way.
Here, beyond the column'd file
Of a chaste Corinthian pile,
Flat-roof'd houses show their gloss;
Villas for the summer-sky
Of delicious Italy,
And fanciful kiosks to please
Mandarin and Japanese.
Here, classic ruins, skill-work fine
Of the days of Catherine,
Strive to ape the wrecks sublime—
Relics of the storms of Time.
Mansions, freak of every age
And of unresembling orders,
Each in its allotted cage,
Scowl behind their iron borders—
As all strange beasts and birds we see
Den'd in one huge menagerie!
There, invisibly is placed
A palace—in the local taste;
Product of the Russian brain,
And the reflex of its strain.

Wherefore these Titanic toils?
These palaces in myriad?
These stones heap'd up in massy piles
On marshy and unwholesome isles?
When in Rome the Cæsars bade
Construct some mighty edifice,
To fulfil the vast device
Forth they made a stream of gold
Gush in channels manifold:
And these suburb haunts to rear
Of his every lustful mood,
The vile minions of the Czar
Have outpour'd an ocean-flood
Of our tears and of our blood!
How many dire conspiracies
Was it needful to invent,
In the waste to make arise
All this mass magnificent?
How many guiltless have there lain
In foul dungeons, or been slain?
How many of our fields destroy'd,
And made desolate and void;
Ere stricken Lithuania's gore,
Or the Ukraine's streaming eye,
Or Poland's gold, sufficed to buy
All these marvels of renown
From Paris and from London town?
Ere pluméd Fashion queen'd it o'er
The furnishment of each saloon?
Ere the tide of costly wine
Did on every table shine,
And trickle to the wanton feet
Of those who dance the minuet?

'Tis a desert which we enter!
The Court is citied for the winter;
And the Court-flies lured by the scent
Of the carcase succulent
Of the Czar (their perquisite)
Are swarmingly flown after it.
In these Palaces, no tone
Of revel, save the wind's alone:
The Czar and his Imperial suite
To the City all are gone,
From their suburban revelries;
And thither the kibitka flies.

Snow-flakes through the cold air flit;
The hour of noon from every street
The melancholy clocks repeat;
And in the horizon dun
Already sets the hidden sun.
The cloudless, hueless vault of heaven
Is calm, and pale, and widely even;
Transparent as the eyeballs are
Of a frozen traveller!

O'er the City castles airy,
Columns, walls and galleries,
In etherial splendor rise—
As suspended gardens fairy
O'er tremendous Babylon.
From ten thousand chimney-pots,
The smoke in columns densely floats;
Or as statued marble white,
Or flashing forth a ruby light,
In the air it wreathes and curves,
Bends, and curls, and interwarves,
In alternate light and dark
Roll'd in line and demi-cirque,
And wrought into the images
Of walls and roofs and galleries!
On Mediterranean seas
Seeming cities thus arise;
Thus apparent dwellings sway
Over desert Libya;
Still deluding, from afar,
The eye of the lone voyager,
And, their place forsaking never,
Fade before his course for ever.

* * * * *



" Speak to me, Lord Byron ! "

A DESIGN, BY WILLIAM HARVEY,

FOR "DEVIL BYRON," A BALLAD, BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"DEVIL BYRON."

A BALLAD.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

[I had the facts on which this ballad is founded from old Luke Adams, a forgeman, who had worked many years, when young, in a small Charcoal Bloomery near Newstead Abbey; but I have not adhered strictly to his narrative. The words uttered by the lady (she was quite sane) were, "Speak to me, my lord! Do speak to me, my lord!" uttering which words with passionate calmness, she was often seen on horseback, accompanying her brother in his drives. She was pitied, respected, and—must I add?—slandered. I am not willing to record scandals—and to hint at them is to record them; I have alluded to them, but not to give them credence. The character which Luke Adams gave me of the old lord of Newstead differs from the received and accredited one. "Devil Byron" appears to have been, on the whole, rather a kind man. His rich neighbours sneered at him because he was poor, and hated him because the poor loved him. Never was it said of "Devil Byron," that he prosecuted any one for killing God's hares; but Chaworth was a strict game-preserver, detested by all who did not happen to be landlords' toadies. Luke Adams was of opinion, that the duel in which he died was a consequence of his insolence: he was in the habit of calling Byron "A poor little lord!" his lordship being not only poor, but of low stature. My informant was himself a character, and one of God's noblest. It is still told of him, that when he became too old to work, and retired to a quiet place, there to live on his club-money, (which he received from two or three clubs,) he could not sleep out of the sound of the Masbro forge-hammer! He lost his sight at last, but still found his way to my house on the Saturdays, when he knew that my boys were not at school, bringing gingerbread for them; and was never satisfied till they took it out of his pocket—a smile passing over his rough face, as he felt the touch of their hands.]

A strange man own'd yon Abbey once,
  Men call'd him "Devil Byron;"
Yet he a sister had, who lov'd
    Well that Man of iron.

And well he lov'd that sister—Love
  Is strong in rugged bosoms;
Ev'n as the barren-seeming bough
    Oft hoards richest blossoms.

Yet from his heart, when she espous'd
  A peasant, he dismiss'd her;
And thenceforth "Devil Byron" spoke
    Never to his sister!

Therefore, whene'er he drove abroad,
  She chas'd the Man of iron;
Rode by his wheels, and riding cried,
    "Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

Thus, at his chariot's side, she pray'd;
  For was he not her brother?
"Do speak to me, my lord!" she said;
    Was he not her brother?

Her quivering hand, her voice, her looks,
  Might wring soft speech from iron;
But he speaks not!—her heart will break:
    He is "Devil Byron."

Yet down his cheeks tears shoot like hail;
  Then, speak, thou Angel's brother!
Why struggle, in thy burning soul,
    Wordless fire to smother?

Oh, power is cruel. Wilful Man!
  Why kill thy helpless sister?
Relent! repent! already, lo,
    Beauteous blight hath kiss'd her!

Men say, a spectre with thee walks,
  And will not from thee sever;
A shadow—not, alas, thy own!
    Pointing at thee ever:

Oh, think of Chaworth, rashly slain,
  And wrath, too late repenting!
Think of the kiss men give the dead!
    Vainly, then, relenting.

Think of thy sister's mother's grave;
  Think of your days of childhood:
The little hands, in fondness joined,
    Wandering through the wildwood.

The hedge rose, then, was not so fair
  As she, in gladness ranging;
Now, sorrowful as beautiful!
    Chang'd! and sadly changing!

The wither'd hand, the failing voice,
  Mov'd they the Man of iron?
The live rose took the dead one's hue:
    God forgive thee, Byron!

As rainbows fade, she perish'd. Then,
  How far'd the stubborn-hearted?
With her—the wrong'd and lost—he liv'd;
    Never to be parted!

He lik'd the Abbot's garden well,
  But there a shape was sighing;
There in each pale reproachful flower,
    Sinless love seem'd dying.

The bird that on the belfry wail'd,
  It all her tones did borrow;
The shadows in his banquet-hall
    Wore her brow of sorrow.

Where'er he went, she with him went—
  Alas, thou stubborn-hearted!
The grey old Abbey's gloom did groan—
    "Life and Death! be parted."

He wish'd, but did not pray, for Death—
  Pray, pray, thou Heart of iron!
Dying, he heard her heart's last prayer,
    "Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

Dying, he saw her dying face;
  And, as with poison'd lashes,
Its look'd forgiveness, its slow smile,
    Smote him—He is ashes.

Well sleep the dead: in holy ground
Well sleeps the Heart of iron;
The worm that pares his sister's cheek,
What cares it for Byron?

Yet when her night of death comes round,
They ride and drive together;
And ever, when they drive and ride,
Wilful is the weather.

On mighty winds, in spectre-coach,
Fast speeds the Heart of iron;
On spectre-steed, the spectre-dame—
Side by side with Byron.

The winds they blow rain, sleet, and snow,
To welcome "Devil Byron;"
Through sleet and snow the hail doth go
Ripp'd—like shot of iron.

A star? 'Tis gone. The moon? How fast
She hurries through wild weather!
The coach and steed chase moon and star,
Lost and seen together.

"Halloo!" The slain hath left his grave!
He knows thee, Heart of iron!
And, with a laugh that dafts hell-fire,
Hails thy sister, Byron!

Which is most sad of saddest things?
The laughter? or the weeping?
Laughs Chaworth, while her Feast of Sighs
Love-in-Death is keeping?

Thou seest but sadness in her smile,
And pity in her sadness;
And, in her slander'd innocence
Pain, that once was gladness;

And can'st thou—while Night groans—do less
Than weep for injured woman?
Man! is thy manhood manliness?
Is she not a woman?

Oh, Night doth love her! oh, the clouds
They do her form environ!
The lightning weeps—it hears her sob,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

On winds, on clouds, they ride, they drive—
Oh, Hark thou heart of iron!
The thunder whispers mournfully,
"Speak to her, Lord Byron!"

My God! thy judgments dreadful are
When thought its vengeance wreaketh,
And mute reproach is agony;—
Now, thy thunder speaketh.

He does not speak, he cannot speak!
Then break, thou Heart of iron!
It cannot break, it cannot break!
I can weep for Byron.

The utter'd word is oft a sin,
Its stain oft everlasting;
But, oh, that saddest unsaid word!
Its dumb guilt is blasting.

Immoveable eternity
Hath, with fixed hand, recorded
The speechless deed unspeakable;
Ne'er to be unworded!

Oh, write it, then, in "weeping blood,"
Ye purified and thwarted!
Oh, House of Broken-heartedness,
Spare the broken-hearted!

Tell not the fallen that he fell,
The foil'd that there are winners;
If He whose name is Purity
Died, to ransom sinners.

No! spare the wronger with the wrong'd,
Oh, ye, who wrongs inherit!
"A wounded spirit who can bear?"
Soothe the erring spirit!

He, earning least, and taking most,
May love the wrong in blindness,
Not needing less, but all the more,
Pity, help, and kindness.

THE LITERATURE OF THE FRENCH WORKING CLASSES.

By Julia Kavanagh.

THE POETS.

Though the literature of the French working classes may be said to consist, firstly—of works written expressly for the working classes; and, secondly—of works written by them; it is chiefly to the last that we would now allude.

The most eminent of the modern French writers are sprung from the people, to whom their humble origin, as well as their genius, has contributed to endear them. Béranger, the songster, stands at the head of French popular literature. No man of the people has ever written more exclusively for the people: his sympathies are all for them; and whilst the grace and purity of his style would have allowed him to aspire, if not to a higher, at least to a more refined fame, he has never sought any applause beyond that of the hardy and industrious race from which he has arisen. Béranger is, nevertheless, one of the first poets of France; and, though apart by his peculiarities from them all, he ranks fully as high as Chateaubriand, Hugo, and Lamartine.

Such, however, is the originality of his genius, that even amongst the poets of the people he stands alone. Noble and inspired bards since the days of his early fame have appeared in the humblest walks of life; but no second Béranger has yet been found.

The names of Reboul and Jasmin claim, however, a more than ordinary distinction; and though we must necessarily pass over in silence many of the minor popular poets, we cannot, whilst we mention the songs of Béranger, the tailor's son, forget the strains of the inspired baker of Nismes, or of the poetical Provençal barber.

In no country is an author so popular—when he is once known—as in France. Of this truth a more striking illustration could not be found than in the case of Béranger, who, without seeking it otherwise than by his writings, has acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity. The name of Béranger is idolised by the majority of the French for whom it has long been linked with all noble and patriotic memories. It is known to the prince and to the peasant; it has gone to the wildest mountain fastnesses and been heard in the humblest home; and wherever it has been, in the crowded workshop or in the silent fields, it has found an echo in man's heart.

This is fame!

The origin and life of Béranger are such as to explain the popular tendency of his writings and the admiration bestowed upon them by almost every class in France. He is the son of a tailor, and began life as clerk in a banking-house. Some songs which he sent to Napoleon's brother, Lucien Bonaparte, first brought him into notice. Lucien, delighted with the young poet's efforts, gave him much encouragement. On leaving France, after his quarrel with Napoleon, he did not forget his protégé, but, with as much delicacy as kindness, he transferred to him his right to the yearly pension of 60*l.*, to which, as a member of the Academy, he was entitled; thus placing him above want, without compromising his independence. In the preface to one of the last editions of his works, Béranger has himself recorded this fact with feelings of deep but dignified gratitude towards his benefactor.

It was after the fall of Napoleon that Béranger rose to the height of his fame and popularity. The forced return of the Bourbons, the humiliated and degraded condition of France after a career of unexampled glory and splendour, brooded on his mind, until he gave his feelings free vent in many a bitter and satirical effusion. Forgetting the faults and oppression of Napoleon in his misfortunes, he saw but the fame he had bestowed upon France, and the lonely rock on which he was doomed to die. The political tendency of his songs caused many of them to be prohibited, and himself to be fined and imprisoned on different occasions. Such a course produced the results it must ever have: the forbidden strains were sung in defiance of every authority, and Béranger was hailed as a martyr to the popular cause. Notwithstanding the nature of his popularity, no man is, however, of a more unassuming and retiring disposition, or more independent, even of those on whom it depends, than Béranger. Without being extravagant he has remained poor, and in a country where almost all the literary men are rich: this speaks strongly for his honourable disinterestedness. He has several times refused to become a member of the French Academy, which, as we have already seen, is, however, a somewhat profitable honour.

Foreigners generally find it difficult to understand the immense popularity of Béranger's writings,—so elegant that they can delight the refined taste of a Chateaubriand; and so simple as to suit the lowest understanding. Their great charm lies in the associations they awaken. The effect those associations produce in France is magical; the very names of Napoleon, Marengo, Austerlitz, and the "*grande armee*," are enough, amongst the lower classes especially, to secure a host of listeners: and never is the great popular poet better inspired than when they form the theme of his songs; some of which are, perhaps, the happiest mixture yet seen of sentiment and gaiety blended with the highest poetical feeling. One of the elements of Béranger's great success lies also in the art with which he contrives to throw in a few lines a whole tale or story, sometimes gay and humorous, but often mournful and grave; almost always patriotic and noble.

The song of the old grandmother, who is supposed to relate on a winter's evening the "strange eventful history" of Napoleon's career to her eager and listening grandchildren, is remarkably beautiful, both for the spirit in which it is conceived and that with which it is executed. The manner in which she links the great events of his reign to the simple occurrences of her humble household life, the natural, yet exquisitely pure language, and the melancholy and poetical, end have bestowed on these five stanzas the interest of an epic. There lies Béranger's great forte: to give more in a few words than others can retrace in many pages. He does not, however, excel in only this popular poetry; some of his graver and more refined effusions are also exquisitively beautiful. The lines addressed to his mistress, and in which he bids her remember in her old age the songs of him who loved her, has, although extensively known, been quoted entire by Chateaubriand, in his literary fragments, as the most perfect model of a pure and chaste style. The same author, though from his legitimist tendencies he might be supposed to have little sympathy in such a case, also speaks strongly of the effect once produced upon him by hearing *The Old Corporal.*

The Old Corporal is, perhaps, Béranger's masterpiece; it is one of those compositions which he alone can write; a mixture of humour, pathos, and satire. The subject is as simple as it is touching. The old corporal addresses the young conscripts, for his hour is come. Though he has seen many a battle-field with him whom the French emphatically call "the great man," he has struck the beardless officer who has wantonly insulted him, and he is doomed to die. The cool indifference with which he comments on his future end, merely saying—"*C'est l'usage,*"—'tis the custom; his recollection of the glorious past; his tenderer mood when he dwells on the memory of his mother, and on his early love, are all admirably painted, and with a truth to nature few have, if ever, equalled. The military chorus, though simple, is peculiarly effective. When Chateaubriand heard it, it was sung by a group of Breton peasants, sitting in a lonely spot near an old churchyard by the sea-side. In this wild and silent scenery, the sude, though not unpleasing voices of the men, ringing this martial strain, produced so deep and striking an effect, that the enthusiastic partisan of the Bourbons and the adversary of Napoleon paused to listen with sympathy to the tale of the misfortunes of the old Bonapartist corporal.

We once heard this celebrated song on an occasion when, though not accompanied by such picturesque circumstances, it produced, on the audience at least, a scarcely less powerful effect. It was at a christening in humble life, where, according to a popular custom, each of the guests was called upon to contribute by a song to the

general amusement. Amongst the individuals present was one of those old invalid soldiers who form in France a race apart. He listened to the commonplace romances and love-ditties chosen by several of the company with the most evident contempt, and when his turn came at last, he triumphantly gazed around, and in a deep, emphatic voice, announced that he would sing *The Old Corporal.* Every sound was immediately hushed, and the old soldier began his song in the midst of the deepest silence.

His voice, accent, and gestures, in true and perfect keeping with the character of the old corporal, were inimitable. The song he had chosen was known to all, yet it was listened to with deep, almost rapt attention, and visible emotion; the rude old soldier himself seemed touched by all the recollections of the past the strain had called up; and when he came to the last verse, in which the corporal, having reached the place of execution, bids the youthful conscripts, who loved him for his old tales and rough kindness, a last farewell, his voice became tremulous and low. When he ceased no loud or enthusiastic plaudits covered his last words as they died away, but a sad silence reigned around, and there was not a dry eye left amongst the rude hard-working men who formed the majority of those present.

So great is the power which Béranger possesses over the feelings and sympathies of the people!

Aware of such facts, as he must necessarily be, is it wonderful that he should set little store by academical honours, and value most dearly that portion of his poetical fame which lives in the heart of the people from whom he has sprung, and whom he has never forgotten? He knows, and what more could he ask, that his songs are sung wherever there is a joyous or patriotic meeting. He knows that they are heard at the wedding feast, in the wine shop, in the busy streets, in the green fields, at the merry vintage, and round the humble household hearth. They are sung by all France—by the careless and joyous student, by the hardy sons of toil, by the village maiden, and by the mother to the children at her knee. Never has fame, in his native land, at least, equalled that of Béranger; whose songs are sung as we can conceive those glorious strains of Homer—the Iliad and Odyssey to have been in the early days of Greece, when she was still glorious and free.

The genius of Reboul is of a wholly different stamp from that of Béranger. It is mild, pleasing, and sometimes exquisitely poetical. The following anecdote, concerning his first appearance before the public, has come to our knowledge, and may offer some interest.

About fifteen or sixteen years ago a friend of ours, then in Paris, was shown a manuscript poem entitled, *The Angel and the Child.* It had been sent from Nismes as one of the curiosities of the place, being the production of a baker, who, to the great scandal of his friends and acquaintances, had lately begun to dabble in literature in general, and in poetry in particular. The idea of this piece was both simple and beautiful: an angel noticing a lovely child in its cradle, and deeming it too pure for earth, bears its spirit away to heaven. The purity of style and the exquisite poetical feeling displayed throughout this short poem so struck the gentleman to whom it had been shown that, begging a copy of the verses, he hastened to communicate them to several persons of his acquaintance. He found none who shared his admiration, especially when he confessed that the author of this piece was a baker. One gentleman, in his contempt of the poor tradesman's poetical effusion, went so far as to assure our friend that, though no poet himself, he could write as many pieces in that strain as he chose to mention; in short, *The Angel and the Child* met with anything but a favourable reception.

Some time after this it began to be rumoured in the literary world that a new genius had appeared at the horizon. Reboul—a native of Nismes—had published a volume of poems which for their beauty had attracted the notice and praise of the celebrated poets, Lamartine and Alexandre Dumas. Amongst the pieces which composed the volume of the new poet, one—*The Angel and the Child*—was pronounced to possess even more than common excellence. Alas, for the taste of the critics! The production of the admired poet was also that of the despised baker!

The volume of poems had been composed by Reboul, the baker of Nismes; such is the title by which the poet is still known. And an illustrious title it is for the mind that, looking beyond the worldly trammels of custom, can reflect.

The title is, moreover, a true one. Reboul has relinquished neither his trade nor his shop. He is still the most poetical baker of France. Alexandre Dumas once related to the same friend we have already mentioned that, when passing through Nismes he called upon him at rather an early hour of the day, and found him in his shop covered with flour. Reboul received him politely and betrayed no embarrassment. "In the morning," said he, with a smile, "I must attend to the trade, but if you will be so kind as to call again in the afternoon I shall be free to receive you." Alexandre Dumas did so, and found him true to his word, waiting for him in an elegant little study over the shop. In this study was a handsome library filled with the popular works of the day. A more precious collection could seldom have been found; it consisted of copies given to Reboul with autographs and expressions of admiration from the authors.

Since the epoch when he first appeared before the public, Reboul's career has been one of happiness and prosperity. His poetry, though beautiful and harmonious, offers, however, little variety; and *The Angel and the Child* is still his masterpiece. His writings are certainly elegant and refined, but they do not display a sufficiently deep and natural feeling to ever render his name widely known to the people, although their purity of style and poetical merit certainly fully justify the success they have obtained.

Though he differs considerably both from Reboul and Béranger, Jasmin has more of the latter than of the first. As his poems are mostly composed in the Provençal dialect—for he is a native of the south of France—they are not very popular. Some of them, written in excellent French, are better known. Jasmin is a barber. In southern and oriental life the barber acts an important part. In the Arabian tales he is generally a shrewd, meddling, inquisitive fellow; and in the old Spanish and French comedies he is represented much in the same light—somewhat of an intriguer, but ever witty and amusing. Of this personage, Figaro, the famous barber of Seville, is the most perfect prototype. Even in the formal society of the eighteenth century, the French barber acted no unimportant part: he and the statuary were of all working men alone allowed to wear the sword, that distinctive badge of gentility. In short, the barber was considered as an artist.

These circumstances have not perhaps been without their influence on Jasmin, who, though simple as a child in ordinary life, displays in his writings, with some of the pathos and satire of the ancient Provençal troubadours, no small portion of the shrewdness and wit attributed by tradition to those of his calling. For a long time the barber's genius remained unsuspected, though the ladies whose hair he dressed occasionally complained that their curl papers were always covered with writing, and, as it afterwards turned out, with verses. One of those poetical fragments, which fell by accident into the hands of the celebrated Charles Nodier, brought Jasmin into notice several years back. He was then somewhat advanced in life, and having, as a barber, earned a comfortable independence, he resolved to devote himself entirely to literature, showing his lack of ambition by writing in the dialect which the peasants of his native province could alone understand, sooner than in the elegant French of the capital. It is, doubtless, owing to this patriotic feeling that Jasmin—who has been named master of the poetical academy of the floral games of Toulouse—enjoys in his native province a popularity, which for being circumscribed is not the less deep or real. When, a few years ago, he for the first time visited Paris, the novel turn and piquancy of his conversation caused his society to be much sought after. He dined with the king, who presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and after a short stay, Jasmin returned to his village, much satisfied with his tour.

To give any idea of Jasmin's poems, we should bid our reader enter into the truly southern spirit in which they are written. Those for whom they were composed have pronounced them excellent: their raciness and originality are indeed almost universally acknowledged. Though both are natives of the south, there is that difference between Jasmin and Reboul, that the first writes like a peasant, and the second like the inhabitant of a city. Jasmin, though wild and untutored, is picturesque and original; but Reboul, though elegant and refined, is deficient in individuality, and often cold. In these peculiarities both offer a striking contrast to the great master of French popular poets.

Béranger is not merely the native of a city or of a province: he is the poet of France. His sympathies are not narrow and confined, but they are deep and universal. More original than Jasmin, and more truly elegant than even the elegant Reboul, he possesses a greater knowledge of human nature, and a deeper poetical feeling than either.

The popular classes seldom reason on what they admire, but they feel it deeply. Thus, though they have instinctively acknowledged the beauty of Béranger's compositions, they might not perhaps be able to account satisfactorily for their enthusiastic admiration of their favourite. If this kind of popularity is not always well bestowed—and that still remains to be proved—it is at least lasting. Learned critics have had nothing to do with Béranger's literary fame, and they might vainly seek to destroy it. As long as the patriotic and noble memories he has called up shall live, as long as the names of freedom and fame are dear to the working men of France, as long as they entertain those feelings of industry and independence which ennoble them now, the songs of Béranger shall be sung, and his name be remembered, as that of the poet and the man according to the people's own heart.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

By W. J. Linton.

God thought of his creation, and 'twas done:
For in God's nature thought, will, deed, are one.
And he approacheth unto God most near,
Whose thoughts in acts their true responses hear.
  Action is natural echo of true will.
Thought is the seed, and will the secret growth
Till act bursts into daylight. Will's an oath
  To accomplish thought; to elaborate, fulfil,
And realise the Idea in visible life.
Thought is a prophecy. He puts the knife
  To his own growth, whose being ends in thought,
Whose thought hath but the stunted growth of words.
'Tis as if warriors, having forged their swords,
  Should dream the fight was won, that *forged* was *fought.*

ALONE.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
  The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
  Upon her buried head.
Her orphan'd children round him slept,
  But in their sleep would moan:
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
  He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
  But, ah, no more for him!
His little world, once warm and bright—
  It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face?—
  Where was her cordial tone?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
  And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
  The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
  And promised future weal.
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
  The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whate'er she said—
  All gone—he was alone!

He looked into his cold wild heart—
  All sad and unresigned:
He asked how he had done *his* part
  To one so true—so kind?
Each error past he tried to track—
  In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
  In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last, and then he dream'd
  (Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er his pillow gleam'd
  A voice in music spoke—
"Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
  Thy love recalled alone:
The babes I leave, oh, love, protect!
  I still am all thine own."

CLUB CHAMBERS FOR THE MARRIED.

By Andrew Winter.



Some remarks beneath this head have of late been going the round of the newspapers—circulating from eye to eye not unlike some bright piece of money of a new coinage, the exact value of which none of us have yet ascertained. The paragraph sets forth the advisability of building under one roof a series of chambers for married people. The bachelor part of the community has long had its wants supplied in the Inns of Court, the Albany, the Adelphi, &c.; and it is now sought to render the associative principle applicable to the desires of families.

In London, it is well known that the chief expense of a family is the high price of rent. To young housekeepers of moderate means (say about 200*l.* per annum—and how vast is the number of respectable couples in the metropolis whose incomes do not exceed this), a good house in any decent neighbourhood in Town is quite without their means, and they are driven either to let some of their apartments by way of assisting them with their rent, or they are obliged to retire to some of those dismal rows of mean little stuccoed houses that we pass sometimes on the tops of omnibuses, and wonder what kind of people 'tis that live in them. Bitter alternative, either to suffer the mortification of being considered lodging-house keepers, or to be driven, like outward barbarians, into those unknown wilds where friends venture not. This unpleasant feature in metropolitan life has so long existed that we wonder some remedy has not long been applied to it. We have only to cross the water to France, and we find how much better they manage things there. Even Auld Reekie can give us a valuable lesson. In their system of "Flats," we see the germ of that new social arrangement which for a certain class in society is so much required.

Let us imagine, then, a handsome building somewhat similar to our West End Club Houses, only larger in extent. The interior so arranged as to contain on each floor a certain number of suites of apartments fitted up for the accommodation of families. These suites, of course, might be of different sizes, and rents, according to the eligibility of the floor on which they are situated. For 30*l.* a year, well ventilated apartments of elegant proportions, perfectly suitable to small families, might be obtained, which would be as much insulated from each other as separate houses—the staircase only being common to the whole. In addition to these private apartments, a building of this kind would admit of a library, baths, and, above all, of some central assembly-room, in which those who like society might meet together for the purpose of conversation, or to make up little concerts among themselves. And this is a want which is so much felt that we take the liberty of enlarging upon it. In English society, everybody feels that some such a neutral ground is required to bring young people more together. Under the present system of perfectly distinct establishments, everybody is boxed off from everybody as effectually as if a vast sea ran between them. Or if they meet, it is at public or private balls, where young ladies are all smiles and affectation, and the gentlemen all blandness and deceit—they meet each other as completely masked, as far as their real dispositions go, as Fat Jack's tormentors about Hearne's oak. Like the pretended fairies, they think they know each other, because the one has wit enough to cry "Budget" to the other's "Mum"—conventionalisms of sentiment being their present passwords—and the consequence is that she in green is mistaken for she in white, and the Master Slenders of society, when it is too late, find that instead of securing some "sweet Ann Page," that they are locked for life, if not to "a lubberly boy," as in the play, to some temper whose incompatibility with their own is a constant source of unhappiness and regret.

And those who have the wisdom not to set their happiness upon these hasty unions, or who perhaps want the opportunity to form them, even under present artificial circumstances, what do they too often come too? We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognise as not outraging the truth of Nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one, dwells a widow, and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, but alas, not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen, and unchosen. As time passes on, she gradually deepens into old-maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Una making a sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections, after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains that most melancholy of all spectacles—a nature with aspirations unfulfilled. In the next house lives a bachelor—young, open-hearted, and generous. Busied in the struggle of life, he has perhaps no time for parties, he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially, a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners at first prevents him from coming in contact with womankind, and this shyness, in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it is the fact, that some men are much more afraid of women, than women are of men, and fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old-bachelorism. Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stones gather in his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served

by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented, but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has all this time divided these two people: English society does not allow them even a chink, which, like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple, instead of two miserable units.

Eugéne Sue, in his *Wandering Jew*, describes two people as approaching each other from the different continents of the Old and the New World. The woman wanders to the shores of North Western America, the man approaches from the North Easternmost part of Asia. Behrens' Straits alone seems to divide their destiny. Let us ask how many Behrens' Straits do we not interpose in our social relations between heart and heart? We are by far too exclusive and reserved in our habits. Not to speak of France, even stolid and primitive Germany looks with astonishment at the care with which Englishmen seem to hedge themselves in from intrusion, and to avoid that interchange of ideas which society alone can admit of. For the reasons we have given at such length, then, we wish to see the establishment of Assembly Rooms in Club Chambers. They would admit of a society partaking of the change and freshness of the public *soiree* and the more open friendliness of the family circle. Let us not for a moment, however, be supposed to wish to supersede that privacy and retirement which many people, and those of the purest natures, can only enjoy in the retirement of their own families. In Club Chambers of the kind we are advocating, each individual would act according to the bent of his inclination. Those who like society will avail themselves of the place of general meeting; for those, on the contrary, who wish seclusion, their own chambers would be as private as so many distinct houses. It is by such a plan as this we are convinced that the selfishness of the present club life, from which females are excluded, can alone be corrected.

And now let us come to one other want, which by our plan would be supplied with great advantage. We admit that what we are about to propose is revolutionary in the highest degree of the existing order of things, but we must out with it —a good general kitchen. We are aware a proposition of this kind will rouse up a whole host of gentle enemies. We can see the dear young wife rebellious at the idea of being defrauded of the pleasure of preparing with her own hand "something nice" for her husband—at having a little world of household joys annihilated at a blow by our new-fangled system. Heaven forbid that we should do so, at least to no greater extent than she herself willingly submits to! Let us ask her, does she not entrust the getting up of her ball suppers to the pastry cook round the corner? Is it not both better and cheaper to do so? We show her by her own acts she admits the insidious advances of that very monster she would so loudly oppose. The respected matron, armed with her shining bunch of keys, and backed up with a whole army of pickles and preserves, will do us battle to the death. But let us ask her calmly, did a suspicion never cross her mind that in her own particular department there might not be a saving by buying of the Italian warehouses? Domestic duties are blessed things, but are they not dearly bought by the perpetually bad dinner? Oh, awful shade of scrag of mutton, dread spectre of domestic life—oh, bolder leg, with thy natural descent of cold, and hashed, and stewed—and thou, bread pudding, whose elements perchance have regenerated many a white kid glove—come to our aid, and by the horrors your memories conjure up, strengthen us to bear the assaults of the tyranny of domestic cookery, and save our fair wives from faces flushed from the basting! Who that has enjoyed the classic lamb chop and mint sauce which the genius of a Soyer provides him with at the Reform Club, would willingly return to the home manufacture? Yet even at the former magnificent establishment they can afford to serve you up this dainty worthy of the gods at quite as moderate a price as your own domestic, little, wretched smoked flap of meat costs you. And how is this done, let us ask? By association! by making two or three fires do the duty of fifty, and by making the culinary art an exact science, instead of a continual and often failing experiment.

A public kitchen, then, with a first-rate cook at its head should form the material genius of these club chambers, and each inmate should be able to order for his dinner just what he pleased, and when he pleased, as he now does at Verey's, or any other of the great restaurants, the prices being at a minimum instead of a maximum rate, which should be fixed by a bill of fare. These club houses might be built a little way out of town. Indeed, we do not see any reason why they should not be erected along the lines of railway, if companies would provide return tickets at as moderate a rate as they have agreed to charge for the inmates of the proposed working men's villages. It might be even worth the while of companies themselves to build clubs of this kind. They erect hotels, and foster places of amusement along their lines, merely for the sake of the casual traffic they bring. The steady traffic to and fro, by a few such communities as this, would be no small item in their receipts. At all events, the system of penny-a-mile omnibuses, just started, would admit of these clubs being built in good air, and in open ground, so that a public garden might be attached. What a blessing. Good light and air! Think of this, ye people who from want of a proper combination of your means are forced to put up with confined apartments, whose utmost view is bounded by the chimney-pots of the next row of houses. And let it not be supposed that in proposing these club chambers we have been consulting the "comfortable classes" only. To the poor they would be even more applicable. The necessities of the wretched, indeed, have forced them to adopt a system of this kind, but of a most vicious character. Every house in the poorer neighbourhoods of the metropolis, is let off floor by floor to the families of the working classes, but three or four families, in most instances, can only afford the room and privacy which decency demands for each. To correct the evils attendant upon the crowding of the poor together, "The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes" have erected what might be considered as a series of model club chambers for poor families, between the Lower-road, Pentonville, and Gray's-Inn-road. These chambers contain the rude and half-developed germs of those we have been proposing for the middle classes. Buildings of this kind we should like to see erected in our manufacturing districts—and to these how peculiarly applicable would be a public kitchen, if it could be arranged. In the cotton spinning districts—alas, that it should be so!—the women labour in the factory as well as the men, and the household duties are necessarily neglected. Dr.

Cooke Taylor, in his tour in the manufacturing districts, has testified to the waste and want of knowledge of even the most simple rules of the culinary art, resultant upon this misapplication of female labour. As long, then, as this labour is so perverted, what a blessing it would be to all parties—to the husband, to the children, to the poor women themselves—if the office of preparing the meals was to be performed in one general kitchen, attached to workmen's club chambers.

A SUMMER NOON.

By the Editor.

How sweet were life untroubled by a care
 Lie here and feel! Thus—stretched upon the grass,
My up-turned eyes roam idly through the air,
 And with each cloud such pleasant fancies pass,
As make the "dreamer" happier in his dreams
 Than worldlings can be in their schemes awake.
On, gentle birds! still gladden in the beams
 Of the warm sun, and from your Maker take
With loving hearts the happiness of *life:*
 Ah! they *must* love him who enjoy his earth,
As they must hate him who would fill with strife
 The home of all this sunshine's quiet mirth;
The balmy air, the flowers, these arching trees,
Beneath whose shade I lie in this voluptuous ease.

THE CONDITION OF FACTORY WOMEN—WHAT IS DOING FOR THEM?

By S. Smiles, M.D.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The condition of the female factory operative is by no means necessarily one of degradation; on the other hand, it is, as regards the remuneration given for work done, superior to most other kinds of female employment; and there is no reason why, with proper moral guards, and with sufficient provision for moral and intellectual culture, it should not be equal to that of any other class of our female population.

It will be acknowledged, we venture to say, that one of the chief obstacles to female happiness and improvement, among the working as well as the middle classes of this country, is their general helplessness in securing for themselves the comfortable means of subsistence. For the most part, women are utterly dependent on the labour and the gains of others for a living; and the few avenues of female employment are so choked up with competitors, that, with but few exceptions, their gains are quite inadequate to maintain them in a condition above that of penury and starvation.

Take, for instance, the case of the 15,000 milliners and dressmakers of the metropolis—a class of young women living on the frontiers of fashionable life, and at the same time its slaves and its victims. They work, during the fashionable season, on an average, for eighteen hours a day, and this for only the scantiest possible wages. The fearful details given in the recent report of the Government Commissioners on the employment of Women and Young Persons, must yet be fresh in the minds of all readers of the public prints. As compared with the condition of the factory women, the sub-commissioner says—"The protracted labour of the milliners and dressmakers is quite unparalleled in the history of manufacturing processes. I have looked (says he) over a considerable portion of the Report of the Factory Commission, and there is nothing in the accounts of the worst conducted factories to be compared with the facts elicited in the present inquiry." The condition of the poor shirt-makers of the metropolis is, if possible, still worse. Their hours of labour are equally protracted; and their remuneration is still more scanty.

It is the same in most of the other departments of female labour—in the lace-making and nail-making districts, as well as in the agricultural districts.

Take even the higher departments of female labour in this country—that of the female teacher and governess—and what do we find? Still this—that their earnings are barely sufficient to maintain existence comfortably. In the last half-yearly report of the Inspectors of Factories, Mr. Leonard Horner says—"At present schoolmasters are paid salaries that are less than the annual income of a bricklayer's labourer; and many a young woman of eighteen or twenty years of age employed in a factory, and neither giving, nor being capable of giving more than manual labour, earns double what is paid to a schoolmistress."

Then, everybody knows how slender is the remuneration given to the family governess, and how bitter is the dependence in which she so often is doomed to eat her bread. The advertisements in every daily newspaper testify to the miserable salaries of governesses—notwithstanding the cultivated talents and the many accomplishments required of them.

Yet, the demands to be so employed are constantly on the increase. Advertisements for governesses and schoolmistresses, are sometimes answered by the hundred. There are more applicants for the situations of milliners and dressmakers at the "fashionable" houses, where death sits among the fair and young holding high carnival, than can possibly be accommodated. And shirt-makers sell themselves to the "slop" dealers, for ever decreasing rates of wages. The few avenues of female employment are all crowded; and female labour has become so cheap—to use the market phrase—that it is regarded as almost valueless. It is not so on the Continent and in America, where numerous avenues of employment for women are left open. In France, young women act as copying clerks, and serve in all shops where books, prints, millinery, drapery, and light goods are retailed. In Switzerland they are watchmakers. In America they are compositors in printing-offices. But in England it is different; for with us, stalwart young men, whom a nobler ambition might have attracted to the colonisation and civilisation of a new world, are satisfied to stay at home and do women's work behind counters—retailing stay-laces, and measuring off ribbons by the yard.

Inasmuch, then, as the comparatively remunerative employment of the female factory operative is calculated to diminish the dependence of woman upon others for a living—and to enable her to earn for herself the means of comfortable subsistence—it must be regarded as, in many respects, superior to the conditions we have just referred to. The abundance of profitable employment for females in manufactures, tends to raise the rate of wages of the other descriptions of female labour. In all the manufacturing counties, for instance, domestic servants are much better paid than they are in the

agricultural counties. As Mr. Hickson has stated in the last report of the Hand-loom Commission—"In Lancashire, profitable employment for females is abundant. Domestic servants are so scarce that they can only be obtained from the neighbouring counties. A young woman, prudent and careful, and living with her parents, from the age of sixteen to twenty-five, may, in that time, by factory employment, save 100*l.* as a wedding portion. I believe it—(he says, and we quite concur in the sentiment)—to be the interest of the community, that every young woman should have this in her power. She is not then driven into an early marriage by the necessity of seeking a home; and the consciousness of independence in being able to earn her own living, is favourable to the development of her best moral energies."

That the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the female factory operatives is generally so low, must be attributed mainly to neglect on the part of employers and society at large, as well as to carelessness and want of self-respect on the part of the operatives themselves. We now wish to show what is doing to improve this condition, and to point out how it might be raised, and that without much difficulty, to a greatly higher standard.

In the first place, the moral power of Public Opinion must be brought to bear upon the condition of the female factory operatives. In this country, all great improvements affecting classes, are accomplished by this means. And though there is considerable difficulty in awakening the moral sense of the nation on some points, yet, once thoroughly awakened, it rarely goes to sleep again, until it has done some practical good, and removed some pressing practical evil.

An excellent beginning has been made at Bradford, where the vicar, Dr. Scoresby, as spiritual overseer of the district, felt it to be his urgent duty, some three months ago, to hold a public meeting (a notice of which appeared in the *People's Journal* of Nov. 7), with the view of obtaining public co-operation in the furtherance of a movement for the improvement of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the female factory operatives of that district.

The practical measures proposed by Dr. Scoresby's Committee contemplate the following objects:—

1. *The establishment of comfortable boarding-houses*, for the accommodation, at a cheap rate, of those young women who come into the town from the neighbourhood or from a distance, for employment in the factories. Of this class the committee found about 1200 in Bradford, most of whom were living in lodging-houses of the worst kind, situated in the lowest part of the town, where their morals are subject to contamination, and their characters are often irretrievably ruined. It has been suggested that the erection of these boarding-houses might be best accomplished by the formation of a branch of the Metropolitan Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes.

In these boarding-houses, it is proposed to have an efficient moral supervision. Comfort and cleanliness are to pervade the general arrangements. And provision is to be made that, in the evenings, after the hours of labour, the young women shall be instructed in domestic matters, and be furnished with the means of moral, religious, and mental improvement.

This system of boarding-houses for the comfortable accommodation of female operatives, has been found to work admirably at Lowell, U. S., where the moral condition of the young women is equal to that of any class in America, or, indeed, in any other country.

2. It is proposed that *Evening Schools* shall be established, for the general instruction of the female operatives, after their hours of labour, in the rudiments of knowledge, in needlework, and in domestic duties and management.

3. A *general Sick Club* for female operatives of all classes is to be formed, on the most approved principles; and at the same time, the practice of making regular deposits of savings in the Savings' Bank is to be encouraged.

4. These arrangements are to be carried into effect by means of a *general Board of Management*, composed of manufacturers, clergymen, and dissenting ministers; a *Committee of Ladies* being at the same time formed to carry out some of the most important objects in view.

There can be no doubt as to the great practical value of these arrangements; and that, if carried into effect, they would be productive of immense good among the female factory population. They have already been tested at Lowell, and completely succeeded: why should they not equally succeed in England, too? As regards the young women who come into the manufacturing towns to work, away from their homes in the country, their advantages would be invaluable. But it must also be stated that this portion of the females employed in the manufacturing towns of England generally, forms comparatively a small part of the whole. The great majority of them are not, as in Lowell, the daughters of farmers, themselves in comfortable circumstances, but form part of a local resident population having no other means of support but factory labour. The boarding-house plan is therefore limited in its application; and, to be of avail, the beneficent labours of the improvers of the condition of the factory women must take another direction. They must strive to improve the *domestic state* of the factory population. They must direct their philanthropic labours to improving the *homes* of the people; and to create *there* a higher standard of morality and a more elevated idea of the domestic state and influence. The Lowell young women have all been nurtured and educated in comfortable homes; and but a small portion of their life is generally spent in factory labour. When they have saved sufficient by their industry, they return again to the country, to the bosoms of their families. But in the factory towns of England their residence is fixed; and the influences which operate on them are permanent. They are born, live, and die, often within sight of the factories in which they labour. And it is because little or nothing is done to improve the domestic state of our factory population—because almost their whole working hours, from infancy upwards, have been spent in the factories tending machinery—because they have had no opportunities for moral and mental culture, or for acquiring a practical acquaintance with those arts by which a home is made comfortable—because nothing has been done to cultivate in them a taste for domestic comfort, even had they time to enjoy it, which they generally have not—because the dwellings in which they live are for the most part crowded together in foul places, ill supplied with water, with streets undrained, and pestilent odours floating dense around them on every side—that the female factory population of our manufacturing towns is so much inferior to what we find it to be in Lowell and other towns of the United States.

No wages, nor schools, nor associations, can do for young women what a comfortable home can do. No influence can supply the place of the domestic influence. In the homes of the people the morals of the people must ever be taught, and the characters of the people be formed; and, no matter how efficient our schools and institutes may be, without comfortable and well-regulated homes (not mere *dwellings*), society will hold together loosely, and the moral tone which pervades it will be low. Now, it is a melancholy fact that, in this country, at present, the manufacturing population are miserably off in this respect. They generally live in a most crowded state; a recent Parliamentary Report showing, for instance, that in the town of Bury there were 773 houses—or dens, as they might be called—in which three or four persons slept in one bed; 207, in which there slept from four to five in a bed; and in 78 there slept five to six in a bed. Domestic arrangements such as these, besides rendering homes unhealthy, disagreeable, and almost revolting, cannot fail to have a most deteriorating influence on the moral condition of society. Domestic morals suffer, and the sanctuary of home becomes dishonoured. Families crowded indiscriminately together into narrow and unwholesome apartments, lose in self-respect. They become blunted in the sense of decency. The young grow up devoid of that delicacy of feeling in which virtue finds so much of its defence; and coarseness of mind, manners, and language, from being daily familiar to childhood, at length become the habit of their maturer years.

Public opinion, however, has already done something towards the remedy of this evil. A movement has been set on foot for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes, from which much good is to be anticipated. Something has already been done, but much more remains to do.

Public opinion can also effect a great deal for the female operatives, by obtaining for them more leisure time for improvement in domestic qualities as well as for mental cultivation. The almost incessant occupation of factory girls in the mills, from childhood upwards, renders it morally impossible that they should become educated women —educated in the humble but important matters of needlework, cookery, economy, cleanliness, and all the other minor arts which make a home comfortable and attractive. These branches of education are taught neither at Dame schools nor Sunday schools; and, even if they were, the factory-girl has no time nor opportunity to put them in practice. It is scarcely to be expected, either, that after a day's unremitting toil in the mill—continued for a longer period than nature has intended the human constitution to undergo—the factory woman should feel any degree of pleasure in the exercise of the domestic duties, or that she should sit down to the cultivation of her mind; being much more disposed for rest and sleep than for any kind of mental exertion. Yet, it cannot for a moment be doubted that it is for the well-being of society that all classes should have such opportunities; for surely labour is not the sole condition of existence, and women, as well as men, are moral and intelligent beings, intended for a far higher destiny than that of mere animals and beasts of burden. But, we confess, it is with hesitation we speak of this topic, as connected more especially with a legislative interference with the hours of labour; for it is quite possible that such a measure might issue in new forms of injustice and hardship for those classes the most vitally concerned in its success. As to the immense value, however, of a shortening of the hours of labour, to the factory women and operatives generally, there can only be one opinion. Evening schools might then be established for the improvement of the female operatives—such as have been already established in almost all our large towns, for the education of the better classes of mechanics (whose hours of labour are not of so long duration), in the form of Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies; but of which the factory operatives have, as yet, been able to take no advantage, chiefly because of their more protracted hours of labour. The Manchester Mechanics' Institution has, we understand, opened evening classes for young women; and, at Huddersfield, an experiment of the same kind has just been commenced, to which we wish every success. But we feel confident that the great majority of the young women employed in factories, who stand the most in need of the instruction offered by such institutes, will not in any respect be able to avail themselves of these advantages until their hours of labour have been very considerably shortened.

We have still to speak of the influence which the employers and the operatives themselves might exercise to improve the condition of the factory women; but this must be left for the subject of a future article.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

A TALE.

By Thornton Hunt.

Messer Gualtiero Lamberti having been married for several months to Ermenghilda Bellini, and having spent the time with her in sweet solace at his castle beyond Fiesole (where a goodly village had sprung up under favour of his house), he began to think that he must no longer neglect the friends of his youth, especially such as were fittest to bring to his honourable lady. Therefore he sent letters to divers of them, inviting them to come and spend many days at his castle in villeggiatura; for there was not only a pleasant garden to his castle, but also vineyards all round, stretching from the mountains behind to Fiesole in front. And the better to urge them, he appointed to meet several at his palace in Florence, and to escort them up himself. Now as Messer Gualtiero was much esteemed among his friends, they were well pleased to hear of him again, and they readily agreed to his proposal. So betimes in the morning, that they might escape the heat of the day, a merry company of ladies and gentlemen, and servants, all on horseback, passed out from the gate of San Gallo. Some time after they had left the bank of the Mugnone, the road being narrow, the companies split into two parties: the one, having the greater number, with all the ladies, kept steadily on their way; the other, being some few of Gualtiero's friends, detained him behind, joking at his long absence from them, and then talking of divers affairs that had befallen in the city while he had been away, and in their talk they let the others go clean out of sight.

When Gualtiero's party had come about half-way up to Fiesole, just beyond a little lane that turns up the hill to the right, as steep as the main path, they saw before them another band of cavaliers, and at first thought that they were some of their own friends waiting for them. "Nay," said

Filippo Strozzi, "it is the Conte Giuliano Gherardi. See—they are stopping for us, to congratulate you, Gualtiero, for your marriage."

"I fear," answered Gualtiero, "that Messer Giuliano is the last man to do that. Look at his eye, and you will see that he means mischief. I wish there were another path, for I would rather avoid him than vanquish him; and I would I were sure that we might even come off best." However, he rode on straight up the hill, without stopping. His friends were but four besides himself, with three servants: in all, eight. When they saw how that other party stood across the road, three or four deep, blocking it quite up, they left off their talk, looking at Gualtiero, and drawing close to him, as men who meant to signify that he was the leader of willing men-at-arms. Having come close up, they stopped just where there was a little shrine of the Virgin in the wall above, to which they made obeisance. Then, seeing that the others moved not, Gualtiero called out, courteously—"Be pleased, sirs, to stand aside, that we may pass." The Count's face turned very white, so that his beard and eyes showed black as charcoal; a fierce spark glowing under his ruffled eyebrows, like a smouldering fire under a bush at night. And he answered in a voice, vibrating but not loud, through his clenched teeth—"Messer Gualtiero Lamberti should have the cunning to make his own way."

"If it be so, we shall know how to do it. But move back a little, Signor Conte: this is no fit place for brawling, before the very sign and image of our blessed mother," pointing to the shrine in the wall.

"Is this your insolence," cried the Count, waxing more wrathful, "that you will have us back before you?"

"Not so; but you are more than we are, and you are above us on the hill, wherefore you can go back with less risk. Moreover you mean mischief, and we do not."

"It is your own guilty fears that tell you so, Gualtiero Lamberti. We have not moved, and shall not at your bidding, even though you play the monk, that you may the better perform the office of assassin. Cease to block our way, or we will trample you under our horses' feet." As he spoke, he and all his friends spurred their horses, and held them in hand, ready to move on.

"If they will not go back," said Gualtiero to his friends, "we will; and heaven will remember those who do not forget it. Some of you turn round, and take your stand up the lane, while I and Filippo, and Gian Bellini, keep them in check."

Now, when the Count and his party saw the others retreating, they set up a loud laugh, and followed them down the hill, making their horses hustle against those of the three gentlemen who stayed in front; for as yet no one had drawn his sword. Gualtiero was as good a horseman as any in Florence, so that he made his beast go back down the hill in little bounds; and when he had removed from the front of the shrine, he drew his sword. Giuliano did the like, and leaving all parley, spurred up to the man he hated, striking at him; but he was stopped by Gian Bellini; and without exchanging many blows, the three contrived so well, that they joined their friends by the side turning, where the lane rose from the main path: and now they had the better ground.

"Sirs," said Gualtiero to his companions, "we will rather make prisoners than kill; and especially give me alive the Conte Giuliano."

So impatient were the Count and his friends, that they did not stop to imitate Gualtiero in choosing the ground, but still pushed forward up the side lane, reckoning upon their numbers. But hard by was a house at which lived a peasant who was much beholden to Messer Lamberti; and hearing the tussle, he ran out with two sons, to see how they might help their patron. Some wounds there were, and some blood was drawn.

Two of Gualtieor's friends seized Giuliano by the clothes, and plucking him from his saddle, threw him down among the horses' legs; and before he could rise he was seized by the servants and the peasants, and bound. Two more suffered in the like manner; one other fell with his leg under his horse, and was thus taken by his own beast; some few fled; and two more that remained, gave up their swords, and surrendered themselves to Gualtiero's will. Thus, when all was over, he had six prisoners. The gentleman whose horse had fallen was left in the care of the peasants, for his leg was badly hurt, and it pained him to move. The two Bellini led the way; the two gentlemen who had surrendered were commanded to follow as prisoners; the Count and the couple who were bound were placed under the guard of the servants; while Gualtiero and his other friends brought up the rear; and in that order they set out again for his castle.

After they had ridden some way, Otto dei Neri asked of Gualtiero, why it was that Giuliano owed him this grudge? The cause, indeed, had never been avowed by the Count, but it was not doubtful. Always he had been in some sort the rival of Gualtiero; and being the richer and more powerful, Giuliano held that he ought always to succeed the better; but it chanced quite otherwise. For all his magnificence, he was not so well liked; and even after he had demanded the hand of Ermenghilda from the Bellini, the kind old father bestowed her where she wished.

"And the reason why the Count does not thrive," said Gualtiero, "is his excessive pride; for in all other respects he is a most noble gentleman, and one to be well beloved."

"It does not seem," said Otto, "that he would say as much of you."

"Because," answered Gualtiero, "holding up his head so high in his pride, he cannot see what passes underneath. I, who am content to hold my head lower, know more of both of us than he knows of himself; and in what follows I will show you as much."

Having reached the castle, Gualtiero made the prisoners be taken, quite privately, to a room apart. Shut in there, their attendant guards unbound them and left them. Then other lacqueys came, with wine and refreshments, and also with basins and water, and good store of clothing, that those who had been mauled in the combat might repair their dress. All this while, Count Giuliano remained silent and moody; and to keep his anger the better, he neither ate nor drank, but suffered his hunger and his spite to go on gnawing his heart together. The others, however, ate and drank, in their own minds thinking that Gualtiero was a goodly enemy; though they said nothing to their leader because of his haughty temper. That done, they remained alone great part of the day, talking among themselves, and taking counsel with the Count how they might contrive to get away with safety and honour.

The heat of the day being somewhat passed, the lacqueys returned, bringing to the five gentlemen their swords, with a message that they should be

free to depart, after they had performed one service which Gualtiero would require from them; and so they were taken forth unto a great saloon, where a banquet had been laid out, and all the guests were standing as if to await their coming. Then Gualtiero advanced to his prisoners, and taking the count by the hand, he led him to the Lady Ermenghilda, saying—"This, lady mine, is the Conte Giuliano; whom I will only make bold to keep amongst us until we have had opportunity to convince him that we are not enemies but most desirous to be his friends." Obeying the will of her lord, Ermenghilda held her hand to the Count. Could he ever hold that beautiful and gentle hand and refuse to kiss it? He kissed it reverently, and looking up, he saw the lady in all her beauty, with new beauties added to it; whereat, and also at that unexpected welcome, he was so much abashed that he knew not what to say. Nevertheless, in his heart, he conceived a bitterer anger than ever; for this only seemed to crown the cunning hypocrisy of Gualtiero, and to abase himself in making him accept a kind of alms. During the banquet, he sat in silence by the side of Lady Ermenghilda, eating little, thinking much.

After the banquet, all the guests went forth into the garden to divert themselves with dancing and music; and Giuliano was about to crave leave to depart, when a man whom he knew came to him secretly, and told him that his brother Luigi had arrived with many followers to rescue him; but hearing the turn that the affair had taken, the Count Luigi waited to know his brother's pleasure. Thereat Giuliano felt a new and savage pleasure, and he sent a message to his brother, bidding him let his people come as close round the garden as they could, by stealth, and await till they should hear further. And then he arranged with his friends; save only that the two who had surrendered, like honourable gentlemen, would take no part of treachery. Their loyalty only seemed a new injury to the angry man; and that evening, just before the moon rose, the Count Luigi burst into the garden with all his men. The fight was sharp and short, for Gualtiero and his friends were quite surprised, most of them unarmed, some lying half asleep; all thinking only of pleasure and ease, and none suspecting treachery so base.

Gualtiero had been bound and carried with Ermenghilda to a separate room in the castle; but when the battle was over, Giuliano sent his brother to fetch away the lady and all except Lamberti. Knowing now the dark heart of Giuliano, Ermenghilda fully believed that she saw her dear husband for the last time, and throwing her arms round him as he sat bound, so that he could not return her embrace, she leaned against that steadfast support and wept aloud, with many words of tender endearment, such as strangers had never heard from her mouth before; and they wept with her, partly for pity, and partly for a tender admiration of words so beautiful which love taught her in that mortal extremity. For there is that blessed influence in perfect love, that it subdues everything to itself; so that there was none present but what envied that most unfortunate pair, and none but what would have bartered life and freedom to be so loved and honoured. When both had somewhat soothed and strengthened their hearts by such caresses, Gualtiero said softly to his wife—"Now, sweet, leave me, that I may not suffer the worst sight that could be the last for these eyes, to see you torn with violence away; for Giuliano is, in all but his hate, an honourable man, and he will bring no wrong to you. But before you go, kiss me on the eyes; for I cannot reach my hands up to wipe them." Then the Lady Ermenghilda, as showing her love in the perfect obedience of his wish, kissed him on the eyes, and once on the mouth, and was led away.

Gualtiero was left quite alone. Presently the Count entered. He had in his hand a drawn sword, and carefully shutting the door after him, he walked straight to where Gualtiero sat bound. Giuliano stood before him, and looked at him; and Gualtiero, expecting to be killed, looked again, boldly; even the cords which pinioned his arms close to his side seemed to lend a prouder dignity, as his chest was thrust forward by the strain. Seeing that his eyes were still wet, Giuliano was pleased to note his weakness; and he gazed on, sneering; as though he would not spoil the pleasure of revenge by a gluttonous haste to kill. Still Gualtiero looked, silent, neither shrinking nor blenching at his fate. The very silence rebuked the assassin, and to break it, he cried in a hoarse and broken voice—"Gualtiero Lamberti, who has the better *now*."

Then Gualtiero answered in a steady voice, musical as was its wont—"*I* have." And seeing that the other looked somewhat surprised at that unexpected answer, he continued—"I have; for my faith is greater than yours; and in this hour, Giuliano Gherardi, you would give all your deadly victory to believe as I do, even of yourself."

Hearing these words, Giuliano turned paler than he was before—he leaned forward and looked into Gualtiero's eyes, with a distance-searching look, as though he would see beyond into his very soul—and then, his face suddenly wrinkling up convulsively with a new passion, he lifted his sword with both hands high into the air, and dashed it down with all his strength upon the stone floor, so that it crashed and shivered into a thousand pieces; and covering his face with his unarmed hands, he wept aloud, pressing his fingers into his eyes, and shaking with a passion that could not be controlled.

In the midst of that storm, a mild and solemn voice said, in no unkind reproach—"Giuliano!"

The Count looked up: it was Gualtiero that spoke, and Giuliano ceased to forget himself. With eyes yet wetter than those at which he had sneered—dazzled and blinded by tears, he sought for the stump of the broken sword; and at length finding it, he came to Gualtiero and cut the cords that bound him. Then, still bowed down, like a man turned half wild with a ground-seeking shame, moaning and blubbering with a savageness of grief, he took by the hand the pitying Gualtiero and led him into the hall.

Strange awe seized all, the captors and the captive, at seeing the altered aspect of the Count. He turned away in haste from the pair whom he would have injured; and still bent down, with muttered commands and groping his way, he led forth his people from their fruitless conquest.

Scarcely had he issued into the garden, so lately gay with lutes and gallantries, ere his followers uttered a loud cry of affright and sorrow. Gualtiero and his wife rushed out to see what had befallen, and they saw the Count stretched on his face upon the ground. The people turned him gently over; but he was dead. There was blood upon his lips. That storm of grief had been too much for mortal frame, and it had broken his heart. And so, while he lay supine, with his blood-stained lips, in the moonlight, Ermenghilda stooped over him, and tears from her eyes shed their first gentle rain upon that face.

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

By George Wallis,

Late Principal of the Manchester School of Design.

No. II.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS.

If the manufacturer is not disposed to exercise his philanthropy or his patriotism in the promotion of the education of the people in the Arts, an enlightened selfishness must now prompt him to do so. The charmed life with which "protection" surrounded his trade has fled; and it must be to the excellence of his wares, rather than to the restrictive policy of tariffs he will now have to look for the continuation of that prosperity which is essential to his position. His machinery may spin, weave, grind, stamp, cut, punch, drill—yes, engrave, paint, and pentograph—but it will avail him nothing in the Art-market without mind and taste, founded on sound principles. He may dye all the traditionary hues of Tyre, and extract rainbow tints from every chemical compound in, on, or above the earth, and yet be but little in advance, until the artist comes in, and arranges, classifies, distributes them in new forms and harmonious contrasts. The physical yields to the artistic—quality and quantity to beauty and variety—jacquard mechanism to jacquard art—the manufacturer to the artist.

In short, the duality becomes an unity, and the artist-manufacturer of Britain starts on his race with the artist-manufacturer of France and Germany. The disparity is only one of time, not of talent—of opportunity, not of genius.

Skilled as we are in the mechanical arts, wonderful as we may deem our dexterous manipulations, yet there is ever a limit to these, because they are *material*. The handicraftsman increases the value of the raw product he has to operate upon, simply by such adaptive aids as the experience of the past, and the ingenuity of his predecessors, have enabled him to bring to bear to assist his labour; but, after all, it is but the same material rendered more subtle in its nature, adapted to supply a certain positive want of his fellow-man, and according to the amount of skilled work bestowed upon it, so does its value increase. Is the original substance rare in its quality, or difficult in its attainment? Then hand-labour adds to its value. Is it abundant and easily procured? then the same result follows; but probably in a more marked degree, because in the commonest substances are to be found the most valuable aids to man. But if hand-labour—and by that term is also meant that mechanical power which has its origin in human manipulation—if the hand-labour of the artist gives increased value to products of small worth in their raw state, how much more does the brain-labour of the artist further enhance that value. *Æsthetic* in its character, it is ever-changing and ever-enduring, and unlike the *material* character which has been already stated as belonging to mere manipulation, it is as unlimited in its operations, and as unrestrained in its action as the mental capacity of man, out of which it emanates, and by which alone it is governed. *Mind* acting upon *matter*—arranging, ordering, re-producing.

The cultivation of this *mind* then is *the* question. At present we shall attempt to show its necessity, and its value when cultivated, because from its being so long neglected, some doubts might arise as to the utility of *doing* it now. Our future task will be to show how it ought to be *done*.

To such as may be disposed to argue that the embellishment of the articles of every-day life is simply a manifestation of human vanity, which should rather be discouraged by the wise and good, we say that inasmuch as this love of ornamentation has been implanted in our nature, so we shall maintain that it is *good*, if properly directed; and it is for this proper direction that sound education is needed in this case, as it is for the whole man.

To those who, acknowledging its eminent use for the high purposes of courts, camps and senates, yet would deny it to all who come not within the pale of their exclusiveness, we have nothing to say, except indeed it be to wish them more sympathy with their fellow-mortals.

To those who desire the elevation of their fellow-men in all that constitutes the essentials of a good mental character, in which the *subject* is ever being brought into closer relation with the *object*—in which pure and elevated, though simple, pleasures take the place of those more gross tendencies by which animalism lords it over intellectuality—in which strong passions become subdued by the softening influence of those moral faculties which are ever best awakened by a perception of the beautiful and the true: to these we look for results as influencing the moral and intellectual well-being of the people, arising out of a more extended knowledge of those principles of Art which give a new zest to existence, and impart to the commonest pursuits a portion of those charms which have hitherto belonged to the more exclusive occupations of mankind.

To the enlightened manufacturer, whose most earnest wishes are directed to the fullest possible extension of that commerce by which the remotest portions of the earth are brought together in friendly union, and which the philanthropist regards as the best promoter of universal peace; even to him who may rather consult his annual balance sheet, and consider the profits of his trade as the great purpose of his life, we shall look for the means of promoting an object so desirable as the proper instruction and mental cultivation of those workers by whose skill and industry his wares are made more valuable in the markets of the world; and upon whose progressive knowledge in this particular, the manufacturer must ever continue dependant in keeping pace with the requirements of each successive age, supplying the wants, and meeting the wishes, of each particular country.

The manufacturer has long since found that, according to the progress his customers have made in civilisation, commerce, and the arts, so do they require superior productions; and that the blotched and bedizened calico, the gaudily coloured glass beads, the cheap and ugly metal ornaments, which are purchased with avidity by the unsophisticated natives of recently discovered countries, are sent for sale with small success to communities whose acquaintance with these things is of longer standing.

Man in an uncivilised state may be compared to an infant, easily delighted with the glare of the turkey-red pocket handkerchief, or the bright brass button. The forms in which these things come before him are never considered. They may be ugly or beautiful, fit or unfit, according to more refined notions. To him they are relatively beautiful, and he is attracted accordingly by the emotions they raise in his mind. As his perceptions become cultivated, he requires something more than the mere apology for decoration which satisfied him so

abundantly at first, and as his taste advances—in other words, as his perceptive powers are refined—he becomes constantly more and more fastidious, until it is only in the truly beautiful he finds that satisfaction of which his first perceptions were the rude and uncultivated manifestation. The question of what is beautiful, true, and appropriate, however, only arises out of the education of the capacity to answer it. The savage or the child never asks *why* the appearance of a certain object gratifies him. It is sufficient for him that it does so.

It must ever be borne in mind that in all those manufactured productions which constitute the clothing of mankind, and, indeed, in many others, the satisfaction of two external senses is necessary—the sight and the touch. If the manufacturer had simply to deal with blind customers, his only anxiety would be to produce such an article as would be satisfactory to the touch and enduring in its wear. The necessity for gratifying the sight, however, enlarges his sphere of action so considerably, and brings forth so many requisites, that unless it is very largely consulted he may spin and weave almost in vain, for the eye has often much more to do with the matter than the fingers. This Art-question, then, goes to the very root of his trade, and so long as mankind have eyes it is to be presumed they will use them, and seek mental gratification through their agency. Nor does it affect Sheffield cutlery and metal castings, Birmingham japan-ware and stamped brass, or Staffordshire plates and dishes, less than it does Manchester calicoes, Yorkshire woollens, Spitalfields silks, Paisley shawls, Nottingham lace, or Coventry ribbons, since these latter would all be equally well calculated for the merely utilitarian purpose of clothing, without a single decoration of any kind; for the mere variation of these in texture and appearance would produce a certain decorative result; whilst the former would lose their leading characteristics, except as simple instruments or utensils, without the aid of Art.

The crude metal is fused by means of chemical knowledge; it is conveyed into the mould by mechanical skill and ingenuity, but it is the amount of artistic ability displayed in the arrangement of the forms that liquid metal shall take, when cooled and solidified in that same mould, which gives to it its highest value, and decides its standard in the Art-market.

The potter's wheel once in motion, the ready hand of the worker raises the form that his own taste, or that of some directing mind, may have conceived, and the plastic clay, whose value is but the fraction of a penny, comes forth eventually increased ten-fold, a hundred-fold in value, according to the effect produced by the combined agency of the worker who gives the original form, of the modeller who decorates that form with *relievi* or artistic incrustations, and of the painter by whose brilliant hues the effect is still further enhanced; and just in proportion to the judicious combination of the Art-labour of each or all of these, so does the commercial value of the article increase. We say the *judicious combination;* because it is on this the tasteful result depends, and it is for the diffusion of that knowledge, which gives the power to produce pleasing effects out of a thoughtful consideration, rather than out of an accumulation of labour, that the manufacturer should now seek. Let us have more taste, and less ornamentation. More discrimination, and a lesser love of display. More thought*ful* action, and less thought*less* labour. More educated brain-work to direct traditionary hand-work. More first principles—less of mere chance!

Our Art-practice, as applied to industrial purposes, has hitherto partaken too much of the character of a lottery, and some exceedingly wise people maintain that it must continue to do so, because in the profundity of their knowledge they have not yet seen, or do not choose to see, that it is out of true principles, and out of true principles alone, that successful results can possibly arise. Did the practice of Art depend simply upon the intuitive power of the professor, our manufacturers might be content to sit down as they have hitherto done (comparatively at least), and patiently wait until industrial artists sprang up spontaneously around them. We maintain, however, that that Art-practice which cannot be fairly shown to be based on some rational principle analogous to nature, is so much artificial nonsense; always allowing for that æsthetic character of which all works of a truly mental quality must partake in a greater or lesser degree, according to the aims and the capacity of the artist; but which, from its subtle character, may be classed as the *inexplicable,* in contradistinction to those broad, palpable, and material characteristics which it is the business of the artist to understand, and that of the instructor to explain to his pupil.

Our manufacturers, then, should consider this question in a more philosophic spirit than heretofore. Looking upon it, first, as a great promoter of their trade, not as a mere capricious agent, to be used or not, in the embellishment of their wares; but as an indispensable requisite in enhancing the value of those wares, and that as the beauty of the design increases, so does the money value increase, and this, too, almost regardless of the value of the raw material: whilst, on the other hand, even the precious metals are made more valuable; for a few score ounces of gold or silver may be increased in value to an almost indefinite extent by the Art-work into which it may be wrought. The beauty of the material being eclipsed in the splendour of the design and execution. Art "gilding refined gold."

We have said that the restrictive policy of tariffs must no longer be depended upon; and that the manufacturer must look to the beauty, the excellence, and the cheapness of his productions for his future position, and however heedless he might hitherto have been as to the high purposes of Art, he will do well to consider whether those more obvious qualities of which the eye takes sudden cognisance, and which influence the purchaser so largely in his choice, should not now be more earnestly attended to. Few people are patriotic enough to purchase ugly native productions in preference to beautiful foreign ones, and some individuals are actually so careless of the honour of their country as to give more money for a beautiful French or German article than they would for a dubious looking English one!

It is thus our manufacturers will find that their long neglect of true Art, and their non-appreciation of the artist, will be a serious drawback to them in their coming competition with the artist-manufacturers of France and Germany.

Nor must it be forgotten that for some years past the custom of pilfering the designs, not only of foreigners, but of their fellow countrymen, whose taste and spirit may chance to be in advance of their own, has shown a consciousness on their part that beauty had something to do with the value of their productions. As time rolls on this will be more evident, but it will then be found that

he who adopts another man's invention in Art, will be subjected to that best of all copyright protection—the obloquy, sneers, and denunciations of his fellow men, and be regarded, as he richly deserves to be, as an appropriator of other men's property.

Englishmen, however, will never submit to this. Their love of independence—even of one another—that sterling pride which causes each man to fall back upon himself—will eventually work out their emancipation in this particular. Believing that those who would reap must first sow the seed, let them set about this matter earnestly and intelligently. The government has wisely taken the matter in hand; blunderingly enough, no doubt, but still with sufficient earnestness to encourage the manufacturer to persevere in a proper cause.

There is talent enough around us; let us cultivate it thoroughly and well! The abortive attempts at restriction in these matters have been hitherto ridiculous; if they proceed, they may become lamentable. Restrictive systems of Art-education are as nonsensical as they are dishonest. The country has a right to expect better things for the future. Shall its expectation be realised?

SONG.

Let thy wearied eyelids fall!—
Wearied with much weeping.
Ever as the sowing is,
So must be the reaping.

Though thy wearied eyelids fall,
Thou canst not banish sorrow;—
All that makes thee weep to-night
Will make thee weep to-morrow.

Mournfully thine eyelids fall,
Loveless faces hiding;
Faces where a light for thee
Hath no sure abiding.

Heavily thine eyelids fall,
Fondest eyes o'ershading;—
All in vain they fall, to hide
Flowers of Life fast fading.

Let thy wearied eyelids fall!
Thou may'st rest in sleeping,
And forget the earth awhile,
With all thy cause for weeping.

Let thy wearied eyelids fall!
Humbly fall, while praying
Unto heaven, for strength to heed
What thy soul is saying.

Saying, "Let thine eyelids fall!
Rest thee from thy sorrow!
Weeping dureth for a night,
Joy cometh with the morrow.

"Wisdom is the fruit of Pain;—
Thou hast learned thro' weeping
That whate'er the sowing is,
Still will be the reaping."

J. M. W.

THE MANIAC.

By L. Mariotti.

"A mother is a mother still—
The holiest thing alive."

Scene.—A garden on the banks of the Trebbia, three miles above Piacenza, North Italy.

Five years of squalor and misery! Five years of dreary night, unmitigated, unbroken—the long eclipse of the soul! With the yells and howls ringing still in his ears, and the stolid laughter, and the gnashing of despair, he breaks forth from the lazar-house of insanity. With the tattered vestments hanging on his limbs, the bondman's livery, the parti-coloured garb of the outlaw of reason. With the stripes at the wrist, where the handcuff had fretted, with the wales on the back, where the lash had smitten—the lash, the panacea of mental infirmity! With all the evidence of that degrading confinement, with the painful sense, as if of a hideous dream, Anguissola walks forth with the exulting cry—"Wide awake now—a free man. God is good—a sane man!

"Give you joy, Luigi Uberto Anguissola! You breathe again: you have broken your chains asunder. Only yesterday an inmate of the darkest cell in the Paolotti;* to-day free as air, blithe as a lark, quite a bird in the bush!

"In the bush; on the green hills of old; beside your native stream; amidst the bowers of the Villa Fulchieri; on Marina's footsteps—breathing the air she breathes!

"God is great! God is merciful! He sharpens the madman's cunning; he lulls his keeper's vigilance. He guides the wanderer's steps—bears up the weary in his toil. The ways of the Lord are wonderful! Yonder, under that roof, Marina is resting. Here stands Luigi Uberto Anguissola—the runaway maniac! Yet a few minutes, and they will be face to face!

"She sleeps, fearless, remorseless. Oblivion, tenfold deeper than very madness, re-assures her, buries the past. In the stillness of her chamber, within the stronghold of her wedded home, she deems herself safe, beyond reach of God's vengeance and mine!

"Be it so; fair lady, sleep on, and light be your slumbers. Five years long have I looked forward for this meeting. I can afford to wait yet a few minutes.

* * * *

"A tidy place, this Villa Fulchieri! greatly improved, too, of late, meseemeth. A man of taste and understanding, the new owner, that's evident.

"The new owner! The old place has changed its name, I dare say. Villa Fulchieri—Villa Anfossi: and the coat of arms on the gateway altered also. Wherefore not? The estate must acknowledge the rights of its lord. Lucky dog!

* * * *

"Marina's arbour, her work-table, her chair. Hallowed ground! Ha, ha!—sit you down, Signor Luigi Uberto. Thank you!

* * * *

"Sweet morning breeze! unspeakably sweet, after five years' wallowing in the dust and litter of a dungeon. Wheugh!

"Hail, thou golden Trebbia! old roarer, proud of the crumbling rocks thou rollest down from

* The convent of San Francesco di Paola, now the Bedlam, at Parma.

the Appenine. Bless you, you old poplars, nodding your welcome from your lofty crests. I am well, pretty well, I thank you—quite well, considering. I have been shamefully used, you know, shockingly used; I have been mad, too, they say—mad, you understand, frantic mad. Hang me if I believe one word of it, though! No madder than I am now, God help me!

* * * *

"Yes, sir, it was here. On this identical chair she was seated. It was on a summer evening, the thirteenth of July, five years ago. The hills beyond the river were purpled by the beams of the sun setting behind. These lawns and shrubs, and yonder wave, bathed in the rich tints of this same prismatic sky. The spires of the town glittered afar off, above the foliage of the grove; all earth was silent, even as a bride awed by the approach of the wedding night.

"Marina sat languidly in her chair, and I, fond fool, knelt at her feet.

"Now pray hear me out, for you must see justice done, and retribution. You must be judge and umpire between us.

"There had been, you may imagine, a deal of trash and nonsense spoken on both sides. We were old acknowledged lovers, and her mother's consent was not wanting.

"A golden cross hung by a black ribbon round her neck. Marina was pious as she was gentle—purer, holier, than the angels of light.

"She took the cross from her bosom, kissed it, then she passed it over my head, and her lips, quivering with fervour and devotion, rested on mine.

* * * *

"The keepers at Bedlam never took that bauble from me. You see it.

"It was more than betrothment—it was a sacrament. The symbol of salvation was given as a pledge of love.

"Three days afterwards, Marina was forsworn. Three months later, Constantino Anfossi led her to the altar.

"Poor Marina! and she sleeps undisturbed! She bargained with the priest, made her peace, as she fancied, with God. She confessed—took the sacrament on the eve of her wedding. Father Damiano, the Jesuit, absolved her, called down Heaven's blessing on her!

"The shallow hypocrite! as if the devil could not see through a sophism. Repentance! remission! and is *reparation* forgotten? You open and close Heaven's gates, you fiends! And this long hour of anguish that tore my heart fibre from fibre, that unseated my reason, that robbed me of God's own blessed air and light, and levelled me with the brutes. Will God overlook that?

"Father Damiano, the meddling, scheming villain! Not two hours ago, I had my hand on his throat. Ha, ha, ha! who is safe from the maniac's gripe? I glided into the cloister, stood on the door of his cell, by his bedside. He also slept. They all sleep. My eyes alone never close—dry, fiery, throbbing incessantly!

"Damiano! the cowled pander! And his words were holy writ both to mother and daughter:—'Beware of free-thinkers, abandoned libertines, never seen at mass, never kneeling at the confessional! Constantino Anfossi is pious and meek! submissive, timorous.* What avail loftiness of genius and daring of heart?—too often the mere glare of the firebrand of hell!'

"Well spoken, sir priest! Be it even according unto your will; and the meek, lowly youth is promoted into the seventh heaven of bliss—Marina's bosom—and the firebrand is cast into Bedlam!

"The needy, puny, sneaking adventurer! The Jesuit's own darling, Anfossi. Father-confessor thrusts his own creature into the good graces of mother and daughter. Make room for the lamb, the pet lamb of the church! Room in your house and home, old lady! room in your heart and arms, young one! Lord of all he surveys! The humble shall be exalted!

* * * *

"Be it so. Damiano, Anfossi: all below contempt. I stain not my vengeance on them. But Marina?

* * * *

"She will be here anon. God is mighty! What a meeting! The madman and his destroyer! The madman! The sight alone will kill her! Yes, let her look on her own work. The blow she has dealt recoils on her own head!

"The madman! Ha, ha! I have heard them call me by that name till I have forgotten all others. I am mad—I have been mad—because, forsooth, I broke in upon their wedding, and collared the traitor-priest at the altar! An odd freak, that, I must say. It was the violence of despair, but no madness.

"That same night I slept in jail at Piacenza; on the following, in the madhouse at Parma. A horrid dream, all that, God of mercy!

"Who is the insane here? Debtor or creditor? I, who claim satisfaction—or she, who has forgotten the awful scores yet open between us, and lulled herself into treacherous security?

* * * *

"Presently she'll be here! Why can I not hush up my heart into calm expectation? She cannot escape me. What protection can her craven husband and her menials afford her? even were they backed by the whole host of Loyola! Mine—mine at last. I hold her! Five years of hell-torture, and only one hug of revenge!

* * * *

"Ha! I said it. I knew her habits too well. Open flies her bed-room blind. Burst, break, my heart, but be still! It is her. The white-rob'd creature—the morning star—up with the lark—fair, mild-faced as when pure of my life's blood!

* * * *

"Not now—not for Heaven's heritage! I am not prepared. I cannot thus suddenly face her. Away, away, Luigi Uberto. In the thicket, underground—anywhere out of her sight!

* * * *

"Crush thy emotions, faint heart—stifle thy throbs. She hears thee: the instincts of her own heart reveal thee.

"Quiet and quieter—not a pang, not a gasp. God, I thank thee! Now I am myself again.

* * * *

"She kneels—rests—hides her face in her hands. Hush! she prays.

"Right, Marina—thou needest God's mercy. How can'st address him? what say for thyself? God has judged thee: he has burst my fetters, brought me into thy presence. How did I get loose? I shudder to think of it. There was a struggle, the keeper's grasp slackened—I was free. Bloodshed, perhaps? If so, be it on thy head, thou perjurer!

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* *Timorato*—the *ne plus ultra* of religious perfection in the estimation of the Italian priesthood.

"Oh, the balmy unction of the church—absolution. Not a line, not a furrow, of care or remorse on that seraphic countenance. My humane doctor in the insane-cell spoke truth. This woman's brow is as unruffled as the new-born babe's. There she sits, blessed in the consciousness of her superhuman loveliness. Who shall force his dart through the adamantine temper of that angelic panoply? Who would blast or scathe the fairest of God's works?

"Anguissola, have you not loved and worshipped at this shrine? have you not pressed that sacred form in your arms? have not those lips murmured love's words on your lips? What are five years—nay, five ages—of anguish and terror, to one of those instants of supreme bliss? Have not men forfeited their soul for one fleeting trance of happy love? bartered their birth-right of Paradise against but one smile of a frail being like this?

"Weigh good with evil, Luigi Uberto. Be all remembered, or all forgotten. Dwell not too morbidly on the enormity of this woman's sin. Forgive—nay, crave her forgiveness; for thy contemplated sacrilege, kneel, and sue for forgiveness.

"God is just. It is by God's hand, not mine, that this woman is struck. It is God's will. I am but a blind instrument of God's iron fatality. Can you see but a shade of uneasiness on that serene face? a twinge of doubt in that ineffable look of pharisaic self-satisfaction? Would you believe it? This woman, so fresh and so fair, so calm and so mild, looking so eagerly on this gorgeous breaking of morn—inhaling with such ebriety this ravishing fragrance of spring—surveying the works of the Creator with as much grateful devotion as if they had sprung from chaos for her own exclusive delight: this woman—so tender, so lofty—has taken God's name in vain. She has murdered a man's soul!

"She must see me. Farther than that I know not. I shall abide by God's inspiration at the moment—the God that led me here. But see me she must. She must be put to the test of Medusa's head. She made me the monster I am. Let her bear, as she can, the glare of the madman's eye.

* * * *

"The stillness of her countenance angers me. It rouses all the storm in my bosom. There she sits—the picture of innocence slumbering in the coils of the snake. Wake up, Marina, wake up! The madman is three strides from thee—blood-stained, grim, ghastly—his brain feverish from long fast and sleeplessness. The tiger is ready for a spring. He tarries only from sheer wantonness of watching his prey, of slaking his heart's thirst in leisurely anticipation of the coming feast. Woe to thee, woe to thee, Marina! Every second's delay adds to the intensity of his rage.

"What! rising already? going? Ho, ho! my lady, not so soon. A word with you. On so easy terms we part not.

* * * *

"But stay, who comes? She is not going, only rising to meet a new comer.

"Ha! a mother, too? Her own, that fair-ringleted child. Her own image: Anfossi's child and her own.

"'Ida!' she called her? Are children born so lovely now-a-days? Not an infant's smile lighted on my heart for five years. So fond as I was of children.

* * * *

"I have it now. The sword of God's justice has found her vulnerable side. Marina, thou shalt live—but I must have the child. Thy child will make ample amends. It is owing to thee, alone, if a father's name is never to greet my ear. Ida will be my own. The world is wide, and I shall find refuge for the demented fugitive. Thy daughter will be safe—happy with me. Away from priests, away from priest-ridden bigots, will I bring her up. I will never curse thee, never name thee in her hearing. I shall learn to forgive—she to forget thee. There is a home, a husband, a whole host of friars for thee. Thou canst well spare that one child.

"See how fondly, how playfully, the little thing hangs on her neck. It seems fiendish refinement of barbarism to snatch the sweet bud from the parent stem. It is, however, less than retribution.

"Cling close to your mother, sweet Ida: it is your last embrace. Rough will be your nurse, henceforth, and hard will be your couch; but the caresses of the one will be unalloyed by guilt; and the latter will be sheltered from the thunder which involves the offspring in the parent's fate.

"She is off—the dear infant—eager in her chase of the butterfly. Her mother's eye is averted—downcast. A tear is twinkling—lingering on the lid. The epicurean tear of a heart brimful with happiness.

* * * * *

"Speed thy flight, golden insect, and God direct thy wing. Behold! away roams the child—wider and wider—Heaven be blessed!—out of her mother's sight. Now hither, hither, round the thicket, deep in she dives among the bushes. Hitherward, hitherward, rustles the little foot-tread. One more step—another. The cygnet is in the hawk's talons, and the swan dozes on its danger.

* * *

"Nay, you little screamer, you shall not: your guardian's kisses shall smother your faint alarm-cry. Away, sweet Ida—away. It is early times for you to become a wanderer upon earth. Farewell, home, farewell—no, call her not, mother.

"Here, on the river-side, on the borders of the grove. Mine, now, sweet child, you are mine own. Embrace me: one only of those caresses, that vile woman usurped from me. Do you not know me? Am I not your own Luigi Uberto? Hush, darling, hush!

"See! a toy for you: pretty, is it not? Throw it round your neck. Never mind how it came into my hands—ask no questions—it is your own. One day you will know how to prize it. Be it your plaything now. 'Twill be a pledge of eternal happiness hereafter. And, if ever it passes into another's possession—if ever you bestow your hand and heart with it—

"God in heaven! The child is dying—dying with affright. The sudden seizure, my haggard looks—she is distraught—she dies in my arms.

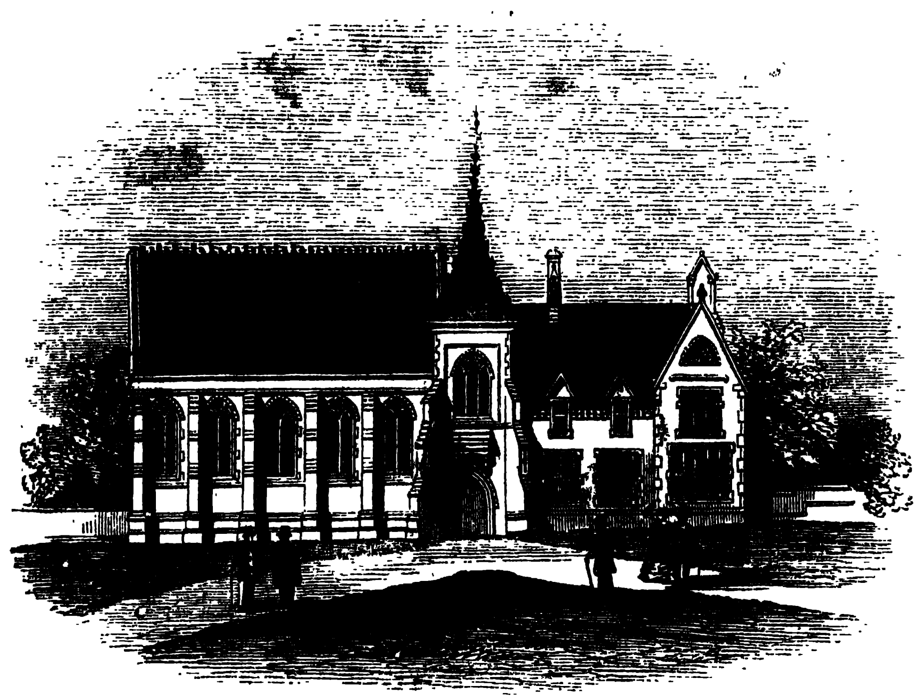
"God in heaven! was this the vengeance I was destined to accomplish? were my chains broken, only to make me a child-slayer?

"Back, then, poor trembler; back, thou silly thing! There, there, go to your mother; bid her live: bid her live! For thy sake, I spare her. God himself, strikes not where innocence shields!"

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Only two days later, Anguissola was returned to his melancholy asylum at the Paolotti, from whence he came out no more. Frantic with terror, the released child ran to bury her face in her mother's bosom. Marina saw the cross glittering on her daughter's breast. She recognised it. A shudder of horror ran through all her veins.

On the morrow, the pious wife deposited that memento of her first love into the trusty hands of Father Damiano.



THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.

By J. T. Heath.

The present unexampled efforts for the instruction and amelioration of the moral condition of the working classes are not confined to the metropolis or to the most important cities in the empire. Our provincial towns of the second magnitude in the political hemisphere afford noble examples of liberality and benevolence. We have a "Strutt" of Derby, and a "Gill" of Nottingham; and, in reference to our representation of a People's College recently erected in the latter place, we wish to say a few words.

The population of Nottingham is of a vast and increasing character, and its present staple manufactory, that of lace, has rendered it the resort of a body of men, amongst whom there are many distinguished for natural talent and ingenuity. It has, indeed, been the privilege of Nottingham and its neighbourhood successively to produce from the humbler walks of life a Kirke White, Miller, Millhouse, and Spencer Hall, all of whom have accomplished or are fulfilling their appointed missions. The present state of trade in Nottingham is distressing, and from the peculiar subdivision of the hours of labour, there will always be found numbers of both sexes with much unemployed time upon their hands. A casual visitor to the town, in perambulating the streets, cannot fail to be struck with the multitudes who are, apparently, without occupation, but who are nevertheless only waiting the appointed hour for taking what is technically termed a *shift* in the lace machine. Generally speaking, these machines are in motion night and day, without intermission; an evil which originated from an excessive temporary demand of the manufactured article, and which, like all other evils of the same description, has unhappily survived the cause which created it. This state of things suggested to the minds of Mr. George Gill, and others, the necessity and value of such a system of education and instruction as would embrace the working classes of both sexes and of all ages—a system wholly divested of every political or religious character. The stocking makers of Nottingham and neighbourhood do not earn on an average more than 7*s.* per week; consequently, this class cannot pay anything for educating their children. For this purpose Mr. Gill presented a piece of freehold land adjacent to the town (being a benefactor in the whole to the amount of 1500*l.*), and about 1000*l.* more was speedily subscribed towards the erection of a building to be called the "People's College." In its proposed rules and regulations, and in soliciting the hearty concurrence of their fellow townsmen to make the People's College an instrument of good, the directors are hopeful that no party spirit will be introduced to mar it. In its rules and objects they have sought to avoid everything of a controversial tendency. Intending it for the benefit of all, they have been anxious not to give offence to any; but, in the spirit of universal brotherhood, which they believe to be the chief practical aim of the Christian religion, they are desirous of enlightening and elevating their working class brethren; or rather of putting the instrument into their own hands by which these ends may be obtained. In this spirit they solicit the aid and encouragement of all classes, and especially of the working classes, for whose particular benefit the college is founded.

On this occasion it appears to be the peculiar duty and pleasure of the editor of the *People's Journal* to felicitate the town of Nottingham on the erection of its People's College.

MOVE ON.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

All the stars in heaven are moving,
Ever round the bright spheres roving;
Twinkling, beaming, raying, shining,
Blackest night with darkness lining;
Aye revolving through the years,
Playing music of the spheres,
Like the eastern star of old
Moving toward the shepherds' fold,
Where the wise men—grace to them!—
Found the babe of Bethlehem.
God is in each moving star;
God drives on the pleiad car:
Let His will on earth be done
As in heaven the stars move on.—
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

All the waves of sea are flowing,
As the winds of heaven are blowing;
With a gentle beam-like quiver
Flows the streamlet to the river;
With a stronger waved commotion
Flows the river to the ocean;
While seas' billows evermore
Flow and gain upon the shore—
Wave on wave in bright spray leaping—
Like endeavours never sleeping;
While the pool which moveth never,
Grows a stagnant bog for ever—
White-gilled die its tenant tench,
Green its water, foul its stench,
Wildering marsh-fires o'er it run,
While straight flows the river on.—
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

Thus within the skies and ocean
Life is married unto motion;
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,
And earth? what said Galileo?
When in dungeon damply lying,
Faint and tortured, hardly dying,
Yet for truth, with honest pride,
Yet, "It moves! it moves!" he cried.
And the world? its life is motion,
As with stars and as with ocean.
It is moving, it is growing,
All its tides are onward flowing;
The hand is moving towards the loaf,
The eye is moving to the roof,
The mind is moving to the book,
The soul lives in a moving look,
The hand is moving from the sword,
The heart is moving towards the Lord!
Move on! Keep moving!
Progress is the law of loving.

LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

ELIHU BURRITT

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

As a recent number of your Journal alluded to the origin and existence of a "League of Universal Brotherhood," perhaps some of your readers may be interested to know something more of its constitution, spirit, and object, and of its present state and prospect of progress in this country and its sister-land on the other side of the Atlantic. As a matter of information relating to a new social movement, you may be disposed to publish the Constitution of the League in the Journal, as it will indicate of itself the spirit and compass of the association. It is in the following words:—

PLEDGE.—"Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any voluntary support or sanction to the preparation for or prosecution of any war, by whomsoever, or for whatsoever, proposed, declared, or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign, this pledge, in a League of Universal Brotherhood; whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and all the manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognise and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity."

Your readers will see that the foundation principle of this constitution recognises it as the duty of every man to be as much a brother as God is a father to every human being, of whatever country, colour, or condition. Such a principle, as it will be perceived at once, makes the platform of the League very broad, and opens a field of labour as wide as the world, to which every willing mind is more than welcome. "It was designed to make this world-embracing organisation to all the social evils and interests of mankind, what the Anti-corn Law League was to one evil and one interest of a small portion of the human family. As war, embracing all its sin-breeding progeny, may be justly placed at the head of the evils that have preyed upon the world, so it is placed at the head of the list of those iniquitous systems which the League will strive to abolish. But its operations and influence will not be confined to the work of mere *abolition;* as if nothing more were requisite for the symmetrical development of society, or the universal growth of human happiness, than the axe to be laid to the root of existing evils. It will seek to build up, as well as to pull down; to sow, as well as to eradicate; to water and warm into life, as well as to pluck up by the roots and to burn. It contemplates something more than a mere Peace Society, or the object of inducing nations merely to abstain from war, or to leave each other alone. It will not only aim at the mutual pacification of enemies, but at their conversion into brethren. In fact, the largest class of

its operations will be more remedial, educational, and upbuilding, than destructive; being based upon the whole compass of the principle, that every man is bound to be as much a brother, as God is a father, to every human being, however deep may be the moral darkness and degradation of that being; however fallen or low in the estimation of the world he may be, by crime, or colour, or any condition of humanity within or beyond his controul." Such are the spirit and object of this association. Whatever it may endeavour to do in promoting a brotherhood, or "Union of Nations," to use Mr. Cobden's term, no other means than those strictly moral and legitimate will be employed. Perhaps these will be, for a time, confined to the silent diffusion of the spirit and principles of peace and goodwill to men through the newspaper press of Christendom. To use a military phrase, it is intended to make a descent upon the Continent early in the spring, with the view of strewing its blood-stained fields with "olive leaves;" which may tend to the healing of the nations of that most wasting and deadly of all national diseases, "natural enmity." In this kindly mission, we have no doubt that the "Covenanters," on both sides of the Atlantic, will most heartily co-operate. How good and how pleasant a thing, indeed, would it be to see such brethren not only dwelling together in unity, but labouring, in one spirit, to bring within that circle of brothers, those who may have been considered aliens to its commonwealth! Wherever the light of Christianity has spread, or shall be carried among the habitations of men, there this association will seek to impress, with practical illustrations, the divine precept, that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

With regard to preliminary or particular measures which may be adopted or advocated by the League, it may be sufficient to observe, that there will probably be several social and socialising movements constantly presented on its platform to the option and advocacy of any person who may be willing to accept one of the numerous departments of interest and labour embraced within the constitution. If the whole field of labour thus embraced were indicated by the single clause, *for the abolition of whatever tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood;* even in that case every willing heart and hand, every earnest pen and tongue, might suit itself to a department of labour perfectly harmonising with its predilections. Of course, all these means and measures will be collateral and auxiliary to the application of the principles of Christianity to the great evils to be removed. It would certainly be a small conquest for the moral world, if war, slavery, &c., should be abolished by a commercial treaty, or political compromise, or because they did not *pay*. Religion and humanity demand that the abolition of these monstrous systems of iniquity shall be the conquest of Christianity; that they shall be swept from the earth because they are at war with the principles of eternal right. But, whilst Christianity is arrayed against these evils, as the first and foremost antagonism, "all these other things shall be added" to its train as auxiliaries. All the great interests of humanity, to which these evils are equally inimical, may be legitimately enlisted on the side of Christianity against the common enemy of God and man. The first elements and agents in this moral warfare, then, will be the principles of Christianity directed against every system of wrong and outrage done to man, in any country or condition. All proper efforts, it is hoped, will be made to educate and direct an enlightened religious sentiment against war, slavery, and their cognate vices. But, as "the enemy of all righteousness" is equally the enemy of all human interests, both may unite in one aggressive antagonism against a common foe. Whilst, therefore, the principles of Christianity are being directed against the whole line of these evils, those of political, commercial, and international economy may be concentrated upon the points where they will make the strongest impression. This last class of instrumentalities may be divided into several important measures, of which, perhaps, the following might be properly suggested:—INTERNATIONAL PENNY POSTAGE, FREE TRADE, INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, CONSUMPTION OF FREE LABOUR PRODUCE, COLONISATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. These measures are suggested very deferentially, and merely as an individual opinion; for as the League is, and, I hope, is to be, a perfectly voluntary association, the *voluntary* principle will enjoy the largest liberty; and no member will be constrained to any particular course of action by the direction of any committee. The most efficient organisation or arrangement of the members of the League would be those social affinities by which they would naturally associate in some measure tending to the great and common end. Suppose, for instance, that those just suggested should be adopted, there would be found thousands on both sides of the Atlantic who would rally under the banner of each of these measures, and give to it the vigour of their spontaneous support. The development of these measures, and of their bearing upon the promotion and prevalence of peace and goodwill among men, must be reserved to a future time. Perhaps you will permit me, in conclusion, to invite such of your readers as are disposed to enrol their names on the list of the League, to forward them to the "*Editor of the Bond of Brotherhood,*" *Birmingham.*

ELIHU BURRITT.

London, Jan. 22, 1847.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I have a story for such faint despairers
As lacking Hope, lack courage to pursue
The paths allotted to them: Grim of hue
Besmirch'd with soot, one of those hapless darers
Of fire and smoke—a chimney sweeper,—new
To life,—almost a child; but full of vigour,
And of a spirit brave, mounted up high;
Till, heedless of his wrathful master's rigour,
Who called him vainly down, the bright blue sky
Met his glad sight. Waving his hand in glee,
The street (all eyes with gazers) heard his cry
As loud he shouted—laughing lustily—
"Hurrah! the Sun sees me, and I the Sun."
With Hope, thro' perilous fear, much work may aye
be done!

Our Library.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE SAND.

TRANSLATED BY MATILDA M. HAYS, AUTHORESS OF "HELEN STANLEY." VOL. I. OF THE SERIES.—THE LAST ALDINI.*

English people who do not read French well enough to understand these books, thoroughly, in the original—and we believe them to be very numerous, even among the educated classes—will soon learn to be grateful to Miss Hays for her spirited undertaking. By her assistance they are about to be put in possession of something which they will recognise as their own, as soon as they have it in their hands; for all that is highest and best in the productions of George Sand, belongs, exclusively, neither to France nor to any other country; it is the property of every human being. All sane persons love and honour Genius; feel the yearning of kindred towards it when it comes before them; and say within themselves, as they contemplate it, "this is the development of the divine principle which lies dormant or is only half awake within us all."

It has been said, by a high authority, that we Britons do our hero-worship badly. We apprehend that the bad performance of hero-worship is not peculiar to Britain. With rare exceptions, it has been a very sorry performance, hitherto, all over the world. While nations remain ignorant, slavish, and brutish, they cannot worship that highest kind of hero which we call *a great Genius*. The great Genius has a larger, fuller existence—is more of a *Man*, in every sense of that word—than other men; consequently, he is the less understood, and the farther from being honoured in proportion to the distance which exists between himself and his contemporaries. The greater their ignorance, slavishness, and brutishness, and the greater his true manliness, just so great will be the obstacle to the performance of the worship due to his genius or heroism. But England has not toiled, and suffered, and thought, and achieved so much, to be, now, the lowest of the nations. We are not so unhappily degraded, my countrymen! We *can* honour genius a little, even now, though we are not thoroughly purged from the evils before named; and let us be sure that nothing will help us so much to reform ourselves, as a hearty admiration and love of genius, in whatever form it may present itself to our minds.

Here is a woman—a Frenchwoman—one born in the higher ranks—a countess—a woman so grossly maligned, that to all persons of common sense most of the reports which fly about concerning her life are incredible, from their contradictory nature and general absurdity; a woman unquestionably animated by strong, lofty genius. She is living at this moment within a few hundred miles of us. Oh! let us, while it is yet time, show that we are in advance of our forefathers; that we have overcome some of their prejudices; that we *can* bow down with reverence before a contemporary who is beyond the age; before a *foreigner* and a *woman*, on whom the Almighty has bestowed some of his choicest gifts, and who has, on the whole, used them well; better than most men similarly endowed. Similarly endowed! Since history began to record men's words and deeds, there have been few men endowed with so capacious a nature as George Sand. She has an intellect, sagacious, subtle, rapid, and profound; a heart large, passionate, loving, and noble—ay, *noble*, we may be sure of that, even when erring. She is a hard worker, an enlightened politician, an eminent advocate of the best interests of humanity, a most eloquent writer in favour of the people and their rights. As a poet, a philosopher, and an artist, she commands our warmest admiration. As a woman, we offer her our tears for her sufferings, and our indignation for her wrongs (which she does not parade before the public); as a mother, she is exemplary in her devoted love and unwearied exertions; as a friend, she is loved and esteemed by most of the highest minds in every country in Europe. These few words will convey but an inadequate idea of the great genius whom Miss Hays would make popular in England; and whom we would introduce to the notice of our readers.

We cannot help regretting that Miss Hays has selected *The Last Aldini* as the first of her series; and we are obliged to confess ourselves utterly unable to discover *why* she made that selection. Those who think that the first in excellence should be the first in place, will not approve it; because *La derniere Aldini* is far inferior to George Sand's best works; and those who desire to see the progress of this great author's mind will wish that Miss Hays had begun her series at the beginning, instead of in the middle. We, ourselves, wish that the series had been arranged chronologically; and that instead of *La derniere Aldini* we had had *Rose et Blanche* for our first volume. However, this is no very serious evil. Probably Miss Hays has some good reason to give for publishing the present work first.

With regard to the translation itself, we have a few words to say. Anyone who should undertake to translate a work of George Sand, however practised and however fine a writer he might be, would soon discover that his task was no light one. We know no single English writer whose style may be compared with hers. Its eloquence, grace, strength, and perfect finish are almost miraculous. Sand in her greatest haste is never slovenly, in her strongest most vehement passion never becomes graceless or coarse. She seems to us to unite (*i.e.* in her best works) the qualities of the styles of Voltaire and Rousseau, de Staël and de Sevigné. She reminds us of several English writers, all at once; different as they are, she has a resemblance to each. We find the golden perspicuity of Jeremy Taylor, the inimitable felicity of Goldsmith's language, the vigour and brilliancy of Burke, the breadth and depth of Coleridge, and the sharp lemon-juice piquancy (some people have mistaken it for *verjuice*) which we find in Hazlitt. If we do not exaggerate the merits of George Sand's style (and we appeal to any careful student of her style), it must be acknowledged at once, that the very best English that can be written would not be too good for a translation of her books.

Miss Hays has given us the true spirit of *Aldini*—she has done her work *con amore*—and, as far as regards the spirit, she has done it well. We are not so exacting as to expect the translation of *Aldini* to equal the original; and we feel sure that Miss Hays herself would be the first to laugh at anyone who should tell her that she writes English as well as Sand writes French. Miss Hays, probably, nay, we feel safe in saying *certainly*, writes rapidly and with exteme facility. The present translation and her novel "Helen Stanley" are the

* Churton.

grounds on which we found our opinion. Like most young writers who are ready and fluent with their pen, Miss Hays seems to neglect that important part of literary labour, *careful revision* and *correction.* We regret this, because we feel sure that with a very little more trouble on her part, Miss Hays would have done herself justice. The translation before us contains grammatical inaccuracies, awkward Gallicisms, and inelegancies of expression which she certainly could not have allowed to remain had she given herself more time to correct her work. We say this in all friendliness, and we hope Miss Hays will not feel displeased if we point out one or two faults which we should desire to see avoided in the subsequent works of the series.

The short preface expresses just what it should have expressed, but we are sorry to see that it contains several inelegancies of construction, and more than one gross violation of the common rules of syntax. We do not wish to give an undue importance to trifles; but we think it absolutely necessary that George Sand's translator should take the trouble to write grammatically. The schoolmaster is abroad to little purpose if his pupils emancipate themselves from all rule. The great English prose writers of bygone days would be grieved to see our glorious language misused, as it is, by too many of our modern authors. Bacon, Sidney, Taylor, Fuller, Milton, and the rest of our prose worthies, do not seem to have considered themselves above the necessity of attending to the restraints of grammar. We do not like to prolong the fault-finding part of our task, but we would call Miss Hays's attention to phrases like the following:—"*There were so many people and so much movement in this house.*" They are inexcusable; and they are not scarce in her translation; but we will not quote another, as we are satisfied that "a word to the wise is sufficient," and that Miss Hays will, for the sake of her original, avoid these errors in future.

Here and there in *The Last Aldini* we find French words and sentences, which must puzzle all readers who are totally ignorant of that language. As far as we can perceive, there is nothing peculiarly untranslatable in such sentences as the following:—"*Vive la joyeuse Italie et Venise la belle!*" "*Bon pour la campagne;*" "*C'est encore pire,*" &c. *Pays, cousin, compere,* have corresponding English words. In some instances, Miss Hays's slips of the pen are marvellously like the mistakes of a school-girl under twelve years of age. The word *parent* or *parente* she has in more than one place translated *parent,* instead of *kinsman* or *kinswoman.* "*La presqu'ile de Chioggia,*" she has, oddly enough, translated "*the almost island of Chioggia.*" It is true that the meaning of the common geographical term *presqu'ile* is conveyed by that expression, but it seems to us that it would have been better to have used the usual English word, and to have written "the peninsula of Chioggia." Why does Miss Hays spell the musical term *chord* without an *h?* Because it is spelled without an *h* in French? It is an eccentricity in English orthography in which no one else indulges.

We would also suggest that, in future volumes of this series, any Italian sentences which occur in the original should be translated, either in the text, or in a note, as the translator may think best. Most English readers who cannot read Sand in the original, are not very likely to be Italian scholars; as, in the usual order of English education, French is acquired before Italian. The well known line of Tasso, "*Brama assai,*" &c., is, we venture to say, "all Greek" to Miss Hays's public. The aptness of its introduction in a passage of the volume before us, makes it almost necessary that the reader should know what it means. Such a sentence as "*Per Dio! non vogar! Non siam cui sull' Adriatico,*" requires translation. It is not certainly set down in Miss Hays's bond that she is to translate anything but the French of George Sand; but if she will translate all foreign words that she meets with in the course of her task into plain English, we believe that her readers will be much obliged to her. The *Morbleus, Pardieus, Sacres, per Dios,* and *per Baccos,* may remain in their native simplicity, if the translator have no objection, as they are not essential to the narrative, and their sound indicates sufficiently what is meant by them.

All true admirers of George Sand's works must rejoice to see that a highly respectable publisher has undertaken to bring out Miss Hay's series; and they will no longer fear for the author's fame in the hands of unworthy translators. One or two of her books, have, we know, been very badly translated; in fact, we are not aware that any has been well translated until now; with the exception of "*Les Maitres Mosaistes,*" which appeared about two years since in "Clarke's Cabinet Series," under the title of *The Mosaic Workers.* This translation is simple and literal without being un-English or inelegant; indeed (if we may be allowed to coin a word), we should say, as its best praise, that it is rather *Sandish.* We should be glad to see it reprinted. We do not give any quotations from the *Last Aldini,* because our space is very limited, and we have already occupied it with a general introduction of the series to our readers. The subsequent volumes we shall be glad to notice here whenever an opportunity occurs for doing so; and we take our leave of Miss Hays with best wishes for her success.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.*

There cannot, perhaps, be a better test of the advance which the people have made in intellectual attainments than a comparison of the booksellers catalogues of the present day with those of the beginning of the century. At such a comparatively short distance of time back, it is surprising to note how meagre and low-toned was the class of literature which came within the means of the masses of the population. In those days the wealthy classes alone could enjoy the luxury of good literature—a book was a thing to be lapped in gold and morocco; to assume the grandiloquent dimensions of quarto—to be paid for in no smaller coin than guineas—to circulate in the confined system of the aristocrat and the wealthy burgher: and, finally, to go to sleep upon the silent shelves of the solemn library. The tradesman of that day had as much chance of obtaining the gems of human intellect as of picking up diamonds in Cheapside. The literature of the upper and middle classes was as distinct as the upper currents of the atmosphere, those who dwelt in the lower cloud regions could only watch and admire afar off (if they had the taste) the rare beauty of the upper cirrus. In "the good old times" everything was for the privileged few; for the people,

* Schiller's Thirty Years' War and the Revolt of the Netherlands, Beckmann's History of Inventions, and Schlegel's Dramatic Literature.



W. J. FOX.

By Eliza Fox.

nothing. We can imagine how Constable, or any of the other great publishers, would have started at the idea of throwing off 30,000 copies of such a work as *Schiller's Thirty Years' War*—what a mad scheme it would have appeared to him. And how justly he would have judged. At that time the middle classes were no readers, a thirty years' peace has brought its fruit, however; the trading part of the community has marched upwards into the position before held by the higher circles; the better class mechanics have taken the place, as regards mental attainment, of the tradesmen of old; on every side comes the demand for a higher intellectual food than has hitherto been enjoyed. Publishers look amazed at the awaking of the public intellect, and cast about them to supply the demand. And now, from their silent graves, come forth dead copyrights, but living words, rerobed and embellished; works, which after circulating in the narrow orbit of refinement of a past generation, and which seemed to have finished their career, are again launched forth among the broad masses of the people, ever widening their circle, in proportion to the force of their inherent worth. So true is it that a good book never dies! We have been prompted to these remarks by our admiration of the valuable series of books now publishing by Mr. Bohn in his Standard Library. These works, all of which are of a very high class, are now for the first time brought within the means of the masses of the people. We have selected three of these works for notice, as they seem to afford the best specimens of the nature of these publications. *Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War*, is a work particularly interesting to this country, as it is a powerful and rapid picture by a master-hand of the last great struggle between the Protestants and Catholics in Germany—of the drama in which the sword sought to settle what the vehement discussions of learned doctors had failed to accomplish. This history is, perhaps, the finest prose work the great master of German literature ever produced. Each actor who figured in this remarkable war is sketched with a powerful outline—the heroic and chivalrous Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of religious freedom (who happily ended his glorious career ere his great name was tarnished by those whisperings of ambition which he seemed inclined to listen to as continual victory laureled his arms) stood in bright contrast with the dark Tilley, and the gloomy yet grand and deep revolving Wallenstein. The whole history reads as vividly as a romance. The horrors of this war, which desolated the whole of Germany, yet live in the powerful etchings of Della Bella. Passing from this work to *Beckmann's History of Inventions*, we go at once from the records of the destruction caused by the sword to the annals of the world's progress, as marked by her scientific discoveries. It is true Beckmann is rather a learned than a technical author; he loves rather to dwell upon the picturesque history of the birth and progress of familiar inventions, than to treat upon great discoveries in the strict words of science. He might be said, however, to have lived before any of the mighty inventions which have acted, and will act, as such powerful agents of civilisation came into play. In his time the steam engine was not; gas still lay concealed like a subtle spirit in the deep mines. He dreamed not that the day would come, when to this vast earth a nervous system would be given as delicate and instantaneous in its action as that contained within our own anatomy. The idea of the electric telegraph to the staid German would have been scouted as a wild dream, if anyone had foretold its approach. With all these shortcomings, however, his book is an exceedingly valuable one for the learning and research it displays, and for the scholar and general reader it will ever prove a favourite work. The last volume in our list, *Schlegel's Dramatic Literature* needs little commendation from us. His admirable criticisms upon the works of Shakspeare evince the subtlety of his intellect and his wonderful power of throwing himself into the spirit of his authors. No English writer has approached the great German in his criticisms upon our immortal bard. His *History of Dramatic Literature* might be relied upon as the most valuable and comprehensive yet published. In taking leave of these volumes we must not forget to notice the taste which Mr. Bohn has displayed in their "getting up." The paper and type are very good, and the cloth binding in a varied arabesque style is quite handsome enough for any book shelves. The price at which these valuable works are issued in this series is absolutely ridiculous from its cheapness.

WORD AND DEED.

By W. J. Linton.

I said—whose life is but of thought and word,
He is as one who, having forged his sword,
Sleeps, dreaming victory won: for I was wroth,
  Seeing how thought and action are divorced,
  In these dull times, stern principle enforced
To hide in the closet. I should be most loath
To speak or think irreverently of those,
The Lords of Thought, whose words are warrior-blows
  In the world-conflict. Yet of them the best
Not only spoke but did; as faith had need
Of utterance, poured forth true word or deed.
  Witness our Milton, his great heart express'd
In his daily life! and witness thou, my Friend,
Whose aim steps firmly on to the same heroic end!

W. J. FOX.

By the Editor.

Take up any biography of a man of high literary genius, and what is the first remark that in all probability meets you—but an apology for the lack of interest inherent in such subjects? Is that true?

To build himself ever upward is the paramount and acknowledged duty and attribute of man. But how? The rich idler builds a palatial mansion; the trader builds up his firm; the professionalist a practice; the politician a party; the diplomatist a subtle system of intrigue (with which he thinks, if he would but speak what he thinks, he could almost circumvent heaven); the warrior an exquisitely organised and ever improving machine of destruction. These are the men who in life obtain places, pensions, honours; who in death are enshrined by the loving hand of Art in imperishable marble; to whose memorials cathedrals open wide their gates. And these, in a word, are the men who make our interesting and standard biographies.

Take now a different class. There are men who

at an early period of life see, as from a tower, the little end of all this worldly coil and selfish endeavour, and, hero-like, determine upon a truly heroic work,—*they will build up themselves*—to the height of life's high argument. From a youth, perhaps, of which no man said with the kindly prophecy that so often realises itself, "God will bless and prosper him!" they go on rearing patiently and painfully, amid a thousand disappointments and mortifications, and through long years, of which each day witnesses a difficulty and a triumph,—through all this, they will build up a manhood strong enough to conquer a world with its intellectual strength, and wise enough and loving enough to guide it rightly when conquered. And in that strength they are repaid for their early martyrdom. The flower that needs but to grow next year to the height it grew this, which can but live, and enjoy, and extend in its humble way some enjoyment to others, may well sink back for protection, at the first breath of winter, to its mother's bosom; but the forest tree that is to be a shelter and a glory to many generations *must* realise even its earliest and tenderest growths amid alternate seasons of fervid sunshine and rigorous frost—now lapped in the balmiest airs of the sweet south, now quivering from head to foot with the raging violence of the fiercest storms. It is Nature's law alike for the oak and the man. Thus she knits and makes strong.

And when the man has thus found the true business of life, and fulfilled it—and dies; he, too, has his biographer. Candid soul! "How uninteresting the materials!" are his first words over the remains of one in whom all the ordinary elements of human existence have been developed into extraordinary proportions, and the whole directed to the continual support of that mighty inward Battle of Life, of which our outward battles are mere ghastly shadows; compared with which Agincourts and Waterloos sink into insignificance. "Uninteresting?" Whenever the true biography of but one such great mind shall be vouchsafed to us, there will not much longer remain any other kind. What earnest spirit will be content to walk round and round the Temple—mark the styles and rank of its external architecture—inquire the incidents of its brick-and-mortar history from some neighbouring gossip—or peer in, whenever he can get high enough, at the windows—if he knows that his presence is invited within, even at the holy of holies, where the high priest waits to expound unto him the awfulest mysteries of their common humanity.

Long may the subject of this paper continue to create the materials for that higher kind of biography, that can alone do justice to him; long, very long, may it be, before those materials can be rightly used. Meantime, who can ponder over the following record of facts, though few in number, and briefly stated, without feeling stirred by their pregnant eloquence, without some consciousness of the moral grandeur—of the passionate heights and depths—of the interest—of the true romance—that these facts, as by so many lightning flashes, open unto us?

W. J. Fox was born on the 1st of March, 1786, in a farm-house near Wrentham, in Suffolk; from which he removed with his parents to Norwich in his third year. At twelve he was a weaver-boy; a circumstance that he has rightly thought suggested an honour to be claimed at any fitting opportunity, rather than a humiliation to be put aside, and forgotten, as speedily and effectually as possible. Many may now learn for the first time, that the numerous letters in the *League* newspaper, signed "A Norwich Weaver Boy," were written by Mr. Fox. At fourteen, the loom was exchanged for a banker's desk, the shuttle for the pen; and thus engaged, the next six years passed on. Six eventful years! Yet, unknown perhaps to all, how much was doing in them. Then was commenced and carried assiduously on the great work of self-education; until, with little and intermitting help, the young student had mastered a tolerably extensive range of the best kinds of learning, not excluding the Mathematics, Latin, and a little Greek. Still struggling upwards into a higher and serener atmosphere than commerce can afford, he now adopted the ministry as the future sphere of all his operations; and accordingly entered the seminary at Homerton, directed by Dr. Pye Smith, and at the proper time issued forth to take up what he believed his true position as a teacher of the people. He first preached at Fareham; and there he remained until 1812.

When such movements were outwardly visible in his life, we may judge what must have been the extent and intensity of the inward struggles and aspirations, of which these movements were but the palpable realisations, the instalments, so to speak, of the world's debt to the new labourer, who was preparing to accelerate its constant work of Progress. But as these struggles began to abate in severity, through their increase in success, new and more terrible ones occupied their place. Happy those who do not know what it is to feel doubt on the most vital subjects suddenly overspread the horizon like a black and impenetrable shadow, darkening the path beneath, shutting out the heavens above! Happy those who have never heard the thrilling tones ringing in their ears—"Thou art wrong, utterly wrong! Misled thyself, thou hast but misled others who confided in thee! Seeker after truth, thy whole life is a lie!" Happy those, who have not had to feel their way, with ever stumbling and bleeding feet, out of this valley of the Shadow of Death, by shutting their ears to the kind tones of dear friends, and to the threats and insinuations of bitter enemies, and by fixing their whole heart and soul in one confiding immoveable gaze upon the smallest glimmerings of the light of truth that the anguished and yearning eyes can any where discern—and thus to go on—and on—and on—until the sunshine bursts forth at last—the birds are heard singing as merrily as ever, and the glad yet sorrowful, the exulting yet penitent spirit sees that it was *but* a valley and a cloud after all, and that the worst of all errors is to doubt that, *in seeking truth, we must find God.*

The *People's Journal* is not the place for theological subjects; nor the expresion or inculcation of theological opinions. I speak here of incidents common to earnest, enthusiastic, and imaginative minded men of all classes of religious belief; and who, in proportion to their sufferings from, and steadfastness to, principle, deserve and obtain universal sympathy and respect. I shall therefore merely remark that when we know that such doubts beset the mind of Mr. Fox, and that they not only ended in his separation from the religious body among whom he had been bred, the Calvinistic Independents, but in his becoming the pastor of an Unitarian congregation at Chichester, we may all judge for ourselves of the nature and intensity of the conflict, that could have such an end. Mr. Fox moved to London in 1817, and has from that time remained in the Metropolis, in connection with the same congregation that he first joined, at Finsbury Chapel.

Mr. Fox, however, was not the man to give up to sect what was meant for mankind. He felt his power, and knew his responsibilities too well for that. His birth had made him of—and *for*—the great mass of the people; the healthy and vigorous processes of self-culture had produced a Herculean strength for a truly Herculean task—that of cleansing, or helping others to cleanse, the Augean stable of social and political life; his religious experience had deepened, no doubt, in his mind, the sense of duty, from which alone all great actions can proceed. He was, in a word, thoroughly prepared to become a teacher of the people—and so a teacher of the people, not of a sect, he became—by pen and by tongue; in the student's closet, and on the world's mart. Who, among the readers of the *Monthly Repository* (we refer, of course, to the period when it had ceased to be an Unitarian magazine,) but must remember with grateful pleasure, the priceless services rendered to education and to progress by that work?—which was the true forerunner of all those publications now so numerous and so rapidly increasing, that seek to enlist the best of writers in the best of causes—that of humanity, as a whole, not as split up into classes; and which teach that the world of mind, as well as that of matter, is round and complete, large and beautiful, when duly developed; and not angular and fragmentary, small and shut in by a conventional pale, beyond which exist only hideous jungles, tenanted by the wildest of wild beasts, ready to devour everyone who ventures forth; as supposed by some ancient physical geographers, and by some modern expounders of mental philosophy.

Or, who again that remembers the eventful time when the Reform Bill had been put forth, and welcomed, notwithstanding its defects, by the universal heart—only to be drawn back again and sternly denied by the whole force of the aristocracy; when "Run for Gold!" was placarded on every wall, and it was becoming probable that if such and other peaceable means did not "stop the Duke" that a revolution would; when the Political Union stood forth to concentrate into one focus the energies of the people of London, notwithstanding the danger its members knowingly incurred of prosecution as an illegal body, and Mr. Fox stood forth among them, took up his position in the van, and addressed the people daily in Leicester-square with a fearless and passionate eloquence that carried all before it; who that remembers these things, but will re-echo the words that Francis Place said to me the other day, "*He was the bravest among us!*" ,no ordinary compliment from such a veteran.

Leaving for some future occasion, and, I hope, for some more competent hand, a review of Mr. Fox's literary labours, and especially of the philosophy of life that he has evidently sought to build up in them, I shall merely refer those who are anxious to study his writings, to his Lectures, to the index attached to the number of the *Westminster Review* for April 1842, which indicates some five or six of his contributions, and to various papers in the *Retrospective Review*, including those on Sethos, Nat. Lee, and Witchcraft, and then conclude this sketch, with a view of Mr. Fox in that position which has of late years made him so widely and honourably known as a most influential actor in one of the most influential of national movements, the struggle for Free Trade, through the agency of the League. "I have written and spoken on this question," said Mr. Fox one day at Liverpool, "before there was any pretext whatever for calling it a manufacturers' question—before the League was in existence even in thought—before any individual of the capitalist classes had taken up the matter." Elsewhere he has described, in a letter to Sir Bulwer Lytton, the origin of the League: how the agitation—

> was conceived, not in the passionate assembly of the populous, or in the secret haunt of the demagogue, but in the counting-house, the factory, and the exchange: how men of business, in their peaceful calling, were driven by events to philosophise on the operation of laws and the mischief of commercial prohibitions: how they devoted themselves, their wealth largely, their time and toil unsparingly, to the redress of the evil: how the subject expanded in their minds, until from complainants of a partial injury they became the champions of an universal principle, assertors of the sacred rights of industry: how their crusade proceeded with no violence, but throughout the land they and their coadjutors and agents wrought by instruction, winning the listening ear of crowds to a science which had failed of fixing due attention in the most highly educated: how their petitions to Parliament disregarded, though signed by unprecedented numbers, they appealed to the creators of Parliament, and especially to those constituencies which are most identical with the intelligence and moral power of the community; and at last, how the augmentative victory was crowned by the legislative triumph, and the giant Industry (of your own apologue) freed from his bonds, fed all his children to the full, and won for them that peaceful empire over the world which consists in receiving the good that any nation can supply, and dispensing the good that any nation may require. Free Trade is the indestructible *Eureka* of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Let us now take a retrospective glance of the writer of this, as he himself appeared while "winning the listening ears" of the congregated thousands at Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. Fox stands forward to speak. Observe his very peculiar personal appearance. The short burly figure may be pronounced ungainly; but what grace in the attitude—with what studied but apparently unconscious ease are the folded arms crossed upon the breast—the right hand with its extended index figure drooping flexibly across the left wrist. Then observe the upper part of the figure thrown back into (so to speak) an attitude of intellectual self-defence; while the head, slightly inclined forward upon the chest, realises the image of clear, calm self-possession.

And, a moment more, while the orator yet but addresses himself to speak, take good note of those striking and, it may be, somewhat sombre features. If ever there was a face expressive of deep, stern intellectual power, it is that of Mr. Fox. Observe the deep lines of thought which furrow it—the small and firm but beautifully chiselled mouth—the black belt of eyebrow which girdles in the temples, and the intensely brilliant and expressive eyes, now melting with soft dreaminess, anon blazing up into a burst of intellectual fire—while the long wavy black hair, divided on the middle of the head, and falling down in luxuriant masses over each broad shoulder, forms a characteristic frame to the startling picture round which it clusters.

A moment more—and in the midst of the most profound silence, Mr. Fox speaks. The words succeed each other like notes of low, solemn music. The rich, mellow, sonorous tone of the voice first strikes you. It comes vibrating upon the ear with the clearness and richness of a far-off bell. Sentence after sentence is poured out in a series of modulation and cadence, the last word of each dropping, at least such is the effect upon the ear, as though it had sunk a musical fifth below the pitch of the penultimate syllable. It was said of Edmund Kean, that the inflections of his voice in the exquisite speech in *Macbeth*, beginning, "She should have died hereafter," could be represented by musical characters; and I fully believe that the same remark would hold good of many an oratorical passage delivered by Mr. Fox. As

he proceeds, however, and warms with his subject, he gradually flings off a good deal of the recitative style in which the more level and opening portions of his address are usually spoken; but the exquisite clearness and the deep sonorous ring of his voice continue unchanged from the first word of the exordium to the last of the peroration. Even in his most impassioned passages he uses little gesture: an emphatic movement of the hand, as though he would attempt to point by physical means, to italicise (as it were) the connecting links and salient points of his chain of argument, being generally the only movements which he permits himself. But still there is no appearance of coldness visible: on the contrary, how easy it is to see that the heart of the man is in his task. His figure dilates—his features work—his voice bursts out like a trumpet-call, as he denounces some social grievance, some iniquity wrought by the few at the expense of the many; and then, when in a moment the sting of sarcasm is substituted for the trenchant cut of slashing invective, with what heartiness is the barbed weapon sent home, buried to its very hilt in quivering and guilty flesh.

Mr. Fox usually opens an address in short and epigrammatic sentences. He is, indeed, the most perfect master we have of the art of antithesis. Half a dozen skilfully arranged words with him, convey the effect of as many sentences in the mouth of a looser and more rambling speaker. "Oh! you have not been idle," he said to the men of Manchester, after he had been a little time absent from them, "you have not only been making cotton, but you have been making history." As he advances, however, his sentences frequently become as remarkably long, as at first they were remarkably short. The only speaker I am acquainted with who can manage to go swimmingly on as long as Mr. Fox without a full stop, and who like him never, even after the longest burst, leaves the sentence unfinished, is Lord Brougham. In the structure of their periods, however, the two differ widely, and there can be no doubt but that the system adopted by Mr. Fox is an infinitely easier managed one than that of his eccentric lordship. The ex-chancellor involves and complicates—Mr. Fox seldom or never. Brougham is great in parenthesis. Leaving the principal verb of his sentence to be lugged in, say twenty lines further down, he sets to work bringing in all manner of parallel matter in the form of parenthetical members of sentences—constructing wheel within wheel, and picture within picture—yet never losing the guiding clue, ever managing in the end, when his auditory begin to think the labyrinth in which he has involved himself an utterly hopeless one, gradually to work himself out without leaving a period unfinished, a noun looking out in vain for a verb, or a pronoun in a state of helpless isolation from its substantive. Mr. Fox, on the contrary, pursues an easier plan. He first settles the principal verb down into a snug position, invests it with its proper retinue of grammatical satellites, and then, his mind at ease upon that point, goes on with wonderful fancy and the most exuberant command of language, to link on by means of participles and adverbs an almost endless chain of subsidiary periods. But although the mechanism of sentence making adopted by the commoner be a far easier system than that employed by the peer, it is not for a moment to be supposed that the effect of the latter is superior. In picturesqueness of language, in brilliancy of diction, in graphic power of description, we believe his lordship to be outstripped by Mr. Fox. Ranging over the whole field of literature, of history, of science, pausing only in a few glittering words to indicate rather than to work out a chain of thought, drawing his illustrations with the most unbounded prodigality from almost every branch of human knowledge, pausing tenderly over a line of breathing poetry—to address the French nation, for instance—"Wherever your tricolor is, be it the rainbow of peace;" kindling into living light, by a few flashing words, the memory of great deeds achieved or great sacrifices meekly submitted to; marching along surrounded by the most gorgeous pomp of diction, the stern array of marshalled sentences, only broken here and there by the bite of an unexpected epigram, Mr. Fox bears his auditory with him, chains them to his chariot wheels, as a Cæsar triumphing.

"Unexpectedness" was said to have been one of the characteristics of Coleridge's outpourings—so it is of Mr. Fox: you never know where a sentence may land you. The most common-place commencement frequently ushers in the most unlooked for and the most ingenious conclusion. A dexterous turn does it all In a moment the orator leaps, as it were, over the barriers which the expectancy of his hearers had set down for him, but before they have recovered from their delighted surprise, he is back again in the old track, proceeding easily and demurely along, as if he had been utterly unaware of the escapade he has indulged in. Many will remember an instance of this at one of the Anti-Corn-Law League meetings in Covent Garden Theatre. It was about the time when Sir James Graham was in disgrace touching his Post Office delinquencies. Mr. Fox, in casually alluding to a Protectionist meeting, observed:

> They stated repeatedly at that festival, and I believe they alleged very truly, that they were not associated to uphold "any particular ministry;" the ministry which such an association upholds, beyond all doubt, must be a ministry which is not "*very particular*."

With an ordinary orator, this successful stroke would have been sufficient; but Mr. Fox, in the exuberance of his wit and sarcasm, added:

> I wonder much, considering the number of mercantile people there, and the large correspondence which they must keep up in their business, that they did not introduce at least some such toast as this:—"Success to those who hold the seals of office, *and who break the seals of letters!*"

The effect on the audience was indescribable. Here is another instance, when he was illustrating the necessity of the pressure from without on Sir Robert Peel's mind.

> When the *League* blows,
> Then the *Peel* goes;
> When the *League* drops,
> Then the *Peel* stops!

Then, again, unexpectedly comes in: "That is not the way to get the *re-Peal* that we want." These sallies *may* have been premeditated, sudden as they appear; but there is an instance, in which there could be no such question. One evening, while the Free-Trade Bazaar was open at Covent-Garden, some of the more youthful promenaders, stirred perhaps by the exhilarating strains of Monsieur Jullien, proposed a dance. Some heads were shaken, many faces turned grave. Dr. Price suggested that there were those present who objected to the proposal, and who would be obliged to leave, if it were acted upon. A cry of "Let them leave!" was heard, and unpleasantries were beginning to threaten, when Mr. Fox suggested

there should be free trade in *hops* as well as in everything else; and the common sense and good humour of the meeting was instantly restored.

In dealing not with persons, but with principles, Mr. Fox's wit exhibits itself in a higher vein, with equal power, and, of course, with infinitely greater effect. He once likened the landlords with their corn laws, to the churchwarden in the old story, who carried "round the plate for the sacrament money for the poor, and who, upon such occasions, always took care to put sawdust in his pockets, that a few shillings might drop in without jingling." What can be more delicious than his likening the annual parliamentary parade of the Peculiar Burdens on Land, often talked of, but never shown, to the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries of Athens, where "there used to be a donkey led through the streets with a pannier on its back, covered up very carefully with a white linen veil, where nobody was to presume to peep, but in which all were to suppose there was something very wonderful and sacred, until it became a proverb in Athens, "The ass carries the mysteries." One feels a kind of personal interest in the gentleman who will next have courage to "carry the mysteries." So, again, with his sarcasm on the trading propensities of the aristocracy, of which he says,

So far back as the days of Elizabeth, the intellect of the country had begun to mark out for derision the trading propensities of the members of the feudal aristocracy. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, there is a dispute between a certain military gentleman proud of his aristocratical position, and a couple of merchants. He tells them that "this is certain, if once you buy and sell, your gentry's gone." To which the merchant retorts—

"Do not you, the lords
Of land (if you be any), sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese?"

Then the other merchant interposes—

"*Remember butter!* do not leave out butter."

And they never have left out butter to this very day.

But probably the most exquisite specimen of Mr. Fox's mingled wit and sarcasm—his power of illustrating great principles from individual details, and of utterly demolishing at a blow the most favoured fallacies of ages, is to be found in his illustration of the question of non-dependence upon foreigners. Taking a gentleman of the higher classes of society, he thus analyses his appearance, tastes, and modes of life, in order to see how much of all is of the true home growth:—

A French cook dresses *his dinner for him*, and a Swiss valet dresses *him for his dinner*. He hands down his lady, decked with pearls that never grew in the shell of a British oyster, and her waving plume of ostrich feathers certainly never formed the tail of a barn-door fowl. The viands of his table are from all countries of the world; his wines are from the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone. In his conservatory, he regales his sight with the blossoms of *South American* flowers. In his smoking-room he gratifies his scent with the weed of *North America*. His favourite horse is of Arabian blood; his pet dog of the St. Bernard breed. His gallery is rich with pictures from the *Flemish* school, and statues from *Greece*. For his amusement he goes to hear *Italian* singers warble *German* music, followed by a *French ballet*. If he rises to judicial honours, the ermine that decorates his shoulders is a production that was never before on the back of a *British* beast. His very mind is not English in its attainments; it is a mere *pic-nic* of foreign contributions. His poetry and philosophy are from *Greece* and *Rome*; his geometry is from *Alexandria*; his arithmetic is from *Arabia*; and his religion from *Palestine*. In his cradle, in his infancy, he rubbed his gums with coral from oriental oceans; and when he dies, his monument will be sculptured in marble from the quarries of Carrara. And yet this is the man who says—"Oh! let us be independent of foreigners!"

What can be added to this? Is not the whole question exhausted?—settled at once and for ever?

It is remarkable how, in all these cases, the wit grows out of the logic, as its flower; and is naturally, therefore, only the more hardy for having so substantial a root. But, in truth, Mr. Fox never forgets his end in his means. If he makes you "merry," you will not be long before you acknowledge he has also made you "wise." If he weakens your faith in old systems of government, it is to substitute in its place higher systems, more accordant with the evident necessities of progress, and the destiny that has been shaped out for mankind. Thus, Free Trade, with Mr. Fox, is but one link of the vast chain that shall bind closer and closer man to man, nation to nation, world to world—and all to God. In one of the sublimest passages of modern oratory, Mr. Fox says, with regard to the principles of Free Trade, (and with this we must conclude)—

They are the dictates of philosophy, interpreted by the system of things in which we live, and of which we form a portion; for when that mighty Power who spread abroad the heavens fixed suns in their central position, and rolled the planets in their orbits, surrounded them with belts and satellites, measuring the course, limitless as it seems, of the wandering comet which, in its wild career, moves from the intensity of light to the deepest darkness; binding all together by the principle of gravitation, and thus united it to other systems through all the infinity of being—when that Power fashioned this earth of ours, it made a reflex of the combined, harmonised, and mutually dependent system which is exhibited to the astronomer when he gazes on the heavens—it endowed one climate with one species of fertility and another with another, and surrounded the earth with those zones—temperate, torrid, and frigid—constituting climates, sunny or moist, in all their diversities, and gave the luscious vine to grow upon the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone, and enriched the spice islands with their frequent products; it spread the broad and vast prairies of America, sufficient to grow corn for the whole world's consumption; planted the tea groves of China; endowed the sugar-cane with its sweetness; and gave to Britain its coast, minerals, and industry: and by these, as by the mutual dependence of the heavenly bodies, it said—"All these belong to each other! Let their influence be reciprocal: let one minister to another: be the interest of each the interest of all, and let all minister to each: they are one in wisdom and beneficence, and show forth as resplendently as the starry heavens the glory of a benevolent Providence.

[In the foregoing paper, I have received some assistance from a friend, to whom I beg thus to be permitted to return my thanks.]

THE CAUSE OF THE POOR.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

"The judgment is God's."—*Deut.* i. 17.

Lift thine head, long bowed and weary,
Poor man! rich men question thee;
On thy path, though it be dreary,
Take thy stand with spirit free;
God seeth where ye meet to-day,
Soul with soul, and clay with clay.

List! they speak—those myriad voices—
"Wherefore cumberest *thou* the ground?
Where'er in fulness earth rejoices,
None *thy* portion yet have found;
The world has let thy claim pass free,
Yet gives no answer favouring thee!

"Not for thee the mine its treasure,
Not for thee the deep its gem,
Not for thee fair wealth its leisure
Yields—thou hast no part in them;
And not for thee high art has wrought
Its shapes of beauty passing thought.

"Labour's crowded ranks are swaying
Heavily, with strength o'erfilled;
These reject their thousands, praying
Leave to toil as God hath willed;—
Thus they word it,—hard to teach
Plainer truths within their reach.

"Even the sordid track that bore thee
Faileth in its scant supply;
Famine, vulture-like, broods o'er thee—
Nature's self would bid thee die;
And yet—by earth rejected thus—
Thou dar'st presume to answer us!"

Yea, thou answerest—none approving—
"God, in whom all things have birth,
Placed me with His hand so loving
On the kind breast of the earth,
Mother nor of want nor care;
They brought these who found me there!"

If even here time leave this trial,
Other courts the right must prove;
When thy course of stern denial
Endeth in the one above,
The great question *there* will be—
Who was neighbour unto thee?

A WINTER SKETCH FROM OLDERMANN.*

By J. C. Prince.

Author of "Hours with the Muses."

What a religious silence is outspread
O'er all the rude and solitary scene—
So cold, so pure, so solemn, so serene—
From the deep valley to the mountain's head!
Ice-roof'd, the stream runs mutely o'er its bed;
The torrent lingers in its midway leap;
The firs, in all their branches, are asleep;
The bird is absent, and the bee is fled;
From moss-fringed fountains not a tear is shed;
Of human life no shape or voice is near;
And the sole sound that greets my passive ear,
Is the crisp snow-floor yielding to my tread:
Dumb seems the earth, and rifled of her bloom,
Like breathless beauty shrouded for the tomb.

Dear Heaven! it is a blessed thing, to feel
My heart unwithered by the world, my mind
Wakeful as ever, and as glad to steal
Into the realms of wonder, unconfined,
As round me drops the drapery of night,
With the delicious dimness of a dream,
While the one herald-star, of restless beam,
Climbs, with the quiet moon, the etherial height.
Winter is nature's Sabbath-time; and now,
With all her energies within her breast,
She folds her matron garments round her brow,
Sits down in peace, and takes her holy rest:
For wave, wood, mountain, star, moon, cloud, and sky,
In deep-adoring stillness prove that God is nigh!

Ashton-under-Lyne.

WILLIAM VON KAULBACH.

We would not chronicle that this great master—who will probably, ere long, be acknowledged the greatest of our time—was born in the year 1805, if we did not desire to impart to our readers the same satisfaction which we feel, in common with all lovers of art who have had the opportunity of being acquainted with his works, in the consideration that William Kaulbach is in the vigorous prime of manhood, as well as in the full and glorious career of his high and noble art.

The past year, at least, has seen from his pencil the completion of two of the most remarkable works which modern Germany—nay, modern Europe—has produced; and the same year has been witness, moreover, to pledges for the future worthy even of them.

* A bold precipitous hill in the romantic valley of Sa'dleworth, a few miles from Ashton-under-Lyne.

The much famed (but now much changed and changing) school of Düsseldorf was where Kaulbach first studied his art. It was then under the direction of Cornelius, whom he followed to Munich. In this city for the last twenty years (so eventful in the history of modern European art) he has been pursuing his course; and we venture to predict that this course will be of the greatest importance in the future history of art. For when it is remembered the place which in his own country is accorded to him, and we then look at the influence, direct and indirect, which art in Germany has had, and is now exercising, over the neighbouring countries, we shall see how in its present state especially a master-mind may give it an impulsive direction, moulding and modifying its general course and character.

Now we know very well the notions about the fine arts in Germany (and especially as they flourish in Munich) which have of late, from mixed motives—and sometimes from no impartial sources—been attempted to be made popular; and we are aware that it is only necessary to mention in some quarters the "German schools," and we bring down certain stereotyped denunciative critiques, which are frequently taken to be true on trust, and acquiesced in from their being so constantly and dogmatically asserted. But whatever their merits or demerits may be, and doubtless there are both in all the present German schools, we have not now to discuss them; for Kaulbach in his style and character stands quite apart from them all. He is with them, but not of them. His is genius not accepting ready-made or second-hand versions of nature from other sources than its own, nor receiving passively the modes of looking to her, and the means of revealing her beauties and mysteries, from the orthodox rules of established authority or adjacent opinions; not seeking in the minds of others the types of the truth as it is in its own, nor borowing tacitly principles which its own creative and reflective powers so abundantly supply.

Kaulbach is not the disciple of a "school;" he may (we hope he will) become the *founder* of one.

The difficult task of analysing a great mind requires ample space as well as other adequate means and ability; and for none of these we shall now presume to contend. In the case of Kaulbach, to attempt it would be more than usually hazardous, from the extraordinary variety and versatility of his powers, and the still further development of them, for which we in faith do certainly and fervently look. He is now carrying on works of stupendous and comprehensive design. They are a cycle of important incidents, elucidating certain great epochs in the history of the human family. One of these, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," (a leading point in which is, the Christians setting out from the city into the wide world,) is just completed. It is an oil painting of very great size, and of immense elaboration both in design and execution. The author's rank, too, as a colourist, would be thereby established, *if* there was nothing else to appeal to for that purpose. The *Hunnen Schlacht* (The Battle of the Huns) is the only other of these compositions yet known, the engravings of which are frequently seen in England. *The Dispersion of Mankind at Babel*, *The Glory of the Grecian Era*, *The Crusades*, and *The Reformation*, form other subjects for this series of compositions. It is not the place here to review the plan or the selection of subjects, according to their philosophical propriety. The artist could probably satisfy one as to his purport. His carrying them out will be (we will dare to say it) his justification.



SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S ROBBERS.

By the German Painter, William Von Kaulbach.

Contemporaneously with these vast efforts of mind and physical labour,* other works have appeared from the same fertile source, alone sufficient for their author's immortality. Of his illustrations of the German poets we have presented a specimen. It is taken from the subject of *The Robbers*, by Schiller. The scene is that fearful one where Amelia is reading the story of "Joseph and his Brethren" to the old man, who is now smitten with sorrow and remorse on the account of his absent son. The false and maligning brother is seen like another Cain hurrying forth (smitten by fear, but without repentance,) from the presence of his dying father. We do not know exactly the date of this composition, but from its style it must have been done several years ago.

In Kaulbach's illustrations, the conspicuous excellences always were and are that they are well-thought, well-composed, and well-drawn. Notwithstanding his fertile conceptions, and his conscious power both in idea and execution, the careful accuracy in the drawing and detail, and his conscientious rendering of the author's meaning and character, are beyond measure praiseworthy. Beauty of form and exquisite modelling are striking qualities in all his works, early or late. The attributes which Dr. Johnson requires of a poet are certainly Kaulbach's; for "he observes with equal care the crag of a rock and the pinnacle of a palace. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is grand is familiar to his imagination: he is conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little."

Kaulbach's works in fresco and encaustic in the palace at Munich, are, without doubt, the finest works of art there. The subjects are chiefly taken from the national poets. His portraits are of that kind which are elevated at once (as are those of Raffaelle, Titian, Vankyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c.,) into historical pictures. Though coveted beyond measure throughout Germany, they are rarely to be procured from him.

We should leave even this brief notice inexcusably imperfect, if we did not refer to his studies from the lunatic asylum (the Navrenhaus), a production which is of itself a most wonderful and fearful essay on man; and also to his illustrations to the *Reinike Fuchs* (Reynard the Fox), the first number of which may, we hear, be now procured in London. For subtlety and depth of meaning, caustic and many-edged sarcasm, this series is not surpassed by the works of any artist of any time—not even forgetting Hogarth. He seems to have revelled in "exposing hypocrisy, and laughing at duped ignorance, superstition, and presumption in all its forms, especially of priestcraft, kingcraft, and statescraft. He has with his pencil so severely commented on the social vices, follies, and weaknesses of humanity—not unmindful of the particular forms they assume at the present day—and all this in the true spirit of the old allegorical poem, through the different individuals of the beast family—that he who runs may read, and he who laughs may grow wiser."

We may add that there appeared in the *Art Union Journal* for November, 1845, a notice of Kaulbach written by Dr. Forster, of Munich, and a slight account of some of his works in the *Athenæum*, of Dec. 6, 1845.

L Φ.

* Kaulbach always completes a finished drawing of his compositions, from which he executes a cartoon in black and white *as large as* he contemplates the picture to be; and then, having made his studies of the colouring, he proceeds to paint his picture. Hence nothing crude, accidental, or imperfect is found even in his most extensive works. Our young artists may learn from this.

A POLISH POET'S IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA.

Translated from the "Dziady," or "Feast of the Dead," of Adam Mickiewicz.

BY THOMAS WADE.

(Completed from page 42.)

ST. PETERSBURG.

The Grecian and the Roman founder
Ever built the auspice under
Of Poetic Power Divine;
Near to waters crystalline,
Rilling from deep-murmur'd fountains
Sacred to the Naiads;
Or amid the solemn shades
Of groves religious; or on mountains,
Which as mighty ramparts rose
Against the onslaught of their foes:
Thus, from their foundations deep
Did Sparta, Rome, and Athens, leap!
In the Gothic age, men sought
The shelter of some feudal tower:
Mansion, cottage, cell, and bower,
Heedfully were interwrought
Nigh some fortress, battle proof;
Or follow'd gradual in the wake
Of some channell'd river's track,
And slowly into grandeur new
In the course of ages grew.
So, each city sprang aloof
In tutelage and high behoof
Of Warrior, or Divinity;
Or of commerced company,
Banded in their industry.

Whence the primary foundations
Of the Czar's great capital?
* * * *

Here, the earth yields no oblations
Of fruit or corn, and ever fall
Snows and mists that choke it all:
Here, the sky is fierce or frozen;
As changing and as terrible
As the Despot's moody will!
Not by any People chosen
This spreading swamp, for life unfit,
But the Czar was charm'd by it:
And built thereon no town for Man;
But, a private Capital—
A city metropolitan—
For himself, the all in all;
An overpowering evidence
Of his great Will's omnipotence!

Into this still-shifting soil,
And these plashy gulfs snow-sodden,
Hath he driven many a pile;
And the bodies undertrodden
Of tens-of-thousands of strong men;
And above them scatter'd then
Heaps of all-concealing sand:
And, with the doom of his command,
Another generation he
Devoteth to the slavery,
And soul-loathed apprenticeship,
Of the barrow, cart, and whip;
And to traverse lands and seas,
Far as the antipodes,
Woods and rocks to hew and bear—
For grace of his imperial lair!

Paris now his musings scan—
He builds in style Parisian:

Amsterdam now recollects—
And deep dykes forthwith projects,
And with banks the land protects:
Of Roman palaces he hears—
And palaces in splendor rears:
The capital Venetian,
(Which, by the waters to the waist
With incessant kiss embraced,
Like a siren seems to lave
Her sweet beauty in the wave)
Hath impress'd the tasteful Czar—
And suddenly to work he falls,
And cuts the land into canals,
Hangs the bridge 'twixt stream and air,
And makes ply the gondolier.
Venice, Paris, London-town,
Perfect hath he; save alone—
Slight exception, lightly made—
The grace, the polish, and the trade.

A known proverb, which reflects
The agreeing sense of architects,
Says, that from man's hand came Rome—
From that of God did Venice come:
Those who witness the array
Of St. Petersburg, may say—
With no pause of speech-bereavement—
'Tis the Devil's own achievement!

Broad and long, like rock-defiles,
The streets all to the river lead:
Superb the houses; bricks and tiles,
Stone and clay, and smoothest marble,
On every side are richly spread,
Roofs and walls alike array'd—
As a regiment newly clad:
The houses cover'd with a garble
Of writings and inscriptions strange,
Which, in their many-languaged range,
Both eye and ear alike disable—
As utterly as chanced at Babel.

* * * * *

Here, ladies' dresses, cheap and dear,
Are vended; and new music here;
Here, toys are sold to babe and lout;
And, just across the way—the knout.

Equipages without number,
Of all sorts, the streets encumber;
Flash above the sledges near,
And swift and noiseless disappear—
As fantastic shadows pass
O'er the camera's wizard glass.
On the English carriage sits
The bearded Jehu—coat and beard,
Mustachios, eyebrows, even his wits,
With the hoar-frost oversmear'd:
He cracks his whip; before him skirr
Horsed youngsters, clad in skin and fur—
True babes of Boreas! At their whistle,
The scampering crowd each other jostle;
A cloud of little sledges fly
Before the carriage, fearfully—.
As of white ducks you may mark
A flock, before a sailing barque.
There, pedestrian thousands run
From the cold they cannot shun:
No one stops to look or speak;
All eyes are closed, all faces bleak,
Hands rub on hands, on shoulders clatter,
And teeth in shivering jawbones chatter;
And every mouth gives out a column
Of vapour, straight, thick, long and solemn—
That one is tempted to be witty,
And swear the chimnies walk the city!

On the paths, two crowded ranks
Stretch themselves, like a procession;
Or like unto the frozen banks
Of a river's swift progression.
And whither, careless of the cold,
Do these people manifold,
Like a flock of sables, go?
'Tis the fashion, you must know,
At this hour to promenade:
It freezes, and the wind is keen;
But who of either is afraid?
The Czar, they know, is to be seen
Afoot, as is his custom old;
His Empress; and the Ladies all
Of the Court Imperial!

Marshals, dames, and dignitaries,
As Etiquette the order carries,
In two well-drill'd files advance;
First, second, fourth—as cards that glance
From a gamester's rapid hand;
Kings, queens, and knaves; the great, the small;
Both red and black—a motley band!
All these keep pacing to and fro
On either side the spacious street,
And o'er the little bridges beat,
Whose brilliant granites sparkling glow.
Before them tramps each Court-official:
One is wrapt in a warm fur;
But himself doth half expose,
His four crosses to disclose;
He chills to the heart without demur,
So long as to his honours special
All men's eyes administer:
Whilst his proud gaze seeks for those
Whom as equal-rank'd he knows,
Like a very reptile he
Drags on in his obesity!
Farther forth, young Guardsmen walk—
Finish'd models of the mode;
Straight and slim as pike or stalk,
And waisted small as any wasp.
Farther still, with shoulders bow'd,
Diplomatists crawl on, and gasp;
And, with furtive eye, discern
To whom to crouch, from whom to turn;
And all, sleek, supple, bent-on-heap,
Scorpion-like, self-shrinking, creep!

* * * *

The Court departs; and, one by one,
All the carriages are gone.

* * * *

A lingering few alone remain
Of all the crowd pedestrian;
Whom (the receding splendor eyeing,
And of coughs consumptive dying)
You hear exclaim: "O, glorious sight!
O, promenade of huge delight!
I've seen the Czar! Of the honour proud,
To the General's self have bow'd;
Caught his smile, which so engages!
And have spoken—to the pages!"

* * * *

THE STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

* * * * *

I.

The Czar already, in gigantic guise,
On the bronze back of his proud courser sate;
And search'd around him, with impatient eyes,
Whereon to caracole his steed elate:

But his own empire fitting place denies,
  And unsufficing is to his great state;
And therefore is there sought beyond the sea
Support beseeming his dread majesty.

II.

A block of granite, at the sovereign word,
  From Finland cleaving the wide element,
And wafting o'er the plains with speed of bird,
  Lights at the royal feet, obedient:
All preparation due administer'd,
  The bronzen Czar, the Czar knoutipotent,
Clad in a Roman mantle, leaps thereon,
And prances on the precipice of stone!

* * * *

III.

He gives the rein to all his courser's speed,
  Reckless what lives are trampled under it:
Clear'd at one bound, the unrestrainèd steed
  Rears on the rocky height, and champs the bit;
And, the next moment, will the brink have freed,
  Down-dashing piecemeal in its fury-fit!—
There, for an age of human groans and gore,
Hath still the courser pranced, and ne'er fallen o'er.

IV.

Thus, the swift waters, leaping from on high,
  Hang frost-suspended o'er the deep abyss:
But, when the burning Sun of Liberty
  Asserts the Universal Ether his;
And warm winds, sweeping from the Western sky,
  Breathe on this Empire's stagnant energies;
Into what fathomless inane abysm
Descends this torrent of fierce Despotism?

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. V.

I have shown in my preceding article* how the Saint-Simonians, having hoisted the standard of Utility—of the greatest-possible-happiness principle—as the end of our earthly life, found themselves, when once placed face to face with the two interests, the *individual* and the *collective*, obliged to give a preponderance to one or the other; how it was the collective interest which they chose; and how, from one conclusion to another, being led to the despotism of authority and the negation of human liberty, they finally disappeared, disowned by Humanity, which lives by progress, and consequently by liberty. Almost at the same time (one might say almost in order that the demonstration of the impotency of the principle might be complete) Charles Fourier was carrying the same standard on the diametrically opposite route. With him, also, *happiness* was the end of human life—*pain*, a sign of error—*pleasure*, satisfaction, a sign of truth—*interest*, the great lever of re-organisation. But more capable of probing an idea to its last consequences, than of elevating it, by purifying it, to its highest power, to its original source—strong in detail, weak in all that regards the conception of the unity of humanity—destitute of science, disinherited of all poetry of heart, incapable of feeling all that is sacred in the collective progress of the human race—he finished by seeing only the *individual* in this world, by adoring liberty alone, by laying down to himself, as the only problem of life, the means of giving to the individual full and entire satisfaction. It matters little that he has continually spoken of unity, and that he has inscribed as a motto at the head of all his works that law of *attraction* which was reduced to a formula by Newton, and the possibility of the application of which to the phenomena of the social world had been revealed to him by St. Simon.* His unity will be found, by every one who examines his doctrine to its foundation, to be nothing but the application of his theory of the *individual* to *all* men. His *attraction* is not, as it is for us, a sign that God has placed in our hearts to teach us that *only* by the harmonised labour of the whole great human family towards an end superior to its actual life can we comprehend and apply our law: it is for him but a means and a necessity of present *pleasure*. The idea of a social mission, of the *duty* of moral progression, and consequently of an authority, is entirely foreign to Fourier. He has nothing which represents it in the edifice constructed by him with such minute and laborious care. He has no reality of government: his omniarchs, his kings, his emperors, his goddesses,† are mere phantoms—a simple satisfaction given to the passion of ambition. He knows no religion. "Philosophers have always sought social good in administrative and religious innovations:" he applies himself, on the contrary, to seek it only "in operations having no connection whatever with these matters, by industrial modes." He has no ideal of virtue to pursue: he tells you that "for politicians and moralists (disciples of the *uncertain* sciences, as he calls them, the *nonsense talkers* of Bentham) the last hour has sounded."

What remains, then, for the basis of his society? What is left to this man, who, in the intoxication of what he calls his discovery, deprives himself, in the delight of his heart, of all that has been hitherto the subject of the labours of humanity? There remains for him *happiness*, the happiness of the individual; and do you know what he understands by happiness? "Happiness consists in having many desires and many means of gratifying them." Later on he will tell you that "it consists above all in the possession of riches." "After all, are not riches the means which guarantee to the individual the liberty of satisfying his desires?" And from step to step, from consequence to consequence, Fourier, fascinated, blinded, by his thirst for happiness, the only end which he recognises in our earthly career—and by the worship of his idol liberty, the only instrument that he knows by which man may attain it—arrives at *discoveries*, at rules of social management, which his disciples, less bold, endeavour to make us forget; which I have not read without a blush upon my brow, and which I could not transcribe here without pollution.

There is in the first part of Goethe's *Faust* a scene which almost all critics have declared unintelligible; it is that which represents the witches' kitchen. There you see male and female apes, and impure and nameless creatures, rolling a ball, warming themselves by the fire on the hearth, breaking a crown, and singing the burden of a revel-chorus. The pivot on which the scene turns is a cauldron. They watch it, and they skim it;

* See Vol. II., page 361, of the *People's Journal*.

* *Lettres de Geneve*, 1802. *La Theorie des quatre mouvements* did not appear till 1808. The numerous plagiarisms of Fourier have been at last placed beyond all doubt by a beautiful work of Pierre Leroux.

† Let those who would verify our statement, read his *Theorie des quatre mouvements:* all that we insert between inverted commas is drawn from there.

they say that they are making *beggars' broth.* And in the centre of all this, Mephistophiles, the genius of evil, pourtrayed to perfection by Retzch's design, is seated at his ease, throned like a king in the midst of his court. Here is the *happiness* of Fourier. It is the triumph of matter; the earth a prey to the selfish appetites; life reduced to the mean proportions of animal instincts and propensities. I never re-peruse this scene without recalling to mind the moral theory of Helvetius, and the chapters (*premières periodes, ou les sectes confuses, desorganisation des sectes, tribu à neuf groupes, &c.*) of Fourier, which are its practical development. He, also, he might tell us, is preparing *beggars' broth.* Every man eats, with him, nine times a day, I think; *every man is to consume a mass of eatables equal to the twelfth of his weight;* he is to work a few hours at some short, varied, and agreeable employment, his own choice: the remainder of his time he will float from pleasure to pleasure. He may, if such be his taste, pass from one woman to another in the *papillonne;* if he is born a conspirator, he will intrigue in the *composite;* his *only* law will be that Otaheitan fancy which will, uncontrolled, possess and traverse his brain overwrought by sensualism. Does he wish for luxury? The phalansterian world, with a population of three thousand millions, will furnish him with as much as the rich possess today. Does he desire a yet greater degree of luxury? The three thousand millions have only to be reduced to two. This is what Fourier terms *le petit complet* (the reduced totality) of the world; and, let but the majority sanction it, and he will furnish him with the means. He will reduce by artificial means two-thirds of women to sterility. This is Malthus crowned with roses, and pressing the juice of the grape!

You say, all that is horrible:—true; but it is at the same time perfectly logical and consequential.

See here then, Fourier, who takes upon himself—urged, I will nevertheless say, by the love he bears to his fellow-men—to resolve the problem of life. He feels truly that man cannot be born to suffer eternally, and that his law once accomplished, happiness must be his destiny; but, destitute of the religious sentiment, and not believing in the progression of our being, except here below, Fourier has only this earth in which to accomplish human destiny, and attain to happiness. Placed between the *collective* and the *individual* interests, shall he choose the first for the basis of his labours? Others have already done so. By their experience and his own genius, he comprehends at once that he must, by taking their basis, arrive, sooner or later, at the absolute triumph of authority, at the violation of human liberty. This liberty is sacred to him; he will preserve it at any price; he adopts, then, for his starting point the interest of the *individual.* Nevertheless, he needs for his guidance a clue which shall attach him at some point to man's nature, a philosophical principle, a positive test or criterion of truth. Where shall he find it? There are three things, three lives, if I may so express myself, in man. There is that by which he unites himself with humanity, and holds communion with it—his participation in *collective* life, his place, his value, in the history of our race; there is that by which he holds communion with himself, sometimes, may I say, with God—his self, his individuality, his conscience; there is lastly that by which he holds communion with the physical world—his body, his instincts, his wants, his appetites and desires. It is evident that in adopting for his criterion the first of these three manifestations of human life, he must at once find himself driven to that universal will, that authority which he repudiates. Shall he then take conscience as his clue? But what is the conscience of the men who surround him, and whom he wishes to render happy, if it is not the production of that education which they have derived from the previous labours of humanity, of the medium in which they have been living? What is their self (individuality), if it is not the result of the influences belonging to the corrupt epoch which Fourier condemns to die? It must be necessary for him, in order to discover the inspirations of individual conscience pure from every influence, to go back beyond the period of history, to the commencement of our species, to approach precisely that time when the individual hardly developed at all in his moral nature, only reveals his self (individuality), by his sensations. And what will this process leave him but the third human manifestation—the body, sensation, the capacity of pain and pleasure? There he stops. He is obliged to do so. He mutilates man by taking from him head and heart, and then sets himself to study and anatomise what remains. He finds under his scalpel, wants, instincts, appetites: are they not, then, the key to the intention of the creating power? He throws a disdainful glance over the world's history; everywhere, in all times, he finds the animal propensities at work; and everywhere, in all times, legislators, moralists, and religions assuming to enchain, repress, and mortify them. "Behold," says he to himself, "the capital error. They annihilate a work of God, and they deny an eternal element of humanity!" His own indignation is a ray of light for him; his world is discovered! "*I have destroyed,*" cries he, "*twenty ages of political imbecility;*" and he takes the appetites of man for a guiding principle in his researches. He does not ask himself if these *propensities* are anything but instruments which do not act by themselves, but which depend upon a superior power, and which produce good when directed by self-devotion, and evil when directed by selfishness. He does not see *man,* the mind, above, claiming his exclusive attention. He takes the means for the end and the starting point at the same time, and he says to himself: "*Man is an animal* with certain *propensities,* or rather *those propensities constitute the man: they are sacred; our mission consists in giving them full and entire satisfaction.*" There you have, in effect, the whole theory of Fourier; "It confines, itself," he says, "to utilising the desires, *such as Nature gives them,* and without seeking to change them in any respect." That said—all is said. The Otaheitanism of Fourier is but an affair of detail easily to be foreseen. Everything is allowed, everything is legitimate, in this world abounding in impurity, without education, without moralisation, without a common faith, without martyrs, without an altar, and without a God.

Yes, I repeat, Fourier is a powerful logician. I have very often, shuddering the while, been grateful to his unpitying logic; never drawing back, clearing all, accepting all, diving into the most impure hiding-places to possess himself of a consequence from the original principle. It has taught me whither this theory of *happiness,* which re-appears in history every time that strong faiths disappear—every time that the link between heaven and earth is broken—can lead its disciples. And if, to repulse this doctrine, I could not summon to my aid the whole history of the human race, the theoretical and practical teaching of all its saints, and the immense aspirations of the soul

far—far superior to all powers of realisation on earth, the world which Fourier's logic has drawn from the principle, would suffice for its refutation.

Ah, well! the world also is led by logic. And if you—pure and devoted souls—are tempted, by the fervour of an inconsiderate love, to cast before the generations of to-day, weak, enervated, and hesitating, like all those which come between the tomb of one social system and the cradle of another, this theory of earthly *happiness* as the end of existence—they will go, I warn you, sooner or later, where Fourier has gone; they will commit suicide upon all the noblest elements of their nature, and degrade themselves at their ease in the worship of material interests, for which alone the theory can furnish any view of organisation; they will go, like Faust, to search for the elixir of life in the witches' kitchen.

We also would make *beggars' broth;* we desire that man may be enabled to develop himself in the plenitude of all his faculties, moral, intellectual, and *physical;* but we know that it can only be by placing before him, for his object, as Carlyle says, not the *highest happiness*, but the *highest nobleness possible*, by elevating in him the idea of the dignity and of the mission of humanity, by rekindling in him, by faith and the example of devotion, the expiring flame of self-sacrifice—by teaching him to appreciate and love more and more the common life of all his brothers in God—that we can approach more nearly to that condition. Separate this, or but make it subordinate in your plan, and you will do nothing. You may preach the well-being of *all*, but you will succeed only in creating egotists, who, as soon as they shall by chance, or by a greater aptitude in the chace, have snatched their quantum of happiness, will encage themselves as in a fortress, ready to fire upon all those who would traverse the same path by which they arrived. You may make the conquest of commercial liberty — of the liberty of competition; but you will not prevent the crushing of the weak by the strong, of the labourer by the capitalist. You may found *phalansteries;* they may endure, while they exist merely as model systems, and among you, whose inspirations unceasingly protest without your knowledge against the theory: but they will fall the moment you seek to multiply them. You may glut your man with the good things of the earth—you may open to him every possible way of finding a recompense for his labour in the love of women; he will desire the good things due to his neighbour's share, and the woman who has vowed her love to another. You have spoken to him of the legitimacy of his instincts; and thither his instincts, excited by some inappreciable influence which your organisation has been unable to foresee and prevent, compel him. You have told him to *enjoy:* you cannot now say to him, thou shalt enjoy in such and such a manner; he chooses to enjoy after *his own* fashion —to satisfy his appetite which is, in fact, his whole being. This for the many: the few chosen souls baptised into an exceptional power of love, and of sorrow, will curse your *happiness*, which here below is but a bitter irony to every nature that aspires; they will go far from you into the solitude of concealment to give forth the long cry of suffering which was uttered by Byron at the beginning of our calculating and sceptical century, and which so few men have as yet understood.

There are two things in Fourierism, and I hasten to mention before I conclude, that I may not deserve being taxed with injustice. There is a theory of life and a practice which results from it; it is of this which I had here to speak; for I wished to show how the doctrine of *interest*, which, starting from the *collective* point of view, results in the despotism of authority, ends, when it adopts the *individual* point of view, in the anarchy of animal propensities. There is also an organisation of agricultural, industrial, and household labours founded upon association, which deserves to be profoundly studied, and which, there is no doubt, will furnish to futurity many important views, and many more practical details than any other school now known. Its examination does not belong to this series of reflections. And, moreover, the time in which it will be needful to appreciate the numerous contingent material ameliorations which the disciples of Fourier promise to a future society, does not appear to me to have arrived. I repeat the *moral* man must first be remade. And if I have a complaint to address now to those good and devoted men who are labouring to extend the thoughts of their master, it is only on the sad illusion which induces them to believe that when they have succeeded—if they ever should succeed*—in organising a phalanstery, they will have organised humanity entire. "No, brothers," I feel tempted to say to them, "do not exaggerate; it is not humanity—it is only the kitchen of humanity, which, perhaps, you will have succeeded in organising. And I know of no great architect who commences a *chef-d'œuvre* by the kitchen."

If I had here to discuss the phalansterian scheme upon its practical ground, I should not, I believe, find any difficulty in proving, that, unless the earth could be supposed to find itself, at any given time, at once completely organised in a series of phalansteries, it could never be so in any part of it. I fear, rather, that with actual organisations and tendencies, the first country that should peacefully constitute itself into phalansteries, would meet with foul play on the part of the usurpers of Cracow or other hands. But, as I have said, that is not my ground. Man stands higher than the earth which bears him. He lives on its surface, and not at its centre. He places his feet upon it, and his brow is raised to heaven, as if he would project himself thither. There on high, bright shining in heaven serenely happy, or hidden by the dark clouds of misfortune, is his polar star. He aspires from the depths of his soul towards a future which he can never reach in his present form, but which is the object of his life-activity, the secret of his being, the guarantee of his progression; and each great epoch of humanity renders this aspiration more intense, and adds a new light to the conception which he forms of this future. From each added light springs a new social renovation,—a new earth in the likeness of that new heaven. I do not know, historically speaking, a single great conquest of the human spirit; or a single important step towards the perfectioning of human society, which has not had its root in a strong religious belief: and I say that every doctrine which regards not this aspiration, which does not contain within itself a solution, such as the time may afford, of this supreme necessity of a faith, of this eternal problem of the origin and destiny of humanity, is and ever must be powerless to realise the conception of a new world. It may succeed in organising magnificent forms; but the spark of life, which Prometheus snatched from heaven for his statue, will ever be wanting in them.

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* Two attempts, the one at Condre-upon-the-Vosges, and the other at Citeaux, have already failed.

THE WOE OF ERIN.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Throned upon the gloomy summit
Of a bogland's turfy pile,
Erin sat; while Wicklow's mountains
Gave no sunny summer smile.

Sad she sat; she swayed no sceptre;
On her head no crown she wore;
Near her lay a broken sapling,
And three withered leaves she bore.

Wild her locks flowed o'er her shoulders,
Streaming o'er her white breasts bare,
Dry and foodless for her children—
Milk was not, but tears were there.

Flowed her tears, like waves of Shannon
When the winter winds are bleak:
Coursed her tears, as waves of Shannon
Chase each other, 'down her cheek.

Yet, though all was dark and dreary,
Was her harp beside her slung,
Though alas! one harp-string only
Could to music's tones be rung.

Other wires they all were broken,
Dimmed with tears and red with rust;
But the lorn, lone string gleamed brightly,
Like the soul above the dust.

Fell one large tear of the number
On the one unbroken wire;
And there wept a note of music,
Like a wailing cry in ire.

Then she kissed her only harp-string,
And its lone, lorn wire she rung
With her wan and trembling fingers,
And she sadly sighing sung:—

"Woe is Erin! woe is Erin!
Sorrow, sorrow is her name!
Crownless, sceptreless, and broken,
Is her harp's once glorious fame!

"Woe is Erin! woe is Erin!
Barren mother of her young!
Milkless! foodless! for her children—
Dry her breasts, and parched her tongue.

"Woe is Erin! woe is Erin!
Parched her tongue and bosom dry,
Her own babes she cannot suckle,
And her children milkless die.

"Woe is Erin! woe is Erin!
Is God deaf that God is dumb?
Is no one sent to succour her?
Then Death, O Saviour! come."

Thus she sung, until with sobbing,
Only this plaint faintly came:—
"Woe is Erin! woe is Erin!
Sorrow, sorrow is her name!"

But there rushed across the water,
The full echo of a voice;
And 'twas thus Britannia shouted
To the sister of her choice:—

"I will give thy babes my breasts, Erin!
For I feel a mother's sigh—
I will give thy babes my milk, Erin!
And thy children shall not die!"

THE MAN OF IMPULSE.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

At the close of a warm day, a solitary horseman paced along the banks of a winding stream in a beautiful valley in Westmoreland. His eye ranged upon the landscape touched with varying tints and lengthening shadows, and on the skies flooded with light. He was not an artist, but he read nature with an artist's eye, and had a passionate love of beauty in all its forms. With the reins hanging idly on the neck of the animal he bestrode, he loitered along, and gave himself up to the deep indulgence of the moment. Suddenly he reached a point of view that made him pause: it presented an old picturesque mill, with an adjacent cottage, climbed by a clematis, which overhung the porch and perfumed the air. Still and clear, like an imbedded mirror, lay the waters of the mill-dam, which, as the light declined, gave back in clear reflection the objects about its banks. Slowly the shadows deepened—now this, now that point of the picture melted into the growing gloom, till the landscape became a mass of shadows, reposing heavily between the glow of the wide heavens and the gleam of the quiet waters: sounds died away; and when the rider again put his horse in motion, its footfall alone broke the surrounding stillness.

It was ten days after, that the enjoyer of the scene just described, returned to the inn where he had left two fellow-tourists, artists, who, accustomed to his eccentricities, had left a letter for him, indicating where he would find them sketching, and pursued their way. He made some inquiry as to the time of their departure; but immediately added, "'Tis little matter, since I must be back to London without loss of time. But do you know," he continued, looking at his landlady with a smile, "I have fallen short of money, and in these cross-roads I cannot communicate with friends so as to obtain a supply."

The difficulties of a man of address like Charles Elton were but transient: the innkeeper lent him five pounds; so his path was clear to the metropolis, whither he proceeded the next morning. A few weeks after, his travelling companions, Wentworth and Ragleigh, were also in town, sedulously pursuing the track in which their allotment lay, each, according to his peculiar character, armed *cap-à-pée* for the warfare of life. To the former it furnished scope for the display of great energy and ability: he had no claims upon society but what these gave him, and held a high status by means of moral conduct and mental power. Elton, a man of fortune, was drawn to him by a capacity for admiring all that was appreciable. Wentworth's strong sense, clear views, and artistic genius, had with Elton weight and value. Yet he never sought more than mere pleasure; the prin-

ciple which craves improvement, which prompts aspiration, was never present: he regarded the future as a land he might never explore; and if he should, fancied he held that which would furnish sails were the wind in his favour, or oars were it against him.

Few are insensible to the charm of that association in which an appreciating intelligence yields its quota at the social banquet, without putting forth any of the claims that awaken rivalry or tax exertion. It is a sort of mental down on which the intellectual toiler loves to rest; ever too mercurial for the apathy of perfect quiet—the utter lull of every faculty, he loves the gentle agitation which ripples the tide of thought, but never ruffles it. It was the peculiar privilege of the elegant and versatile mind of Elton to yield this, and was one of the causes which drew round him many superior men. Wentworth felt the charm of his society; and in an hour of vacuity, he one day directed his steps to Elton's suburban villa—a little bijou of a dwelling, filled to overflow with objects of art and rarity.

Elton was absent. Wentworth asked permission to write a letter, and was admitted to the library. There was a peculiar air of grace about this room; the French bow window opened upon a garden—a scene of great but simple beauty.

"This fellow," thought Wentworth, as he sealed his note, "has surpassing taste:" and sinking back in his chair, he reviewed the scene, when a female figure passed the window. If Wentworth had been at first disposed to study the place, such an addition did not diminish its interest. A certain rusticity about the young creature might have classed her with the servants of the house; but there was also a peculiar grace and exquisite beauty, and her dress, simple and common, gave her form no aid but that of creating no counter attraction. Wentworth departed; but, as an instrument which has been struck, will for some time vibrate with sound, his mind did not speedily resign the impression it had received.

When Elton returned home, Wentworth's note was not the only one which attracted his attention. For some time he had been engaged in a correspondence that had a singular charm for him, and was another evidence of the peculiar structure of his mind. On his return from Westmoreland he repaid his debt to the innkeeper, and accompanied the repayment with a letter of thanks. To this letter he received a reply, penned by the daughter of his hostess, in which so much propriety of thought and elegance of expression was displayed, that it took Elton by surprise and enchanted him. A letter writer is often like an echo—to be awakened needs only to be addressed. Elton plunged with delight into an attractive correspondence. The letters were expected with impatience, read with pleasure, and replied to with still more. This was one of the employments peculiarly adapted to the desultory taste of Elton, and had that novelty which was necessary to give zest to the pursuits of one, who, in the search after mere enjoyment, had so often run on the shoals of satiety and into the shallows of exhaustion. The observations of his correspondent—now piquant, now profound, now playful, often philosophic, sometimes fanciful, and never otherwise than femininely delicate—stimulated his imagination, and animated him with a passionate desire for a personal acquaintance, when the incidental mention of a journey which she meditated into Wales determined his route.

The winter had gone by; Elton's friends had seen nothing of him; and with the next summer Wentworth proceeded on his customary tour alone. He took the path he had traversed the preceding autumn, and chance brought him to the locality of the mill, of which he had heard Elton speak; and like him he was charmed with the scene. He lingered long about it, and as the evening grew stormy, was glad to find a night's lodging at a neighbouring public-house. Here, with his usual disposition to sociality and the study of character, he invited his host to partake his supper; after which he was regaled with some of the chronicles of the place. One of these rivetted Wentworth's attention. With rustic energy and right good feeling the village Bardolph told a tale of sorrow and seduction, denouncing with honest indignation the treachery of a London gentleman, and lamenting with considerable emotion the ruin of a beautiful creature—the only child of his old friend the miller. This gentleman, he said, had haunted the place last autumn, got footing at the cottage, and when he went, Meney, the pretty maid of the mill, went too. Her poor father had, within a few days of Wentworth's arrival, recovered his child; but how was expressed in sorrowful silence. With foreboding suspicions, Wentworth inquired the injurer's name, and learned it was Elton. In a visit the next day to the miller's cottage he saw the victim, and recognised the beautiful rustic he had seen at the villa. He could minister neither solace nor assistance; and, with the reflections and feelings natural to a man of conduct and principle, heightened by the associations springing from the domestic ties by which he was surrounded, he pursued his journey.

He had been some weeks at home, when one day his wife interrupted his professional toils by bringing to him cards, cake, and all the complimentary *et ceteras* consequent on a wedding: these had come with an invitation to dinner. The inviter was Elton, and under the circumstances, the question was mooted how far they ought to recognise the aberrator by renewing intimacy. Some curiosity—some unwillingness to throw a stumbling block in the path of one willing to retrace his way, at length decided them, and the invitation was accepted.

The appointed day came: they arrived at the villa, were ushered to the library, which they found vacant. Wentworth recalled the image of the beautiful being he had first beheld from the window of that room; and afterwards in sorrow and humiliation at her father's fireside. Mrs. Wentworth chafed a little at the unusual circumstance of non-reception; but satisfied herself that the polished husband had not yet fitted the rustic wife for the station to which he had raised her. At length the door opened, Mr. Elton appeared and introduced his wife—not Meney—a woman more opposite of aspect could scarcely have been imagined. It was the innkeeper's daughter—the writer of the clever letters. Good sense and self-possession she evinced; her apologies were well made and well received; other guests arrived, and the dinner and the day proceeded.

To Wentworth, however, a peculiar current of thought was present, and a peculiar scrutiny occupied him. Despite the efforts Elton made to call up wit, and circulate wine, the cloud of disappointment hung heavily upon him; and there was that in the manner of the newly-wedded pair that convinced him disagreement had supervened—that the bitterness of a recent quarrel hung about both. She was evidently a disciplinarian; always cold and often caustic, plain in person and peculiarly

so in attire, she rested on her intellectual resources and intense self-esteem. It was clear to the penetrating mind of Wentworth that Elton was a doomed man—and that his impulses checked with severity, he would fly off at a tangent, or sink into stagnation.

From this time forth Elton was little seen among former friends. His hospitality, once of the most sparkling character, ceased; and only as a man of business, as an admirer of art and promoter of its objects, might he be occasionally recognised at artistic *soirées*, professional meetings, or discharging the duties of some honorary secretaryships which he had for some years held. The buoyancy and brilliancy for which he had been remarkable was superseded by a quiet elegance of demeanour, a disposition to studious research, and more than ever to collecting rare works of art. His frequent and prodigal expenditure on this object threw open to him most depositaries; and thus forsaking the great societary stream, he took the quiet under-currents, and appeared to find enjoyment.

But, whether in action or repose, there was so much that was remarkable about Elton, that he did not fall out of the sphere of observation; and one day, as usual, he became the object of discourse with Wentworth and Ragleigh, the former dwelling upon the change which late years had effected in his character and mode of life.

"Less change," was the reply, "than appears. The fire burns though it does not blaze; his habits are still those of great expense and profuse indulgence. I met him the other night at the opera, he took me home, and lying on the table of the library, which I entered first and alone, I saw that Italian print after Marc Antonio, which we have so often lingered over at Ladbrook's. I thought that there were but two of that print in England—one in the British Museum, and the other belonging to our friend in the city."

"Just so," said Wentworth. "This is strange. Did you examine the print and remark upon it?"

"I was inspecting it when Elton entered the room. I fancied, as he took the print hurriedly from me, that he changed countenance, and he made no reply to the observation I made upon it."

"This gives me more uneasiness than surprise," said Wentworth. "Some rumours of a painful but intangible character touching Elton have ere now reached me, and when I recollect that I have been instrumental to his introduction to many houses, and to the post he holds in a society which will ill brook impeachment upon any of its members, I feel that I am distressingly placed. What is to be done?"

"I would set inquiry immediately on foot. It is due to Elton, if innocent, to yourself and others, if he be guilty."

Wentworth proposed proceeding to the villa and there calling upon Elton to work out the proofs of his integrity; but this movement was overruled, and the friends went away to the printseller's to establish the facts regarding the possession and loss of the print in question.

A patient investigation made it apparent that the print was no longer in Mr. Ladbrook's possession, and that it had been seen in the hands of Mr. Elton, on occasions when he had been at the house; other losses of rare prints and etchings were now discovered; but all else was put aside in favour of one pre-eminent in marketable value to the trader, and in merit as a work of art to the connoisseur. The matter once fairly under inquiry, circumstances sufficiently prejudicial to Elton were developed, to sanction the bold step of obtaining a search-warrant; and, armed with this legal power, Wentworth and Ragleigh proceeded to his house. Leaving the officer in the street, they were admitted to Elton: he was sitting alone over his wine, after a late dinner. He received them with his habitual urbanity, but the object of their mission made the moment so painful, that, declining his proffered hospitality, they hurried to disclose the purpose of their visit. He declared that they were welcome to make the inspection they requested, but that they must choose a more convenient time—any they might name should find him ready. They told him that would not satisfy the party for whom they acted; that the proceedings must be summary, adding that the strong suspicion entertained had induced them to bring an officer qualified to make a search; but that they desired to act independent of legal power. Further opposition Elton perceived to be useless: all his portfolios were collected and packed up; the seals of all present affixed, a coach called, and the deputation departed.

A meeting was convened at the house of Mr. Ladbrook; all the parties interested in the result assembled. Elton was there and stood alone. Groups of two and three formed before the proceedings commenced, and conversed in low tones, at sudden intervals, like people ill at ease, and many eyes covertly glanced with rapid but searching scrutiny upon the accused.

"I think," said Wentworth, who had been appointed to lead the proceedings, "that all summoned to this meeting are present." He then briefly explained its object, and called upon Mr. Ladbrook to make his statement. The party named stepped forward, detailed repeated losses, some of which were remarked (when latterly greater vigilance had been exercised,) to have occurred immediately after Mr. Elton's visits; but the principal object, he continued, was to recover a unique print of great value, of which he then handed in an accurate description, together with a copy of the notes appended to it, which designated its successive possessors. This paper was read to the meeting by the acting secretary; upon which the seals on the several packages of Elton's portfolios, which lay upon the table, were broken, the assembled gentlemen standing round; as the prints were taken out they were handed to Mr. Ladbrook, who looked at them and deposited them on the table, at length several were produced which he claimed, and then the identical print, for inquiry respecting which the meeting had been called.

There was a silence as if a spell had fallen upon all present; which, at length, Wentworth broke.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "with the power you have given me, as I convened, so I may close this meeting, which is painful beyond endurance. In the present event let us not forget the past; and while we cannot forbear to censure the lapse from honour which this night has revealed, neither let us refuse record to the unblemished years that have preceded it, and the obligations both in purse and person Mr. Elton has conferred on many in our walk of life individually, upon all as a body collectively. Have I your permission," and he looked at Mr. Ladbrook, "to say that Mr. Elton's carriage waits?"

"You have," was the immediate answer. "Mr. Elton is free. The object of the inquiry is gained—all proceedings upon it at an end."

"Gentlemen!" said the fallen man with a

faltering voice, and an expression and pallor that was appalling, "Gentlemen, I thank you," and he staggered from the room. He was soon in the crowded current of the common way; but amid the multitude he felt the curse of isolation—felt cut off from the community of men, and not a sanctuary to fly to! Cast upon himself, he was like a wretch clinging to a single plank amidst a desolating sea, and the darkness round him growing every moment thicker. The course of his life had built up no solid friendship where now he might find refuge: his views, floating over a wide surface, had been directed to no foundation; and he felt bitterly, and for the first time, the quicksands on which he had hitherto trod. The waste which a shallow selfishness had made his whole existence, spread in these brief moments before him like a blasted heath, traversed by the thunder-cloud, while here and there, in ghastly distinctness, stood out some spectral monument of his misdoing.

Perhaps nothing gives the finite being such a conception of space, of eternity, as the action of thought under circumstances like these. How much an instant embraces! What a field it sweeps! What multiplied images it comprehends! The progress of years condensed to an instantaneous review! The crimes of a life summed in the agonised moment of a smitten conscience! Elton resolved upon the coward-refuge of the criminal or insane. The slow process of expiation —the bitter penalty that might purchase redemption was not for him: better he deemed the plunge into the great abyss. This resolution recalled some portion of his scattered intellect: he felt that to effect his purpose method would be necessary; and now he thought of home, where he might put his hand upon a pistol or prussic acid. Home! that citadel of human virtue, what was it now to him? what had it ever been? Superficial in all his aims, he chased the bubbles of the hour: they had burst in his hand again and again; and yet he had learned no lesson. He knew neither the value of that which he gained, nor that which he lost; for he never exerted the power which would test their true properties; he had been still content with the transient.

It was midnight before he reached home. He passed rapidly to his own room (for separate apartments had long been the order of his establishment). He paused a moment in the midst of it. The lamp stood, as usual, on the centre of the table, and threw a bright but mild light about the apartment, replete with every luxury. What were they all to the withered heart beating its last throbs among them? With talents, with fascinations, that might have won friends, and fixed the deep enduring love which outlasts all but life, he stood a blighted wretch—the world a waste—existence a burden! His servant came for his commands.

"Leave me," he said sternly. "To bed, all of you. I want nothing. Let me not be again interrupted."

The man retired. Elton locked his door, went to an Indian cabinet, which he opened, took from it his pistol-case, and from that his pistols, looked at them, and laid them upon the table. For a brief time he paced up and down the room, then seating himself, began to pen some letters. The shades darkened on his countenance as he wrote, his brow was knit, and, as reflection and remorse maddened him, he rose. Although alone, he broke into utterance, and stretching forth his hand for the pistol, he exclaimed—"Now to end it all!" A hand colder than his own arrested his purpose. He started, and beheld his wife, pale as a spectre, standing by his side. What a moment! That iron woman was all feeling—that impulsive man was all impassiveness!

"Charles Elton!" she exclaimed, in a voice the touching tones of which recalled him to sensation, "what is it you meditate?"

She took the pistol from his hand, and flung herself upon his breast. Much that was great and good was in that breast, and the development of passionate feeling where he had so little looked to meet any, had an unutterable power—a power at the moment insupportable. The despairing man, the desolate, the undeserving, felt the pressure of confiding love, the clinging of intense attachment. The sudden revulsion of feeling was more than he could bear; he fainted, and fell, as if struck by sudden death, into her arms.

The grey morning found Elton and his wife still in conference, linked together by the bond of love and the recognition of circumstances and moral properties which calamity had suddenly revealed. Mrs. Elton's calm clear reason, her deep devotion, which, with her peculiar character, could not be lightly disclosed, had its natural influence on her husband: he acknowledged the power of her high feeling and fine intellect, and with his habitual impulsiveness was at her feet. When she had calmed him, planned his path, and showed the light *her* bosom held to cheer him through it, she aroused the servants, pleaded his indisposition (to remove surmise), ordered refreshment, which she induced him to partake, and then the exhausted man, a very child in her hands, fell into repose. A moment she sunk upon her knees beside him; then, rising with renewed energy, she wrote to Wentworth. To him she was indebted for the preservation of her husband. When the meeting at Ladbrook's broke up, Wentworth, as speedily as was in his power, had followed Elton, apprehensive of consequences in his then state of mind; he did not succeed in overtaking him, and proceeded to his house, where he revealed all the facts to Mrs. Elton, and consulted with her on the steps proper to take. These decided, he departed in pursuit of Elton, and she retired to consider how to meet him, and how to meet their future fate. Her knowledge of his character made her anticipate the course his mind would take. She trembled at the probability that she might behold him no more in life. Her hoarded love, a secret to all but herself, lifted her spirit now with hope, depressed it now with dread. She heard Elton come home—the overpowering confluence of emotions seemed to stop the pulsation of her heart—but her mind, ever decisive in its action, induced her to rush with prescient anxiety and conceal herself in his room, and thus she was at hand at the dreadful crisis.

Intelligence and necessity, acting together, worked as it were by magic. In a few days, the self-banished man and his devoted wife embarked for America. There was that about them which created a general interest on board. He, the wreck of a fine man, bowed by the weight of suffering, sat on the deck, or paced up and down, in a state of abstraction; she, silent, reserved, almost repulsive to all but him, moved or stayed by his side like his shadow, perhaps perceiving, as well others, that there was another shadow close upon him—that of death. Few guessed that these passive people were impersonations of properties mighty for the production of evil and of good—impulse and principle—that the first had devastated, the latter redeemed, the sinking wreck of manhood they beheld.

No anxiety can guard against accident, and Elton received a severe shock from one which occurred a few days after they had sailed. A sailor lad fell from the rigging on to the deck close by where Elton sat. The emergency of the moment roused him, and though very feeble, with his natural good feeling he raised the poor boy, carried him into his own cabin, and laid him on his bed. The ship's surgeon was in immediate attendance: he pronounced it a bad case; the spine was injured, and the danger imminent. Mrs. Elton did the Christian's part; she soothed and raised the young spirit. Elton, who had taken a fancy to the boy, would not, however, be superseded, but watched near him and tended him with solicitude. His kindly care was not long called for, death was very near.

"Tell me," said Elton to the dying lad: "Tell me if there is anything I can do for you. Have you any wish, my poor boy?"

"Only for poor mother, sir," said the sinking creature, meekly. "I don't know what she will do when I am gone. I was her chief support. If you would think of poor mother, sir——"

Tears filled the imploring eyes, and choked all further appeal. That night the boy died: the next morning he was sewed up in his hammock and committed to the deep. Such incidents are deeply affecting, and make a strong impression on the passengers and crew of a vessel. Elton, long after the brief and melancholy ceremony, leaned in meditation at the ship's side: then, turning to the captain, who was pacing to and fro upon the deck, begged to be allowed to examine some papers of which the deceased boy had spoken as being in his box, since among these papers, Elton said, he hoped to find a clue to the mother whom he had promised to befriend. A little bundle was soon brought, with which Elton retired to his cabin. Upon opening the packet a miscellaneous variety of papers appeared; many relating to ships in which the boy had served, a few were bills, and some were old ballads; these examined and successively put aside, a bundle, more carefully packed and tied with ribbon, engaged his attention, and when unrolled engrossed it. Letters in his own hand-writing appeared—were lifted one after another—they were his letters to poor Meney, the miller's daughter. The ocean-knell he had just heard, the ocean-swell he had just seen the white hammock cleave, had rolled over *her* child and his!

This legacy did all that dissipation, distraction, and degradation had left undone. America gave the unhappy Elton a grave—no more. The wreck he died, the desolation that he made, might have been traced to the circumstances of his early life; which surrounded him with persons who flattered his vanity, indulged his caprices, and gave no healthy action to his powers of reason and reflection. All that could externally adorn had been bestowed: he went into the world a most accomplished man; but the Corinthian capital had employed all the care, the foundation of the edifice had been utterly neglected. With a warm heart, a buoyant temperament, a brilliant mind, he fell early into the possession of wealth;—

> With none to check, and few to point in time
> The thousand paths that slope the way to crime:
> Then, when he most required commandment, then
> Had [Elton's] daring boyhood governed men.

Immediately after his death, his exemplary wife returned to England. She sought the unfortunate [illegible] recovered the shocks by which her nature had been tried. There is a medicating power in purity; its wounds are self-healed; thus the reproachless widow went back into the bosom of her family, and rested, for happiness for the remainder of her life, on religion, and on the active fulfilment of her social duties.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, AND MODE OF CONDUCTING THEM.

We have in a preceding volume* described the Industrial Schools of Aberdeen, and being of opinion that similar schools are needed, and will, ere long, be established, in most of the large cities in Great Britain and Ireland, we think it of vast importance to consider how such institutions should be conducted. What sort of food, education, and accommodation ought to be provided, and whether they should be maintained by voluntary enterprise or legal assessment. In making these inquiries, it is necessary to keep prominently in view the class for which these schools are chiefly intended. Although we consider them all less suitable for the children of the independent operative than for the children of poverty, yet it is for these last that they have hitherto been established, and it is in regard to them that our present inquiries are to be directed. The first and most obvious inquiry is, how these children are to be treated. We have seen it proposed to establish asylums for them after having been tainted with crime, where they are to be fed, educated, and taught a trade, at an annual expense of about 18*l*. or 20*l*. each—about two or three times the amount which the independent operative can pay for the rearing of his children; and this expenditure it was gravely proposed to provide for by voluntary subscription.

It is the folly and extravagance of such proposals which we think render it peculiarly necessary for the sober-minded to place the matter in its true light, and to exhibit to the public in a business-like way, both the duty and the means of performing it. These children of poverty must be fed. Every means lawful will be resorted to to avoid starvation; and we believe that, with broken meat, occasional halfpence, and small liftings, they contrive to obtain a pretty liberal subsistence. But it is got with many artful thefts and disreputable devices; and habits are learned in acquiring it, destructive of their own well-being and injurious to society. Society therefore should place their feeding on a regular and permanent basis, and provide for them cheap, wholesome, and nutritious food, instead of the miscellanous and precarious diet which they beg and steal for themselves. Let the cost of their food be what it may, there can be no doubt that they must and will be fed; and the only question seems to be, whether is it better and cheaper to feed them at the School of Industry than to allow them to feed themselves. It is well known that the latter plan is by no means a cheap one; for it has been ascertained that an intelligent begging child earns from sixpence to three and sixpence a day; but taking the lowest sum, his earnings by begging will amount to 9*l*. a year, while the Aberdeen schools have demonstrated that he can be fed and educated for about threepence a day, or 4*l*. 10*s*. a year. It is plain, therefore, that the School feeding is the cheapest; and

no one who has seen the begging child and the Industrial School child taking their dinner, but will admit that it is also the best. If this be the case, why are Industrial Schools not everywhere established? and we know no other reason than because of those lofty philanthropic schemes we have already alluded to. And it is for this very reason that Lord Ashley continues to establish Ragged School after Ragged School, repudiating the Industrial School merely on the ground of expense—an expense altogether imaginary; for it has been demonstrated that School feeding is much less expensive than beg and steal feeding. No doubt the expense may fall on different parties. Some may give a penny to a begging child who would contribnte nothing to the School of Industry; but the four thousand subscribers to the Aberdeen School of Industry prove that by far the most numerous class of the community would prefer the Industrial School system. It may be asked, what sort of food fit for a child can be had at the price of twopence a day? We answer, just such food as nine-tenths of the children of Scotland thrive upon. Good oatmeal-porridge and milk for breakfast and supper, and bread and barley-broth for dinner, the latter thickened with vegetables and a little piece of ox beef. The Englishman who doubts the fact may ask the first Scotsman he meets, and if he contradict our statement, we are willing to be deemed ignorant of the subjects on which we write. If such be the food of Scotland's peasantry, why should the pauper be more expensively nurtured? It has been objected to the Industrial Schools, that they tend to make parents improvident, by getting their children fed and educated at the public expense. Have the hospital, the workhouse, and the prison, not a similar tendency. Is it not a greater boon to a poor or worthless parent to get his child into one of these institutions, where he is sumptuously, at least expensively, fed, and lodged, and clothed, than into a School of Industry, where neither lodging nor clothing are provided. And what is the difference to the public who have these state institutions to maintain? The little naked, starved outcast, who begs his bread from door to door, has no sooner qualified himself for prison accommodation, than a staff of officials is assigned to him, whose aggregate salaries relative to his safe custody and moral training amount to about 8*l.* or 10*l.* a year, while his prison diet costs from 6*l.* to 8*l.*; so that his prison maintenance is not less expensive than the proposed reform asylums already mentioned, being nearly four times the expense of his Industrial School feeding—and nearly twice the amount of what we have supposed the cost of his own badly-earned maintenance. We are constrained to reiterate our objection to all those expensive methods of pauper support—to all those manifestations of liberal feeling which elevate the pauper in point of expense above the independent operative who contributes to his maintenance. Men should aim at being just before they attempt to be generous; and there is little justice in placing the mendicant child, whether to prevent delinquency or to correct it, in a position which the operative's child would be glad to be placed in; and surely to have 18*l.* or 20*l.* a year wisely expended on the latter, would be an object of ambition. The pauper's child should be trained not to be a pauper, but he should not be trained to outstrip the child of the independent operative on his first entering the labour market; because the child which has been reared and educated by his parents' industry, should have equal, if not superior, advantages to the child who has been been brought up at the public expense; and this is the very turning point of the whole matter. The average earnings of a day labourer may be stated at 11*s.* 6*d*, a week, or 30*l.* a year. From this he will have 4*l.* yearly of rent, and 26*l.* remains for food, clothing, &c., for himself, wife, and two young children. As the parents' clothes may be calculated at double the cost of those of the children, which may be rated at 1*l.* a year each, only 4*l.* 10*s.* remains for the food and education of each child; and we would ask upon what principle should the beggar or convicted thief be better treated than the children of the independent operative? We might pause long enough for a reply; but having described the sort of food suitable for the pauper child, we pass on to consider the nature of the education, and the sort of industrial training he ought to obtain. And on both these points we hold that a relation ought to be preserved between them and the condition of the child.

It will be found that the intellectual capacity of pauper children is below the average of the children of the working classes; but they are equal, if not superior, to them in the moral powers and social and domestic affections. We would not therefore expect to exhibit intellectual prodigies at the Industrial School; though we are far from thinking that such may not occasionally appear, for genius is confined to no class, and it has been known to blaze as brightly in the bosom of the peasant as it ever did in that of the peer. Byron and Burns demonstrate the fact. But we do not look for genius in the Industrial School, and we consider the modern systems of intellectual training as utterly unsuitable for such an establishment. We would therefore peremptorily exclude all grammars for teaching the niceties of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, to the child who was scarcely able to read—all geographical primers filled with long lists of names of places, without relation to their importance—in short, all those erudite means for laying a broad foundation to a lofty superstructure which was never meant to be raised. In their stead, we would introduce all those appliances which were likely to effect a speedy attainment of the three essential branches of Industrial School teaching—distinct and intelligent reading, clean and neat writing, and accurate and quick accounting. To these ends we would provide cheap story books, selections from the penny tracts of Chambers and Nelson, slates, and writing materials. But we would recommend frequent use of the black board, and constant exercise of oral instruction. As we recognise no standard of Christian religion and morality apart from the Bible, so we would draw all our instruction on these subjects from that source alone. But we would not have it diluted with comment, nor spiritualised by distilled extract. Children of tender years are as much interested with Scripture history as with fictitious narrative, and we never observed that interest increased by extension or diminution of the Bible story, and we are persuaded that the inspired writers knew as well how to adapt their compositions to the capacity of the child as to the matured intellect of the adult. Besides the Bible is the cheapest of books, and for school use we would select those which had a large clear type, and we would like to see it treated as the best gift to man. We would confine the daily reading of it to the teacher and highest class in the hearing of the whole school, but we would on no account allow it to be made a common lesson book in the hands of an indifferent reader; because we know nothing

more objectionable than to hear the Bible read by a blundering scholar under the frown of an irritable teacher. The portion read should form the subject of daily catechetical examination, and we would exclude all church catechisms; which, learned by rote, as they generally are, are more apt to fill the mind with dry sectarian theology, than to inspire the heart with Christian charity.

Restricting, as we may appear to have done, intellectual education, we would set no limit to moral training—to the cultivation of the social and domestic affections. But this subject presents a wider field than we can at present attempt to occupy, and we turn to the consideration of the last point of inquiry—the industrial training—on which many erroneous notions prevail. In one class of charitable institutions no industrial employment is practised; in another, several trades are attempted to be taught. In the former, the cultivation of the intellectual faculties seem to be the primary object, while the moral and physical natures are almost entirely neglected; and in consequence, the irrepressible desire for active exertion manifested in youth, not being directed to any useful object, is turned to mischief; and such institutions will in general be found to be so pregnant with discord, that they can only be relieved (like Heriot's hospital), by the occasional expulsion of a number of their inmates. In the latter, where shoemaking, tailoring, and printing are taught, some, but, as we think, unsuitable, occupation is provided; because the pauper child has no claim to these higher walks of industry, which of right belong to the children of the independent workmen,* and the expense of teaching them so far exceeds the proceeds of labour, that, in point of expense, it would be better that they remained altogether idle. In the Industrial School the habit of industry is principally sought to be given—the character of a school is never lost sight of; and the children are employed in those sorts of work which can be cheaply superintended, so that the profits of their labour form a large item of income. Besides, it is understood that the children leave school at the age of thirteen or fourteen for the ordinary labour market, which they enter with fair claims of competition, but without any undue advantage over the children of the independent operative. The accommodation of the Industrial School is of the plainest description, large rooms without ornament or decoration, except a few maps and prints of natural objects on the schoolroom walls, and the furnishings all of the most durable and least expensive sort that can be procured; everything being conducted on the principle or maxim of the greatest amount of good at the least possible cost. This maxim is the more necessary to be observed, because we think that the Free Pauper Industrial School can only be carried on by voluntary enterprise and private benevolence, which it will be found cannot be stimulated to great or continued effort, unless in support of a scheme which commends itself in vivid colours to the universal mind.

If the scheme we have attempted to pourtray be of this sort, we ask the co-operation of all for its extension and support. We have met with few who denied the righteous claim of the destitute child to food, clothing, and education, and we cannot imagine any readers of the *People's Journal* belonging to that class; for if so, why do they continue to give their money for the perusal of a work, whose proposed object is the elevation of the social condition of man through all the grades of society, and how can this elevation be better accomplished, than by giving to the lowest class the means of a regular healthful subsistence, and a moral, religious, and industrial education; rescuing them from that miserable state of dependance on the sympathy of the passenger for each succeeding meal, and from that of wretchedness, which renders them at one time the pity, and at another the scorn and the pest of society.

* I must dissent from this principle, with all respect to the writer, whose name I regret I am not at liberty to publish, that it may be honoured as it deserves.—Ed.

Our Library.

"SUMMER ON THE LAKES." "PAPERS ON LITERATURE AND ART."* By S. M. Fuller.

These volumes are the productions of a rare and original mind. We recommend them unhesitatingly to our readers, because they are full of spiritual life, and are calculated to invigorate thought and to give a right, that is, a healthy direction to those hidden floods of feeling within us, which either become stagnant in apathy, or rush on like a torrent in tumultuous passion. Miss Fuller, without having identified herself with a certain school of transatlantic transcendentalism, has very much in common with it; indeed, she has retained most of the good and rejected the bad. She is a sincere seeker after the highest truth (and, as Cromwell says, "that is being of the best trade next to a *finder*"), and she endeavours, as far as in her lies, to counteract the prevalent materialism of her country. In these points she seems to belong to the American school of transcendentalism; while she differs from the professors of that school with whom we are acquainted, in her habit of writing intelligibly to ordinary readers; and in a point of yet greater importance, that of taking the reader's attention *from* himself rather than *to* himself. She does not teach us that a man's first duty is to absorb his mind in self-investigation, self-analysis, self-torture, self-watching, self-seeking. On the contrary, we think that her writings teach that higher doctrine, the primary Christian doctrine of self-negation. Those who act upon this latter doctrine will arrive at a nobler result than those who are given up to the practice of the former. "Summer on the Lakes" is a charming little volume, full of variety, and nearly all good. There is a really interesting chapter on that hackneyed subject—Jonathan's "tarnation fine water privilege"—Niagara. Then, there is a good deal of pretty scene-painting, and many pleasant recollections of life among the prairie settlers, with here and there a moral or æsthetic observation of high tone. There are two sketches of individual history which are well worth reading. Miss Fuller's generous sympathy with the Red Man gives additional charm to all that she says of the progress of civilisation. She has evidently given much attention to the history and habits of the poor dispossessed natives. We regret that so much of the book is occupied with the detailed account of the case of a mesmeric patient, Frederica Hauffe: it is interesting in itself, but is misplaced here, and mars the general effect of the work, which, with this

* Wiley and Putnam.

exception, is admirably suited for holiday reading on a hill side, or under the greenwood tree, where fancy helps us so well to picture the beauty of natural sights and sounds quite unlike those that surround us.

All persons who love to look on the sea will acknowledge the truth of the following passage of dialogue.—

J. From water Venus was born; what more would you have? It is the mother of beauty, the girdle of earth, the marriage of nations.

S. Without any of that high-flown poetry, it is enough, I think, that it is the great artist, turning all objects that approach it to picture.

J. True. No object that touches it, whether it be the cart that ploughs the wave for sea-weed, or the boat or plank that rides upon it, but is brought at once from the demesne of coarse utilities into that of picture. All trades, all callings, become picturesque by the water's side, or on the water. The soil, the slovenliness is washed out of every calling by its touch. All river crafts, sea crafts, are picturesque, are poetical. Their very slang is poetry.

M. The reasons for that are complex.

J. The reason is that there can be no plodding, groping words and motions on *my* water as there are on your earth. There is no time, no chance for them, where all moves so rapidly, though so smoothly; everything connected with water must be, like itself, forcible but clear. That is why sea-slang is so poetical. There is a word for every thing and every act, and a thing and an act for every word. Seamen must speak quick and bold, but also with the utmost precision. They cannot reef and brace other than in a Homeric dialect.

The following expresses a little of her feeling with regard to the Indians:—

Whether the Indians could, by any efforts of love and intelligence from the white man, have been civilised and made a valuable ingredient in the new state, I will not say; but this we are sure of, the French Catholics at least did not harm them. The French they loved. But the stern Presbyterian, with his dogmas and his task work, the city circle and the college, with their niggard concessions and unfeeling stare, have never tried the experiment. It has not been tried. Our people and our government have sinned alike against the first born of the soil, and if they are the fated agents of a new era, they have done nothing, have invoked no God to keep them sinless while they do the hest of fate.

"The Papers on Literature and Art" are selections from the authoress's contributions to periodicals. Many of them are excellent in spirit and in form; but the best, to our taste, is the one on "The Lives of the great Composers." Miss Fuller writes of music and of musicians like one who knows something of the glories and beauties of that *perhaps highest* Art. She too is inclined to believe with some wise men of olden time, that "all truth is comprised in Music and Mathematics." Of Music she says,

The thought of the law that supersedes all thoughts, which pierces us the moment we have gone far in any department of knowledge or creative genius, seizes and lifts us up from the ground in music. "Were but this known all would be accomplished," is sung to us ever in the triumph of harmony.

In a paper on "The Modern Drama" we meet with the following—"Oh! give us something than Greece more Grecian; so new, so universal, so individual."

The following remarks upon "Criticism" are in Miss Fuller's best style:—

"Critics are poets cut down," says some one by way of jeer; but in truth they are men with the poetical temperament to apprehend, with the philosophical tendency to investigate. The maker is divine. The critic sees this divine work, but brings it down to humanity by the analytic process. The critic is the historian who records the order of creation. In vain for the maker; who knows without learning it, but not in vain for the mind of his race. * * * * The richer the work the more severe should be its critic; the larger its scope the more comprehensive must be his power of scrutiny. The critic is not a base caviller, but the younger brother of genius. Next to invention is the power of interpreting invention; next to beauty, the power of appreciating beauty. * * *

The critic then should be not merely a poet, not merely a philosopher, not merely an historian, but tempered of all three. If he criticise the poem, he must want nothing of what constitutes the poet, except the power of creating forms and speaking in music. He must have as good an eye and as fine a sense; but if he had as fine an organ for expression also, he would make the poem instead of judging it.

Of Sir James Macintosh our authoress says—

Sir James was an excellent man, a man of many thoughts and varied knowledge: of liberal views; almost a great man: but he did not become a great man when he might by more earnestness of purpose: he knew this and could not be happy. This want of earnestness of purpose, which prevented the goodly tree from bearing goodly fruit in due season, may be attributed in a great measure to these two causes—want of systematic training and its results; and being a good conversationalist.

In her criticism of Browning's poetry she has the following:—

"Paracelsus" is one of those attempts—that illustrate the self-consciousness of the age—to represent the fever of the soul pining to embrace the secret of the universe in a single trance (glance?) Men who are once seized with this fever, carry thought upon the heart as a cross, instead of finding themselves daily warmed and enlightened to more life and joy by the sacred fire to which their lives daily bring fresh fuel. Sometimes their martyrdoms greatly avail as to positive achievements of knowledge for their own good and that of all men; but oftener they only enrich us by experience of the temporary limitations of the mind, and the inutility of seeking to transcend instead of working within them.

Browning's writings have till lately been clouded by obscurities; his riches having seemed to accumulate beyond his mastery of them. So beautiful are the picture gleams, so full of meaning the little thoughts that are always twisting like parasites over his main purpose, that we can hardly bear to wish them away even when we know their excess to be a defect.

In her notice of the sweet poems of William Thom, and those of Prince and others, whom she classes together as poets of the people, we have the following just observation:—

We are not at all concerned lest excellent expression should cease, because the power of speech to some extent becomes more general. The larger the wave and the more fish it sweeps along, the likelier that some fine ones should enrich the net. It has always been so * * * * The electricity which flashes with the thunderbolts of Jove must first pervade the whole atmosphere.

We must close our brief account of these books, and we regret that we cannot now say a word concerning "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," the work by which this authoress was, we believe, first generally known in England. We congratulate America upon her production of such a mind as that of Margaret Fuller.

"A WORD TO THE PUBLIC."* BY THE AUTHOR OF "LUCRETIA," "RIENZI," &c.

This is a small pamphlet called forth by the late attacks of a large portion of the press upon the moral tendency of several works by Bulwer; especially of his last production, *Lucretia.*

The Author has here answered in full the charges brought against him; and in a manner so dispassionate and candid, that unlike most literary "Defences," it is very pleasant reading. We hope those among our readers who have conceived

* Saunders and Otley.

a dislike to "Lucretia," will do its author the justice to hear what he has to say. Here is his answer to the charge that the delineation of crime furnishes the ordinary and favorite subject of his works,

If criminals or felons *were* made what is called the heroes (that is, the leading characters) in all or most of them,—such a charge would only prove the ignorance of those who advance it, whether of the most acknowledged privileges of fiction, or the scope of the moral which writers the most blameless have been left at liberty to develop and enforce. But the charge itself is so utterly untrue, that a single glance over the list of my publications will suffice to refute it. I annex that list as my reply:

Pelham.	The Conquest of Grenada.
The Disowned.	Ernest Maltravers, 1st Part.
Devereux.	Ernest Maltravers, 2nd Part; (first printed as Alice.)
Godolphin.	Night and Morning.
*Paul Clifford.	Zanoni.
The Pilgrims of the Rhine.	The Last of the Barons.
*Eugene Aram.	*Lucretia.
The Last Days of Pompeii.	
Rienzi.	

So that out of a list of sixteen works of fiction (besides five Plays, the Essays called *England and the English*, and *The Student*, a History of Athens, and a volume or two of poems*), the three to which I have prefixed an asterisk are the *only* books in which felons or criminals have been made the heroes. In works professing to treat of human life in all its complexities, this is surely but a small proportion assigned to the express delineation of human crimes. And this list alone, to those who have read the works, is a sufficient answer to the charge—that it has been *my habit* as an author to select criminals and felons as my heroes.

Is it not disgraceful to us that the author should have to remind his own countrymen of such facts?

A POET'S VALENTINE.

By Andrew Winter.

Why those lips so coral red?
But to be on kisses fed.
Why those fond beseeching eyes?
But to ask for such supplies.
Why those arms so dainty fair?
But to hold the kisser there.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. VIII.

CARE OF THE POWERS.

While the bodily powers of the infant are nourished and preserved by observing Nature, as pointed out in the last paper, the powers of the mind are growing from day to day. When an infant has once been pleased with the glitter of the sun upon the brass warming-pan, or with the sound of a rattle, it will kick and shake its little arms, and look eager, the next time it sees the rattle and the warming-pan. And having once remembered, it will remember more every day. Every day it will give signs of Hope and Desire. Will shows itself very early. Fear has to be guarded against, and Love to be cherished, from the first days that mind appears. It is the highest possible privilege to the child if the parents know how to exercise its power of Conscience soon enough, so as to make it sweet and natural to the young creature to do right from its earliest days. Let us see how these things may be.

How strong is the Will of even a very young infant! How the little creature, if let alone, will labour and strive after anything it has set its mind upon! How it cries and struggles to get the moon; and tumbles about the floor, as soon as it can sprawl, to accomplish any wish! And, if ill-trained, how pertinaciously it will refuse to do anything it ought! How completely may the wills of a whole party of grown people be set at nought by the self-will of a baby whose powers are allowed to run riot! It is exceedingly easy to mismanage such cases, as we all see every day: but it is also very easy to render this early power of Will a great blessing.

The commonest mistake is to indulge the child's self-will, as the easiest course at the moment. Immediate peace and quiet are sought by giving the child whatever it clamours for, and letting it do whatever it likes in its own way. We need not waste words on this tremendous mistake. Everybody knows what a spoiled child is; and nobody pretends to stand up for the method of its education. I think quite as ill of the opposite mistake —of the method which goes by the name of breaking the child's will; a method adopted by some really conscientious parents because they think religion requires it. When I was in America, I knew a gentleman who thought it his first duty to break the wills of his children; and he set about it zealously and early. He was a clergyman, and the President of an University: the study of his life had been the nature and training of the human mind: and the following is the way he chose—misled by a false and cruel religion of Fear—to subdue and destroy the great faculty of Will. An infant of (I think) about eleven months old was to be weaned. A piece of bread was offered to the babe; and the babe turned away from it. Its father said that it was necessary to break down the rebellious will of every child for once; that if done early enough, once would suffice; and that it would be right and kind to take this early occasion in the instance of this child. The child was therefore to be compelled to eat the bread. A dressmaker in the house saw the process go on through the whole day; and became so dreadfully interested that she could not go away at night till the matter was finished. Of course, the bit of bread became more and more the subject of disgust, and then of terror to the infant, the more it was forced upon its attention. Hours of crying, shrieking and moaning were followed by its being shut up in a closet. It was brought out by candlelight—stretched helpless across the nurse's arms, its voice lost, its eyes sunk and staring, its muscles shrunk, its appearance that of a dying child. It was now near midnight. The bit of bread was thrust into the powerless hand; no resistance was offered by the unconscious sufferer; and the victory over the evil powers of the flesh and the devil was declared to be gained. The dressmaker went home, bursting with grief and indignation, and told the story: and when the president went abroad the next morning, he found the red brick walls of the university covered with chalk portraits of himself holding up a bit of

* Including a translation of Schiller, to which I could have had no reasonable inducement to devote the labour of more than two years, except that of rendering more familiar to my countrymen a collection of Poems universally considered to create, upon the whole, moral impressions peculiarly pure and elevating.

bread before his babe. The affair made so much noise that he was, after some time, compelled to publish a justification of himself. This justification amounted to what was well understood throughout; that he conscientiously believed it his duty to take an early opportunity to break the child's will, for its own sake. There remained for his readers the old wonder where he could find in the book of Glad Tidings so cruel a contradiction of that law of love which God has written on every parent's heart.

How much easier is the true and natural method for controlling the young Will! Nature points out that the true method is to control the Will, not by another person's Will, but by the other faculties of the child itself. When the child wills what is right and innocent, let the faculty work freely. When it wills what is wrong and hurtful, appeal to other faculties and let this one sleep; excite the child's attention; engage its memory, or its hope, or its affection. If the infant is bent on having something that it ought not, put the forbidden object out of sight, and amuse the child with something else. Avoid both indulgence and opposition, and a habit of docility will be formed by the time the child becomes capable of deliberate self-control. This natural method being followed, it is curious to see how early the power of self-control may be attained. I watched one case of a child endowed with a strong Will who, well trained, had great power of self-government before she could speak plain. She was tenderly reared, and indulged in her wishes whenever they were reasonable, and cheerfully amused and helped whenever her desires were disappointed. One day I had just begun to show her a bright new red pocket-book full of pictures when she was called to her dinner. She did not want her dinner, and begged to see the pocket-book; begged it once—twice—and was about to beg it a third time, when I ventured to put to the proof her power of self-denial. I put the case before her as it appeared to me, fairly saying that I could not show her the pocket-book till five in the afternoon. Showing her what I thought the right of the matter, I asked her whether she would now go to her dinner. She stood, with the pocket-book in her hand, for some seconds in deep thought; then looked up at me with a bright face, said graciously "I will;" put the gay plaything into my lap, and ran off to her dinner. The looking forward till five o'clock, and the pleasure of that hour fixed the effort in her mind, and made the next easier. It is clear that a child early subject to oppression and opposition in matters of the Will could not arrive thus betimes and naturally at self-government like this, but must have many perverse and painful feelings to struggle with, in addition to the necessary conflict with himself.

A parent who duly appreciates the great work that every human being has to do in attaining self-government, will assist the process from the very first, by the two great means in his power—by the aid of Habit, and of a government of love instead of fear. It is really due to the feebleness of a child to give it the aid and support of habit in what it has to do and avoid. By regularity in the acts of its little life, in its sleeping and feeding, and walking and times of play, a world of conflict and wilfulness is avoided, and the will is quietly trained, day by day, to submission to circumstances; life goes on with the least possible wear and tear; and a continually strengthening power is obtained over all the faculties. Among the children entering upon school life, and men and women upon any sphere of duty whatever, a great difference as to efficiency will be found between those who always have to bring their Will to bear expressly on the business of the time, unaided by habit, and those whose lives and powers have been, as one may say, economised by their having lived under that discipline of time and circumstance which is the gentle and natural education of the human Will. It is true, this mechanical kind of discipline can never be more than auxiliary. It can never stand in the place of the deep internal principle by which alone the mightiest movements of the human will are actuated. It can only husband a man's powers for his ordinary duties, and not of itself prepare him for the great crises of life. It can only aid him in his everyday course, and not strengthen him, when the agonising hour comes, to surrender love, and hope, and peace, at the call of duty, or to encounter outrage and death for truth's sake. But we are now considering the education of the infant man; man at that stage when our chief concern is with whatever is auxiliary to that great aim of perfection which lies far in the future.

Above all things is it important that the parental administration should be one of love and not of fear. There can be no healthful growth of the Will under the restraints of fear. The fact is, the Will is not trained at all in any frightened person.

The actions may be conformed to the Will of the tyrant; but the Will is running riot in secret all the time—unless, indeed, it be entirely crushed. But how vigorously it grows under a government of love! Look at the difference between a slave-owner, whose people are driven by the lash, and an employer whose people are ready to live and die for him: how languidly and shabbily is the work done in the first case, and how heartily and efficiently in the last! And it is with the young child as with the grown man. A child who lives in the fear of punishment has half its faculties absorbed by that fear, and becomes a feeble little creature, incapable of governing itself; while a mere babe who is cheered and led on in its good efforts by smiles of love and tones of tenderness becomes strong to govern its passions, and to brush away its tears; and patient to bear pain; and brave to overcome difficulty; becomes blessed, in short, with a healthful and virtuous Will. I know nothing more touching than the efforts of self-government of which little children are capable, when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the light and warmth of parental love. Mrs. Wesley might pride herself on so breaking the wills of her children by fear as that the youngest in arms learned immediately "to cry softly;" but there was every danger that the early cowed Will would sooner or later start up in desperate rebellion, and claim a freedom which it would be wholly unable to manage. How much safer, and how infinitely more beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying eye is upon him in tender sorrow! or that of the babe who abstains from play, and sits quietly on the floor because somebody is ill; or that of a little hero who will ask for physic if he feels himself ill, or for punishment if he knows himself wrong, out of confidence in the tender justice of the rule under which he lives! I have known a very young child slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown-up sister might find a warm one. I have known a boy in petticoats offer his precious new humming-top to a beggar child. I have known a

little girl submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment merely because it was right. Such Wills as these—so strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified—were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet incitements and holy supports.

GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

NO. V.—THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW.

The government of the United States, in legislating for their mercantile navy, have, among many other salutary regulations relating to their whaling fleet, one which prohibits vessels from remaining longer than six or eight months absent from port, intending thus to secure the health of their crews by an occasional supply of fresh meat and vegetables. When there is no power to enforce a law, the observance of which makes a breach in the pocket, it is no wonder that the captains of vessels employed in that business, having the law in their own hands, are apt to prefer the breach of it to the observance, and so, for want of such a check as a man-of-war cruising about the whale grounds would be, the discipline on board those vessels is very frequently not of the best description, and, as a matter of course, there is a great inattention or reckless disregard, on the part of the captain, to the comfort of his crew. The consequences that often result from such a state of things are worthy of illustration, and an instance of them is the subject of the present sketch.

For seventeen long months had the "Endeavour's" crew pursued their toil. During the first eleven months, the only land they visited was the rugged Isle of Desolation. There, whether you gaze upon the rocky coast and barren shore, or look forth upon the troubled waters, Nature presents her roughest aspect. There was no place for recreation or refreshment, no liberty for sailors in a change from their floating prison to a larger one—a desert prison of Nature's own creation. Nothing for them but hard, unceasing toil—toil that in the best of weathers and the best of times is dirty and fatiguing; but when accompanied by cold—bitter, biting cold—and water pouring from the sky and splashing from the sea over the decks, forming, with the oil and lumps of blubber, a gluey mixture, it is, indeed, beyond description; or, if not beyond description, to describe it would afford but little pleasure to the reader. However, hard as it was, they shipped to do it, and 'twas done. Thence, taking the seasons on the different grounds with various success, they followed their uncertain and hazardous occupation, till at length the vessel's head is turned to warmer regions, and another fortnight sees her anchored in Tombo Bay, one of the many harbours that the coast of Madagascar affords.

The spirit of discontent reigned on board, and not without some cause; hard work, hard words, and harder fare, had changed that sturdy set, once so quick and cheerful, ready to jump and run at every word that issued from the captain or his mates, into sullen grumblers, who looked on every fresh order, whether it was really necessary or no, as a mere pretext of the captain's to work them up. The willing spirit, that had in former days lightened all their toil, was gone—it had been tried too far—and their manly souls had rebelled against the thoughts that scowling man, calling himself their captain, had forced upon them, making them draw comparisons between their state and slavery, and feel themselves the losers by it.

The captain knew this—felt it. He knew he had spoiled as fine a set of men as he could wish to command—spoiled them (only for a time though) by taxing their strength and energies with more than they could bear, and though he knew a little careful kindness would make them what they were at first, his pride—or rather, I should say, the meanness of his pride—stepped in and stopped him. "If I now treat them kindly," he may have thought, as he leaned over the vessel's side, gazing into the sea, "they'll think they've scared me into it. No—I'll go through with it as I began; I must keep 'em down; and I guess the first thing to be done is to stop this growling. Mr. Taber," cried he aloud, addressing the mate, "send all the men aft here."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the mate, and walking forward he called the crew up from below.

We were all gathered round old Leigh, in the fok'stle, who was holding forth with all the eloquence he was master of. "What's the reason," said Harry, flourishing his arm—"What's the reason he's brought the ship into such a 'tarnal hole as this is, instead of going to some civilised place where we can have our day's liberty ashore? Why the reason is," continued he, "because he knows there's no consul here to look after us, and he knows a poor fellow's got no chance among the savages, if he was to make a run for it—that's the reason, and he thinks he's got us here where he can *haze* us round as he pleases, and ride the whole gang of us down like a main tack. But I'll be darned if I'm afeard of him, and if he says anything to me I'm bound to tell him so. There's no half laughs or purser's grins about old Leigh—he's right up and down, like a yard of pump-water. Stick together, my boys, and we're all right; but look out, my lads," cried he, as we made a move to obey the mate's summons, "he's a deep file this old man, he's a downright 'coon, and mind he don't suck some of you in."

We all walked aft, and the captain, with as pleasant a countenance as he could assume, addressed us as follows:—

"My lads," said he, "some of you are grumbling and dissatisfied with the ship, I hear. Now I don't want anyone with me that doesn't like hard work, so just say which of you want to leave, and when we get to the Mauritius (where I'm going soon), I'll give you your discharges."

"I do," and "I do," cried several of the crew, forgetting old Leigh's previous caution, and regardless of the warning which he whispered to five or six who were standing with him behind the rest.

"Step over the other side of the deck," said the captain, "you that want to quit."

Six or eight of the crew walked over; and the old man, looking at the rest with an ironical smile, asked if that was all.

"Yes," said Leigh, answering for them "that's all."

"Very good," said the captain, and turning to the mate with an air and voice of savage triumph; "Do you see those men, Mr. Taber—mind that not one of them puts his foot over the ship's side. I'll learn you to ask for your discharges,

you ——," cried he, with an oath. "Now go below."

We walked below without any comment on this act of malice, and rather astonished at so unexpected a termination to the pleasant speech of our captain, who appeared determined to stretch his power and our forbearance to the utmost. As soon as we were in the fok'stle, Leigh, who was chuckling over his own penetration at having seen through the old man's *ruse*, though not without some anger at it, declared it was just what he expected, and allowed that the captain was the *hardest case*, either out of or in New Bedford. Many plans for improving our condition were proposed, discussed, and abandoned by us in the fok'stle, that day. Some (the wisest) came to the conclusion that there was no help for it and we must bear it, at all events, for a time; others talked of running away with a boat; and some few—one or two only—the most vehement, swore they would sooner trust to the tender mercies of the savages ashore, than stay and feel the expected results of the captain's wrath at the audacity of some in wishing to leave the ship. In the midst of this talk, a boat's crew was called to pull the captain ashore. Of course, none were allowed to go who had made known their desire to leave the ship. Among those who went, was one of the fok'stle favourites, the ship's blacksmith, a merry, good-natured, careless fellow:—he was one of those who had said he would rather trust himself ashore among the natives than remain longer on board, and much to our astonishment he kept his word, for when the boat returned at night, it returned without him. He had watched an opportunity, and unobserved had escaped into the woods, with nothing in the world for defence or support but what he stood upright in. The captain made a fruitless search for him when he discovered his absence, and came on board looking as black as a thunder-cloud; however, he took no notice of anybody, but went below, and soon there was no one to be seen but the man on watch pacing up and down the deck. Everything seemed quiet, when around the little lamp that hung suspended in the fok'stle four of the crew were sitting talking to Leigh.

"Come, Harry," said one, after a pause, "you'd better join us. There's no risk," continued he, unfolding his plan, which was to take one of the ship's boats, and make for the Island of Bourbon, where they would be sure of obtaining employment at once, or else to get on board some vessel (of which there were plenty) running to the Isle of France—the price of the boat making it worth any captain's while to take them on board and let them work their passage.

"That's all very well," said old Leigh. "You can get away clear, I've no doubt. But in the first place, do you reckon I'm a going to give this old man the pleasure of thinking that he's worked me out of what's due to me for the seventeen months I've been slaving my soul out for him? No, no! I guess old Leigh ain't quite so green as that, just as the voyage is ended, too. I'd weather him out, if he was the devil himself, for another two or three months. Besides that, I want to see what's come to the blacksmith chap; he won't get no good ashore, and if he's pinned, I guess the old man's likely to whip him."

"Certain sure," replied the first speaker.

"That being the case," said Leigh, "I wish to stay, as I might have a few remarks to make on that occasion. However, my boys, please yourselves. Don't let me stop your going."

"Not at all," said Jack, one of the others. "I'm bound to go, whether or no, if I go alone. What little I've got coming to me, after the *slop bill*'s paid, he's welcome to."

"Same here," said another. "But if I'd thought the blacksmith was really going, I'd have told him to stop and come with us."

"So you might—poor fellow—I guess he'd have been better off with us than he is now. But it's a'most time we were ready for a start, if we're going."

"Go ahead," said Leigh, "I'm a fixture at present."

The four that were going opened their chests, and having selected the best of their clothes, made them up into as small bundles as possible; then, wishing their shipmates (at least such of them as were awake) good bye, they proceeeded quietly on deck, followed by Leigh.

The man on watch being one of the crew, of course took no notice of them, and having placed their bundles and a small keg of water in the waist boat (which hangs farther forward than any of the rest), they ransacked the galley, and provided themselves with as much cold meat and bread as they could lay hands upon.

"Are you all ready now?" said Jack.

"All ready."

"Well, then, we'll be off. Stop though," said he, "we may as well secure a fair start, at all events"—and drawing his knife, he walked noiselessly round the deck, cutting the ropes, by which the other boats were hoisted up, close off to where they were made fast.

Their preparations were now complete, and they were about to depart when Leigh interposed. "Hold on," said he—"you won't have half enough time this moonlight night, if any one comes up out of the cabin soon. Why don't you fix the doors of the cabin, then you'll be sure of the whole night."

"That's a good thought!" said Jack, in an undertone. "Let's do it, but be careful, boys," continued he, as they walked aft on tiptoe. "Handsomely over the bricks."

The companion hatch that led into the cabin closed with a slide on the top, and two little folding doors in front. A little further aft was a raised skylight, on which the binnacle stood, and Jack was at a loss at first how to secure them effectually; but a glance round the deck, and a few seconds' consideration told him. A good sized half-empty water-cask stood against the side, and moving that as quietly as possible, Jack and his companions deposited it between the folding-doors and the skylight, thus effectually preventing any egress. As the cask was landed in its berth, one end fell with some violence on the deck. The noise awoke the Captain. "Hallo, hallo!" roared he, rushing up the stairs, and beating against the door. "What's the matter on deck? Open these doors."

His orders were of course disregarded, and Jack exclaiming—"They were just in time!" lowered the boat down, shook Leigh by the hand, jumped in, and with the sail set they were soon clear of the "Endeavour," and standing out to sea. Directly they were gone, Leigh and the man who was keeping watch went quietly down below to their beds, and without paying the least attention to the captain's oaths and cries, turned in and went to sleep.

The captain roused the mates up, and they knocked and bellowed until they were tired; but

finding no answer, or any mode of egress, except by cutting a hole through the top of the companion-way, their noise subsided by degrees, and they remained quiet until morning, when it was renewed with redoubled violence, until some of us having turned out and got on deck, released them from confinement.

The captain's rage at finding four of the crew gone, with one of the boats and all its gear—compass, sail, and everything else—knew no bounds. He stamped and swore most horribly. Could I defile this paper with his language, it would hardly be believed that a rational being could utter such imprecations. The mate played second fiddle to him, and coming up to old Leigh, said to him in a sharp voice—"What do you know about this, Leigh?"

"Just about as much as you do, I reckon," replied Harry, gruffly.

"Pretty state of things, this is," said the mate. "They've cut all the boats' *falls*, too. You must have slept pretty sound, that you didn't hear us knocking."

"I heard you fast enough," said Leigh.

"Then why didn't you come and let us out, as you ought to have done?"

"No business of mine," replied Leigh. "Besides that, you didn't call me; and it's a good dog now-a-days that'll come when he is called, let alone coming before it."

"Humph!" said the mate, walking off—"this beats my time. We shall have downright mutiny next, I suppose: pretty near it now."

The natives came on board, as usual; and the captain made it known amongst them that he would give a flask of powder, an old musket, and so many yards of clouty (calico), to whoever brought back the man that had run away on the day previous. This was discouraging to us, when we thought of the blacksmith's situation; for a man's life with them was hardly worth the price he offered. However, three days passed away, and we began to hope he had effected his escape. We were wrong in our conjectures, for the poor fellow himself was in a lamentable condition. He had not dared to emerge from the wood whither he had at first fled, and for three days had lived upon what roots and berries he could find, a scanty supply, and to one unacquainted with their peculiar natures, involving some risk of being poisoned. Want of water was his greatest hardship. Notwithstanding, he bore with hunger and with thirst till the fourth day, when driven to desperation, he left the woods, and crawling into the first hut he came to, begged for meat and drink. There was no one in the hut but a squaw, and she, taking pity on his condition, gave him a water-melon to quench his thirst, and soon after, a meal of rice. He ate heartily; and soon afterwards, overcome with fatigue, rolled himself up in a corner of the hut and fell fast asleep. In the meantime the husband returned. And when the blacksmith awoke he was bound hand and foot, and on his way, on the shoulders of the savage, to the beach. Our preparations on board ship for proceeding to sea were put a stop to for a time by the arrival of the unfortunate captive. He was soon on deck, and the alacrity with which the captain paid the promised reward, and the triumph with which he regarded the prisoner, made us anticipate a display of his revenge. Nor did we wait long. "Stand there, sir;" cried the captain to the man, and casting loose his hands, dismissed the savage, then running down below he returned on deck with a cat in his hand. Yes, a regular whipping cat, one of his own making, over which he had spent hours working the knots into fanciful and varied shapes; and in covering the handle with nice soft green baize; his affection or his care of it was such that he kept it in his own private berth, slept with it under his head even. And now shaking it in the wretched blacksmith's face, he gloated over the idea that the time had come to test its excellence.

"By heaven!" said one of the crew on the forecastle, where we all were watching the proceedings, "he's going to whip him."

"Yes," said Leigh, "he'll whip him sure-ly, if some of you don't stop him. Now, look here, boys —just stand by me, if I sing out for help, and I reckon I'll shut this "old man's" head up about whipping, sudden."

"Ay, ay! Never fear! Trust us! We'll stand by you!" came pouring in from all quarters.

"Hold on, then," said Harry. "Don't be in a hurry—let's see what he's up to, first."

The captain had laid down his whip, and with the mate dragged the blacksmith to the mizen-rigging, where in a few seconds they had lashed his hands to the outer shrouds at the full stretch of his arms. In answer to the captain's reviling, he said not a word, and made but little resistance.

"Now!" cried the captain, turning to us, who were gathering round—"this here's a sample of what I'll do for the whole scrape of you, if you don't look out. So," said he, flourishing the cat in his hand, "you know what you've to expect, if you set my back up."

"Stop!" cried Leigh, stepping forward, with one hand behind him—"you shan't whip that man."

"What's that you say?" roared the captain, with an oath. "Keep back, or I'll whip you, too."

Round went the cat in the air, and down it came on the poor blacksmith's back. At the same moment, down went the captain on the deck, with a blow from Leigh's strong arm. In rushed the mates, and in flew the men. A minute's scuffle, and they are beaten down below, dragging the captain with them. Another minute, and the cat is floating astern, and the blacksmith shaking hands with his trusty shipmates.

Tranquillity and order were restored again on board soon after; for the captain's authority was only disputed when he extended it to tyranny. He recovered from his broken head, but never forgot during that voyage the lesson it had taught him in his own reasoning of might before right. The four who had left the vessel in the boat were heard of, having fallen in with a ship making a passage, where they were received on board; but our captain neither saw them or his boat again.

Such scenes as I have attempted to describe, are of too frequent occurrence among whale ships in the South Seas. Sometimes, of course, the crew are to be blamed for them; but whoever may be wrong, the recital of the above sketch will prove, without further comment, the necessity of the presence of some superior force to carry out the enactments of a government (which, however good and wholesome they may be, become useless through neglect), and to keep in awe such men as those who acknowledge no law but that of force, and over whom power is only to be obtained and kept by fear.



ASTONISHMENT.

By W. Hunt.

THE CHAMBERLAIN AND CHEAP THEATRES.

By Angus B. Reach.

We are a curious set—we, the people of England. Our national character is made up of contradictions. We are at once the most free and the most slavish of races. A great extraneous power dare not bully us; a wretched sprig of home-grown authority may beard us to our teeth. We rob Peter to pay Paul with a vengeance. Let us look in one direction, and we see the remotest speck which dims the atmosphere of our liberty—let us look in another, and we become purblind. The liberty of the subject, our constitutional rights, the freedom of private enterprise, the non-intervention of government in the ordinary social and mercantile dealings between man and man, we are eternally prating of—eternally boasting of. We think of systems of secret police, of passports, of gendarmerie, and we devoutly thank heaven that we are not as continental men are. No; we are a free people—a free-trade people. We have our independent meetings—(monster, if we please)—we have our free newspapers; we tell the government quite candidly what we think of it; we abuse it; we caricature it; we lampoon it; we bully it; we turn it out. All very true—all very good. But how is it that, after all, we only do things by halves? Were the attitude possible, we think that the people of England might be personified as kicking down one species of tyranny with the right leg, and kneeling before another on the left. In one thing we are as free as air; in some other respects, to which the same principle ought by every rule of common sense to apply, we are as much enthralled as Carolina negroes: and it is in comparatively little matters that we have no will of our own. If anybody threatens us with a downright slash of a sabre, he may soon find himself in the wrong box; but if he take to a system of perpetually pricking us with pins, we merely make an occasional wry face or so, jerk ourselves uneasily about, and receive with a species of grumbling fortitude the hundred thousand little skin-deep stabs it is his pleasure to afflict us with. No doubt one resolute move would crush the pin-tormentor, as it would put down the sabre-threatener; but there are subjects on which the nation seems to have given its tacit consent to be bullied. We guard our free press with the most watchful and the most proper jealousy. We *will* have our houses our castles. Nobody shall put down our liberty of thinking as we please and speaking as we think. Our pens must scratch as they will, without a censor being evoked to stamp his *imprimatur* upon their pothooks and hangers. We may write what books we like; hold what meetings we like; make what speeches we like; charge what price for our commodities we like; always so long as the speeches are not spoken on a stage, and the commodity vended is not dramatic entertainment.

Amongst the antiquated rubbish which time has not yet swept away, there exist a couple of fusty sticks—a dramatic licenser and a Lord Chamberlain.

The particular province of the former is to judge in matters of dramatic art for the whole community. He is a theatrical dictator. He knows by intuition—the intuition of office—what is good or bad for the people to hear from before the footlights. He affectionately preserves our morals; tenderly trains up the public mind as it ought to go. All plays must pass his dreadful ordeal. He vouches for the wit as pure; the patriotic speeches as purged from treasonable imaginings. We cannot judge for ourselves—we must be held up in the right course by licensing leading-strings. There is of course, in a moral point of view, a vast difference between reading a play and seeing a play; between being made acquainted with its sentiments through our eyes, and learning them through our ears. What would be quite innocent expressed in type is deadly immorality spoken by an actor. What is written can never, *prima facie*, harm anybody; what is declaimed must, *prima facie*, harm everybody: and therefore, for these and sundry other equally good reasons, we dispense with a censor and retain a licenser; we have kicked the one out, while we kiss the hand of the other.

It is not, however, with the licenser that we have to do at present, so much as with the Lord Chamberlain. That functionary appears to take it upon him to regulate matters before the curtain as the licenser does behind. The one prescribes what the play shall be—the other what the pay shall be. Now it is really not easy to see what the functions of a chamberlain have to do with playhouses. What may have been his original duties in the palace we know not—they possibly consisted in superintending the distribution of the bedroom candlesticks, and seeing that the hot water was duly left at all doors in the morning. But however that may have been, or however that may still be, the functionary in question now extends his cares from the palace to the city—from bedrooms to playhouses—from arranging the domestic matters of sovereigns, to undertaking the public business of managers.

A month or two ago, the Lord Chamberlain summoned before his august tribunal the managers of certain minor theatres who had lowered to a small standard the prices of admission, and charged them solemnly to give an account of themselves and their mal-practices. They duly stated the reasons which had induced them to cheapen the wares in which they dealt, and up to this time we have not heard that the palace oracle has seen fit to take any further steps in the matter. We trust he will not. Let him be discreet rather than valiant; and ere he issue a sumptuary edict for boxes, pit, and gallery, let him well ponder the following simple considerations.

This is an age of cheapness—of vast diffusion of knowledge—of great facilities for locomotion at very low rates; society teems with evidences of its tendencies. Go into the bookseller's shop; you are surrounded by cheap reprints—by masses of reading carefully compiled and got up, with the view of a remunerating profit being drawn from low prices and many buyers. See every wall covered with announcements of cheap newspapers—cheap steamboats—cheap balls—cheap trains to which you are conveyed by cheap omnibuses. We repeat, the tide is setting in powerfully cheapwards. The Lord Chamberlain seems to have an objection to it. Well; let him attack all who offend. Why single out managers? Let him summons the editors of your cheap publications; let him launch his thunders at half-price newspapers, and fulminate his bulls against one-third price omnibuses. A manager deals in theatric entertainment just as an editor does in literary entertainment, or a coach proprietor in locomotion.

Has not each a right to manage his own business? If he blunder, he will be speedily pulled up—his banker's book will soon convince him of the error of his ways. It needs not a Court official to tell him when he sells too cheap, or to point out the sort of customers he is to prefer. We ask, then, on what principle does the chamberlain permit the dealer in cheap books to vend his wares, when he arrogates to himself a right to check the vendor of cheap plays?

We shall perhaps be told of the difference between selling books to individuals of that class who can only buy them cheaply, and the act of gathering together a crowd of that class who can only come together cheaply. But the distinction applies to a cheap steamer as well as a cheap theatre. If the threepenny occupants of the gallery are likely to quarrel and breed riots, are not the threepenny passengers for'ard of the paddlebox just as likely to be offenders? Why should a man be less probably immoral standing on the deck, than sitting in the front gallery row? Why should there be a less tendency to evil while gazing on the Isle of Dogs, than when listening to *Susan Hopley?*

But we shall be told that we are lowering the class of the audience. Well; but the low class audience has just as good a right to be amused at theatres as the high. Lord Frederick does not occupy his stall at the *ballet* by a right a whit better than that by which Dick the Coalheaver is enabled to revel in *Jonathan Bradford*. Perhaps threepence is a great deal more to Dick than a guinea is to his lordship; in which case, if the "lowness" of an audience is to be judged by the prices—comparatively to their incomes—which they pay, then undoubtedly Lord Frederick belongs to the "lowest" class of the two.

At all events, it will be urged, by lowering the price of admission you lower the standard of the dramas represented. We reply—No; not necessarily. What is the case in the theatrical world of London at this moment? A glance at the play-bills of this very day on which we are writing shows the two highest priced houses in London offering—one of them, a third-rate opera constructed out of a worn-out French melodrame—the other, an exhibition—very clever in its way, we admit—of men with blackened faces singing doggrel songs; whilst in two of the low-priced houses, the performances respectively are—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and *A King and No King*. Now which appeals to the higher feelings—which belongs to the higher range of Art?—the performances for which the frequenter of St. James's pays his six shillings, or those which Mr. Phelps serves out to his pit customer for one? We have all due respect for our friends the Ethiopians. They are very clever, and very funny; but Dan Tucker at six shillings is certainly dear, considering that we have Beaumont and Fletcher at one.

The truth is, that if we would have good plays, the first thing to be done is to have a house to play them in. Alas! for the drama, if the theatre does not pay. If we want good actors we must give good salaries; if we want good pieces we must give good remuneration. These two things appear to us to be manifest. If the drama is to flourish, the treasury must flourish too. Now, putting out of view all considerations of Art and critical judgment; looking to the business of the manager as a purely commercial speculation—and it must be evident that he can only advance money, or get others to advance it, upon reasonable prospects of reasonable profit—is it not clear that he has a right to charge those prices which he deems will best remunerate his backers or himself—may he not speculate, and with reason, on getting two auditors at threepence each when he could not get one at sixpence—is it not his business to be governed by the great principles of commercial liberty which we apply to every other trade—and, finally, is not any attempt by any authority, Court or otherwise, to interfere with his freedom in deciding the prices of his commodities, an arbitrary, an unjust, and an absurd breach of public liberty, of private rights, and of common sense?

THE BLUE OF HEAVEN:

A METAMORPHOSE.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Dark had been the sky, and dreary,
  When a gentle wind upstirred
With a breath as sweet and cheery
  As the music of a bird;
And amid the clouds of heaven,
  Shone a little speck of blue;
Like God's eye for promise given,
  Bright in beam, and deep in hue.

In the cleft of a steep mountain,
  In the dawning sunshine white,
Where there flowed a singing fountain,
  Shone a little pebble bright;
And it looked up to the heaven
  At that blessed speck of blue,
Till its prayer had answer given,
  And it wore the sapphire's hue.

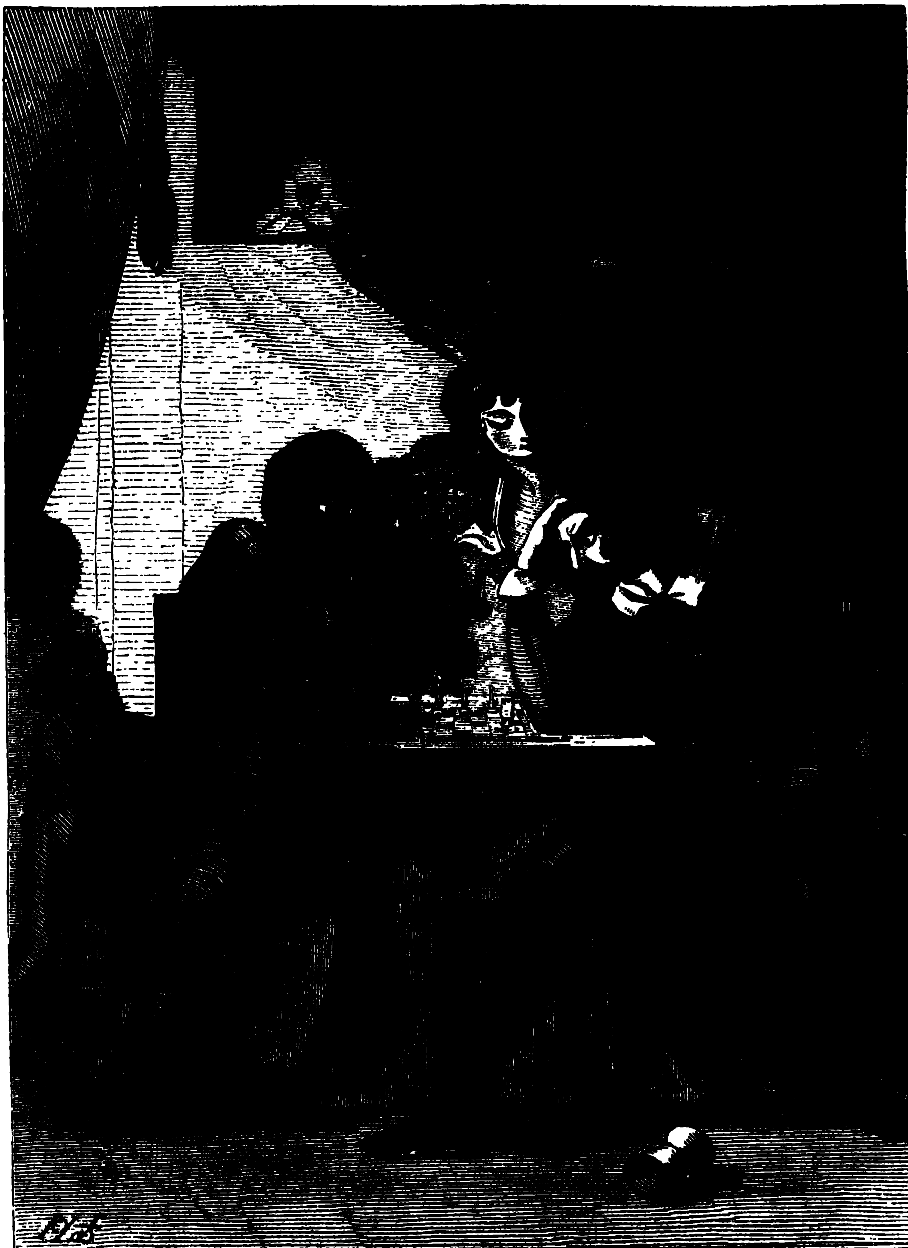
And beside that stone of beauty,
  In a leafery of green light,
With a soul of loving duty,
  Grew a little violet white.
And unto that stone was given
  All its vows of tender power,
Till the sapphire's blue of heaven
  Was reflected in its flower.

And upon that grand wild mountain,
  A matron wandered fair;
And heard the singing fountain,
  And saw the violet there,
And plucked the beauteous blossom
  And smelt its odorous breath,
And placed it in her bosom,
  And there it slept in death.

And when the moons of heaven,
  Which light the marriage bed,
Had shone, a son was given,
  With blessings on her head;
And when his eyelids lifted,
  She saw the blue of sky,
With sapphire brilliance gifted—
  A violet, in his eye.

He grew unto a limner,
  His pencil dipped in hues
Of sunshine's brightest glimmer
  And heaven's loveliest blues;
His deep blue eye was given,
  To sapphire tinted skies,
And all the blue of heaven
  Was mingled with his dyes.

Religious as high heaven,
  And solemn as its sky,
His genius was shriven
  From aught of earthly dye.
The harmonies of nature,
  The prism of her hues,
Had passed into their creature,
  But most her loveliest blues.



SATAN PLAYING WITH MAN FOR HIS SOUL.

A SKETCH.

By Theodore Von Holst.

VON HOLST.

Theodore Maria Von Holst, the subject of this short memoir, and whose pencil has furnished our illustration, although born in London, was of foreign parentage, his father being a German professor of music, his mother a native of Russia. At an early age, Holst gave evidence of extraordinary aptitude for the fine arts, and his family being intimately acquainted with Fuseli, his first instructions were received from that erratic genius, and he imbibed from him that taste for the marvellous and unreal, which left him but with life.

In 1824 he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and soon surpassed all competitors, in the power of drawing, knowledge of anatomy, and the rules of composition. He exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy, from which period, until within a few years of his death, we find him a constant contributor. The then president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, was so struck by the genius of the boy-artist, that he purchased many of his designs, and there is but little doubt, that if that most courteous and highly-gifted man had lived, he would have afforded Holst the means of perfecting himself in his art by foreign travel, and given to him that protection and countenance which even the highest genius requires to bring it forward. But alas! after a few brief years of friendly intercourse our young artist had to weep over the premature grave of his first, his only patron.

Holst was unsuited to his country, being strongly tinctured by Germanism, and delighting more in embodying his poetic imaginings in slight sketches, than in carefully finishing any one of them. This at a time, too, when high finish was one of the qualities understood and sought for by the connoisseurs, had a very injurious effect upon his purse and reputation; indeed, he had an exuberance of genius, and was so prolific in invention, that had he attained the age of Titian, he could not have accomplished the tithe of them. His temper was soured by seeing inferior spirits raised to affluence and honour; to hear their fame from every tongue; to see their works multiplied by the means of engraving to almost infinitude, staring from every print shop window throughout the land, and to feel himself unnoticed, unappreciated. There is nothing harder for a sensitive mind to bear up against than neglect; for, although genius is ever modest, it is never ignorant of its own worth.

When Holst was in his sixteenth year, I was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and never shall I forget the impression then made upon me; we found him sitting in his studio, a most quaint room, full of artistic appliances of various descriptions, old swords, by rust embrowned, that would have made an antiquarian's teeth water to look upon; ponderous volumes, "iron clasped and iron bound," that the wizard Michael Scott might have envied; beaverless helmets and broken gauntlets, inlaid guitars, foils, masks, and fencing gloves, damask draperies, German drinking glasses, and earthenware from Holland. Upon a table in a dark corner of the room lay a crucifix and skull, the bony forehead of which was decked with a wreath of faded flowers; there was also a long row of pipes of various patterns, for even at that early age he was a confirmed smoker. The youth himself, too, seemed to belong to a by-gone age, being clad in a kirtle of grey cloth reaching to the knee, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, his dark waving hair falling low on his shoulders, and his lip slightly shaded by a moustache. His features were regular and well developed; his forehead high and marked; his eyes large, dark, and bright as a gazelle's; his form slight, but graceful: in fact, he possessed a most prepossessing exterior, but the works that surrounded him (the evidence of that within) were far more interesting to me than even the personal appearance of the youth himself. They were many in number, and great in talent; wild they were certainly, but they possessed the wildness of a poetic imagination, and displayed great power of execution. One large cartoon, containing two figures the size of life, struck me as being particularly fine, but as I could not discover its meaning, I inquired the name of the subject, and he coolly told me it was *Lazarus and the Motherpearl-Lady dancing on the outside of the world.* I never could get a clue to his meaning, but he delighted in the vague and terrible. *The Wild Huntsman careering on the Storm Blast*, *The Demon Lover and his Mistress*, *A Sabbath of Witches*, or a *Fiendish Dance round the Gallows-tree*, were among his favourite subjects, and still he had extreme tenderness of feeling, and many of his love-groups were as purely delicate and beautiful as could be conceived.

His principal works were *The Pipe of Thought*, *Faust Drinking in the Cellar*, purchased by Sir Lytton Bulwer; *The Raising Jairus' Daughter*, for which he received the prize from the British Institution; and the *Card Dealer*, purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne; all these pictures were exhibited in the British Institution. He lived in misery and died in the same. Alas, too often such is the lot of genius!

F.

ON VON HOLST'S SKETCH OF SATAN PLAYING WITH MAN FOR HIS SOUL.

It would be difficult to conceive a subject more fitted to the powers of Von Holst, than the picture we have given this week. Like all his designs, it is eminently poetical. It is a dramatic incident of the most terrible kind arrived at its culminating point, mark the careless attitude of the triumphant fiend, feel the scorching glare of his eyes, as he watches the despairing brow of the human player, who in vain searches the board for one chance to retrieve his fate! How beautifully with these two heads, expressive of fiendish triumph and mental despair, the fair face of the female composes. Yet, even in her countenance, the characteristics of Von Holst might be traced. The quaintly-arched eyebrows, and the freely tossed locks proclaim his elf-like touch. There appears to be some little doubt about the meaning of this beautiful figure, but from her attitude, pointing towards the board, she seems to be suggesting some fresh move—acting, as even the good angel to the troubled man. It must not be imagined that this picture is only another reading of Retzch's celebrated design, as it was painted long ere its German brother was published. As far as the idea of the picture goes, however, it would be difficult to find out with whom it originated. Painters and poets have made it their subject time out of mind. The game of

chess, upon the issue of which a soul is staked, is eminently typical of the great struggle of life, and has accordingly been seized hold of to work out the idea of the poet and the painter. The chequered board represents the natural vicissitudes of existence. The pieces, the various powers, passions, and accidents with which humanity has to contend. In the pawns we see the representatives of the minor actions and duties of life. It is in chess, as in the world; much of our success depends upon the skill with which these are played. Great pieces can only be brought into action on great occasions. These are ever in the front of the battle, and upon their conduct success or defeat depends. In the motions of the king and queen are represented the swiftness and security of power, whilst in the crooked movements of the knight we recognise the representative of those unaccountable accidents which step in and disconcert in a moment the wisest and most deliberately planned schemes. The castle typifies the straightforward thrust of brute force; whilst the oblique passage of the bishop, expresses the keen cutting edge of mental power. If the imagination thus looks upon these bits of ivory as embodiments of the powers and passions of humanity, the chess-board immediately resolves itself into an epitome of the world; and in the two players we recognise the impersonation of the evil spirit struggling with the weakness of man.

Reading by this poetic light, we perceive at once the full meaning of such pictures as this of Von Holst's, where, in one single dramatic act, the conflict of the two great principles of the human heart is vividly depicted, and we see elevated to the highest pinnacle of poetry, by its being made the interpreter of a great moral idea, what else were a mere game of subtlety and finesse.

A. W.

DOMESTIC FAULTS.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

"Cling to those who cling to you," was a piece of counsel given by Dr. Johnson, and which may be counted among the wise things he said. Far from wise, to say nothing worse, is that being who fails to observe this rule, dictated alike by the selfish and the social principle. No retribution is more certain or more merited than that which follows the misuse of this world's best wealth—affectionate attachment. The hand raised against *that* deserves to fall, like the strong man, a sacrifice to the deed of demolition; and generally does, if not immediately, remotely, by the action of remorse—the bitterness of late regret over sweets wasted and vanished in the unappreciated past.

It is the universal practice to make much effort to gain an object, too little to conserve it; but the latter is the more important work, and the truest test of worth and power. Happy accidents may contribute to the first; it is only sustained conduct will secure the other. The gambler's gains flung to him by the caprice of fortune, are carried away again in like manner: if *he* by the voice of universal suffrage meets condemnation, what is *his*, who, instead of perilling and playing with "so much trash as can be grasped thus," wastes and wantons of fame "mere sound." No meaner mintage than the heart will satisfy the heart. The vain, the volatile, the selfish, the assured, enter with ardour on the race of life, flushed with new feeling and eager for the goal, they imagine they are all-sufficient to themselves—a little while and they discover their mistake; they start again, perhaps upon a new track, but the *ignis fatuus* they follow still eludes or misleads them; or if their aims have been fortunate—the spoil won, the honour achieved—who ever sat under "laurels alone" and extracted from them anything but bitterness?

There are two empires, and let none, however gifted by natural or fortuitous advantages, neglect to lay fast hold of as much power in each as it is possible to compass. The first of these empires is that of his own mind, where, with God for its centre, let him vow himself to self-culture, which will vivify and expand the great principles of his nature; which will make his strength minister to a service that will elevate and sanctify his spirit, while it draws a sacred circle round him into which he can always retreat to renew power, retrieve peace, and burnish the moral and mental armoury. The other empire, next in consequence, and inextricably connected with the first, is the empire we hold in the hearts of others—the empire of human sympathy. Home is its great depot—the heart's choice—the centre-station of the electric principle, which, running along the various lines of life, connects in their order the links of association. In proportion to his strength and *status* in these realms, in proportion to the perfection he attains in commanding self and social concentration, is he safe for the great aim of all—happiness. The lights of youth may fade—the tide of fortune ebb—but with mental independence and sympathetic affection, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

It has been the fashion, may we not say *is*, to a nauseating excess, to direct counsel on the domestic virtues to women only. Dean Swift complains that young ladies make nets instead of cages; and the whole phalanx of writers on such subjects have ever treated woman as if she alone of the whole creation was not to live for her own happiness, but for the happiness of others—as if she was a sort of moral moon, to shine only by reflected light, and have only a reversionary interest in the grand estate of universal good. But the time is coming when it will be demanded of all to be workers, so will it be conceded to all to be enjoyers. Domestic defaulters are, unfortunately, not uncommon. We will not inquire on which side the amount of insolvency is heaviest; let us rather essay the readiest mode of retrieving the past and giving security for the future.

Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with the one than the other. The Eastern traveller can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he finds it scarcely possible to escape the musquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice; the slave to dress and extravagance her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude dogmatic manner, and the hundred name-

the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks alone.

Oh, to keep the springs of affection flowing—its fountains playing, not on mere holiday occasions,

> When, at their height o'errun,
> They shake their loosen'd silver in the sun,

but hour by hour, day by day, and year by year. Impossible, some will say. Nay, but let us try—'tis surely worth the trial! Many of the best and greatest of the world (fulfilling with rigid exactness the demands of duty) have been content to *deserve* love, and have proudly or negligently neglected the graces that are necessary to win it and keep it alive. Spirit of Sterne plead to them—tell them how much more grateful to the beggar was the courtesy which made you take a pinch of snuff out of his box, than the charity that made you drop a penny into it. Nature laps her sweet fruits with fragrant leaves, and why should man do otherwise? A gem, however valuable, owes something to its setting; and that brightest gem, the domestic fire, is not independent of accessories. 'Tis true the glowing coal or blazing log are the soul, but the surrounding circumstances which admit approach and increase comfort add infinitely to its value. Have we money, do we neglect to put it out to interest? What would brother commercialists think of him guilty of such an economic error? yet how many are thus guilty with their moral wealth? Satisfied to possess, they neither seek by cultivation to increase its value, or fear to risk by neglect its deterioration; and thus, as far as home enjoyment is concerned, the bridegroom so often becomes a disappointed husband, and the bride a discontented wife. Her intellect unworked, and his perhaps overworn, the tempers of both tried, at least unguarded, they mutually unweave the web of charms that drew them together; and is it to be wondered that, though legally bound, they morally fall asunder. It were well did we imitate in one point the trader's practice, and set apart a time for taking stock and making up our moral accounts: of the article gratitude we should generally find a large amount on hand, and should lose no time in paying it over to where it was most due.

Sons and daughters of the people, how many of you are alive to a true estimate of the good that exists for you in the parental home—that good which you have imbibed like the air, since the hour of your birth, with unconscious advantage? Lose not a moment to retrieve neglect, if such has been. The shadow is growing upon the dial, and the final shadow may not be far. Strew the living path with flowers, not the grave. Let not the grey head grieve over the failures of the young heart. Amid the spurs to action, the aspirations of endeavour, forget not the breast that cherished your infancy, the spirit that strove for *her* for *you*. Onward and upward, you cannot propose to yourself a course too exalted. Unremitting perseverance will effect more than the partial efforts of unconcentrated talent, and the sum total of happiness is made up of small items. Neglect none of these. To ties original or adopted keep an ever-present sense of your responsibility; and while the great virtues form your essential capital, let their unfailing garniture be sweet, at least controlled, temper, gentleness, and affectionate courtesy.

Our Library.

VILLAGE TALES FROM THE BLACK FOREST.*

It is to us an inexpressible pleasure, after being saturated with the exciting class of works which the French school of literature has engendered among us, to find ourselves amid the pure and tranquil scenes to which such excellent German works as these *Village Tales from the Black Forest* transport us. To escape from the blue fire and tawdry scenery of the Victoria or Surrey, and to feel oneself suddenly stretched at length upon the green shoulder of some hill, all its tasselled grasses dancing in the fresh morning breeze, and the sheep tinkling their musical bells, would not be more delightful to us than to pass from the pyrotechnic brilliancy of our popular literature to the pure and simple style which marks the better class of modern German authors. We are indebted to Mrs. Taylor for the pleasure we have received in making acquaintance with Auerbach, who in an eminent degree possesses that childlike simplicity of style which forms the peculiar charm of German literature. The edition of *Village Tales from the Black Forest* under notice is a new one, and contains, in addition to those which the public are already acquainted with in a former issue, another and, to us, the best tale of the series. Ivo is indeed a charming little history of the progress of a child to manhood, written with a deep insight into the many and interesting psychological changes which take place at that period of existence. Nothing can be more faithful than Auerbach's pictures of country life. The scenes he paints of children enjoying their early freedom from conventionalism we recognise as being at once taken from nature. In common with all the good writers of his country, his best thoughts and his happiest delineations appear to be drawn from the earliest pages of humanity, if we might so speak of youth, ere it becomes vitiated and blotted by the characters which "the world" writes upon it.

The habit of continually referring to nature for illustrations and images to invigorate and refresh his thoughts is a characteristic which Auerbach possesses in an eminent degree, and it is one which we would recommend earnestly to those of our own writers who now seem to float upon the tide of popular favour, among whom a little more simplicity, and a little less cleverness, is much to be desired. The school of writers we refer to appears as the imitator of the faults of Dickens, without a particle of his genius. To show that they are "up to everything;" to parade themselves as "fast," even upon paper; to catalogue sensations; to daguerreotype every object with a Dutch fidelity, irrespective of the pleasure or disgust their delineation might produce—instead of attempting to elevate and dignify what "about us lies in daily life," by throwing upon it some philosophic light, or gilding it with some poetic ray—appears to be the great fault of this class of writers. We would recommend to them the perusal of such works as these Tales of Auerbach; not because we wish to import German Mannerism into our literature more than into our Art, but for the reason that his style will prove to them a kind of landmark, by which they might perceive how much their own has deviated from the truth and simplicity of nature. Auer-

* Village Tales from the Black Forest. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the German by Meta Taylor. London, Bogue.

bach deals but rarely with exciting passions. He plays the game of life, as in reality it is played, mostly with the pawns. His stage—the primitive German village: his actors—the priest, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, and the little children. Yet in this confined sphere, and with these humble performers, how the great world's drama is acted in little, and we listen as delightedly as though his *dramatis personæ* were Kings and Kaisers. Here is a little picture of child's play, sketched to the life:—

But in rain as well as in sunshine the little companions were still together. Old Valentine was quietly looking out of his window, with an easy, contented air; the sight of a shower of rain seems naturally to excite a tranquil kind of enjoyment, when the thoughts are unoccupied by any particular object: body and soul seem refreshed by the fine light mist; and the eye watches the drops of rain trickling from the roof with the same dreamy kind of feeling which the motion of the waves excites: everything around, the very air itself, seems to have acquired a voice.

Ivo and Emmerenz had taken refuge under the open shed, and little Jacobele, the Bailiff's son, a boy of three years old, was with them: the hens too had sought shelter from the rain; they stood by the side of the children, let their tails hang down, and kept shaking their feathers. The little black kitten likewise came creeping along close to the house: it stepped so carefully, shaking its paw after every step, that its approach was unnoticed until the hens began to cackle: in a minute it disappeared through the stable-window.

At first it drizzled so gently that the rain was only perceptible against the dark ground of the open window of the loft; but presently after it poured in torrents. "Ah!" said Ivo, "this will do good to my pinks in the garden." "In the garden," echoed little Jacobele: then Ivo said again, "Ay, this rain will swell the brook." "Brook," repeated Jacobele. Ivo looked at him angrily.

As the peasants went shouting past with empty sacks upon their heads, to shelter them from the heavy rain, the children laughed at them, and cried out, "Hio! make haste!" Emmerenz stood there, with her head inclined on one side, and her little hands tucked under her apron; but when it poured hardest, Ivo pushed her out, just under the house-gutter. Jacobele of his own accord ran out to brave the rain; but he blinked his eyes, and ducked his head down, for the rain pelted hard in his face. With her apron over her head, Emmerenz tried in vain to get back under shelter; Ivo kept a sharp look-out, and would not let her in, until the fun went too far, and she burst into tears.

The rain at length ceased, the sun shone out brightly, and the children skipped merrily about; the freshened air seemed to impart new life to the young human plants. Dark brown streams were running by the road-side, on which the children floated chips and straws like rafts, and waded rapturously into the water. Ivo, who had always some deep plan or other in his head, wanted to build a water-wheel, but long before the wheel was finished, the water had all run off. How often do we project works on the streams of life, and before the work is half finished, all is exhausted and dried up!

or, again, this charming little passage on child love.

Emmerenz was nearly of the same age as Ivo, and the two children were inseparable. Ivo was laughed at by his school-fellows for his "girlishness," but still he did not forsake Emmerenz. They went partners in a *maunkel*—a store of fruit so called, which children treasure up, and hide with the greatest secrecy in a haystack. The two companions used often to sit in silent rapture beside their treasure; and Ivo showed himself a man by being able to count to a hundred; he counted the apples, pears and plums, while Emmerenz listened attentively, and in a low voice repeated the numbers after him. The spotted fruit and those of an odd number were equally shared and eaten; there often however arose a little quarrel, and the common hoard was then immediately divided. But such little bickerings never lasted for more than a day; they were both soon tired of silence, and were glad to talk to one another again of their treasure.

These little incidents are of the most commonplace character, but the truth and freedom from affectation with which they are told, afford a strong contrast to the manner in which like scenes would be sketched by the "clever" class of writers we have before spoken of. The idea of the tale, as we have already mentioned, is to depict the feelings of youth in its passage to manhood, when the mind seems as beautifully changeful as the chameleon. Ivo, the son of the village carpenter, is destined for the priesthood. His imagination has been stimulated by witnessing the inauguration of a priest in the village.

The school life of Ivo affords an interesting picture of religious training in Germany. First there is the Latin School, then the Monastic Establishment, or Cloister, in which the will of the young student is broken, and he is taught the duty of implicit obedience to the rule of the church. Under this restraint, Ivo is pictured as gradually losing all the fresh impulses of his youth. The change in the mind of the child is skilfully made apparent by the different views with which he looks upon his home and its associations, when the holidays again throw him among the scenes of his youth. His little playfellow, Emmerenz, no longer shares his confidence. He has ceased to throw his heart out, as it were, to nature. The system of self-control which, as a candidate for the priesthood, he is obliged to exercise, seems to have withered all the freshness of youth within him. As his mind grows, and the cloister is exchanged for the wider world of the university, after much mental conflict the dark mist, which has before hung in his path and damped his energies, clears away. His nature, he finds, fits him not for the priesthood; for the love of his young playmate, Emmerenz, has grown with his growth, and at last overpowers the self-control and self-sacrifice which the rigours of cloister education have endeavoured to plant in him, and he returns to the enjoyment of that peasant life from which the influence of his young imagination at first withdrew him. In taking leave of this charming little volume, we recommend it especially to the attention of the young. It deals with subjects such as interest the mind, whilst it is yet so unsophisticated, as to be contented with the simple and natural; whilst at the same time its tone is high, beautiful, and instructing. We must not forget to mention Absolon's charming illustrations. They are designed most thoroughly in the spirit of the text.

THE RAILWAY.

By William Bridges.

Scorn not the Railway, Wordsworth! you have frown'd,
Because the Railway threatens Windermere.
But did you live in London, it were found
You would be glad to bring the blue lakes near;
To change within a few short hours the sound
Of Fleet-street for those wanton woodnotes clear.
For me, I love the Railway as a sign
And token of a world-embracing power,
That shall in time all men and minds combine,—
Creeds and opinions. Pray then that this hour
May come and quickly, and this faith prevail.
Therefore, oh Wordsworth, scorn not thou the Rail.

THE UNFINISHED MONUMENT AND ITS MORAL.

The county of Roxburgh, in Scotland, among its beautiful vales and diversifications of wood, and stream, and hill—many of them written over with old romance and ballad legend—contains one eminence overlooking the most beautiful portion of the sweetly spread vale of Teviot. The gene-

rous slopes of this hill of Penielheugh, combined with the most perfect agriculture, produce the richest crops of grain; and where the plough turns back at the top of the long ascending furrow, Nature exults for a moment in her more untutored moods, displaying grassy hillocks, from which protrude the crest of basalt, before the summit of the hill is gained.

From the peak of this interesting hill the eye hails with pleasure a wide range of view. The Border hills towards the south and east crowd away in clustering beauty, each hill seeming to vie with its neighbour in the purity of its grassy hue; while high above them all—the sovereign of the range—Cheviot unfolds his stately bulk. To the north the Lothians, with their rising heights, run in upon the sky; while to the east stretches the rich grain-bearing vale of Merse; and farther beyond it, when the sky is swept clean and bright, looms the dim expanse of the gray sea, looking like the invisible world stretching beyond the headlands of Time.

Strange to say, Glory—military Glory—has capped the summit of the hill with a memento of itself; and there it stands—towering high—in the shape of a monument in commemoration of Waterloo. From its conspicuous site, it is seen in every direction for many miles; and, dissociated from the circumstances of its erection, the sight of it is always hailed with pleasurable feelings by the native of the district who may have strayed from his own place of residence. The reader will have asked, how came it there? It was after the tidings of Waterloo had been rung over the land, and jubilee had held its high festival amid the joyance of flaring illuminations, mighty speeches of men and cannons, and ding-donging of bells, and the flutter of triumphal feeling, that the lord who owned the soil summoned a meeting of his tenantry, after the fashion of good old times, and proposed to build a tower, whose top, if it might not reach to heaven, might at least look over into oncoming generations, and tell what great things had been done. "D—— the French" was then "prayer and praise;" and, of course, the resolution which determined on the erection of the structure was begotten in both piety and patriotism. Under such blessed auspices, the sides of the mountain were unbared, and the huge blocks pulled into the light of day. The top resounded with the chipping of hammers and creaking of cranes; and to the traveller who passed along the vale below, the figures of men moving to and fro, out against the sky, intent on some mysterious idea, might have been seen, like to so many Lilliputs.

Before many months had flown over their heads, the work had made considerable progress, and in the slanting summer sun its shadow came at eve, and fell upon the pure wave of the Teviot, which trailed its silver length in many a winding at the base of the hill. The workmen continued busy, and came and went, as morning succeeded evening, until Glory's bravo toppled high in air. One morning, on ascending the hill to their daily work, the monument refused to meet the eye as usual. The masonic craftsmen looked both confoundedly wise and blank, and stroked and fingered their beards in very puzzle. Spectacle was put on nose, and the assisted eye ranged the summit of the hill, but in vain.

During the silence of the night, when the stars looked thoughtfully down, and the wind crept uneasily by, the "Monument to the Duke of Wellington and his Illustrious Compeers" had leapt from its pedestal; and as the clouds of morning parted to let down the blessed sun, there lay a shapeless ruin, neither a compliment to Waterloo nor anybody else.

It would have been craven to desist when so much was in the issue, and forthwith the building began to climb again. A stately tubular structure sought the sky, and the basement was bravely lettered over with all that was needed to make the casual visitor discriminate between anything very ridiculous that might come into his mind, and the real object of the erection. And there it stood and stands—a grand affair—"The Monument."

Twenty-five years have rolled by, and many a storm has flapped, and the lightning has flushed its grey sides. During that long interval the big heaving world has had its ups and downs, in journeying along "the ringing grooves of change." The war-cloud has passed away—the silence of nature has again been over Waterloo—muffling the cannon roar, and dying moans, and tramp and clang of savage combatants. From the grassy coverlet of many a mighty sepulchre she is wiping out "the dark, dark stain;" and all is quiet there, as if the deed of blood had never been done, and man had never swung the club of guilt at his brother man. The maxims and dogmas of ambition and tyranny which led mustering hosts to the shock of battle, are perishing in some countries, and waning old like a garment in others. Other wars and fightings have began, but it is the battle of opinion, in which truth, and justice, and right, are the contending parties against a proscription and wrong. "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," and the issue of these struggles is the advancement of all that is to make man more capable of fulfilling those high destinies wrapt up in his nature. The pregnant succession of events during these twenty-five years has great things in store for the future. Literature waves her keenly tempered blade, chivalrous for long oppressed and deluded man, and new ideas supplant those which held sway at the beginning of that space of time.

Strange to say, after such a lapse of time the monument is unfinished. The climax of the military fervour is uncapped, for the top of the building is covered in only by a ricketty roof of shingles. There is a portentous incompleteness, keeping company with howling winds and pattering rains. Old Glory is fairly at fault, and cannot explain herself. It looks as if the workmen had descended as precipitately as Jack from his beanstalk, and left the subject of their labours to stand—the fitting type of military glory. The pulleys are there, and wooden scaffolding is there; the first of a new tier of stone has been got aloft, but remains unseated. Years roll on, and never a hand adds the crowning finish! As "dear Tom Hood" has said—"The place seems haunted."

Military Glory, notwithstanding all its bravo and bluster, is without the sanction and settled verdict of a world speaking from a higher state of thought and moral perception, and as such, may find a comparison in the unfinished monument. The verdict which concludes the controversy which is now raging is unreturned, but it will not be long before it will be felt—not selfishly, but humanely—that it is best for all parties that war should cease. For, military Glory, what is it made of? Its *materiel* is bleeding dying men and fiery passion, and desolated kingdoms and impoverished exchequers. To spill blood implies a wrong doing irreconcileable with greatness. Let us, then, kinsmen all, "ploughers and spinners," "blacksmiths learned" and unlearned, begin to preach the truths which are identical with the abolition of war—

for blessed are the peacemakers—and prove that military glory, though it may possess the wisdom of our ancestors, wants the wisdom of *their* posterity, and like the Penielheugh monument, wants the copestone in the full and perfect assent of an improving age.

H.

ON THE VARIOUS DISPOSITIONS OF RAZORS.

By an Old Shaver.

I never looked upon a razor with the eye of a Sheffield manufacturer, as so much cutlery to be trafficked in, and there an end; on the contrary, from my earliest experience, from those young days when every art was exhausted to exasperate my tender sprouting beard, I have ever contemplated its gleaming countenance with a curious and philosophic eye.

I have not quite made up my mind yet that razors have not souls to be saved—that they have appetites and affections I am firmly convinced; with these ideas I look upon them as so many psychological studies. Their different moods and caprices I watch and humour as carefully as I would those of a child—for let me tell you, rough chinned reader, you can no more coerce the one than the other at all seasons by giving it the strap. To keep them all under proper guidance I confess is no easy task. Ducrow riding twelve horses at once is a fool to it. I have become so accustomed to them, however, that I like their vices better than the virtues of other people's razors. It takes some little time to know all their points, and no little tact to work them well. I have a fine flashing blade, by nature upstart and cowardly. When in one of its fits, nothing will move it. Diamond and star dust it scorns. There are more ways of killing a dog than drowning him, says the old adage; and, as I have found, of sharpening a razor than by setting it. A medical student in the floor below (I live in chambers) comes to borrow a "scraper," as he calls it now and then—what won't medical students borrow—so when the "crittur" is in his tantrims I hand it over to him for correction. Poor thing, the beaded breath flushes upon its cheek at the sight of his ugly mug and beard stiff as the end hairs of a nail-brush! I hear him take it down stairs and give it a taste of his boot sole; this, with a bullying determined air, quite awes its spirit, and it is always returned to me, as they say in eating-house phraseology, "in capital cut." With such dispositions the strong hand is the only effectual one; with the wretched sullen temper, however, the sole cure is a studied neglect. I have a yellow handled bilious individual of this class that every now and then turns sulky, and I find the only treatment that leads to a satisfactory result is to throw it by in the toilet drawer along with the curious *mélange* there to be found—old buttons, hair pins, broken combs, lace tags, faded knobs of camphor—and let my wife cover it up every morning with her curl papers, like another babe in the wood. A month's total abstinence from it makes it, I find, as sharp-set as could be desired.

I must own, however, to a settled dislike of a black-handled razor with a German silver shield upon it, which seems to glare upon me like an evil eye. I bought it of a Jew boy one day (after reading *Coningsby*), in my enthusiasm for the "pure Caucasian race," and have repented it ever since. I never have a word with Mrs. —— (and words, good reader, will arise between the best regulated couples) but I see its "air drawn" form stretched out temptingly to my hand. I never go to bed nervous and dyspeptic but it gives me a final glare as I pop out the candle. I put it away sometimes, for I think I see in it a wretched "unacted drama;" but to hide it in drawers is useless, to shut it up in a sheath is equally futile: in some unaccountable manner it always escapes, and haunts my toilet table like a Presence. I would not shave with it for all the world.

Then again, I have a razor, and it is a perfect type of its class, which, like Claverhouse, is never satisfied without taking its draught of blood before breakfast. Let me be as careful as I might, it never fails when I take it in hand to satisfy its sanguinary appetite upon my devoted chin; it must dim its polish by one spot of blood at least. I verily believe that it was forged out of Blue Beard's key. To make up for these perplexing idiosyncrasies which dwell in the best of steel, in most men's dressing cases there lurks a good, shabby, hard-working Cinderella of a blade, which nothing appears to put out of temper. I have one of this class, and what it has gone through there is no telling. My wife always cuts her corns with it. I use it to whip off a button upon occasions. My little boy now and then seizes and whittles the table with it; sometimes—horrid idea—it cuts his slate pencil! Yet it always seems up to its work. Like man, it ever appears to be "superior to its circumstances;" when all the rest are out of order, this one alone is "faithful found."

There can be little doubt, then, that razors share a common humanity with us. How many worthless blades, set off in ivory and silver, recline in velvet cushioned cases, whilst the real good stuff, shut up in plain black horn, is looked upon with suspicion. I have often thought, as I have seen the men go up to the coach doors, and flourish their open blades in the blinking eyes of the astonished insides, that even in such apocryphal quarters the true thing might be found. Imagine, good reader, the shame that must come over a sterling-minded well-regulated razor, at finding itself in the hands of one of that nomade tribe whose delight seems to be to frighten old gentlemen just going on long journeys, by performing a scalping movement with an open blade between each finger, within three inches of their heads! Imagine the wounds inflicted on its spirit by the indignant denunciation of the aforesaid old gentleman of "The swindler with his Brummagem trash." Such remarks must be cutting even to a heart of steel. But we must not pursue our theory much further for fear that our wit as well as our razor might begin to lose its delicate edge.

TWO SCENES FROM A LIFE.

By Mrs. Hodgson.

Rose Morris awoke early: she left her bed, opened her little casement, and looked forth upon the morning. The scene was a fair one: a valley with a modest hamlet in the midst, half hid beneath a veil of green foliage; a river, or rather a rivulet, winding between grassy banks; hills rising in the distance, green to their summits with trees and herbage. The signs of stirring life were just beginning to appear: a solitary herdsman was seen climbing the hill-path: the white smoke curled upward from the cottage chimney; from

among the trees the woodman's axe was heard mingling with the songs of the birds; the cattle lowed, and the cock blew his horn in concert. The air was temptingly clear and balmy. Rose left her window, and, not long afterwards, she emerged from the door of the cottage. With a light quick step she took her way towards the sparkling rivulet which ran through the fields. She sauntered slowly along the margin of the stream: now she would pause to inhale a deeper breath of the pure air, and now she would stand still to gaze into the clear depths of the water—to follow with her eye its flow over the pebbles in its bed—to watch the rising of its crystal bubbles, and to listen to the sound of its murmurs when it playfully dashed among the stones. Thus idling, she strolled on, until she came to the foot of a hill, up whose somewhat steep ascent she did not hesitate to climb, though it was hard labour for her delicate limbs. Every now and then she turned to look upon the scene, which spread and grew before her every moment into increasing beauty. There were towering mountains sloping upwards till they seemed to mingle with the skies; a forest in its dense impenetrable shade; a grove with graceful foliage of lighter green; a river winding in its tortuous path; bright, flowery meadows; yellow harvest fields; green, swelling banks; woody ravines; trees, cottages, and gardens: all lying before her, basking in the morning sunshine. Still she climbed farther up, and still there arose new wonders. It was like enchantment. The nearest hills sank to mere mounds, and, towering over their heads, hill after hill, range after range, arose, as though conjured up by the magic spell of some wizard. The peeps caught between the hills far, far away in the horizon, seemed, in their indistinctness, like a fairy land, or paradise. At length she reached her aim; and she sat down on the lone stone which had oftentimes before, in this her favourite walk, served her for a resting place. The mountain breeze played in the curls of her brown hair, and blew them back from her fair, open brow. Her blue eye sparkled, and the hue of health glowed in her cheek.

Rose was an only child, the darling of her parents. They were poor, and earned their daily bread by daily wearing toil: yet, through great self-sacrifice, they had contrived to bring her up delicately; for she had always been a fragile plant, requiring careful nurture. In her early years, they had nightly offered up to God their prayer that he would spare to them their little one; earnest was their faith that He, who was their Father, and who dwelt in heaven, would listen to their prayer. It might have been, for the child lived to love them, and to grow deeper, every day, into their love. She passed a happy childhood; without a care, without a thought beyond the present hour. How could she think there were such things as care, and anxious thought, in so sweet and sunshiny a world, where all things laughed, and danced, and sported, and sparkled, from the fly upon the grass blade to the lamb upon the hill —from the light dew-drop to the great sun which shone in it. But she grew older. She grew up to womanhood: and thought had grown upon her with her years. For some time past she had remarked with anxiety how hard her parents worked to gain their bread. This was not right, while she was living idly. She knew it was their happiness to labour thus, that she might be left free to wander as she liked, and dream of nothing but sunshine and green fields. But it was not right. The time would come when they would be too old to work; and would she then be able, in her turn, to support them? Alas! she would not. Then what would become of them all? This thought haunted her like a spectre; and it was not laid to rest until she had resolved upon a plan of action—until she had resolved to seek the means of earning a livelihood for herself, and a provision for her parents in their old age. She would have liked to stay in her native village, but she was not strong enough for country work. Many plans she thought of before she resolved, at last, to leave her home, to go to the distant town, and there learn the trade of dressmaking. Her parents wept when she told them her plan; but, in the hope that she would not be made to work more than her strength would bear, and that she would sometime be very rich, and they might live to see it, they gave their consent.

And so, the tears of parting chased away by smiles of hope, Rose left her home.

* * * *

Every sound in the great city was hushed, save the measured tread of the solitary policeman on his beat; or, at long intervals, the quicker step of some late reveller hastening to his home through the deserted streets. It was night, and thousands of human souls were unconsciously enjoying, in sleep, refreshment from the cares of the day. But, alas! not all were so blessed. In many dwellings were the signs of watching and wakefulness. From the garret window of a house in a long street of shops, there gleamed a pale and sickly light, which spoke sad things—of sleeplessness, of tears, of sinking hearts, of weary watchings by the couch of pain. And let us look within. Disease and woe indeed are there. So dim is the flickering light, the objects in the chamber can scarcely be discerned: but the rays fall most upon a bed, and upon two forms kneeling beside it. On the bed is stretched a slight attenuated form—so slight, so attenuated, that it hardly can be perceived there is a form beneath the unruffled coverings. A white hand, with long thin fingers, rests upon the quilt, passive and motionless. Upon the face death has stamped deep his impress. In that wan and wasted face it is not easy to recognise Rose Morris, the country girl; and yet it is she.

Her tale may soon be told. Her first impressions when, after travelling far, she entered on her new life, were indistinct, confused, and vague, as though she were in a dream. She was bewildered and perplexed; and it was not till after many days that she could see things in their reality, Dreary enough was the prospect. For five long years she was condemned to sit within the four blank walls of a chamber, day after day, and for the livelong day; to sit still and silent with her hands and eyes employed in ceaseless labour. But she was cheerful and happy: her life was brightened by the hope that burned within her. Weeks and months passed on; she began to feel less happy; her work seemed not so easy to her as at first; she hardly knew the reason, but she thought that if she could but now and then go out to breathe the fresh air, and refresh herself more at night with sleep and rest, it would be easier for her: as it was, she had to work from morn till night, sometimes till after midnight; and when she had a leisure hour, she felt too weak and listless to go out. Yet the bright sunshine, the blue sky, the trees, the soft green grass, the birds, and flowers, were more than ever in her thoughts. Her mind was strangely haunted by them. When she bent over her work, now often wetted with her tears, she would imagine that she saw in it things green, like grass or leaves;

and all the while her hands were busy. Time passed on. She had began to droop; she lost her strength; her clothes hung loose upon her; her cheek grew daily thinner; and at last appeared on it the fearful hectic spot. She spoke to no one of her sufferings; but she pined and pined away in silence. Those who saw her changed appearance, hearing no complaint, gave the matter no second thought, but turned away to mind their own affairs. Her mistress was one of that class of mistresses who regard their apprentices only as means of profit. Cold and insensible, save where her own interests were concerned, she saw, at last, that the girl was ill, *because she could not do her work*. She feared to have her a burden on her hands; so she graciously gave her permission to go home. But it was too late. Before poor Rose could prepare for her departure, she became too ill to be removed. She could not leave her bed. Hard indeed would have been the heart that could refuse the murmured wishes of the dying girl to see her parents. The parents were sent for, and they came in time to see their child alive.

For a long time the short convulsive sobs of the old man had been the only sounds in the sick chamber. The mother, with a greater power of self-control, had repressed the utterance of her grief for her child's sake. She had been sleeping —a long, calm sleep. At length she awoke; and looked so fresh, so well, so like her former self; she smiled so sweetly her own bright, happy, loving smile, that her poor mother's drooping heart beat quick with sudden hope. She bent over her child to hear her words, for she spoke in low, though distinct, accents. "That was a pleasant dream! It told me I should see my home again! and I believe it: I am quite well now! I shall go back again—back to the meadows and the streams. I'll lie upon the bank, and smell the flowers, and feel the cool, cool wind upon my cheek, and listen to the cuckoo far away singing among the trees! But why did I come here? There's no sun here! I cannot breathe! *Shut up, shut up!* O, mother! take me to my home. The air is thick and dark—I'm dying! Take me —ha, now I see—O, glorious!"—

Suddenly the ravings of delirium ceased, and a smile of rapture, like a sunbeam, lighted up her face, and rested on it, though the kindling soul had passed away.

This little story is not designed to show that it is a bad thing for a young woman to leave the country in order to learn a useful trade in town. It is to illustrate the evil of the late hour and close confinement system. We should fear to inquire into and draw up a catalogue of the instances in which *that* has sown the seeds of consumption, and brought, not only the delicate, but even the strong and healthy, prematurely to the grave. Thank God! that system is not likely long to last.

A DISCOURSE ON POETRY AND ON THE DUTIES OF THE POET.

By Charles Mackay.

Poetry has in all ages had its passionate lovers among the people. Epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, in all their various forms, have influenced more or less the feelings and opinions of educated and uneducated men. It looks like a truism to assert that it has been the preacher of virtue, the inciter of heroism, the refiner of society; yet it needs repeating, in consequence of the misconception that has lately arisen on the true nature of poetry and the mission of the poet. Civilisation is said to be adverse to poetry: or if not adverse to the poets of past ages, to be quite contented with them, and to wish for no more. The very name of poet has in these later times been received with a sneer. His vocation has lost its respect. He has been thought a trifler; the obstinate devotee of a defunct art; fitted at the best for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous; and of repute only among boys and girls at the period of adolescence. This misconception in modern times, for it is not an ancient error, has arisen from various causes; partly from the ignorance or indifference of critics and philosophers; partly from the more unpardonable indifference of some, not unworthy of the name of poets, who have unwittingly depreciated their own high calling: and, in a still greater degree, from the incompetence of the vast multitude of persons who have been styled poets without the slightest right to the title; mere verse-makers, who have thrown discredit upon the name—not knowing that the hold of poetry upon the fancy and the imagination is secondary to its sway over the heart and the intellect—and that the duty of the *true* poet is to preach and to prophecy as well as to sing.

The great Lord Bacon did some harm in this respect. Being more conversant with the pretensions of the rhymers of his day than with the performances of the poets, he misunderstood or misstated the whole object of poetry. In his famous *Essay on Truth*, he asserts that the proper element of poetry is fiction, as distinguished from and the opposite of truth—an assertion which he would not perhaps have made, had he known the works of his divine contemporary, Shakspeare, which unfortunately he did not. "One of the later schools of the Grecians," says he, "is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, *as with poets*, nor for advantage, as with the *merchant*; BUT FOR THE LIE'S SAKE. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or a carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A MIXTURE OF A LIE DOTH EVER ADD A PLEASURE. One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy 'the wine of demons,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie." So said the great philosopher; and so too many have believed, because they were told to believe by one who spoke with so much authority. Lord Bacon did not reflect on the abuse of this word, LIE. It is very obvious that he used it without having clearly defined the sense in which he did so. HE, of all men, ought not to have forgotten what he so well knew, that a *fiction* is not necessarily a LIE, and that fables are truths to the wise and to all who can understand them. His very illustration refutes him: for candlelight is as true in its own way as the sunshine, and never makes the diamond or carbuncle he speaks of more or less than a diamond or a carbuncle. If by a difference of light, it produces a kind of brilliancy in the diamond which sunshine does not produce, it is a form of the truth deserving

to be studied for that very reason. Plato, though he would have banished poets from his ideal republic, meaning thereby the writers of licentious and mischievous plays, and not the real poets—else he would have banished such men as himself—had more correct notions of the sublimity and divinity of poetry than Lord Bacon, for he said that "*Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.*" And this, indeed, is the secret source of the power and grandeur of poetry. The highest poetry approaches nearest to vital truth; and poetry is only good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved and admired of men, in proportion as it so draws near to and identifies itself with the truth. To it no truth can be alien or inappropriate. It embraces all things, and has no other bounds than the aspirations of the soul of man, its knowledge and enjoyment of the actual, and its hopes of the possible. While the world has thus been led astray by such opinions as that expressed by Lord Bacon; and while rhymers have written and published piles of most distressing and wearisome books, founded upon this misconception, it is no wonder that poetry has fallen into some disfavour with earnest men, who have something else to think of and to do than to read for amusement mere fictions and fables without the soul of truth in them; fictions which are ALL fiction, and inane repetition set to a sing-song; teaching nothing, containing nothing, and as worthless as Lord Bacon imagined all poetry to be. While such ideas have been considered criticism, the province of poetry has been restricted as a necessary consequence. The poet, too commonly by his own consent, has been tethered with a critical string. Criticism has said to it—"You shall not touch upon religion; that is not within your province. You shall not meddle with politics; they are alien to you. You shall not take an excursion into the regions of science; for science and poetry are antagonistic. You may weave cobwebs; you may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses or write pastorals; you may be passionate or musical, or merry or melancholy, if you will; but you must at all events amuse us, and leave serious subjects alone." So in effect, though not exactly in words, have said the most authoritative critics. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Akenside*, informs us that—"With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author he had nothing to do; his *business was with his poetry*," and this he said, although his poetry could not be properly considered without the politics and religion which gave it a colour. Again, in his *Life of Dr. Watts*, he hints, what is known to have been his belief, that good poetry could not be written upon a religious topic. "It is sufficient for Watts," said he, "to have done better than others, what no man has done well." To introduce politics into poetry is thought to be wrong by many critics, who would think you injured them if you questioned their acuteness. "The union of politics with poetry," say they, "is always hurtful to the politics and fatal to the poetry." In fact, they consider it unpardonable to wed them together; or even to let the smallest love passage take place betwixt them; "as if," say the objectors, "we have not politics enough in the newspapers, in public places, at the very corners of the streets." And they say right, if their idea of poetry be right; but not right for those who have notions more exalted and sympathies more extended. These persons confound politics with party, which is one mistake: and they think poetry destined for mere amusement, which is another. They do not think that there are politics far better than any parties that ever were formed; and that the amusement found in poetry is a mere accident—an extrinsic adornment only—and that its object is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope: to show the abundant and overflowing blessings of familiar things—the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature; to fill all men with the love of God and of one another; and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all Time into Eternity. The lovers of mere amusement have not reached this pinnacle; and see not so far away, nor so goodly a prospect beneath and around them. But they ought to educate their faculties, until their minds *can* soar to these pure, high regions, before they pronounce what poetry ought not to be, and define the limits which it should not overstep: saying to it, "This shall you touch upon, but not upon that. This shall you sing of for my idle hours, but that shall you not breathe for the delight and instruction of men more earnest, and of finer sympathies than we."

Yet, after all, it is not so surprising that critics should go wrong, when those who should be superior to the critics—the poets themselves—have set the bad example. When Charles II. objected to Edmund Waller, that his verses upon Cromwell were better than those he had written about his lawful sovereign, Waller replied—"*Your Majesty knows that we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.*" In this pretty speech, he behaved like a courtier and a man of the world; but not like a poet; and committed treason to the majesty of his art, that he might escape the semblance of treason to a very inferior thing, the majesty of Charles Stuart. We find a modern poet, too, seriously accommodating himself to the same error. Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his volume entitled *Palm Leaves*, devotes one to the praise of Mahomet, as a prophet and a legislator. He speaks of him as—

> No poet he, weaving capricious dreams
> To please inconstant youth,
> But one who uttered without shows and seems
> The serious facts of Truth.

This, it must be admitted, is strange language to come from one who has himself the vision and true faculty divine. As if a poet could not utter "serious facts" without "shows" and "seems," and as if a poet were of necessity a vain dreamer, and an idler of no use or advantage to society. Truly, the clear-sighted men of this day, whose time and energies are occupied with steam-engines and iron-roads, with atmosphere as a moving power, with wondrous mechanism of every kind, and with the onward progress of the nations, must be somewhat puzzled when they hear one worthy to rank as a poet depreciating it thus.

Another poet, whose writings testify loudly to the utter untenableness of such a theory—namely, William Wordsworth—has also uttered a sentence which some have interpreted to the depreciation of his divine art. He says, in an essay supplementary to one of his early prefaces, "that the appropriate business of poetry, (her appropriate employment, her privilege, her duty, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the senses and the passions." This, however, is no depreciation of poetry, though at first glance it may look so, to assert that its province is not to

treat of things as they are. His meaning is, not *merely* as they are; but to add to them a grace and a beauty over and above their positive existence. He will not diminish the existence of a thing, but he will *increase* its existence by the aid of the beauty perceived by the senses and given by the passions. He never considers that the province of poetry is the unreal against the real, the fictitious uninclusive of the true; and against such a theory his poems are immortal evidence, as Milton's are, and Shakspeare's, and those of all great poets.

Very many of those who restrict the domain of poetry, are fain to admit upon discussion, that Religion and Politics, in their highest sense, are the legitimate sources of the noblest inspiration; but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that Poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of truth, and for the promulgation of truth—they would, nevertheless, shut another door against it—the door of science. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. "The scholar," says Madame de Staël, as quoted by D'Israeli the elder in the Fourteenth Chapter of his *Essay on the Literary Character*, "has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist." The author of *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, published in *Knight's Weekly Volume*, falls in a degree into this error. He says, in his notice of Darwin, truly a master of rhythm, but no poet, that his scientific descriptions, in the *Botanic Garden* and the *Loves of the Plants*, "display more ingenuity than poetry"—a judgment in which all men will agree. He goes on to say—"Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed, its transforming illumination made impossible. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. * * The tendency of science is to reduce and level: the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject at once scientifically and poetically." The illustrious author of the *Pleasures of Hope* has expressed a similar sentiment in his celebrated *Ode to the Rainbow*:—

> When Science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws.

Both of these writers are wrong in this particular, the first more especially so. No doubt the prose writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the technicalities and scientific minutiæ of Darwin, and their incapability of poetical treatment; but he carries his principle too far, and falls into a great mistake. Anyone must have studied "the great truths of science" to little purpose, who can talk of the "satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence" with which he comprehends them. Those truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimity so incomprehensible that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever wondrous, ever new revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit—humble in the littleness of the highest knowledge—to speak either of the known or the unknown agencies of the Indefinitude. Poetry may and must treat of the Great Truths of Science, wherever it suits its purposes to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its high prerogative. This it can do without allusion to technicalities and trivialities such as those which so offend us in the writings of Darwin. As for the solitary stanza of Campbell, no true poet will take it for his guide. No man knew better than Campbell that Science was the nursing mother of Poetry, who showed it whither to fly, and to what glorious regions to turn an "undazzled gaze" in search of new inspiration. In spite of his authority in this stanza, great as many will consider it, we in our day must acknowledge that the withdrawal by Science of the veil from Creation's face, though it may deprive Fancy of some filagree adornments, robs Imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the "bow of God"—the sign of the Covenant that the earth should no more be deluged with the waters;

> Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
> The first-made anthems rang
> On earth delivered from the deep,
> And the first poet sang.

But Science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation, without depriving it of this. We see it spanning heaven like an arch; we see it, if we stand upon the mountain-tops, developed into the complete circle; we see its counterpart in the spray of the torrent, on a sunny day; and can produce Irises as often as we will, in the glancing drops cast upwards in the sunshine from the paddle wheels of victorious steam—the same in their magnificent hues, so exquisitely overlaid, and gliding the one into the other with such perfect loveliness; and we acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty, of "the material law" which is obeyed in their formation. We find that law to be, not cold, as the poet sings, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes; and that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness filling all nature with things of beauty, of which the contemplation increases our enjoyments and exalts our souls; and makes us fitter to be true men in this world, and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness. The comet careering through the heavens does not cease to impress the mind with its grandeur and its mystery, because it is no longer thought to scatter war and pestilence from its horrid hair; but inspires emotions still more sublime of the might and majesty of God, when we consider that his hand who made it, made also that awful intellect of man, which traces its course through the infinitude of space, and calculates its coming from afar. The sun is not less poetical as the centre of a vast system, than as a mere adjunct to the earth, set in the heavens to give her light, and to form the succession of her seasons. The planets are not less the poetry of heaven because astrology is defunct, and do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul in the silence and the splendour of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is di-

kindred planet on which we live and move, the abode of myriads of immortal spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the universe. The stars scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not the less poetical because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity, the unity, and the universality of the law which upholds and regulates them, in all the complication of their stupendous harmony. The Milky Way, as resolved into suns, systems, and firmaments, by the telescopes of Herschell and Lord Rosse, does not the less impress us with ineffable awe and adoration, because it is no longer a faint light in the heavens, but a congregation of innumerable worlds. The Nebula in Orion, that white fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical, when we know that it is a universe; nor do we look upon that great constellation of Orion itself with less prostration of our feeble powers—with less hopefulness that we too shall be made perfect, because Science teaches us that our sun and all its train of planets are moving steadily and surely towards one of its stars; and that, in this mystic development, 6000 years multiplied by 6000, and that product multiplied by itself, are but a fragment of a cycle—the morning of a day which has begun and will be ended. No. Poetry is not inimical to Science, nor Science hostile to Poetry. Poetry is universal. It includes every subject; and can no more be restricted in its range, than the Intellect, the Hope, and the Faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making Intellect more intellectual, Hope more hopeful, and Religion more religious. Even those critics and poets who have striven to it, in mere dogmatism and wilfulness of assertion, have, in spite of themselves, done homage to its nobler uses, and blessed where it was their intention to revile.

Dr. Johnson did not always exclude poetry from any one field of human inquiry. "In a poet," says he, in his *Rasselas*, "no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination. He must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his readers with remote allusions and unexpected instruction." This is well said, and although it applies mainly to the adornments, and scarcely to the essentials of poetry, it is easy to see that the critic had forgotten the previously recorded opinions already alluded to, when he wrote it; and that in his heart he would set no limits to the illimitable. It may seem superfluous to some minds to dilate upon a matter that ought to be so obvious; but "error is a snake that requires much killing." Those to whom the case is clear, will pardon the truisms of the refutation for the sake of those who have not hitherto taken the trouble to think, or who, having taken the trouble, have arrived at wrong conclusions.

In returning more especially to the subject of the duties of the poet in the present age, we must first of all consider what the age is; what are its desires and aspirations—what its characteristics, and at what point of human development it actually stands. That the age is utilitarian most men assent. That fact seems to lie upon the surface. Let us inquire what the word means, that we may see our way clearly as we go on. Bentham either invented it for his philosophy, or it was fastened upon him by others. In either case it is a good word, if its meaning be not unduly restricted. Some men are such strict utilitarians, that in the furnishing of a house (for other people) they would exclude the ornamental. They would have the kitchen poker and the roasting jack, the chair, the table, and the bed, the carpet, and perhaps the curtains; but not the picture, nor the bust, nor the poem, the play, and the novel. These are a small class only, and utilitarianism is a much better thing than they would make of it. This class of people are rarely met with in private life, and if they preach such a doctrine, they rarely practise it: but we sometimes hear of them in public, in the House of Commons for example, where the money of the nation is begrudged for every purpose tending to the advancement of art, or literature, or the encouragement of those who excel in them. But individual men are generally ashamed of such a restriction as the physical to their idea of utility. True utility by no means excludes the ornamental. It does not consider man as an animal only, but as a being with an immortal soul. Utilitarianism, in its widest and only true sense, includes the wants of both soul and body—of the complete man. It is not only necessary that we should gain victories over time, and space, and the obstruction of matter. The mind has its cravings as well as the body, which must be satisfied. Utilitarianism of this kind is essentially popular, democratic, and philanthropic. It requires that the bulk of mankind should be made physically comfortable, as a preliminary to their being mentally and spiritually happier than they are or ever have been. Without losing any of their hopes of a higher state of existence in another world, or departing from the faith which teaches that hope, the men of the present day are very strongly impressed with the belief that the world can be made very much better than it is. Looking back to History, they find that man's career is but a record of misery; and that the fearful Book which tells of his misdeeds and of his sufferings, is black with crime and red with blood. They find also that the many have been the victims of the evil passions of the few; that bloody wars, debasing superstitions, revenge, cruelty, lust, and ignorance, have filled the world with misery since time began; that "the weak have died to satisfy the strong;" that in the more peaceful periods of human history, when art, science, and learning flourished—when intellect gained its most splendid victories—the great masses of mankind were sunk in physical or mental slavery—by far the greater portion in both; and that in the bosom of civilisation herself, the multitudes have not participated in her benefits, but have been the prey of poverty, vice, disease, crime, and all unspeakable miseries. Reason and faith, and all experience, as far as it has gone, combine to show that this state of things is not a necessary consequence of man's nature. By looking about us, we see that many evils have been remedied; that a great many more are falling beneath the advances of intelligence, and the spread of the sublime doctrine of Christianity that we ought to love one another; and we are encouraged by that which has been already done to hope for much more. Science, by increasing the physical comforts of mankind, is preparing the way for mental blessings and mental progress, to an extent which to some minds seems

Utopian to imagine, but which will be realised nevertheless. All our physical conquests over matter are proofs and results of mental energies, working to various ends, and all of them we cannot doubt, though we may not yet understand, to ultimate mental and spiritual, as well as physical, good. The utilitarian, who confines utility to merely physical advantage, may deny in a great degree the usefulness of literature, and wholly deny the usefulness of poetry. Believing it to be founded on fiction; to be, as the ancient father has it, "the vain shadow of a lie," he may say that he will have none of it; and turn his mind to the contemplation of his money bags. But there are better and truer utilitarians than the men of this class; who can see a beauty, and consequently a good, in every manifestation of the human intellect; who know that Beauty and Truth and Goodness are but three sides of one eternal prism, of which the one cannot exist without the others; and in which the presence of the one presupposes the other two. To utilitarians who believe this, poetry has as great a claim to respect and veneration as science or religion—provided always it be TRUE poetry. It follows from the utilitarianism of the age—if this be a correct definition of it—that it is an earnest age, for if facts be stubborn things, utility is an earnest thing, and the man who would exert any influence over an earnest age, must himself be thoroughly, hopefully, undauntedly, unconquerably in earnest. Hitherto, in this realm of Britain, the great fault of men of letters, as a class, has been a deficiency of earnestness. They have not loved their vocation. They have been, with all their vanity and pride, ashamed of it. Their lot has been cast in a country where there was a tendency to wealth-worship, and to lord and squire-worship; and a rush into all professions or pursuits promising to success the rewards of wealth or rank. The man of letters had no chance of either from *his* profession; he was not recognised at all; and but too often thrown into it from a failure in other pursuits of life—like a friendless woman, who losing her husband sets up a day-school as a last resource in her extremity. Too often, therefore, have they cringed to the powerful, that they might thereby acquire wealth, and quite as often have they pandered to the passions and prejudices of the crowd, and written themselves down to a popular level for the reason that they thought it more profitable to accommodate themselves to the people than by their arduous efforts in a good cause—slowly and faithfully, through difficulties and discouragements — to raise the people up to their standard, and acquire true glory for evermore. Writers of this class have done nothing for literature but degrade it as a profession. Itself they have not been able to degrade; but they have wofully impaired the respect of serious men for all literature that is not stamped with the seal of antiquity, or the approval of one generation of thinkers at least, and rendered more difficult the task of him who loves it and cultivates it for its own sake, independent of worldly recompense. Happily this earnestness of feeling, without which no good can be done, is increasing, and the day seems to be approaching when intellect will be honoured, whether its possessor be rich or poor, and when an author will no more be ashamed of his profession than a lawyer or a divine, a painter or a physician, a merchant or a manufacturer. The new generation is a reading generation. A bold and craving spirit is abroad. Religion, which formerly supplied sufficient nutriment for the multitude, can supply it no longer. Its province is not the Intellect but the Faith. As has been remarked by an eloquent writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, society requires its priests of letters as well as its priests of religion. The Christian mind has arrived at a point when the teachings of faith are insufficient without the teachings of the intellect. These priests of letters have appeared in former times, and bequeathed their minds to us. Immortal books—with truths in them—are better than living men that would feed us with lies or empty fribbles. The great minds of the past preach to us evermore. By a divine privilege—the most divine given to us in this world by the infinite wisdom of its Creator—we are enabled to converse with the mighty men who went before us: their words and thoughts are perpetuated for our consolation, our instruction, and our guidance: we weep for the sorrows, rejoice for the gladness, tremble with the fears, and glow with the hopes, of departed centuries. And if our living poets will not fulfil their high functions, not only in as good but a better spirit than those, they are unworthy of the high place that would otherwise have been set apart for them—they are unworthy of the age. They distract its attention with their vain babble, and bring contempt upon a vocation which should be considered a holy one. We have books enough and more than enough: and hence the arduous task reserved for the truly great poet in the present day — the man who would reflect the age, and yet be in advance of it—who would be of sympathies with it, and yet beyond it—who would give it the blossoms of his intellect with a full certainty that those blossoms, fair and flowery to this age, would be fruit to the ages which are to follow it.

To think, because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the singing of the birds, the flowing of the stream, and the waving of the woods; that the varied beauty of nature, animate and inanimate, shall charm us no more; that the beams of the glorious orb of heaven, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more with delight; and that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualises all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of steam, is mere lunacy. No. Poetry shall never die, while man is an inhabitant of the globe; nor if man is to be succeeded in the fulness of time by a still nobler race, shall it die even then. As civilisation increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with "shows" and "seeming" instead of reality. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of heart, and enshrine them in noble words set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poet who would do that has an arduous but a noble mission. Such an one need not fear that he has fallen upon evil times for his vocation; if he be but in earnest with it, and will make it not his pastime, but the business and the recompense of his life. Let him put on his singing robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature; and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in him, for the advancement of his kind and the glory of his Creator, and there will be no risk that his mission will be unaccomplished, or that he will be allowed to sing in the wilderness, no man listening to him.



THE LOVERS.

BY C. W. COPE, R.A.

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

By George Wallis,

Late Principal of the Manchester School of Design.

No. III.

ARTISTS AND ACADEMIES—ARTISANS AND SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

The question raised at the conclusion of the last article is one which, in the present condition of affairs as affecting Art-education, many persons, and those too who really understand the matter, will, at once, be disposed to answer in the affirmative; and thus completely shut out all hope of training up a race of industrial artists, except through the influence of private enterprise, arising out of the spirit and intelligence of the more enlightened of our manufacturers, the better educated of our artisans, and the more business-like and far-seeing amongst our artists. We are not disposed, however, to give up the question so lightly, though the *fostering care* of the government may even threaten to destroy our bantling by over nursing, whilst the deadly-lively, albeit well-intentioned, efforts of busy do-nothings placed in authority to adjust the machinery of a system of tuition, of the purpose of which they know nothing, may still further increase the difficulty; and though the apathy of those manufacturers whose highest interest it is to assist with their advice, their superintendence, and their purses too, may eventually lead the most enthusiastic advocates and the most earnest workers in a cause which is so essentially their own, to give the matter up, and regard as a hopeless case that which, with due co-operation in the really well-meant, though ill-directed, efforts of the government, might have been made of the highest possible utility to the commerce of this country; as also a means of lifting up a vast mass of the people—morally, socially, and intellectually.

It is quite useless to look at this matter in the sense in which it appears to have been viewed by many parties, as simply a question of giving a certain number of boys a given mechanical power to copy, in order to render them so much the more useful and cheaper drudges in their respective departments of ornamental manufactures. This is a grovelling notion; worthy only of a nation of tinkering pedlars. Nor is it a question of training up a body of young men, whose object is simply the satisfaction of a silly ambition to become painters of pictures, whether they possess the requisite talent or not. This would be equally a specimen of national puerility. It is, we maintain, the question of a true and real development of the latent genius of the country, from the power to draw a simple line, up to that of achieving the greatest results in painting and in sculpture, with a due and proper cultivation of what we suppose must be called, in accordance with popular notions, all those intermediate departments, from the *lowest* to the *highest;* though we question if it would not puzzle the cleverest stickler for academic exclusiveness to define where that same *lowest* ended, and the veritable *highest* began. In short, it is the cultivation of Art in all its various phases, purposes, and requirements which is desiderated, and *must be* achieved.

The era of monopolies would appear to be fast coming to a close, alike in Literature, Art, and Science, as in Commerce. The restriction of all that constitutes Fine Art to the productions of a particular class of artists, or the presumed embodiment of all the genius of the country in any one corporation, is the figment of a past period; nor can the jealous exclusiveness of a Sir Something Somebody, or of a Professor Anybody, with all the *prestige* which academic honours give in the eyes of ignorant *dilletanti*, enable any man, or any body of men, from her Majesty's ministers down to the smallest of the many small committees who take upon themselves to meddle in matters beyond their comprehension, to prescribe how far Art-education, or indeed any other education, shall or shall not be carried. To attempt anything of the kind only betrays one of two things—either an utter ignorance of the elements with which the educator has to deal, or else a puny-minded exclusiveness, arising out of constantly looking on the past, instead of endeavouring to meet the wants of the present, and anticipate the requirements of the coming age.

If privileged academies did that which they ought to do, we should have long since seen a body of artists in this country whose talent and genius would have been devoted to industrial purposes in common with other departments of Art; such men, in fact, as Flaxman and Stothard, whose knowledge of true principles, in combination with great inventive powers, enabled them not only to paint pictures and carve statues, but to successfully exercise their great abilities, and profitably employ their time, in designing for the potter, the silversmith, and the silkweaver. Out of the instruction afforded by these academies, every artist ought to have been enabled more or less to have thus employed his talents. Instead of this, however, the youth whose genius, ambition, or vanity, prompts him to study Art, has, so far as public schools are concerned, even in London, to grope his way in the best manner he can; first, from the absurd practice of the ordinary drawing classes of general schools, to the floundering study of the antique in the galleries of the British Museum, until he can *make* a drawing of a particular size and quality, for presentation, as a means of entrance to the schools of the Royal Academy. In the provinces, even these limited means of early study are wanting. If admitted as a student of the Academy, he goes on with comparatively little positive instruction, his whole energies being absorbed in the attainment of the power to draw one object in nature—certainly the most varied, the most beautiful, and the most expressive, yet but *one* object at last—the human figure. This attained, he sets out on his devious journey, now succeeding, now failing, until at length he makes the discovery that there are many other things to be done in Art, which it had been well for him—yes, and for his country, too—if he had been taught; and that if, in combination with the indispensable power to draw the human figure, he had been taught all those relations of lines to each other which constitute ornamental composition, had learned something of the history of Art in its broad instead of in its limited sense, he would have been a wiser, a wealthier, and a happier, because a more useful man.

In a philanthropic sense, nothing is more painful than to see a young man of talent setting out with high hopes in a particular career, failing in the achievement of his object, and then becoming spirit-broken, falling into the depths of mental, perhaps of physical misery, simply because that talent was only directed towards one particular purpose, and in one particular way; and whilst plenty of talent exists in this country, our manufacturers are compelled either to patronise French

and German artists of the same class, but more rationally educated, or continue to perpetrate uglinesses of the most ridiculous character, whilst the very men who might have told them better, and fully supplied the artistic wants of our manufacturers, had their energies been properly directed, are painting unsaleable pictures, and grumbling at lack of patronage.

To remedy this evil, schools of Design have been advocated, instituted, and so far supported: but, inasmuch as academies of Art have gone on the one extreme for the artist, so have schools of design gone on the other extreme for the artisan. In these schools—instead of propounding such a scheme of education as would have first educed the latent talent of every student presenting himself or herself; and then, after having so educed it, carried it forward steadily, carefully, and earnestly to its ultimate power—a limit has been, absurdly enough, set to the extent of the education. No student intending to become a painter or a sculptor is to be admitted;* thus at once declaring the difference between the various pursuits of Art on the *high* and *low* principle. Then the human figure is to be studied, not—spirit of Benvenuto Cellini!—not through the only way in which it can be really understood, but from ladies' boarding-school examples *à la Jullien*. The argument in favour of this course is, that it will give the humble student of a school of Design ENOUGH of knowledge for *his* purpose, whilst, in the same breath, the sapient lawgivers complain how inferior our industrial productions, wherein the human figure is introduced, are to those of our continental neighbours. Then, oh, crowning absurdity! the principles of design are not to be taught; at least, not in an efficient manner; because the business of the schools is to teach drawing, and the practical application of that drawing must be attained to in the workshop and the manufactory!

Are there, then, no abstract principles of composition? Are there no lines of demarcation to be indicated to the student as suggestive of the leading features of Art at various periods of the world's history, or as belonging to particular peoples or countries? Is the investigation of natural form so barren of interest as not to afford some scope, at least, for the powers of the teacher, in calling out and expanding the awakening perceptions of the student? Has Nature changed so much since antique Art was new, or did those cunning men, the artists of the olden time, exhaust all her principles? Go to! wiser men than they now sit in council, and legislate for Art! They have said this thing shall not be done. Shall it not? We shall see!

With schools of Art barren of leading principles —with schools of Design in which Design is not taught†—we certainly bid fair to rival all around us at no very distant period; but it will be in the absurdity of our methods, rather than in the results achieved.

It must ever be borne in mind that the physical characteristics of the material in which the artist is called upon to work, or for which he is called upon to design, must be studied, and for all successful practice, thoroughly understood. The capabilities of the mechanical powers to be made available in the production of the design is also an object of the highest importance; and although no one would suppose that all this could ever, by any possibility, be learned thoroughly, anywhere else than in the workshop or manufactory, yet the leading features and requirements may be so forcibly impressed on the mind of the student, as at once to show him the difference of treatment necessary in designing for figure weaving, in contradistinction to that for printing even the same figure on another material, or that difference which exists between the requisites of a model for porcelain and one for a metal casting. Are we not justified, then, in denouncing as a delusion, a system which inculcates that, because, forsooth, the student cannot be manufactured into an artistic calico-printer, silk-weaver, potter, or metal-founder, he is not to be told anything as to the leading principles which govern the production of Art-effect in cotton, silk, clay, or silver, or any other material, with the known qualities of which his instructor, and those who pretend to instruct the instructor, ought thoroughly to inform themselves, before undertaking important duties which otherwise they are, despite all other abilities, utterly incapable of fulfilling.

Let the instruction in schools of Design be made practically valuable to the humblest artisan; but if the schools are limited to the teaching of such immediate requirements on the one hand, the absurdity will be as great as the mere abstract method of teaching drawing only, without reference to the purpose to which the knowledge is to be applied, is at present on the other. But whilst affirming the principle that the artisan should have his immediate wants supplied, we maintain that he should have furnished to him a motive to go still further, by seeing before him, students of his own class in society who have advanced to the highest departments of decorative Art, and successful progress through what, for convenience, may be termed the *lower section*, should be the passport, and the only passport, to the *higher section* of the school. The student would thus find his level according to his abilities. If he possessed talent to achieve great things, and industry and perseverance to work out that talent, in the name of all common sense, give him the opportunity. If, on the contrary, he does not possess this talent, industry, and perseverance, he will just fix himself in the scale according to the amount of each which he does possess. No artificial crammings on the one hand, or equally artificial obstacles on the other, will either keep him back, or help him forward. The talent which God hath given him is the natural, and ought to be the only, limit to his progress; and who shall dare to say that he has ENOUGH of knowledge so long as he is capable of attaining to more?

It is useless any longer to conceal the fact that schools of Design have not done anything like what might have been done, had clear and well digested modes of action been first adopted, and then steadily adhered to, from the outset of their career, some ten years ago. We are not of those, however, who consider that this period was amply sufficient for their full development, though practical experience has shown us what could be achieved, out of comparatively unfavourable circumstances, in one-fifth of that time; still less are

* Rules of the school at Somerset House.

† The only exception was in the case of the Manchester school, where the writer of these articles fully proved the value of a course of oral instruction, by lectures on, and demonstrations of, first principles as applied to the composition of ornament. On his retirement, however, from the mastership of that school, in consequence of the uncalled for interference of the authorities at Somerset House, the room which had been expressly fitted up by him, at the expense of the local council, with demonstration boards moving on a railway, raised seats, &c., was converted into a *lumber room*. *Sic transit*, &c.! Further, the students were constantly encouraged to ask questions—not only after lectures, but on all occasions—on the history, principles, and practice of Art generally.

we disposed to allow, that the means at the command of those deputed to do this great work were at all adequate to the end sought. It is equally useless, now, to say that the best use has not been made of these limited means. For the future, however, it may be safely predicted, that unless the manufacturer works harder and more sincerely in his own cause than he has done—using alike brain, hands, and purse more freely, and curbing his unreasonable expectations as to immediate results—he will be disappointed. That unless the means at the disposal of those deputed by the Government to carry out the wishes of the country in this particular, are more ample than heretofore, the governing powers will be disappointed. That the inculcation of sound principles, and sound principles alone, alike in the education of the educator first, and in that of the pupil afterwards, is the only true and efficient method to prevent disappointment, alike to masters and students.

Our next effort will be to develop the principles of Fine Art as applied to Industrial purposes.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE ABRUZZI.

By L. Mariotti.

"An earthquake?" said I. "No! I should like to know what it is like."

It was in February, 1831, I was a guest of Don Marzio Pignatelli, in Aquila, of Abruzzo. The Englishman never thinks of Italy without dreaming daggers and poison. Never of the Appenines, without conjuring up starving hostelries and banditti scenes.

There is an Italy in the South which God has created; there is another somewhere in the clouds that Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe, with a crowd of minor horror-mongers, have got up for the benefit of gullible readers.

Don Marzio's house and family, their manners and habits, might befit an English gentleman farmer of the old school. The same lavish hospitality, the same substantial hearty cheer, the same roaring horse-laugh. Donna Betta, his wife, was a very pattern of apple-tart makers. Don Marzio himself was quite a conjurer in the manifold science of coffee-boiling.

We were just on the point of testing his unrivalled abilities on that score. Dinner had been removed; and we gathered round the fire, husband, wife, and guest. It was, as I have said, the 13th of February. The open air was, at that time, deemed unwholesome for me. Don Marzio, himself an old Carbonaro, harboured me in his house; with a true Abruzzese's love of contraband, cherishing his guest in proportion to the danger and mystery which encompassed him.

The fragrance of the purest Mocha, inspiriting, inebriating, spread all over the room. Coffee, it was part of his tenets, should never be confined by a lid, never polluted by milk. He would prose about roasting and toasting, pounding and grinding, till he was hoarse with excitement.

On that day, however, some secret thought preyed on his mind, and the chemical preparation proceeded in silence. He sat on the right chimney-corner, his wife on the left, I remained standing between.

"So, then, Bird-in-the-bush," (*Uccello in frasca* —it was by that name he loved to designate me) "so you sleep proof from thunder and earthquake, do you? I congratulate you; the shock was enough to rouse the dead from their graves, I tell you."

"I always thought it was a dream of yours, Don Marzio;" interposed my host's better half, languidly. "It is a dreadful bore, I declare, to be disturbed in your first slumber, and scared out of your wits, form no better reason than that."

"A dream of mine!" retorted the amateur coffee-maker. "And San Francis Solano, who has dropped his ball* in the night; and the procession at the Capuchins, and the whole town in alarm—is that all a dream, too?"

"Well, well," I said, anxious to conciliate, "a pure conscience and easy slumbers, you know. I heard nothing of this—never heard anything like an earthquake in my life. I wonder what it can be like?"

These were magic words. The sound had not quite died away, when the feet I stood on seemed suddenly seized with the cramp. Cup and coffee-pot dropped as dead from Don Marzio's hand as the ball from St. Francis's palm. There was a rush as if of many waters; and for about ten seconds my head was overwhelmed by awful dizziness, which numbed and paralysed all sensation.

Don Marzio, in form an athlete, in heart a lion, but a man of sudden, sanguine temperament, flew up like a bird, and darted out of the room, with the ease of a man never burdened with a wife or friend. Donna Betta, a portly matron, also rose and followed instinctively; but I—I never could account for the odd freak—laid hold of her arm, bidding her stay. The roar of eight hundred houses reeling and quaking, the yells of ten thousand voices in a fit of despair had wholly subsided, ere I allowed her calmly and majestically to waddle up to her good man in the garden.

Thank God, we found ourselves all in the open air, under the broad canopy of heaven. We began to count heads. Yes, there we all stood, children, nursery-maids, stable-boys, all as obedient to the awful summons as the best disciplined troops at the first roll of the drum.

It was February, as I have twice observed, and we were in the heart of the Appenines. The day was rather fine, but pinching cold; and when the fever of the first terror abated, the lady and the little ones began to shiver in every limb. No one dared to break silence, but Don Marzio's eye wandered significantly from one to another's countenance in that awe-stricken group. There was no mistaking his appeal. Yet, one after the other, his menials returned his gaze with well-acted perplexity. No one so dull as those who will not understand.

Reader, I was then two-and-twenty. I had had my trials, and could boast of hair-breadth escapes. I smiled dimly, nodded to the old gentleman, clapped my hands cheerily; and the next moment was once more under the roof.

I made a huge armful of cloaks and blankets; snapped up every rag with all the haste of a marauding party; and moved towards the door, tottering under the encumbrance.

But now the dreaded crisis was at hand. Earthquakes, it is well known, proceed by action and reaction. The second shock, I was aware, must be imminent. I had just touched the threshold, and stood under the porch, when that spasmodic

* San Francesco Solano, whoever he may be, is the patron-saint against the earthquake all over Italy. In most Franciscan convents there is an image of the saint, holding the globe of the earth in his outspread palm. The globe is so nicely balanced in his hand that the least undulation of the ground will determine its fall. The friars are, thereby, empowered to announce the slightest symptoms of commotion of the ground.

sensation once more stiffened every muscle in my limbs. Presently I felt myself lifted from the ground and hurled against the pillar on my right; the rebound again drove me to the post on the opposite side; and after thus being repeatedly tossed and buffeted from right to left, like a shuttlecock, I was sent down to the ground outside, having tumbled headlong the whole range of the four marble steps of the entrance.

The harm, however, was not so great as the fear: and thanks to my gallant devotion, the whole party were wrapped and blanketed, till they looked like a party of wild Indians: and as we trod now on comparatively firm ground, we had leisure to look about us.

The garden was open and spacious, being bound on three sides by the half-crumbling wall of the town. On the fourth side lay the house, now miserably shaky and ricketty. Close by the house was the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, and above that its slender spire rose, chaste and stainless, "pointing the way to heaven."

Any rational being might have deemed himself sufficiently removed from brick and mortar, and, in so far, out of harm's way. Not so Don Marzio. He contended that the shadow of that spire not unfrequently stretched all the way across his garden, which, towards sunset, it possibly did; but, by a strange perversion of argument, he added, that so far as the shadow extended, there might also the body that cast it, reach in its fall; for fall it obviously must; and as the danger was pressing, he deemed it unwise to discuss which of the four cardinal points the tower might feel a leaning towards, whenever it "looked around and chose its ground."

Don Marzio was gifted with animal courage proportionate to the might of his stalwart frame. But mere thews and sinews were of little avail in the case. The garden was no breathing-ground for him; and he was resolved upon prompt emigration.

The people of Aquila, as indeed of most towns in Southern Italy, have the habit of, therefore a peculiar talent for, earthquakes. Two hundred yards outside the gate, there is half-a-square-mile of table land on the summit of a hill; a market-place in days of ease, a harbour of refuge in the urgency of peril. From the first dropping of the earth-ball from the hand of their guardian saint, the most far-sighted among the inhabitants had been busy pitching their tents. The whole population was now swarming there; pulling, pushing, hauling, and hammering away for very life; with women fainting, children screeching, Capuchins preaching. It was like a little rehearsal of domesday.

Don Marzio, a prudent housekeeper, had the latch-key of a private door at the back of the garden. He threw it open, not without a glance of misgiving at the moss-grown wall over head. Then he hemmed twice, and gave me a feverish shake of the hand.

"I am heartily sorry for you, my boy," he cried. "A *fuoruscito*, as I may say, a Bird-in-the-bush. You dare not show your nose outside the door. Safe enough here, I dare say," with a stolen glance at the spire, "but you see, imperative duty—father of children—and so, God bless you,"

With this he left me there, under the "deadly shade" of the steeple, ordered out his little household band, and away they filed, one by one, the head of the house, himself, manfully closing the rear.

I was alone—alone with the earthquake. Solitude and despair, witness Robinson Crusoe, will inspire a man with endless resources. There was a wood-cellar in one of the outhouses, access to which was easy and safe. One of my host's domestics had slipped flint and steel into my hands. In less than half an hour's time, a cheerful fire was crackling before me. I drew forth an old armchair from the wood-cellar, together with my provision of fuel. I shrouded myself in the ample folds of one of Don Marzio's riding cloaks; I sat with folded arms, my eyes riveted on the rising blaze, summoning all my spirits round my heart, and bidding it to bear up. The sun had long set, and the last gleam of a sickly twilight rapidly faded. A keen, damp north-east wind swept over the earth; thin, black, ragged clouds flitted before it, like uneasy ghosts. A stray star twinkled here and there in the firmament, and the sickle-shaped moon hung on the west. But the light of these pale luminaries was wan and fitful. They seemed to be aware of the hopelessness of their struggle, and to mourn in anticipation of the moment when they should faint in fight, and unrelieved darkness should lord it over the fields of the heavens.

The town of Aquila, or "the Eagle," as the natives name it, is perched, eagle-like, on the brow of an abrupt cliff, in the bosom of the loftiest Appenines. Monte Reale, Monte Velino, and the giant of the whole chain, the "Gran Sasso d'Italia" look down upon it from their exalted thrones. Within the shelter of that massive armour, the town might well seem invulnerable to time and man. But now, as I gazed despondingly round, the very hills, ever-lasting, seemed rocking from their foundation, and their crests nodding destruction. Which of those mighty peaks was to open the fire of hell's artillery upon us? Was not Etna once as still and dark as yonder "Great Rock," and yet it now glares by night with its ominous beacon, and cities and kingdoms have been swept away at its base. Two hours passed away in gloomy meditation. The whole town was a desert. The camp-meeting of the unhoused Aquilani was held somewhere in the distance: its confused murmur reached me not. Only my neighbours, the Ursuline nuns, were up and awake. With shrinking delicacy, dreading the look and touch of the profane, even more than the walls of their prison-house, they had stood their ground with the heroism of true faith, and reared their temporary asylum under their vine-canopied bowers, within the shade of the cloisters. A high garden-wall alone separated me from the holy virgins. They were watching and kneeling. Every note from their silver voices sank deep in my heart, and impressed me with something of that pious confidence, of that imploring fervour, with which they addressed their guardian angels and saints.

Two hours had passed. The awfulness of prevailing tranquility, the genial warmth of my fire, and the sweet monotony of that low mournful chanting, were by degrees gliding into my troubled senses, and lulling them into a treacherous security.

"Just so," I reasoned, "shock and counter-shock. The terrible scourge has by this time exhausted its strength. It was only a farce after all. Much ado about nothing. The people of this town have become so familiar with the earthquake, that they make a carnival of it. By this time, they are perhaps feasting and rioting under their booths. Ho! am I the only craven here? And had I not my desire? Am I not now on speaking terms with an earthquake?"

Again my words conjured up the waking enemy. A low, hollow, rumbling noise, as if from many hundred miles' distance, was heard coming rapidly onward along the whole line of the Appenines. It

reached us, it seemed to stop underneath our feet, and suddenly changing its horizontal for a vertical direction, it burst upwards.

The whole earth heaved with a sudden pang; it then gave a backward bound, even as a vessel shipping a sea. The motion, then became undulatory, and spread far and wide, as the report of a cannon, awakening every echo in the mountains.

There was a rattle and clatter, as if of a thousand waggons shooting down stones in the town. The Ursuline steeple waved in the air like a reed vexed by the blast. The chair I stood on was all but capsized, and the fire at my feet was overthrown. The very vault of heaven swung to and fro, ebbing and heaving with the general convulsion. The doleful psalmody in the neighbouring ground broke short abruptly. The chorus of many voices sent forth but one rending shriek. The clamour of many thousands of the town gave its wakeful response. Then the dead silence of consternation ensued. I picked up every stick and brand that had been scattered about, steadied myself in my chair, and hung down my head. "These black hounds," I mused, "hunt in couples. Now for the re-percussion!"

I had not many minutes to wait. Again the iron-hoofed steeds and heavy wheels of the state chariot of the Prince of Darkness were heard tramping and rattling in their course. Once more the subterranean avalanche gathered and burst. Once more the ground beneath throbbed and heaved as if with rending travail. Once more heaven and earth seemed to yearn to each other; and the embers of my watchfire were cast upwards and strewn asunder.

It was an awful, long winter night. The same sable clouds rioting in the sky, the same cruel wind moaning angrily through the withered branches, through the chinks and crevices of many a shattered edifice. Solitude, the chillness of night, and the vagueness, even more than the inevitableness, of the danger, wrought fearfully on my exhausted frame. Stupor and lethargy soon followed those brief moments of speechless excitement. Bewildered imagination peopled the air with vague, unutterable terrors. Legions of phantoms sported on those misshapen clouds. The clash of a thousand swords was borne on the wind. Tongues of living flame danced and quivered in every direction. The firmament seemed all burning with them. I saw myself alone, helpless, hopeless, the miserable butt of all the rage of warring elements.

It was an uncomfortable night. Ten and twelve times was the dreadful visitation reproduced between sunset and sunrise, and every shock found me more utterly unnerved; and the sullen resignation with which I recomposed and trimmed my fire had something in it consummately abject, by the side of the doleful accents with which the poor half-hoarse nuns, my neighbours, called on their blessed virgin for protection.

The breaking morn found me utterly demoralised; and when Don Marzio's servants had so far recovered from their panic as to intrude upon my solitude, and offer their services for the erection of my tent in the garden, I had hardly breath enough left to welcome them. Under that tent I passed days and nights during all the remainder of February. The shocks, though diminished in strength, almost nightly roused us from our rest. But the people of Aquila soon learned to despise them. By one, by two, by three, they sought the threshold of their dismantled homes. Last of all, Don Marzio folded his tent. His fears having, finally, so far given way, as to allow him to think of something beside himself, he exerted himself to free me from confinement. He furnished me with faithful guides, by whose aid I reached the sea coast. Here a Maltese vessel was waiting to waft me to a land of freedom and security. From that time I was cured for ever of all curiosity about earthquakes.

THE PHANTOMS OF ST. SEPULCHRE.*

"Did'st ever see a hanging?" "No—not one—
Nor ever wish to see such scandal done;
But once I saw a wretch condemned to die—
A lean-faced, bright-eyed youth, who made me sigh
At the recital of a dream he had.
He was not sane—and yet he was not mad;
Fit subject for a mesmerist he seemed,
For when he slept, he saw; and when he dreamed,
His visions were as palpable to him
As facts to us: my memory is dim
Upon his story, but I'll ne'er forget
The dream he told me, for it haunts me yet;
Impressed upon me by his earnest faith
That 'twas no vision, but a sight which Death
Opened his eyes to see—an actual glimpse
Into the world of spectres and of imps,
Vouchsafed to him on threshold of the grave.
List, and I'll give it—in the words he gave!

"Ay, you may think that I am crazed,
But what I saw, that did I see;
These walls are thick—my brain was sick—
And yet mine eyes saw lucidly;
Through the joists and through the stones
I could look as through a glass;
And, from this dungeon damp and cold,
I watched the motley people pass.
All day long, rapid and strong,
Rolled to and fro the living stream;
But in the night I saw a sight—
I cannot think it was a dream.

"Old St. Sepulchre's bell will toll
At eight to-morrow for my soul;
And thousands not much better than I
Will throng around to see me die.
And many will bless their happy fate
That they ne'er fell from their high estate,
Or did such deeds as I have done;
Though from the rise to the set of sun
They cheat their neighbours all their days,
And gather gold in slimy ways.
But my soul feels strong and my sight grows clear
As my Death-hour approaches near;
And, in its presence, I will tell
The very truth as it befel.

"The snow lies now on the house-tops cold;
Shrill and keen the March winds blow;
The rank grass of the churchyard mould
Is covered o'er with drifted snow;

* It may be necessary to inform the reader unacquainted with London, that the church of St. Sepulchre adjoins the jail of Newgate, and that its bell is tolled when a criminal is executed. *Few* will need to be reminded that the three stories related are not fabulous.

The graves in old St. Sepulchre's yard
Were white last night when I looked forth,
And the sharp clear stars seemed to dance in the sky
Rock'd by the fierce winds of the North.
The houses dull seemed numb with frost,
The streets seemed longer than of yore;
And the straggling passengers trod like ghosts
Silently on the pathway frore—
When I looked through that churchyard rail,
And thought of the bell that should ring my doom
And saw three women sad and pale
Sitting together on a tomb.

"A fearful sight it was to see,
As up they rose and looked at me.
Sunken were their cheeks and eyes,
Blue-cold were their feet and bare,
Lean and yellow were their hands,
Long and scanty was their hair;
And round their necks I saw the ropes—
Deftly-knotted, tightly-drawn—
And knew they were not things of earth,
Or creatures that could face the dawn.

"Seen dimly through the uncertain light,
They multiplied upon my sight.
And things like men and women sprung—
Shapes of those who had been hung—
From the rank and clammy ground.
I counted them, I knew them all—
Each with its rope around its neck,
Marshalled by the churchyard wall.

"The stiff policeman passing along
Saw them not, nor made delay;
A reeling bacchanal, shouting a song,
Looked at the clock and went his way.
A troop of girls with painted cheeks,
Laughing and yelling in drunken glee,
Passed like a gust, and never looked
At the sight so palpable to me.
I saw them—heard them—felt their breath—
Musty and raw and damp as death.

"These women three, these fearful shapes,
Looked at me through Newgate stone,
And rais'd their fingers skinny and lank,
Whispering low in under tone—
'His hour draws near—he's one of us—
His gibbet is built—his noose is tied;
They have put his name on his coffin lid—
The law of blood shall be satisfied.
He shall rest with us, and his name shall be
A bye-word and a mockery.'

"I whispered to one—'What had'st thou done?'
She answered whispering, and I heard—
Although a chime rang at the time—
Every sentence, every word,
Clear above the pealing bells—
'I was mad, and slew my child;
Better than life, God knows, I loved it!
But pain and hunger drove me wild,
Scorn and hunger and grief and care,
And I slew it in my despair—
And for this deed, they raised the gibbet—
For this deed the noose they tied—
And I hung, and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied!'

"I said to the second—'What did'st thou?'
Her keen eyes flashed unearthly shine—
'I married a youth when I was young,
And thought all happiness was mine;
But they stole him from me, to fight the French,
And I was left in the world alone,
To beg or steal, to live or die—
Robbed of my stay, my all, my own—
England stole my lord from me;
I stole a ribband—was caught and tried;
And I hung, and swung, in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied!'

"I said to the third—'What crime was thine?'
'Crime?' she answered in accents meek,
'The babe that sucks at its mother's breast,
And smiles with its little dimpled cheek,
Is not more innocent than I;—
But truth was feeble—error was strong,
And guiltless of a deed of shame
Men's justice did me cruel wrong—
They would not hear my truthful words—
They thought me filled with stubborn pride;
And I hung, and swung, in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied!'

"Then one and all, by that churchyard wall,
Raised their skinny hands at me,
Their voices mingling like the sounds
Of rustling leaves, in a withering tree;
'His hour is come—he's one of us—
His gibbet is built—his noose is tied—
His knell shall ring, and his corpse shall swing,
And the law of blood shall be satisfied!'

"They vanished—I saw them one by one—
With their bare blue feet on the drifted snow,
Sink like a thaw when the sun is up;
To their wormy Solitudes below.
Though *you* may deem this was a dream,
My facts are tangible facts to me—
For the sight grows clear as Death draws near
And looks into Futurity."

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE DISPUTE IN THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

By W. H. ASHURST.

MUNICIPAL institutions, when properly constituted, are great supports to the liberty of any country in which they exist.

The history of the corporation of London furnishes many instances of this. We have long wished, therefore, to see the corporation reforming itself, because when government reformed or reconstituted the other corporations of England, it will be recollected that they took from the people the choice of their own magistrates, and the borough magistrates are now practically appointed by the minister for the time being. To those who view with apprehension the present tendency to centralisation the question is one of some interest, for they would rather see the extension than the extinction of free municipal bodies, through which the opinions and wishes of the people may receive legitimate expression—the only way to obtain for them just attention.

We do not find in history many records of cor-

porations struggling to adapt their institutions to the progress and wants of the age.

Reform is usually the result of a visitation from without; but in London the struggles have been on the part of the common council to induce the aldermen to allow them to exert that self-reformatory power of legislation which they undoubtedly possess, to suit its municipal institutions to the changed exigencies of the metropolis.

Unquestionably much has been done; and we are not amongst those who are reluctant to acknowledge the obligations of society to those who struggle by peaceful and lawful means to move the world onwards. But for such movements the capital of this little island would not have become, as it may without any excess in the figure be called, the counting-house of the world. It is equally true, that until the governing municipal body be brought into greater harmony with the governed, the improvement necessary to enable London to assume its true aspect and character cannot be obtained.

The dispute that is now pending is a struggle on the part of the aldermen to restrict the legislative power of the common council; that body having manifested a strong inclination to abolish the fines upon admission to the freedom, and to enrol *all* resident householders rated at 10*l.* as freemen; thus practically making the parliamentary franchise and the municipal franchise the same, and giving to those who are affected by municipal laws the right to vote in the making of them. That the common council have power to abolish the fine has been admitted, for they have already, and that recently, abolished four-fifths of it. Nor is it disputed that they have possessed and exercised the power of general legislation uninterruptedly since the reign of Richard II.; and they refer with much satisfaction to the approbation which has been expressed by the corporate commissioners of the manner in which that power has been exercised. Since that report was presented, they have sought to remove those anomalies to which the commissioners drew attention.

It is difficult to account for the earnestness with which some of the citizens have contended for the "privileges of the freemen." They have been unable to see that time, the great innovator, has changed both the word and the thing, that the word freedom has no meaning now that there is no villeinage or serfdom from which to be freed, and that there is no privilege in being compelled to pay a sum of money for leave to do that in the city of London, which everywhere else a man is free to do at his own will and pleasure.

Originally the word freedom had a meaning, and a privilege was really acquired for the money paid. A short history of the freedom will show this, and the necessity for the change. When our ancestors were in a state of semi-barbarism, and were serfs to their chiefs, and the productives had to struggle against the destroying barons, the industrious producers—those who supplied the world's wants—were obliged to unite to protect themselves against those whose trade was war and destruction. Those unionists formed boroughs and cities. By their union they won their own freedom, and London became the chief amongst those fraternities in England which achieved their emancipation from the barons, the despoilers of their day.

By the ancient laws, no man was permitted to stay in the city unless taken into *frank-pledge*, and admitted a member of the great social family within its precincts. This was necessary to their safety. If a person in a state of villeinage could escape from his lord, and take refuge within the city, and if, being permitted by them to remain a year and a day, he paid his scot and bore his lot, he acquired the rights of a freeman, and was admitted and sworn, upon payment of a small fee without any fine. When a person of this description asked admittance, stating that he was skilful in some mechanical art, he was, if approved, admitted and delivered to the authorities of the ward, and according to the trade he professed he was located in the ward or district in which similar workmen wrought. If it turned out that he had professed a knowledge he did not possess, he was turned without the walls, where his lord might recapture him; but if, certified by their craft to be a good workman, he remained for a year and a day, he became a freeman.

In the progress of time the city of London became the great emporium of trade and commerce, and the seat of the handicraft and mechanical arts, superior excellence in which established its fame in every quarter of the globe. Permission to reside, and protection within a city, then so justly famous for its commercial privileges and manufacturing skill, became highly prized, and the advantages secured to those who joined it, and the heavy expenses of the governing body, led to a payment of admission fines, which were at that time justly required and readily paid.

The trading or livery companies gradually increased in wealth, and obtained, some by charters, some by act of common council, the power of ruling and supervising all persons of the same trade within the city. At that time such functions were most beneficially exercised by the companies, who were then really members of those trades which now only give them name, and the character of English manufactured goods in every part of the world—"London made" and "Town made" articles—acquired through them a reputation which secured ready purchasers in both the domestic and foreign markets.

It was then reasonable, when strangers applied for the advantages of membership, that the corporation should require them to be presented by their craft as proof of their ability and sufficiency in their art; but circumstances changed.

The companies no longer imparted or certified the skill of the craftsman, nor even themselves continued to be of the same craft; yet men were still obliged to become free of a company before they became free of the city.

This became oppressive to those who did not need the company and did want the freedom, and injurious to the corporation. It worked as injustice ever works—injuriously to those who imposed it, as well as to those who suffered from it.

In 1835, an effort was made by the common council to abolish the fine paid by the city, and to pass an act of common council that all persons should be admitted to the freedom of the city without the intervention of the trading companies; and they succeeded in abolishing this necessity, and in reducing the fine from 25*l.* to 5*l.* Still the fees and stamps imposed by government amounted to about 11*l.*, and the right to the fees was vested in the officers who received them. But the purchase money was estimated by an actuary at 12,000*l.*, and it was resolved in common council, upon a motion made by the writer of this paper, in 1839, that those fees should cease when the rights of the officers entitled thereto should cease.

These fees are now reduced very considerably, and out of the small amount now payable, 3*l.* are imposed by government for stamp duty.

Three years ago some members of the common council lost their election for urging the further reduction of the fine, and others would have done so had there been other candidates; and the wisdom of our ancestors is still urged by those who prefer that society in its maturity should be ruled by the regulations of its childhood.

The fallacy lies in calling that which is now a disability a privilege. On the west side of Temple Bar a man may carry on business without paying a fine, but upon the city side he finds a prohibition. This prohibition the lovers of the "ancient ways" call the *freedom*.

We object, say they, to admit others, unless you take from their pockets as much as those of old imposed upon us. It is answered, commerce has outgrown the necessity which united men of peace against lawless barons, and the swaddling clothes of infancy are incumbrances to the maturer being.

It is urged, that to permit those who, as residents, are the ratepayers, to choose the rate spenders, unless they pay for a right they do not want, interferes with the vested right of the freemen. The right contended for is now of no value, but if it were of some value, ought we, it is answered, to perpetuate a right to inflict a wrong, when time has revoked the reason upon which the right was originally founded.

Freemen are not compellable to be resident, and therefore as freemen they pay nothing to the ward expenses. It would be as reasonable to say that a freeman should be compelled to reside in the city and pay rates, as it is to say a resident ratepayer shall not control the outlay of the rates unless he buys a freedom he does not want.

It was believed by those who desired to abolish the fine, that it could not be enforced against those who are now considered as wholesale dealers; and it was urged as matter of objection against them, that as liberals they were bound to enforce the obligation on all; and they could not get ahead with many until they had made this effort. There is perhaps little doubt about the law in ancient times—that goods "foreign bought and foreign sold" were forfeited if purchased and sold in the city; but it is certain that such a bye-law could not now be enforced, and the moment the lovers of the ancient ways should attempt the enforcement of their privileges by seizing such goods, they would bring down an extinguisher upon themselves.

On this bye-law the ancients—those who thought the wisdom of our infancy ought to control our maturer knowledge—were satisfied they dared not act. But there were other bye-laws (there are bye-laws in the city records for every conceivable narrowness), and they could not be dragged on without trying another action, and they carried, against those who struggled for emancipation, a resolution to bring an action upon a bye-law passed in the 4th year of the reign of James I.; by which it was enacted, that no person not being free of the city should sell by retail in it upon pain of forfeiting 5*l.* for every sale; another, but subsequent, part of the bye-law imposing the same fine upon those who should keep any shop, room, or other place, for sale, or use any art, trade, occupation, mystery, or handicraft whatsoever, within the City, upon pain of forfeiting 5*l.* for every breach. This last action was tried, before the Recorder, against Mr. Sturt, of Wood-street, and the Recorder ruled that the words "by retail" overrode the whole of the enactments of the bye-law, and consequently that wholesale dealers were not liable to the penalty thereby imposed.

What, then, were the common council to do? They could not go on enforcing this penalty against retailers, leaving richer men untouched, and they came back to their original position, and sought the total abolition of the fine.

We have not space at present to trace this history further. In a future article we shall bring our readers up to the point now pending. It is desirable that those who deem this question important should understand it, and support their representatives in the common council. And it may be some satisfaction to them, with reference to the spirit in which the legislative body in London (*i. e.*, the common council) have exercised their power, to know that one of the most celebrated lawyers and statesmen of modern times—by no means an apologist for the civic authorities—has deliberately observed from the judicial seat, that "the corporation of London has generally set the example of a mild and regular government cherishing the liberties and protecting the interests of their fellow citizens."*

PEOPLE ABOUT ONE.

By Angus B. Reach.

CHAP. I.—BEING AN INTRODUCTORY ONE.

I confess to thoroughly metropolitan tastes, habits, and predilections. I love big towns. They may be as smoky, muddy, and unpicturesque as you please, but the bigger the place the better I like it. I am gregarious. If not in a crowd I am alone. The surf roars a glorious music. I am not insensible to it—but I prefer the boom of Fleet-street. The Alps have their icy gorges—I have climbed amid them—but I prefer a saunter up Regent-street. Wood and wild, copse and dingle, are glorious in their summer greenery; but, except for pic-nics, I choose an afternoon's lounge in Pall Mall, and an evening's gossip where the crash of a surging orchestra, fills up every pause, or witty words come all sparklingly from the fane illumined by the glare of footlights.

The simple fact is this, not that I love nature less, but that I love men more. The moral landscape has more attractions for me than the physical: I admire and love most to study the picturesqueness of character. I prefer habits and customs to rivers and rocks. I would rather watch the shifting shades of mental tendency than the fleeting glories of the most golden sun-set. Some people have a rage for studying glaciers; I like to analyse Tomkinses. Leaving the natural history of lions and tigers to those who like these amiable creatures, I prefer to plunge into the appearances, habits, and nature of the Joneses and the Brownses. We do not attend half to the natural history of ourselves. We run after jungles before we have exhausted streets; we are deep in caves, ere we know half of what is to be learned from two-pair-backs.

Leaving, then, the Parks and the Bruces to find out where the Niger goes to, or the Nile comes from, I like to speculate upon the probable destination of my quondam friend Pippins, who, upon the strength of a legacy of 1500*l.*, keeps two cabs, a stud at Melton, a box in Surrey, and a French cook; or the sources of the prosperity of my acquaintance Levinall, who lives at the rate of five thousand a year out of nothing at all, and whose

* Lord Chancellor Brougham, in Attorney-general *v.* Haberdashers' Company. 1 Mylne and Keen's Reports, 425.

only idea of paying an account is giving his bill—a process whereby the stamp department of the revenue and the manufacturers of stationary alone are benefited.

I travel, then, at home. I study the manners and customs of streets and squares, instead of countries and empires. I find plenty to watch and analyse in my own parish. In the drawing-room, the theatre, the tavern, the public meeting, I am still in the midst of a cabinet of curiosities. No need of going to Great Russell-street for the wonders of nature and art. What is all wide London but a natural, living gratis British Museum?

There are mummies from the catacombs who sleep their last sleep in Bloomsbury. Ghastly are these subjects of the old looming Pharoahs in their swathed and sweet smelling cerements. But are they the only mummies in England? Pshaw! I dined yesterday with a mummy. It wore a white waistcoat, had a glass in its eye, talked of the disjointed state of political parties—just like a man of the present day—but its savour and associations were mediæval. It was a Young England mummy, which had but the day before tripped up and tumbled over a chair in walking backwards from the august presence of the Conde de Montemolin, the *de jure* monarch of Spain.

And many more curious objects of natural history do I every day fall in with in my own favourite British Museum. I know a set of men, of the cold respectable class, who never did a vicious thing, and never had a generous inspiration; who never wronged a man of a penny, and never presented a man with a penny; who are never out of spirits, and never in them; who are never sick, and never in rioting flushing health; who never cry, and never shriek out a heart-felt burst of uproarious laughter; men in whose lives there are no "engineering difficulties;" the rails of whose souls are laid upon a spiritless flat; who never break down, and never fly off at a curve; but who, from one terminus to the other—the pap-bowl to the bottle of funeral port—keep up a continuous jig-jog jogging, very slow and very sure; very stale, but, in worldly gear, very profitable. Where, then, in the museum shall we look for such specimens? Surely, corked up in phials, like respectable, slimy, dabby fishes.

And are there not men whose hearts would furnish forth admirable trays of fossils; women called divine, whose claim to the title—like their sister birds of paradise—lies but in fine feathers; are there not very handsome and agreeably-mannered gentlemen to be met with in every West-end haunt, infinitely more dangerous to the simple wayfarer, should they catch him in the card-room of a club, or over the green baize of a "slate billiard-table," than lions and tigers could possibly prove to the same unsuspecting wanderer, lounging peaceably about, where the shade of the jungle screened him from a Bengal sun?—are there not, in fine, human reptiles, human shell-fish, human botanical specimens, who vegetate around us; human jackalls leading human lions, human pilot-fish guiding human sharks, human ghouls preying on human flesh?

Let us jog on, then, through our museum—at the same time a museum, a menagerie, and a country whereof even the wisest of us has much to learn. Let us talk with, and of, men and women, the ordinary, hatted, bonnetted, trowsered, frocked "people about one;" let us talk of their homes, their amusements, their aims, their ends, their sorrows, and their joys. A clever Frenchwoman preferred the gutter of the Rue de Tabac—and I remember that it is not savoury—to the most sparkling Switzer stream. If you do not agree with her, at any rate coincide with me. Would you not rather study soul and mind than rock and lichen? I have a greater respect for the limping devil, he of Madrid, who tore away roofs and discovered family convulsions, family joys, family intrigues, family mysteries, than I have for the earthquake fiend, who wrenches open the hidden things of long buried geological formations. After all, let man study man. I would rather have cracked a bottle of sack with Shakspeare, than stood on the topmost peak of Chimborazo, or peeped out of a diving bell at the unknown creatures who may inhabit Atlantic depths where never has, and never will fall the lead of the mariner.

I have much to say even of my own street, and a very common, brown-brick sort of street it is. External features it has none. People, like anybody and everybody else, go up and down it; ring at No. 10, and knock at No. 20. The milkman, and the newsman, and the postman, and the policeman—all the usual tribe of semi-public functionaries—perambulate it, as they do every other street in London, and the names on the brass plates which decorate the green doors show it to be the dwelling-place of the ordinary Cockneysian tribes—the Joneses, the Smiths, the Whites, and the Greens.

And yet Widdrington-street may furnish a few drawers and cases full for our museum. From my parlour window I can see the door-posts of Wubblings, whose speeches in the vestry appal all listeners, and of the Rev. Ambrosius Surplice, the Puseyite curate, who has got a little chapel which pretends to be a big cathedral, and keeps continually ringing its bell at unreasonable and unseemly hours; and then am I not on bowing terms with Miss Angelica Mortimer—her real name is Grace Knobbles—who, poor thing, when I saw her the other night at the Theatre Royal, standing with a wand in the inside of a revolving star, as the Queen of Diamonds, in the Enchanted Palace of Brilliants, was, as I guessed, thinking how she could possibly pay her four and sixpence a-week for the little back room which commands a fine view of the brick wall behind No. 14—and then is there not my neighbour, the worthy Mr. Solomons, who always wears such a lot of watch-chains, and has "Wine Merchant" painted in very small letters over the door, at which, too, by the way, very flourishing cabs are always standing, and through which I have never seen either bottle or basket enter or emerge. And then—to make short work of them—is there not Tom Ruck, whose home is in taverns, and whose faith is in latch keys—and Captain Trumps, who is in the army, or the marines, or the navy—nobody knows which, not even himself—and Mrs. Frumpster, who keeps a boarding house and a husband—and my friend Sepia, the artist, who lives by painting old pictures, and can knock up a Titian in three days any time—and to conclude the catalogue, my most particular friend and patron, Mouldyman, who is the great oracle of an admiring circle, who knows every language and every dialect of every language, who has—he tells the story circumstantially—killed eighteen men with his own hand during the three glorious days at Paris—who has dined with every great man in Europe, flirted in a dignified and impressive manner with every remarkable woman—who "happens to know" everything within the circle of human knowledge (and a

great deal beside), and whose wondrous fancy is such, that after living last summer a fortnight at Gravesend, he actually imagined he had been sojourning for three months in a villa on the Lake of Como—at least so he told us that he had been—and added that the scenery on the Italian side of the Alps never appeared to him more beautiful—never!

There is, then, a land of promise before us, albeit looming through London smoke. Let us enter; or—to alter the simile—we have broken the ice;—in with the drags, and let our next chapter ascertain who has been first fished out.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By Paul Progress.

No. I.

HOW ARE THE PEOPLE TO BE FED?

Under the title of Social Problems, we propose to consider some of those topics which possess the greatest interest and importance for the great mass of the people, and which have the most direct and obvious bearing on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. We are not about to enter on political discussions, properly so called. We do not wish to usurp the functions of the newspaper press, or to encroach on the province of the legislators of St. Stephens. We would avoid everything which smacks of party, recognising in the *People's Journal* no class interests, no class conflicts, no narrow and sectarian distinctions, but the people only in the broadest and truest acceptation of that term—the people of every rank and position—the whole reading and reasoning public. If our social problems happen to be also political problems, we will endeavour to forget this accidental property, assume as far as possible an attitude of indifference, turn a blind eye and a deaf ear to all the doings and sayings of political partisans, and, as far as our ability goes, discuss the grave questions of the day on their own merits alone.

We must not, however, carry our principles so far as to deny ourselves all allusion to the political facts of the day, as reasons for making choice of the social topics of the day. The Irish famine, for instance, and the strenuous efforts now making to feed the Irish people, give an unwonted interest to this first of Social Problems—How are the people to be fed? and for this reason we have placed it first upon our list.

How are the people to be fed? This is the question of questions. In all states of society it forces itself forward. It will be propounded; it must be answered. But in populous countries it assumes unusual importance. On John Bull with his large family, increasing at the rate of some three or four hundred thousand a year, it presses with all its force. It alarms him in the midst of peace, and frightens him out of all his self-possession at the most distant prospect of war. In that event, he looks to nothing less than the cutting off of his supplies, and the reduction of the whole kingdom, like a beleaguered town, to the helpless miseries of famine. These apprehensions, nursed into almost frantic terror by the desponding warnings of that great hypochondriac of political economy, Malthus, have exercised a baneful influence on our past legislation, and still continue to cast a gloom over our future prospects. If we are not to be starved outright, we are at least threatened with the alternative of being dependent altogether, or mainly, on foreign countries for our supplies of food. A vision of irruptions of corn from the barbarous regions of Tamboff and the vast plains of America haunts the English farmer, paralyses his arm, and robs him of all his energy.

But we have no fears—no, not so much as a misgiving—as to the result of the competition to which the English farmer is now to be exposed. Though we have lived almost all our life in this busy metropolis, and scarcely know oats from barley, or a plough from a harrow, we think we can give reasons, and good ones too, for our confidence in the agricultural resources of England. We doubt not that the people of England will be fed by the produce of the soil of England—nay more, we look forward with confidence to the time when England shall again become an exporter of corn, and exchange the agricultural productions which she does not want, for others of which she stands in need. The agricultural independence of England can only be achieved by a vast permanent reduction in the price of corn; in other words, by bringing its soil into such a state of fertility, that what has happened only now and then, in seasons of rare abundance, may become a normal and natural state of things. We must have home-grown corn so cheap that it shall not be worth the while of any foreign country to export its produce for our use—so cheap that neither the serfs of Russia, nor the free labourers of America, nor even the natives of the sister isle, shall be able to undersell us.

But how is this cheapness to be brought about, seeing the great disadvantages with which the English farmer has to contend? With a soil not naturally fertile, rents high in proportion to its limited extent, heavy local burdens, and wages greatly exceeding those paid to our European competitors, by what magic is the English farmer to bring about this great reduction in the price of provisions? Before we answer this question, let us endeavour to understand the true position of the English agriculturist, and to point out some of the circumstances which detract from the acknowledged advantages of his competitors.

In the first place, in newly or thinly peopled countries, an abundance of fertile land is procurable at a very cheap rate, and the farmer, as soon as he has exhausted one portion, may attack another; while in England he is confined to one spot, for which he pays a high rent, and which can be kept in a productive state only by a large annual outlay in the shape of manure. So that, to put this part of the question in its simplest form, we have high rents, and a large annual outlay for manure to set against low rents and a virgin soil, and it must be obvious that the balance is greatly against the English farmer. In the matter of wages, again, he labours under a great disadvantage, when compared with some of his most formidable competitors. In Russia, especially, he has to contend with this, as well as with the first-named disadvantage; the Russian serf receiving no wages beyond the food he eats and the clothes he wears. So also in Ireland the wages are, as is well known, scarcely the third or the quarter of those paid in England, and this, considering its proximity and the small cost of transport, is a very great advantage.

The obvious drawbacks of high rents, heavy local burdens, high wages, and the cost of manure, with which the English agriculturist has to contend, are, however, counterbalanced by some pecu-

liar advantages. He is protected in the competition with Russia and America by the cost of land conveyance and freight. In newly-settled or half-civilised countries the roads are generally bad, and all the means of intercommunication extremely rude and imperfect, while in old countries, and in England above all others, there are great facilities for land and water carriage. We can convey seed and manure at the cheapest rate, and carry our produce to market on the most economical terms. Money, too, is more abundant, and therefore cheaper, and tools and machinery have been brought to extraordinary perfection.

These, then, are some of the advantages which the English farmer has to set off against his foreign competitors. But still, in spite of the protection afforded by better and cheaper land and water carriage, by more abundant capital, and superior tools and machinery, the English farmer, in average years, is by no means secure against foreign competition; and the important question arises—Can he bring to his aid any resources of which he has not yet availed himself? can he introduce any new and unexpected economy into any of the processes which he employs? does he possess any unexplored advantages denied to his rivals, and incidental to his present position and to his alone; or, if not exclusively, in a superior degree?

Yes. England has the great advantage of a dense population. There is no nation which can compete with her in this. Shade of Malthus! A dense population an advantage! Beyond all doubt, even though unhappy Ireland, with the tongues of all her starving millions, seem to proclaim the assertion false. Other things being equal, a dense population is undoubtedly a great advantage. A crowd of paupers, a throng of idlers, a mass of unhappy serfs reduced by an unsound system of tenure and a bad habit of cultivation, to subsist on potatoes, so far from being an advantage is a positive curse; but this is not because the population is too large. Under a better system, that same density of population would ensure in Ireland as in England a progressive diminution in the cost of provisions, and a constantly increasing immunity from the evils of famine.

That same increase of population which gives us the penny post, the penny steamer, the penny omnibus, the penny bath, and the three-halfpenny journal, and which is continually reducing the cost of every article of manufacture by the simple process of enlarging the number of purchasers, must, if it have fair play, give us cheap bread and cheap meat. Number is an essential element of price. The railway which conveys 100,000 passengers a mile can afford to charge a lower fare than one which carries only 50,000 a mile; the London tradesman, with a host of customers, can undersell the shopkeeper of the provincial town; and so throughout the whole circle of business. And thus it is with the farmer. The denser the population, the nearer he is to his market, and the shorter the distance which he will have to convey his seed, his manure, and his produce. Dealing as he does in bulky articles, the cost of conveyance will vary inversely as the number of the population. His expenses will diminish with every increase of inhabitants.

This economy in the cost of conveyance goes far to neutralise the acknowledged advantages of a productive soil, low rents, moderate taxes, and small wages, which in certain rare cases are found in combination, though with the drawback of expensive land-carriage and freight.

But we have yet to notice one other and still more important advantage which the agriculturist derives from a dense population. We mean an abundant supply of manure. This, it must be evident to every reflecting person, is the only means which we possess of neutralising the advantage of a soil naturally more productive, or a climate more favourable to vegetation. A dense town population, like that of England, has, or ought to have, the same relation to the aggregate produce of our soil, which a well-stocked farmstead has to the productiveness of a farm. The towns of England ought to be to the surrounding country what the farm yard is to the farm—a manufactory of manure. But the town has this vast superiority over the farm yard, that its occupants are fed on a better food, and its stock of manure is increased by almost every process of domestic economy and by almost every manufacturing operation. There is this further peculiarity about our towns, considered as sources of manure—that the farmer who is so fortunate as to occupy land in the immediate neighbourhood of a town, finds his cattle sheds built for him. The whole town is his farm, and every house a shed which costs him nothing.

But though these considerations, when once simply stated, seem so obvious, they have, strangely enough, been long overlooked; and at this very moment that we write, these treasures of our towns, destined by nature to serve as the materials of abundance, are flowing away, to the pollution of our rivers, and the starving of our people. Here, then, we find the solution of our first social problem. The people of England are to be fed by the soil of England, manured by the refuse of the towns of England. Of the great value of this refuse, and the extraordinary effects which have already attended its application to the land, we shall speak on a future occasion. We have now only to remind our readers that this important subject does not stand alone. If it did, they might fairly express some surprise at the prominent place which we have given to it, and regard it as better suited to the pages of The Agricultural Gazette than to those of the *People's Journal*. It is because the proper application of the refuse of our towns is not merely an essential step towards that abundance and cheapness of food upon which the prosperity of nations is so closely dependent, but also a most important link in the chain of sanatory improvement, that we here insist upon it. When we have put together, as we hope to do, the several links of this chain, the interest which may have attached to the solution of this first problem will be greatly increased. Even at present, however, we venture to hope that the readers of the *People's Journal* will recognise in it the element which best entitles it to their attention—the element of progress. To make our advance in civilisation secure, to guard against those checks which have so often thrown us and older nations than ourselves back towards the barbarism from which we and they have so slowly and painfully emerged, we must take such steps as, under Providence, shall secure an abundant and cheap supply of food. Of these, the most important is the due application to the purposes of agriculture of that which, when suffered to collect within the precincts of our cities, breeds pestilence, and when ignorantly and carelessly thrown into our rivers pollutes their waters, and, as a direct consequence of this grievous waste of resources, gives occasion to the anxious question—How are the people to be fed?—to which question we repeat our answer—By the soil of England, manured by the the refuse of the towns of England.

A PICTURE OF PARLIAMENT.

Our readers, especially those in the country, who have no knowledge of the machinery of the Houses of Parliament, and whose acquaintance with their proceedings is confined to the broad sheet of the *Times*, which, mayhap, might have travelled a hundred miles to be in readiness for the breakfast-table, will listen to us with pleasure as we gossip with them for a short time upon what might be called the inner life of Parliament.

It is four o'clock of a fine sunny evening in June, then, as we wend our way towards Old Palace Yard, and through the groups of magnificent led horses and carriages which fill the open space. It is the evening of a great debate. As we enter the "Stranger's" gallery of the Commons, nothing strikes us with so much surprise as the meagre plainness of the House. No petty board-room of an Union can be more bare and unimpressive in appearance than this apartment, in which the government of the world might be said to centre. Down each side of the room, whose length might be fifty feet, run the benches for the members. At the end opposite us, the speaker sits "by appointment" in his sentry-box-like chair, over which the royal arms flourish in all the magnificence of gold and pigment. Before him stands the table, at the end of which, symbol of his authority, the golden mace is always placed to indicate a sitting of the House. The front bench immediately on the speaker's right hand, known as the Treasury bench, is always occupied by the ministers; and on the bench to the left, in the cold shadow of opposition, dwell "Her Majesty's late advisers." Above and behind the Speaker's chair is the small gallery of the fourth estate, now filled with the representatives of the morning and evening papers; and on a level with it, running the whole length of the House on either side, the members' gallery, which appears to have been built for no earthly purpose but to afford convenient snoozing room for after-dinner M.Ps. Having thus explained the topography of the House, let us direct our attention to the various members who loiter and gossip about for an hour or so before dinner. We say loiter; for in legislation, as in everything else, modern Englishmen can never get to work earnestly until that important meal is concluded. On ordinary occasions, it is with some little difficulty that the requisite forty members can be got together upon the Speaker's taking the chair; and dreary and dull enough are all the proceedings during the next three hours or so; and without careful management on the part of the whip who wishes to "keep a House" for his party, it stands every chance of being counted out. If an obnoxious motion is under discussion at such a time, the ingenuity of its opponents is exercised in all sorts of manners to get rid of it. If there are less than forty present, upon the call of some member, the House is counted out without more ado; if there should happen to be just the saving number, or only one or two more, then stratagem is resorted to get rid of them. The usual method is to send in a note as if from some person in the lobby wishing to communicate with a member; he credulously goes out for a few minutes to seek his correspondent, and the opportunity is taken to count the House out in his absence. If the Government wish to proceed with business, upon the least symptoms of counting out appearing, the "whip" immediately beats up for recruits at Bellamy's, the refreshment establishment of the House, and in the lobbies, where there are generally some stray sheep to be found. Whilst we have been describing these manouvres, which are considered all fair game, and which each party play off upon the other when occasion serves, a crowd of members has poured in and nearly filled the House from their various clubs, giving it a very animated appearance. Lord John gets up to make a statement, and the deep sonorous tones of the Speaker proclaims Order! order! order! at the bar. The bar, it should be stated, is a short passage which runs between the benches of the Speaker's gallery towards the door of the House. Across the end of this passage a bar is placed, to which any offender against the privileges of the House is called to account. Of old this method of imposing respect was very often enforced, especially during the time of the dispute with the printers with respect to the publication of the debates. One of these, it will be remembered, after having received a reprimand, upon rising from his knees and dusting them, gave birth to the celebrated *double entendre*—"Well, this is the dirtiest House I was ever in in my life." Below the bar is considered as without the House; and here the young bloods most do congregate to talk of the pet of the *ballet*, or of the last "monstrous foin gal" that has come out. The "Order, order!" of the chairman is always enough to silence them, however, independently of the rising of any of the great parliamentary leaders to speak, which ever ensures the silent attention of the House. Lord John's speeches are much more effective on paper than they are in delivery. He hesitates in his speech in the most painful manner, and his action seems to imply great nervousness, whereas, in reality, he is a man of great daring and decision. When he is speaking, he pushes himself backwards and forwards with his thumbs from the table in a see-saw fashion, which seems to keep time with the disjointed method of his speech; but as he warms to his subject, much of the hesitation of manner disappears, and his clear logical train of thought pours out from his pale thin lips in an uninterrupted stream.

Punch has so familiarised the public with the portraits of politicians, that a stranger has no difficulty in picking out the leading members from the gallery. Peel, nobody can mistake; there he sits, with his capacious buff waistcoat, and his long-skirted coat, the sleeves of which nearly cover his hands, his bland smile and his marked Napoleonic chin. By his side, Graham is recognised by his massive lower jaw, indicative of determination and power of will. Next him, Disraeli—for the chiefs of the Protectionist party claim seats on the leading opposition bench. His face, full of expression, shaded with the mass of hair which falls, almost in ringlets, on either side of his face. When he speaks he does so with his hands in his pockets, his eyes bent down, and his head immovable. In this attitude he seems to drop from his mouth, without any passion whatever, his cutting sarcasm and his brilliant invectives, which burn like so much vitriol where they happen to fall. It is impossible to conceive anything more deadly than the manner in which he attacks an adversary. Peel, with all his self-command, used to wince perceptibly under the brilliancy of his repeated attacks last session.

As the eye wanders over the mass of unknown country gentlemen famous only for their "attachment to church and state," the eye is caught by the

hard square forehead of the member for Montrose, carved by time and a warm climate into innumerable lines. Close behind him, his political shadow, Mr. Williams. Mr. Hume might be said to be the founder of a school of one, and that one is the honourable member for Coventry. As regards economy, the pupil has managed to better his instructions. Of a totally different nature to these two is the old gentleman who walks up the House, Sir Charles Napier, or "Old Charley," as they designate him in the gallery. Between him and Hume, especially on navy estimates, there is a terrible feud—they will quarrel over so much supply of rope-yarn like two dogs over a bone. Near this triad, who sit close together, Mr. Brotherton is to be found, who has earned himself immortal fame as the night-cap of the House. He seems to live but to see that the members are all in bed by a reasonable time. As sure as the clock strikes twelve, up he jumps and moves the adjournment of the House. Two centuries ago the House used to meet for business at seven o'clock in the morning; in Charles the Second's time the members grew lazy, and drove the time of meeting on until noon; and in the reigns of the latter Georges they grew later and later, until the evil had arrived at such a height that it is reported Sir Samuel Romilly used to go to bed early and rise the next morning to be in time for the division! The Reform Bill and Mr. Brotherton, between them, have happily put an end to this unwholesome state of things. With the Reform Bill, also, passed away the only remnant of decoration left in the House. The last speaker of the unreformed House wore the red riband of the Bath, and the other orders were commonly worn by members in the middle of the last century. Lord North was always addressed as "the noble lord in the blue ribband." Fox, it is said, was once seen walking up the House with a hat and feathers. After the French revolution he adopted Washington's costume, a blue coat, gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat, which dress speedily became the fashion of the constitutional Whig party, and to this day it is worn by those who yet live amid the traditions and associations of the past.

We have wandered, however, somewhat from our purpose, which was to give a picture of Parliament as it at present exists. It is only during the excitement of a great debate, that the stranger will be impressed with the congregation of intellectual power in the House. On ordinary occasions, the speaking and the business transacted does, not seem to rise above the proceedings of a municipal board. When there is any great question to be decided, however, and the important speakers know that they shall have foemen worthy of their steel, the whole tone of the House is altered. To hear Macaulay pour out his splendid periods, and paint his speech with picturesque images; to listen to the vehement Shiel, who begins in a thin, squeaking voice, which promises anything but well, but which gradually warms and deepens with the brightness of his thought—it is indeed worth while sitting for hours, even in the horrid atmosphere which Reid brews for the especial benefit of the representatives of the nation. The cheers and counter cheers with which either party back up their champions, give an excitement to these scenes which those who have witnessed them can never forget. The old system of crowing, and making other odd noises, has entirely gone out, and the only two recognised forms of applause and dissent, are the "Cheer" and the "Oh" prolonged almost into a howl. These exclamations are performed with all the precision of a well drilled chorus.

Between the speaker's and the strangers' gallery there is to be seen a long glazed aperture in the wall, some twelve feet in length by nine inches in depth. Behind this space the curious might discover a hazy sort of motion as of many heads in inquisitive confabulation. These heads belong to those fair ladies who have been lucky enough to get tickets for this concealed apartment, which is known as the ladies' gallery. Formerly, ladies were admitted as well as gentlemen to the strangers' and the speaker's gallery; on one occasion, however, during the latter portion of the last century, "an animated debate," says Townsend, in his *History of Parliament*, (which valuable work has furnished us with many interesting anecdotes,) had been foretold, and strangers attended in great numbers. Many ladies not having been enabled to obtain seats, it was ordered that the House should be cleared of the men strangers, which was done, when the ladies entered in such numbers as completely to fill both the galleries and the seats below the bar. At this moment of victory, a member irritated by the expulsion of some gentlemen for whom he had procured places, insisted that the House should be cleared of *all* strangers. The enforcement of the standing order was a matter of course. But the officers found their duty of turning out the fair intruders no easy task, a violent and determined resistance was offered to them; and for nearly two hours the House was kept in a state of the most extraordinary ferment and commotion. In the Lords' the ladies were still more daring. In 1675 Lord Shaftesbury is recorded to have complained to the House of "those droves of ladies that attend *all* causes; it was even come to pass, that men hired or borrowed of their friends handsome sisters or daughters to deliver their petitions." Even after the order of expulsion from the Commons, the ladies evaded the standing orders in the most desperate manner. Wraxall mentions that he has seen the Duchess of Gordon, habited like a man, sitting in the strangers' gallery; the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan was attracted to its precincts, similarly disguised, by the charms of her husband's oratory.

As we enter the strangers' gallery of the House of Lords, we are at once struck with the great calm which reigns throughout the apartment. What a change from the noisy Commons to this carpeted, cushioned, wax-candle lighted drawing-room, for such it appears to be. Upon the woolsack, just in front of the throne, sits the Lord Chancellor, seemingly half asleep; and at the table, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the chairman of committees, and general factotum of the House. Half a dozen noble lords, who appear to be overcome by the influence of the "land of Drowsy-head," make up the whole audience. The style of speaking here is very different to that of the Commons': there is no excitement at all about it; noble lords address each other across the table as quietly as in a private conversation. Speakers the most vehement in the other House, directly they enter this, appear to be overcome by its influence. A dissipating of the electric particles appears to be continually going on; one only of all the ennobled Commoners appears even to maintain his wonted fire—Lord Brougham—and he perhaps is the Leyden jar of the House, the grand receiver of other members' abstracted vitality. He seems endowed with a superhuman activity; not for two minutes can he remain still in one place—

now 'tis the Lord Chancellor he is pushing from the woolsack—now the Great Duke that he rouses from the state of torpidity into which he falls in the House. Noble lords seem to look upon the ex-Lord Chancellor, as he glides in and about the apartment, with much the same feeling as they would watch the electric eel swimming his dismal round in the tub at the Polytechnic. If he were touched, he would doubtless snap with a blue spark, and give a pretty tolerable shock.

In strong contrast to Brougham is Lord Campbell, his eternal and relentless enemy; in fact, his Old Man of the Sea, whom he is ever endeavouring in vain to shake off. If the one gets up and makes a statement in his usual brilliant but discursive style, the other is sure to follow close upon his heels, and, in his coarse Scotch accent, to come down with a cold-blooded calmness upon its most unguarded points. To the excitable Brougham this continual galling must be almost maddening; he turns now and then upon his enemy, but, alas! Campbell, like the English at Waterloo, knows not when he is beaten.

We have spoken of the Duke of Wellington's apparent torpidity in the House—torpid is scarcely the word; he seems to be in a deep slumber, his chin resting upon his breast, his arms crossed, and his legs crooked together; he looks the very picture of an old—very old man. The Great General, however, for all appearances, is wakeful enough; not a word that his deafness will allow him to hear is missed. This he will prove by starting up, and by some plain statement of facts set right some noble lord in mid-erratic flight. It is too evident, however, from his manner, that age is fast doing its work upon him. He cannot speak two sentences consecutively without a painfully long pause between them, and his voice comes up from the bottom of his chest with an unearthly hoarseness. How much he strives, however, to overcome the weight years have put upon him! How erect he walks, with what vigour he mounts his horse and canters away from the House! How perfectly he dresses—the blue frock and the white waistcoat, and splendidly cut pantaloons, without one taint of dandyism!—he is the best dresser as well as the best general in Europe.

The form used in the Lower House, of addressing the Speaker, is not adhered to here, and the debates have accordingly a much greater conversational tone. There is little of that earnestness visible, which gives such life to the proceedings of the Commons. What have the peers, in fact, to be earnest about? They have nothing to fight for—nothing to gain—they are generally old men, many of them "used up," to use Charles Mathews's phrase. We see none of the youthful blood, ambitious and daring—a Smythe with his brilliant sparkling speech—a Lord John Manners, who, despite of all his faults, is still the Sir Philip Sidney of our peaceful age; or an Ashley, who ennobles afresh his noble blood by his sympathy for the poor—these, and such as these, would indeed be out of place beside those ennuied old peers who take the House as a mild form of excitement, a change for an hour or two from the endless small talk of the clubs, and Cerito's legs at the Opera.

Yes, it is a painful change, the few paces we take between the Lower and the Upper House. In the one we see all the sap and vigour of the great English people from whom this assembly directly draws its life. In the other, worn out and sleepy wardens of a garrison, who buy their safety, time by time, by the surrender of their outworks, still having the prudence—for are they not Englishmen—to see that by political as well as military usages, punishment is justly reserved for those who obstinately persist in the defence of an untenable position.

We have spoken of two estates in the realm. The fourth—perhaps the most important of them all—the Press, has also its house, or rather its room—a little apartment not much bigger than a store closet, situated in the body of the Houses, and within a few steps of the reporters' galleries of either House. This little hole constitutes the withdrawing room of the reporters during divisions, or whilst they are waiting for their various "turns." It will be as well, perhaps, before we give our readers an insight into the perfect arrangements which at present exist with reference to parliamentary reporting, to take a glance at the history of the struggle, during the last century, waged between the press and the House with respect to the publication of the debates. The hostility of Parliament to the making public of their proceedings, about the middle of the last century, appears at this time so absurd as scarcely to be credible, had we not the journals of the House to prove to what lengths people will sometimes go in defending themselves against imaginary evils. No less than thirty enactments were at different times directed against those who abused the privileges of the House by taking notes of the proceedings, the stringency of which seem strangely to deepen with the development of constitutional liberty during the reigns of the early Georges. In one debate upon the question of privilege, during the speakership of Onslow, Mr. Winnington is reported to have denounced the practice of reporting the proceedings of the House in the following remarkable manner. "The scandalous practice of printing our proceedings; unless a speedy stop is put to it, what will be the consequence? Why, sir, you will have every word that is spoken here by gentlemen misrepresented by fellows who thrust themselves into the gallery. *You will have the speeches of this House every day printed, even during your session*, and we shall be looked upon as the most contemptible assembly on the face of the earth!" Poor short-sighted mole! not only have we "every word that is spoken by gentlemen" printed *even* during the session, but in many cases, before they have risen and shaved themselves in the morning, the full debate of the previous night, or, may be, the present day, is on the table of every reading-room of every town of any importance throughout the length and breadth of England. And but few people, we fancy, will deny that the free Parliament of Victoria is not in any respect more honourable than any of those which flourished in the shamefully corrupt times of the First and Second Georges.

In consequence of these hostile standing orders, the printers were obliged to have recourse to all kinds of subterfuges; for have the reports, or some apology for them, the people were determined. The English people, with regard to liberty, have the same instinct as the tiger with respect to blood—once tasted they must have more. The debates were accordingly still given, but in a terribly mutilated form, and full six months—sometimes more—after they had been delivered. A glance at the newspapers of the time is as amusing as *Punch*; to see the solemn manner in which the speakers' names were hidden under the mysterious —— or still more ridiculous classical names. And then the manner in which the speeches were written, their



GEORGE SAND.

FROM THE MEDALLION BY DAVID.

pompous phraseology and rounded sentences, as much like the fresh words of the speakers as the sounds of the dismal barrel-organ which grinds a given number of pieces, hymns or drinking songs, in the self-same time and style, are to the ideas of beauty and harmony which dwelt in the composer's brain at their conception. In some instances the debates were wholly imagery. Johnson confesses to having invented many of the speeches he himself furnished, including that famous one commencing "The atrocious crime of being a Young Man," made by Pitt in reply to the sneering observations of Walpole upon his youth. Johnson states that he wrote this speech in a garret in Exeter-street! Public opinion had long been ripening upon this point, however, and in 1771, it so effectually backed the printers, that Parliament very wisely waved the privilege of suppressing the publication of debate, and from that time the reporters' gallery has been as free as air. Like most people who gain a hard-fought victory, the reporters enjoyed their triumph in not the most temperate manner. Upon occasions they took no slight liberties with the speeches of different members, and of those who had been obnoxious to them they purposely omitted any mention. To show the height to which this disrespect of the House at one time reached, we give an extract read by Mr. Wilberforce to the House, in which that gentleman stated that he was thus made to speak in recommending the cultivation of the potato crop:—"Potatoes make men healthy, vigorous, and active; but what is still more in their favour, they make men tall; more especially was he led to say so, as being rather under the common size, and he must lament that his guardians had not fostered him under that genial vegetable!"

To return, however, to the organisation of the reporters' gallery as it at present exists. Every one of the morning papers employs a staff of short-hand writers for the purpose of affording to them exclusively the nightly reports. The *Times*, we believe, employs sixteen gentlemen on this duty; the *Chronicle* and other papers a dozen, or thereabouts. The evening papers, with the exception of the *Sun*, rarely have notes taken after six o'clock. The *Sun*, which publishes a morning as well as an evening edition, employs a staff like the daily papers, and for their especial convenience, as they publish two or three editions during the evening, a room is provided for them upon the ground-floor of the House, where the reports, as they are brought down from the gallery in short-hand, are transcribed, fitted to each other, and forwarded to the office by the mounted messengers we sometimes see tearing along the Strand. With regard to the morning papers, it is arranged beforehand at what hour each reporter is to be at the House and relieve his fellow-labourer. At the beginning of the debate each reporter takes half-hour turns; but upon important occasions, however, when the House sits late, the "turns" with the "wee short hours" are made of less duration. Sometimes, when the sittings are prolonged towards the time of publication of the early editions, these turns are not longer than ten minutes each, to ensure a rapid flow of transcribed matter to the printers. A reporter, when he goes down to the House, can never calculate how long it will be before he gets away again. If his good luck sends him a dull speaker, he takes it remarkably easy, not even lingering to make a note of what is being said, but relying upon the good nature of somebody that is, to use his notes. If, on the contrary, an important man is "up," good bye to any arrangements for the night he might have made. A rapid speaker, during his half-hour's turn, will find him stiff work in transcribing for the next three hours. Your rapid speaker is the detestation of the gallery. "D——," says the reporter, coming into the withdrawing room from the gallery—"I've had my night's work cut out." The man who "goes on," congratulates himself on his escape, and strolls into the gallery to take an easy half hour upon some of the small deer of the House. The fun and wit flung about in the reporters' room is always worth listening to. They are all educated men; some breeding up for the bar, some authors: all well read—many of them vastly superior in every intellectual attainment to the great mob of members whose prosy speeches they yawn over as they report. The disagreeableness of their profession is, that they are utterly out of joint with society. They are, in fact, the literary watchmen, working their brains whilst others are asleep, and sleeping whilst this vast town is one roar of life and bustle. A heavy session or two in the gallery is a death-blow to a weakly constitution. They pass; stronger men take their places: who cares? The *Times* comes out every morning with its accustomed three pages of debate. Life is too short to allow us to pause and observe how many are crushed by the Juggernaut as it passes onward.

A. W.

GEORGE SAND.

By Joseph Mazzini.

But a few years ago and George Sand was, here in England, prejudged an *outlaw*. There was a terror in her name, a triple censure—religious, political, and social—upon her books. People took great care not to read them—they contented themselves with judging them. The few minds hardy enough to venture into the abyss were cautious not to avow it; they confessed to Paul de Kock and Balsac. From the height of its Gothic watch-tower sounded the alarm-gun of the old *Quarterly*. Let the enemy but touch British ground with the sole of his foot, and public morality was evidently ruined for ever. The enemy has now penetrated to the very heart of the kingdom. George Sand is read, admired, and loved. A complete translation—and the few lines which have announced it are a guarantee to us that it will be *complete*—of her works is now in the course of publication.* We give here her portrait, which we are sure will gratify our numerous readers. And strange to say, we do not anticipate that by so doing it will materially affect public morality.

There is in this simple fact, in this decisive change of opinion, as it regards the powerful writer who bears the name of George Sand,† something more than a caprice, a passing infatuation. There is an evidence of true progress; a precious result of several beneficent and honourable causes which are at work, the inevitable action of which the few chosen souls have long watched in silence; and which it is well to point out at the present time.

First, there is the all-powerfulness of genius.

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* By Miss M. Hays: she has for her fellow-worker Miss Eliza Ashurst, who preceded her in her task by her translation of *Les Maitres Mosaistes*.

† All the world now knows that this writer, thank God, is a *woman*; her real name is Aurore Dupin.

Between this sun of the soul, which God has placed as a beacon between ourselves and him, at an elevation far above us, and the millions of men who must strengthen and enlighten themselves by it, hypocritical prejudices, the low hatred of mediocrity, the petty reactions of the idolators of the past, the cowardly uneasiness of disturbed indolence, may accumulate thick unwholesome vapours; but it is only for a time; and the immortality of genius can wait patiently for its day of triumph. All those who have watched the sunrise upon the Alps from some lofty peak have seen, as I have from Mount Cenis, first, the night, the vast night, sad and void, but in which one would say a creation was elaborating itself—then the first ray of light trembling upon the horizon, vague and pale like a timid and uncertain hope; then the long line of fire cutting the blue heaven, firm and decided as a promise; and then, as at a given signal, the sea of vapours mounts slowly from the abyss, grey and sombre as Doubt, extending itself like a shroud between the earth and the star of day, rising like a bad thought betwixt the world and truth; to which succeeds the struggle eminently poetic between the orb, apparently beamless and lifeless, and the rolling mist, here black as envy, there dull and heavy as senseless ignorance, a biting cold the while encircling you in its serpent-like folds, threatening your heart like uncertainty in the hour of trial—until at last the sun, disengaging himself from the cloud, reveals himself high in heaven, calm in his glory, and inundates you, in the midst of the dazzling snows, with warmth and light. Such is the life of Genius. Envy and persecution;—but on one side of the tomb, it matters little which, assured triumph. You may burn the works of Rousseau in the public market-place; the spirit of Rousseau will survive; it will appear to you years afterwards embodied in the French constitution. You may misinterpret the spirit, and blacken at your leisure, the memory of Byron—you may exile his statue from Westminster Abbey: but the people, who recognise in him the victim of one epoch and the prophet of another, will read, and adopt him as their own, in spite of you; and posterity will end by placing his proscribed statue above the tomb where will lie for ever interred the principle of aristocracy. You may sound your alarm against George Sand in your old *Quarterly*, and forbid your youth to read her: you will find some day without well knowing how, the best places in your library usurped by her volumes. It is not so easy to suppress one of the two first living writers* of France; and when I say this I speak of literary merit merely, of what regards *form* alone.

Another cause is the indestructibility of all real genuine *individuality*. You may stifle, and would to God that this happened more frequently than it does, every thought of the artist who is not true to himself; every talent yoked to the service of a fictitious, conventional, and unreal faith. "Lies," as Carlyle says, "exist there only to be extinguished." And however brilliant and life-like may be the colours in which it arrays itself, the dawn is the sure summons for any *spectre* in human shape to disappear. But where there is a human *being*, the reality of a *life*, the impress of a soul, feeling, suffering, aspiring and diffusing itself abroad, all the powers of the world united will not succeed in annihilating one atom of it. Human nature is sacred; imperishable as God, of whom it is a reflex; death is only for *forms*. George Sand is a powerful *reality*. All that she expresses, even supposing it error, is to her truth, it is written with her heart's blood; she would be ready, doubt it not, to sign it with the blood of her body. She has often scandalised and shocked her readers; but it has never been in seeking merely for an artistic effect, or for an eccentricity of the woman of genius. No; she has always believed herself to be accomplishing a duty. With a nature eminently democratic, tortured by the necessity of loving and being loved, yearning mid a stormy life for peace and order, how many times must she not have felt almost frightened at the solitude into which she was plunging? How many times would she not have preferred, had it been possible, to act in all things with the multitude! But there was within her that instinct of strong souls, the fascination of truth, the revolt against the false and the unjust, the ardour of proselytism. And she has always—God knows with what suffering—obeyed this instinct. The form of her aspirations for social reform, and of her religious presentiments, has sometimes slightly changed; she has immediately hastened to declare it. Each of her books is eminently an action. It is a manifestation, I might say a confession, so much is there that is religious in that which characterises her, made without reserve and without disguise, without pride as without false shame, and picturing truly the state of her mind at the time of its production. It has been found easy to invent against her almost all kinds of accusations; but never those of hypocrisy, of jesuitism, or of the vanity of an artist attitudinising or draping herself in order to please.

But what is more, the individuality of George Sand is not only *her own*, it is that of her age; it is in this kind of identity that lies above all the secret of the immense repugnance, and the immense sympathy which she has excited. It was felt from the first that there was in that voice, melodiously sad, yet proud and firm, more than an individual inspiration; it spoke the secret of the world around her; the complaint of the age groping onward amidst ruins; the aspiration, vigorous though ill defined, of the coming generations. In that double series, embracing all the high priests of art, from Homer to Goethe on one side, from Dante to Byron on the other, the place of George Sand cannot be doubted. By the peculiar nature of her artistic genius, as well as by the temper of her soul, keenly alive to holy indignation, to exalted pity, and to boundless love, she belongs entirely to the second—to the geniuses who suffer, struggle, and aspire, not to those who calmly contemplate; to those who desire to transform the medium in which humanity works, not to those who elevate themselves, calm and impassable, above it; to the prophets of the ideal, the future, not to the painters of the real and present. She is born an apostle. Sorrows, uncertainties, hopes, daring, all that characterises a race fluctuating like our own, between a cradle and a tomb, between an epoch which is passing away, and another which approaches, she accepts all, and embodies all in herself. She has encountered every obstacle in our adventurous path; she has been wounded by every thorn; she has dared the edge of each giddy precipice; ever in advance, she beckons to us with her hand, pointing out all the difficulties to be smoothed away, all the gulfs to be closed up. Coming in the days of 1830, after an heroic effort, which those who made it fondly hoped would have advanced the world a step, but which ended in nothing better than a patching up of the

* The other is *Félicité Lamenais.*

old system, she felt at once that the question of life could not be solved by resting on the surface of a simple political organisation; that it throbbed at the very heart of society; and making a scalpel of her pen, she probed the evil to its very seat, and laid it bare. Whenever this happens in the world's history; whenever some one amongst us, appointed by God for the task, comes to disturb the torpor of humanity by grief and reproaches, the first impulse of the crowd is inevitably hostile. "Why troublest thou the night with thy cries?" say the demi-gods to Prometheus. "Why do you tear me from this welcome slumber?" says the unhappy one, wearied by suffering, to those who urge him onwards; "I was about to lose the consciousness of my misery; you recall me to it—accursed be ye!" Human indolence and apathy are the greatest enemies that truth, and the genius which proclaims truth can encounter upon earth.

Behold Byron! he appears, long before George Sand, at the close of one epoch, but before the appearance of the other; in the midst of a community based upon an aristocracy which has outlived the vigour of its prime, surrounded by a Europe containing nothing grand, unless it be Napoleon on one side, and Pitt on the other—genius degraded to the level of egotism, intellect bound to the service of the past. The future has nowhere an interpreter; belief is no more, there is its pretence; prayer is no more, there is a movement of the lips at a fixed day and hour for the sake of the family, or what is called the *people;* love is no more, desire has taken its place; the holy warfare of ideas is abandoned, the conflict is that of interests. The worship of great thoughts has passed away; that which *is* has but the torn banner of some corpse-like traditions,—that which *would be* hoists only the standard of physical wants, of material appetites; around him are ruins; beyond him the desert; the horizon is blank; a long cry of suffering and indignation escapes from the breast of Byron; he is answered by anathemas. He departs; he hurries through Europe in search of an ideal to adore; he traverses it distracted, palpitating like Mazeppa on the horse, borne onwards by a fierce desire; the wolves of envy and calumny pursuing him. He visits Greece; he visits Italy: if any where a spark of the sacred fire, a ray of divine poetry is preserved, it must be *there.* Nothing. A glorious past, a degrading present; none of life's poetry; no movement, save that of the sufferer turning on his couch to relieve his pain. Byron, from the solitude of his exile, turns his eyes again towards England; he sings. What does he sing? What springs from the mysterious and yet unique conception which rules, one would say in spite of himself, over all that escapes from him in his sleepless night? The funeral hymn, the death, the epitaph of the aristocratic idea; we discovered it, we continentalists, before his own country. He takes his types from amongst those privileged by strength, beauty, and individual power. They are grand, poetical, and heroic; but solitary, isolated; they hold no communion with the world around them, unless it be to rule over it; they have no kindred; they live from their own life alone. They repulse humanity, and regard the crowd with disdain. Each of them says, *I have faith in myself;* never, *I have faith in ourselves.* They all aspire to power or to happiness. The one and the other alike escape them. Byron destroys them one after the other, as if he were the executioner of a sentence decreed in heaven; they all die, and a popular malediction wanders round their solitary tombs. This is, for those who read with the soul's eyes, what Byron sings, or rather what humanity sings through him. The crowd do not comprehend it; they listen, fascinated for an instant, then repent, and avenge their momentary forgetfulness by calumniating and insulting the poet. His intuition of the death of a form of society they call wounded self-love; his sorrow for *all* is attributed to cowardly egotism. They credi tnot the traces of profound suffering which betray themselves through his lineaments; they credit not the presentiment of a new life which from time to time escapes his trembling lips; they believe not in the despairing embrace in which he grasps the material universe, heaven, stars, lakes, Alps, and sea, and identifies himself with it, and through it with God, of whom, to him at least, it is the symbol. They do, however, take into consideration some unhappy moments, in which, wearied out by the emptiness of life, he has raised with remorse, I am sure, the cup of ignoble pleasures to his lips, believing he might find forgetfulness there. How many times have not his accusers drained this cup, without redeeming the sin by a single virtue; without, I will not say bearing, but without having even the capacity of appreciating, the burden which weighed upon Byron! And did he not himself break into fragments this unworthy cup, immediately that the cry of new life was heard in Greece; immediately that something appeared worthy of the devotion of his life. Such has been, for I have not in the least departed from my subject, such is still, with a large portion of the society of the present day, the fate of George Sand. And it is this which renders her doubly dear and sacred to us. She has suffered through us, and for us. She has passed *through* the crisis of the age. The evil that she has pictured is not *her* evil, it is *ours.* It does not come to us from her; it was, and is yet around us in the air we breathe, in the foundations of our corrupt society, in the hypocrisy above all which has spread its ample cloak over all the manifestations of our life. Only whilst we, partly from incapacity, partly from cowardice, have been silent at the risk of allowing the evil to become a fatal sore, *she* has spoken; she has with daring hand torn away the veil; she has laid bare the festering wounds, and she has cried to us, *Behold your society!* She has had not only the intuition but the courage and the sincerity of genius. Thank God! she has had also as much as possible its reward. I do not speak of glory, which, whatever has been done to prevent it, has crowned her; I know well that she values it but little. I do not even speak of something much more precious,—of the small number of chosen souls, the initiated and precursive of every country, who communicate with her from afar, whom her voice encourages and consoles, who rise up stronger from the perusal of her works, and follow all her steps with love and admiration. I speak of the reward which God has given her through her own conscience, by the work of holy calm which has been achieved within her, and which has found its gradual expression in the series of her works. It is this work which it is most essential to point out to all those who would from the present time truly comprehend and judge George Sand. They must embrace her whole career, and follow it step by step in its ascending progress, from the depths and the stagnant vapours of society, up to the clear azure of those exalted regions to which she has raised herself by degrees. There may possibly exist some danger to the weak in one or other of her isolated volumes, but good, and great good

only, can be the result of making a complete study of the whole. How many things which appear to us offensive, out of place, and prosaic in nature, reveal themselves full of meaning, and harmonised in the general beauty of the whole, when the landscape unrolls itself from the highest peak, to the persevering traveller! How we shall smile at these sorrows, at these inexplicable discords that we now call by the name of *evil*, when, the painful course of development and trial once accomplished, we can from the height of a superior and perfected existence feel and understand our *life* in its unity of intelligence, of love, and of power! The law of physical nature, and of our life, is often reproduced in miniature in the task of genius: and I regret that the translator of George Sand has failed to perceive this, and that she has commenced by destroying all idea of progressive order, of the moral and philosophical relationship of her works.

There are two phases, clearly distinctive, and yet thoroughly in unison, since they spring one from the other, in the works of George Sand. The Byronic inspiration preponderates in the first, of which *Lélia* is the culminating point. The protestation there is bold, obstinate, with an energy at times startling; the suffering poignant, sometimes to despair. The writer there denounces society as it is, rather than proclaims society as it will be. It is not that the hopes of better things are wanting to her: *Indiana*, so far as protestation against the actual state of *woman* is concerned, suffices, by itself, to prove the contrary; for through all the influences of Delmare and Raymond, types of brutality and vice, she preserves for her heroine enough of life to bless and be blessed, when Ralph, the type of love founded upon self-devotion, reveals himself to her. Still, one would say that these hopes are rather the suggestion of the intellect, than a belief of the soul. The expression of them is cold, and almost gives the idea of an after-thought. The element of George Sand is, nevertheless, above all, *suffering:* the convulsive sense of her own sorrows uniting themselves to those of the world, and of the reaction resulting from them. By and bye, her thoughts elevate and clear themselves: her looks turn oftener to the future; the religious sentiment, so prominent in George Sand, becomes more and more developed and intense. The turbid stream purifies itself in mounting towards heaven, and falls again in dew. Calm succeeds to storm; the very shadow of scepticism has disappeared before faith; faith, sad and without the spring of youth, for its torch does not shine on this side of the tomb; but strong, and unshakeable as all religious conviction. Our earthly life is not the *Right* to happiness, it is the *Duty* of development; sorrow is not Evil, since it stimulates and purifies: virtue is constancy in devotion; all error passes away; truth is eternal, and must, by a law of providence, triumph sooner or later in the individual as in humanity. George Sand has learnt these things, and repeats them to us with the sweet and impressive voice of a sister. There is still, as in the sounds of the Æolian harp, an echo of a past agony; but the voice of the angel preponderates. As at a beautiful sunset you may detect yourself, when reading the accents of a brooding melancholy, murmuring—*It is not for ever.* The admirable *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, mark the transition point between the two phases which I have just pointed out.

I have said somewhere in the beginning of these pages, and I recall it when citing *Les Lettres d'un Voyageur*, which no man could ever have written —that, *thanks be to God*, George Sand is a *woman.* It is this indeed which is the last and most important cause of the immense excitation produced by her works. As a writer, as an apostle of religious democracy, George Sand, high as she may be placed, does not stand such alone. What she is, she is as a *woman.* In the vast and imposing question which is beginning to ferment in men's minds, and which I have no intention of treating here, of the emancipation of woman, of the determination of her duties and her rights in the world, the materials for decision were wanting to us; and it was evidently not from *our* impressions, from *our* judgments that we could draw them. We might, indeed, in some exceptional moments of revelation through affection, understand *a* woman; *woman,* all that she feels, all that she dreams, all that she pursues, what sanctifies her or makes her fall, what weighs upon her and transforms her true nature, in the present arrangement of society, a woman only could tell us; and no woman had as yet told us. Some women indeed, before her, had endeavoured to deal with the question; but simply on the ground of right, and, as theorists, giving us what the common element of humanity could supply, and nothing more; nothing that a *man* could not have written. In France, Madame de Staël had made a step in advance by her *Corinne:* there, woman is shewn as a being gifted with an *individuality,* the working out of which should be the source of a new ideal. But more strong in intellect than in heart, and not having had, after all, to struggle with life in earnest, as George Sand, Madame de Staël was not destined to advance upon the path as yet but dimly seen. She withdrew herself in reality soon afterwards in *Delphine,* where the woman is *subalternised* even in the words which serve as an inscription to the work.*

Madame Sand is the first who has boldly entered the arena, and she has maintained her position through all. As a *human* being she has pleaded for the equality to which her sex has a right, by mingling herself, theoretically and practically, with all our struggles, with all the great questions, religious, social, and political, which at present interest us: as a *woman* she has declared to us the secret of her sex, its inward *life* in all its phases, under all circumstances; and she has thus prepared the way to a just conception of the special mission reserved to her sex—of the duties and special rights which have fallen to its share. This point of view which I cannot for want of space do more than merely indicate here, will receive, I hope, its full development either from myself or others, as the translations of her works appear. It is also with a view to these special articles that I have abstained from any attempted appreciation in her numerous works, of the salient points of her artistic genius, or of the subordinate ideas which are there revealed. I have only wished here to express some few of the general thoughts which the cherished name of my friend, of my sister in belief, of the writer from whose pages I have so often benefited, suggests to me. As to her life, whatever may be the curiosity of my readers, I have not thought it either my right, or my duty, to occupy myself with it. Her life is in her books. Every soul worthy of understanding her will learn to find her there. George Sand is one of those geniuses whose every work contains the image of its author, visibly transferred to its page by her own tears and heart's blood.

* "A man must brave opinion, a woman submit to it."

THE DREAM OF THY YOUTH!

By Camilla Toulmin.

"Keep true to the Dream of thy Youth!"—Schiller.

Be thou faithful to the Message! Like a watchword bear it round
To the Leal of Heart, whose pulses will beat quicker at the sound;
Let the music of its meaning interpenetrate thy soul,
And the storm of fate unharming o'er thy outer life shall roll.

To the Leal a watchword welcome: but to them of weaker heart,
Whose spirits have to wrestle with the world's ignoble part—
Who feel the slimy serpent writhing round the seraph wings,
And know his opiate poison dulls our actions' finer springs—

Let It flame on high a beacon, with its pointed tongue of fire
Still upwards, upwards tending with unsatisfied desire.
If they do not comprehend it, let them take it as a faith,
And believe, as in a Prophet, what the glorious Poet saith!

Through his words, like crystal windows, we behold that Eden land
Which in early years was fashioned by Truth's own benignant hand;
Though the clouds may overhang it—clouds ourselves have woven there—
(Would we see it in its freshness we must breathe a purer air),

Cold of heart and dull of senses, do not mock with idle strife,
For the Dreams of Youth, believe me, are the Truest Things in Life!
And your blunt material weapons in the conflict with a Thought
Grow molten as a metal which the lightning fire hath caught!

Oh, those Dreams are God's revealings; never heed what worldlings say,
With their tongues by falsehood blistered, rearing up *their* gods of clay:
Sweep them down from hearth and pedestal—as with a tempest blast;
Mission worthy of the worthiest to be this iconoclast!

For though great and good the Age is, when compared with former years,
An unsightly dwarf it fostereth, whose strength but half appears;
Dark, deformed the little imp is, though too vague to have a name,
Unless, indeed, a myriad the Proteus thing may claim.

Let us call him Doubt an instant—doubt of all our own souls teach—
Doubt of God Himself in Heaven—doubt of all Doubt cannot reach;
Doubt of music throughout Nature—doubt of Truth upon her Throne:
And doubt of how their harmony is by the Poet shown!

Oh, be faithful to the Message—to thine early Dream "keep true"—
Do not swerve for narrow teaching, nor "expedient" paths pursue:
Rather think thine eyes deceive thee, or thine ear a traitor grown,
Than bow thee to an argument 'gainst Truths which thou hast known!

Known; for they are not Opinions, with a "really to my seeing,"
But rock-truths, that primeval, are foundations of thy being.
And seeming contradictions—that in vain array appear,
To battle with a noble creed, and triumph to the ear—

Are but segments of great circles, broken up by ignorance,
Which, could we but unite them, for one soul-enraptured glance,
Would be orbs of Truth, proclaiming by their self-sustaining light
That the Dream of Youth from Heaven is the only Life aright!

Have no doubt of Love and Friendship—in the world they both are rife
(Though, grown used to Lovely Order, we but babble about strife):
Though thine individual hopes may have withered ere they bloomed,
And the life-fire of Affection be a treasure self-consumed.

Have no doubt of hero actions, and of brave endurance, too;
Seek no vulgar, vain repayments, for the deeds that thou may'st do:
Let thine own mind's exaltation be the guerdon and the spur,
And its trust, which is devotion, from all meaner thoughts deter!

Be thou Worthy the fulfilment of Youth's soul-sustaining Dreams,
And that Worthiness shall keep thee still beneath their gorgeous beams:
Life shall pass thee like a river, stranding treasures by the way;
And the season of existence be for thee perpetual May.

Age for thee shall have no meaning, save the silvering of the hair,
And the furrow on the forehead, and the body's signs of wear;
Which but seem the preparations for unfolding of the wings
That have grown to strength and beauty by thy spirit's communings.

Oh, the Alchemist's elixir was a promise trite and tame,
To the inner life of freshness which the faithful heart may claim:
Love and Genius are immortal, and the Truest of all Truth
Is their vision of Divinity—the radiant Dream of Youth!

London, February, 1847.

REVOLUTION VERSUS REBELLION.

By Hepworth Dixon.

During the course of the seventeenth century, as every tyro in history is well aware, at two separate periods, a violent and forcible interruption of the ordinary arrangement of political powers and order of government, occurred in this kingdom. In each case, the dynasty was changed, the institutions of the country were modified, and new legislative principles were established. These two great events had many points of resemblance—also some in which they did not agree, of which anon—yet they have received from historians baptismal appellations of a widely different signification. The first has been condemned by a bad name; the second glorified by a good one. The time has, however, come to correct a faulty nomenclature; the necessity for such correction will be acknowledged by all who bear in mind how readily the popular logic admits of names and things being used convertibly. It is only just and right that political and other transactions should be properly designated—that a revolution, for instance, should be called a revolution, and not be

stigmatised as a rebellion, and in consequence of that false neologism prejudged, and that a rebellion should not be misnamed a revolution, in order that it may sound more graciously in ears polite. A false name is a verbal lie; it implies a violation of the moral law, and ought on no account whatever to be tolerated. Let us disuse it. It is a pertinent inquiry, but which the ordinary historians scarcely enable us satisfactorily to answer—why are the events which closed the reign of the unfortunate First Charles, differently designated to the, in many respects, parallel series of events which terminated the sovereignty of his house in the person of the second James? Why are the first termed a great rebellion—the second, a glorious revolution? Let us first see the relative signification of these two important words.

In all pure governments—here again we are stayed by another false neologism: why do we call an absolute state, for instance Russia, a *pure* monarchy?—or Venice a *pure* oligarchy?—truly these are the most *impure* of all governments—as we said, in all pure governments certain fundamental principles are laid down, which determine the relative position of the various powers in the state—of the governed and the governing bodies. The recognition of these primary principles is antecedent to all particular legislation; they form what is called the constitutional law of a country. No subsequent legislation may legally contravene these principles. Should the executive, or any other power in the state, attempt to set aside this constitutional law, that power may be resisted; and if it persist, impeached for high treason against the state, and punished. This is the course invariably followed. Every person who breaks the law, is punished for the offence. Thus have ministers been taught to respect the majesty of the law; and thus against all offenders, whom the law can reach, is it enforced according to the offence. In all cases, however, an attempt to alter the constitutional law is high treason: the penalty of high treason is death. This crime is consequently rare. It is not a crime of the people. It has seldom been perpetrated save in high places. To effect an alteration of the constitutional law of a nation by force—*i. e.*, without the consent of the original contracting parties—is rebellion; to put an end by force to authority illegally exercised, or to the domination of mischievous ideas, and thereby return to a better order of things is revolution. The first involves a large amount of guilt—of political dishonesty and moral turpitude; guilt that has more of meanness than of glory in it; guilt, therefore, that a chivalric aristocracy, however ready to commit, is particularly desirous not to hear itself charged with. On the contrary, there is something magnificent in a revolution. It is the reconquest of an invaded right. There is no moral turpitude in it. As the ultimate tribunal of society—for when the power created for the guardianship and execution of the law itself endeavours to annul or transgress it, then the great compact of society is dissolved, and the original elements are free to enter into new combinations to compel a re-organisation of the disintegrated parts—revolution is a state necessity, and is recognised as such by the highest political law. To oppose the constitution is rebellion; to restore the constitution, forcibly set aside, is revolution. These we believe to be correct interpretations of these words as they are employed by historians. We do not quarrel with these meanings; on the contrary, we think them substantially just; but we do protest against such a solecism as the use of the term rebellion, in connection with the revolution of 1640; and also, but much more mildly, against calling the rebellion of 1688 a revolution. To the epithet "glorious" as prefixed in orthodox history to this latter, we have no objection, as we recognise the right of the parties to give their offspring such cognomen as they think fit, and in this case the epithet has been apt indeed; to its authors, this "revolution" has proved most "glorious." If it were absolutely requisite to call these two events by these two names, we should certainly reverse the usual order. A rapid glance at the events themselves, their authors, and their results, will exhibit our reasons for such change of nomenclature.

By the most ancient laws of this kingdom—confirmed by the Great Charter of liberty, by the act of the twenty-fifth of Edward III., and many other statutes—the personal liberty of the subject was secured. These acts declared, that no freeman could be molested except by process at law, and the judgment of his peers. Similar statutes enact that the nation shall not be taxed without its consent, expressly obtained from parliament. These are the most fundamental of the constitutional laws of this realm, and the revolution of 1640 was produced by the arbitrary setting aside of these, and some minor laws, by the First Charles. This unfortunate monarch reigned at a time when the enfranchisement of intellect, produced by the reformation, had enabled the people to acquire some knowledge of civil rights and theories of government. The feudal system was almost extinct. The world had everywhere hailed the advent of liberal ideas and more catholic maxims of government. But the Stuarts never comprehended the age in which their destiny was cast. Charles was the best of the family, morally; politically, however, he was wrong; his cause was bad—the array of intellectual and moral power against him was overwhelming. From his accession he determined to rule despotically. The sovereigns on the continent had put an end to the ancient institution of parliaments, and with it to the liberty of the subject. England was the only land in which the sacred fire of freedom was kept alive, and the pious but imbecile king resolved to trample it out. Parliaments protested against his illegal measures, and appealed to the ancient charter of the country. The "petition of rights" was prepared, embodying the constitutional laws which Charles had violated; and after much dissension it was assented to. Shortly after, unmindful of his royal word, the king set it aside, refused to call another parliament, levied taxes without the consent of the nation, sent those to prison who appealed from his tyrannical measures to the law, and resolved to govern by his sovereign authority alone, called no parliament for eleven years, and then only because he was forced to do so. Such were the violations of the constitution committed by Charles. Forbearance was exhausted, but not till every means of reformation had been tried in vain, and the king's repeated perjuries had proved to the world that he could no longer be trusted, did an indignant people rise in arms, and wrest from his feeble hand the power he had so much abused. He was convicted of high treason, and merited death according to the law. Whether the revolutionists did wisely in fulfilling the law literally may be questioned; that is a question of era; but of the earnest sincerity of the men who condemned him there can be no doubt. The high court of justice held a religious fast the day before he was executed—an instance how deeply as a

body that court was impressed with the solemnity of the act.

Compared with this great national re-conquest of its usurped liberties, the transaction of 1688 was a mere party move. It was an affair of a few families, in which the people took no interest.* It was the triumph of those maxims of legislation which subsequently came to be denominated Whiggism. There was no popular sympathy for the Orange dynasty. James, it is true, was not a popular monarch. Far from it, for he was a Stuart, and had all the "divine right" pretensions of his family. But his opinions never became dangerous to the country. When he came to the throne, he was an old man, and his heirs had been diligently reared in the national faith; before the Prince of Wales was born, there was not a shadow of pretence for deposing him, yet this step had already been determined upon by the great lords, and was well-known in foreign courts.† They had objects of their own, of which anon, but in these objects the people had no interest, but the contrary; and could they have foreseen the result, the rebellion had not been consummated. Nothing could better betray the paucity of assignable motive for it, than the tissue of false generalisations put forth by the administration of the new dynasty. Even Hallam, a thorough Whig, and the best historian of the period, admits that under James "no man had been deprived of his liberty by any illegal warrant. No man, save in the single exception of Magdalen College, had been despoiled of his property." But the "great families," as they delighted to call themselves, hated him: he would not consent to share with them the spoils of an oppressed people; they preferred a king whose defective title would make him dependent upon their favour, and from such a man they knew that they could extort terms, which the legitimate sovereign would never submit to. And so poor James, whose principal fault in their eyes was the unbearable validity of his title, was dethroned, and a conditional king invested with his sceptre. So much for the events. A word respecting the men. Look on the men of 1640; Hampden, Pym, Vane, Cromwell, Milton. Need a word be added to names like these? It were an insult to the reader's understanding. What are the corresponding names of 1688? Shaftesbury, Danby, Montague, Cavendish, Delamere, &c. These men are less known, and deservedly so: better had they never been known. These are not the names of which England has cause to be proud. We look in vain amongst them, for any spark of that holy fire that filled the men of 1640 like a passion. We look in vain for profound acquaintance with jurisprudence, with civil equity, and international law. We look in vain for any parallel to the valour of Cromwell, or the genius of Milton. Of the honour and integrity of the first revolutionists, there is no trace in the other. Shaftesbury was a profligate and unprincipled wit. He had abused the confidence of Cromwell; intrigued with Monk; fawned favours from Clarendon, and then helped to overthrow him. He never had a principle of common honesty, much less of honour. He scoffed at morality, and wrote against religion. Charles presented him to the queen one day, as "the greatest rake in England;"—"of a subject, Madam," replied the confident libertine. Danby was, perhaps, the most venal of all. He bribed everybody, and took bribes himself in the most shameless manner. Verily he had his reward; he died Duke of Leeds. Montague (Mr., subsequently advanced to a dukedom for his services) sold himself alternately to every one who would purchase his services; even to the avowed enemy of his country, Louis XIV., from whom he received 100,000 crowns for ruining the Lord Treasurer, and thereby embarrassing the government. Cavendish is described by his friend Burnet as "a libertine both in principle and practice;" and the same authority declared that when Delamere succeeded to office, "he sold everything." Such were the men of these celebrated epochs: love of freedom, purity of purpose, extensive acquaintance with the natural rights of man and with the free genius of the ancient world, self-abnegation, characterised the first: shameless profligacy and venality, insincerity and corruption, characterised the second. The motives of such men would be self-evident, even if history had been more warped than it has been. The object of the conspiracy was the erection of an oligarchy, with a titular king at its head, and "the right honourable plot" succeeded. The great families acquired, and have maintained down to our own time (more than 150 years), the real power of the nation. Their order has thriven apace, and they are now the wealthiest caste in Europe. They have acquired possessions in every quarter of the known world; have got bishoprics, and generalships, and governorships, and honours, and emoluments innumerable for their connexions; verily, it has proved to them a most "glorious revolution. But the People? Why, of course, as they didn't effect the revolution, all the advantages they have derived from it have been an enormous increase of taxation. (The average annual expenditure, under James, fell short of three millions, and it has gradually increased to more than fifty millions.) It was an aristocratic revolution, and the aristocracy reaped the benefits. It is only natural that they should be grateful. Amongst the noble plotters "the English *people* are never named; none are recognised beneath the condition of gentlemen, unless by the feudal and contemptuous denomination of followers; and it is a distinctive feature of the revolution of 1688, that the people are not parties to it, even by name, as a decent formality:"* and when the revolution was effected, the oligarchy which professed to have "saved the nation," commenced its career by suspending the Habeas Corpus Act. The burdens of the state were quickly removed from their own shoulders on to those of the nation at large, and especially on to the industrial portion of it.

The assessments levied in lieu of feudal services (in consideration of which the original grants were made) were abolished, and the deficit of a continually increasing expenditure was supplied by new taxes. The institution of the Post, the abolition of torture, and many other important improvements, are the permanent fruits of the first revolution; the system of standing armies, and an enormous national debt—both introduced for the first time into this country by the men of 1688—are the abiding fruits of the other. Judge between them. Having considered the causes, the agents, and the fruits of each, decide whether or not our reversal of the fashionable nomenclature would be just and pertinent. If so, let us call these great transactions by their proper names: at least, let us no longer sanction the use of the guilt-implying name of "rebellion" to the most solemn, grand, and striking revolution in our history.

* Wallace's Continuation of Macintosh, viii.
† Despatch of D'Estree's, Rome, Dec. 18, 1687.

* Wallace's Continuation of Macintosh, in *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

THE VANITY OF WEALTH;

A TRUE STORY.

By Mrs. Mary Leman Gillies.

The power of wealth vested in the head of a family is like the magnetic stream, which passing through a heap of metallic atoms keeps them in cohesion; the stream withdrawn, each atom falls away from the other. Death, and the consequent division of property, acts thus on the compact of families in which shallow feelings have been in exercise, and the power of independent thought unknown. Such was the effect of the death of Mr. Morton, a rich city merchant, leaving a well-jointured widow, and two handsomely dowered daughters on the theatre of the world, without the superintending care which had hitherto guarded their interests and directed their course.

He passed away not unmourned; yet a sense of relief was present to his wife and children, which could not be otherwise than welcome to them. A successful and self-sufficient man, he had loved dominion, and had taken the shortest road to it—power, but the power of position and property; these had secured him the obedience which weakness and dependence *must* yield, satisfied with that, he had neglected to cultivate those affections which will wreathe the roughest chains with flowers and keep the iron from entering the soul.

Mrs. Morton was as passive as her husband had been positive: gentle but weak, tenacious of giving pain: solicitous to win love: an indulgent mother, as much from indolence and ignorance, as from tenderness, she had early adopted the fatal fashion of bribing and buying the love of her children. Thus her twin-daughters, Julia and Isabella, were reared upon a system which called few of the finer feelings into action, and none of the reasoning faculties. Uninquiring submission had been the paternal demand, undiscriminating devotion the mother's requisition: each attained that which was desired, but in semblance only, and at the expence of the moral mint in which the false dies were struck.

The change to Mrs. Morton and her daughters, from control to independence (for the latter having attained their majority were put in possession of their fortunes), was so exhilirating, that with the common bias they felt for the vulgar enjoyments of dress, display, and dissipation, they emerged from their sables with no common brilliancy. The saturnalia of the slave is ever a scene of licence: there can be no more powerful argument in favor of rational freedom. The harmony with which the ladies set out did not long continue; natural character, independent circumstances, and that peculiar training which had made each of them instinct with a considerable share of selfishness, spread the elements of decomposition throughout their compact.

Mrs. Morton soon found the sceptre which her husband had held too firmly, tremble in her grasp; unable openly to control her children she formed cabals and tried circumvention. Report, as usual, exaggerated their property, and its magnetic power surrounded them with admirers. Julia, unfortified by reflection or forethought was soon hurried away by flattery and concomitant infatuations. Vainly was she warned that the man she favoured wanted principle and prudence: she cut the argument short by making an elopement, and after her unconsidered marriage, in rash resentment of the opposition she had met, withdrew from her family and took up her residence on the continent.

Mrs. Morton in compensation for the incapacity to command, took refuge in the indulgence of complaint. Among those who exercised their patience in affording her this solace was a personage, who in pursuit of patronage had acquired an address of a most insinuating character. About the time that he made Mrs. Morton's acquaintance he had accepted an agency in some transatlantic speculations, and though she was many years his senior, he thought her society, and yet more her settlement, would eminently assist to brighten his exile. With less precipitation, but scarcely more prudence than her daughter, Mrs. Morton again entered the state of matrimony, perhaps pleased to retreat from responsibilities she felt herself so ill calculated to hold, and in a few months after changing her name, she prepared to change her climate and embarked for America.

Isabella Morton was now alone. A few relations of distant consanguinity, a number of acquaintances, commonly called friends, with most proximate views and florid professions, did little to relieve the real loneliness of her position. At times the natural instincts of a character originally deficient of neither power or integrity, made her feel the hollowness amid which she lived and dream of something better, but before these vague impressions could strengthen into purpose, the returning tide of habitual folly hurried her away. With warm affections she had felt with secret bitterness that she was abandoned by her mother and sister in favour of ties taken up as lightly as the last fashion; her revulsed feelings, her love of freedom, alike induced her to reject overtures which would have thrown many unexceptionable asylums open to her: she resolved to rely upon herself and advertised in the public papers for a home. From the number of letters she received, she selected one, the tone of which pleased her. She drove to a house near Kensington and was ushered into a spacious drawing room. All was airy, cheerful, and elegant, and a well-bred woman, in the wane of life, appeared. The power of the stronger over the weaker mind was immediately apparent; the tact of Miss Selwin was consummate, and won upon Isabella instantly, who before the interview was half over, agreed to take the suite of rooms on terms which showed how ample were her means and how liberal her nature.

The abode to which she was thus introduced was a boarding school of a select and limited description; the house was an old aristocratic mansion, the tenancy of which had been yielded to Miss Selwin by a family in which she had lived many years as governess, and when the surviving members went abroad, in gratitude for important services, they placed her in that residence in partnership with a younger sister.

Miss Morton came to her pleasant domicile. New affinities now arose and had she possessed discrimination or disposition to estimate the advantages she enjoyed and many that she came among, she might have realized and dispensed considerable happiness. But she brought old habits to the new scene. Miss Selwin's plan of life, which with her moral energy and intellectual resources, was full of calm, earnest occupation, cheered by the sense of duties well fulfilled and contentment realized, was tame and vapid in the estimation of one to whom excitement and flattery were as essential as daily food. Isabella's course was soon marked out. Drives, calls, concerts, or exhibitions, filled up the long morning: an interregnum of a few hours allowed her exhausted strength to recover and then at the renewed call of dissipation she proceeded to the opera, to parties abroad, or to receive company at home. Into this vortex she drew Sophia Selwin: they conceived a mutual attachment, but it had a mixed base; was not independent, on one side, of delight in expensive pleasures now for the first time tasted, nor, on the other of the homage and admiration which an inexperienced mind lavishly yielded.

Such was the social position, much to the discomfort of Miss Selwin, when she was called away to the continent, leaving the interests of home to the sole superintendance of her sister. Increased responsibility did little to arrest her now habitual career, and Miss Selwin's

return brought on a crisis. In a tone of authority to which age and experience, rather than prudence or propriety, gave warrant, she interdicted the course that Sophia was pursuing; denouncing it as inimical to her character and ruinous to her professional prospects. The stern expostulation was met in no friendly spirit and a feud grew between the sisters. The younger clung to her friend, who listened to her with partiality: both shrunk with conscious moral inferiority before Miss Selwin, but proudly preferred estrangement to concession. She wrote a powerful letter to Miss Morton, but the latter saw nothing but daring in the force and freedom with which it urged important truths: it presented a draught too bitter for one wholly accustomed to sweets; the letter was resented and remained unanswered.

A week had nearly elapsed, when one evening Isabella, after dressing early to receive guests, glided into her drawing room and lay down on a remote couch, purposing to enjoy an hour's tranquil rest and meditation ere company arrived. She had not lain many minutes, when the two sisters entered the room evidently supposing it vacant. They advanced to the fire, and stood before it: its red glare, the only light in the apartment, fell full upon them, giving them, amid the surrounding gloom, with peculiar distinctness to Isabella's view. Both were agitated; but Miss Selwin singularly excited; after a pause she turned with looks of scorn and displeasure to her sister as she exclaimed—"I have followed you hither to tell you my determination. If you are resolved on ruin you shall not ruin *me*. To-morrow I shall give Miss Morton notice to quit: her presence shall no longer disturb my peace, nor her practice desecrate my abode. If after that step you do not return to the proper fulfilment of your duties, my next measure will be to dissolve our partnership. Then see what your butterfly friend will do for you."

"I fear not the experiment," said Sophia, "She is as kind and generous as you are severe and exactious. You envy her fine talents—you fear her fascinations—you love only the dull dupes who can tamely submit to your arrogance. She cannot—she ought not—and I *will* not."

"'Tis well!" replied Miss Selwin, with a vindictive calmness, more expressive than the fiercest anger:" "You have been cherished in my bosom; like a viper you have stung it. I fling you forth—forth upon that frothy being, for whom you can forsake your cradle-friend and foundation of an independent livelihood. Go, but remember my prophetic words:—that woman will fall—poverty will be her portion—degradation, more bitter than destitution, awaits her—ere many years I shall behold *her*, at least *you*, at my feet."

The sisters left the room. The guests arrived. Miss Morton's abstraction was attributed to any cause but the right one. Not a few imagined that her hitherto impregnable heart had yielded to an impression; but it was her mind which was possessed—possessed by one image, the Cassandra-like form of Miss Selwin, as it had appeared lighted up by the fire-blaze, in which her marked countenance, moved as it was by strong passions, took a wild character and her deep-toned voice a sort of tocsin sound. Isabella did not throw forth her thoughts, but, with them smouldering in her breast, retired for the night. It was long ere she slept, and when she did it was to behold in frightful and fantastic combination, the object of her waking reverie.

A new scene occurred the next morning. Sophia threw herself in tears upon the bosom of her friend, spoke of the cruelty of her sister and the anguish of her own mind. Isabella soothed her—said she had resolved to leave Kensington, entreated Sophia to leave with her—promised her friendship and protection, in fact offered to share her fortune with her. The generous proposition was met by enthusiastic gratitude! the friends embraced each other; their moral atmosphere cleared and then calmed; all that had to follow was soon, but abruptly, settled; they departed, and, with facility and satisfaction, established themselves in lodgings at the west end of London.

Painful impressions were soon banished by the renewal of habits which dissipate thought. Although now with increased claims upon her income, Miss Morton made no change in her mode of life and for a time the tide flowed on as hitherto. At the termination of four years, however, a check was experienced and pressure from postponed tradesmen's bills compelled Isabella to pause and look into her affairs. She discovered that she was considerably in debt, and living at an expenditure beyond her income. In the midst of this inquiry came painful letters from her mother breathing of disappointment and unhappiness, while reports of a more sombre character regarding her sister and husband also reached her. These simultaneous distresses concurred to depress her spirits and dispose her mind to more serious consideration than it had ever yet taken.

Miss Morton had a high sense of justice, and her first effort at righting herself (after some vain attempts to re-obtain various sums of money she had lent), consisted in selling out stock and paying her debts. This measure reduced her income, which had no other source than the funds vested in the Bank of England. Some plan to diminish her expenditure or to enlarge her means was hence to be considered. Her musical taste, the sweetness of her voice, her personal advantages and graces of demeanour, were qualifications which flattery had long told her, and with some truth, were eminently her own. She called Sophia to her counsels and proposed to prepare herself as an operatic performer. The idea was no sooner suggested than it was strengthened by prophetic flatteries from her enthusiastic friend. The measure was decided upon. More money was drawn from the Bank capital, the most eminent professional instruction secured, and Isabella went to work. But acquisitions made with comparative ease in the outset of life, when the organs are in their original pliancy, and no counteracting habits have been formed, are found difficult and irksome at a later period. Miss Morton relaxed her efforts again and again, renewing them only under the goading consciousness of their necessity, or the stimulants of ambition or praise.

Thus three years stole away, but the period of her *débût* at length arrived. The chief part in a new opera was assigned her. Managerial cupidity calculated upon her novelty and connections, many had views contingent on her success, but all collateral aims were hid under an apparent devotion to herself and a flattering confidence in her powers and personal attraction. The usual rehearsals at the theatre had not sufficed her anxiety for proficiency; many took place in her own drawing room, to the overpowering plaudits of her friends and those of the composer; those meetings, prolonged far into the night, and taking the character of festivals, together with the selection and arrangement of an expensive stage costume, made great but unregarded inroads on her purse. Surrounded from first to last by parasites she never knew how much she depended on false stimulants, how little she really rested upon herself. Self-culture she had never attempted—self-knowledge in the least degree she had never possessed. She walked as it were blindfold: ignorant of her deficiencies, overrating her advantages.

The night of her appearance came. Sophia infinitely more agitated than herself, attended her to the theatre and assisted at her toilet. With the bearing of conscious elegance, the conviction of approaching triumph, Isabella entered the green-room, and thence in a few minutes stepped on to the stage. Her appearance was greeted as a British audience ever greets a new candidate for its favour, especially when the *débutante* is a

woman. The first emotion of awe she had ever felt touched her as she directed her gaze to the assembled multitude; but summoning her energies to concentrate themselves on the approaching effort, she advanced with grace and composure to the foot-lights. There she paused, mute and motionless. The audience believing that she needed encouragement, renewed their plaudits: again all was hushed—a dead pause—a breathless waiting for the sound of her voice—it came not; she stood with no symptom of animation about her, but the vibration of the ornaments upon her robes, which showed that she trembled. Whispers were now heard addressed to her from the wings, but in vain. At length the manager appeared, led her off and the curtain fell.

Sophia flew to her friend, and it became evident that a total failure of voice had supervened. By look and gesture she indicated her desire to be taken home, and wrapped in shawls, she was conveyed in her stage costume to her lodgings. There she partially revived—wrung her hands with expressive anguish and covering her face with them, yielding to a flood of tears. The medical man, who had been hastily summoned, pronounced it a nervous attack, recommended perfect quiet, and withdrew to prescribe restoratives. When he was gone another paroxysm of feeling occurred; she tore the ornaments from her arms, the tiara from her head and scattered them at her feet, as if she now felt the worthlessness of such baubles. Her fine hair fell about her shoulders, and she looked up into the face of Sophia, with such despair and desolation in her aspect that fears for her intellect arose. The whole night her friend watched beside her bed: a narcotic had obtained sleep, and the midday sun was struggling through the veilded windows ere she awoke. Sophia knelt down beside her, eager to read her countenance: the sufferer threw her arm around her neck and flooded her face with tears: in a low whisper, all that her voice could achieve, she revealed the secret of the previous night's discomfiture. Isabella at the moment of reaching the front of the stage recognized Miss Selwin, with the eyes, as it were, of a basilisk, fixed upon her: a sensation as of sudden paralysis seized her frame and annihilated her powers.

An illness of many months succeeded this event; Miss Morton rose weakened in body and mind. Changes had gradually supervened; her style of living reduced, her class of visitors altered. Sophia Selwin, (now the active agent in all her affairs), though with some sympathetic affinities, was an inferior order of being; that inferiority became apparent in proportion to the prominence of the position she took. Character carries its controling power into every thing, and one change works others. Had Isabella's education done her justice, had she by after culture done justice to herself, her natural powers would have placed her among the class of presiding minds; but utterly without anchorage she was drifting away and likely to become a total wreck. Instead of seeking renewed strength in air and exercise, she resorted to quackeries and stimulants, which, at best mere palliatives, were more often attended by an injurious reaction. The appliances for her mind were of even a worse description, and companions of a corresponding grade of intellect confirmed the growing intellectual darkness.

It was at this morbid crisis that Isabella was visited by a dream. She fancied immense golden numbers in the Lottery about to be drawn floated before her: she awoke, slept, and again the same dream occurred. This trifling circumstance formed the idle gossip of the succeeding day, and, listlessness longing for excitement—fancy in prurient activity—she was easily persuaded that the number would prove a prize, and she resolved to purchase the ticket. On proceeding to the lottery-office, but one sixteenth could be obtained: this difficulty only wetted her desire and confirmed her conviction. She drove from office to office, ascertained, by indefatigable effort, the holders of the various portions of the number, and by advances on the prices paid, and promises in the event of the prize, she succeeded in securing the possession of the whole ticket. A feverish state of excitement followed. Every purpose was postponed till time should decide this freak of fancy. It was decided. The number was drawn a blank. This disappointment crushed a crowd of hopes and schemes; it did more, it extinguished what little of moral energy or grasp of mind remained to Isabella. In the downward tendency she had taken, like all falling bodies, she gravitated with increased rapidity. The reaction on the intemperate use of stimulants, reduced her to that debility which too certainly introduces death; but with the presence of the awful visitant, life rallied for awhile: she seized the moment to make one useful effort. Putting forth her transparent hand, she took the hand of Sophia, and with renewed light in her eyes, some strength, and all her early sweetness of voice, she said:

"Your sister's prediction is fulfilled. I am indeed a fallen woman! When you have lain me in the cold church-yard, go to her. Time has probably softened her severity; no doubt exalted her great good sense. Tell her you have come to retrieve the past—*and do it.* Return to the energy of occupation, and never taste a pleasure unpurchased by profitable labour. Oh, did my strength allow I could pronounce a homily; but you have only to look back on my life to deduce a lesson for yourself and others. I have secured you a life interest on the little I die possessed of. Come sometimes to my grave, and bring the young, the vain, the unreflecting, tell them what I was—what I might have been."

Tears and returning weakness rendered what more she uttered unintelligible. That night the pulses of that heart ceased for ever, and the repose of an eternal peace settled upon her brow. Sophia was heart-struck. Isabella amid all her faults had been ever gentle, ever kind, and deeply did her mourning survivor meditate her last words.

Humbled and contrite, Sophia sought her sister. She did not seek her in vain—she was received and forgiven. Reinstated in a respectable position; invested with power by the exercise of her industry and ability; animated by a sense of deep gratitude and the justice of making all the return in her power, she sought out Julia, the sister of Isabella. She found her sunk in sorrow and distress, with two infant girls, and abandoned by her husband, who had dissipated her fortune. To Julia's children, Isabella had bequeathed the capital of which Sophia enjoyed the life-rent; to these children, with Miss Selwin's cheerful concurrence, Sophia resolved especially to devote herself. They were received as pupils in the establishment to which she was restored, and their rational and practical education became her first object. Daily and hourly did she seek to exercise their perceptive powers and their reasoning faculties. She taught them to regard pleasure as the accident, laboor as the rule of life—the only source of real or permanent enjoyment, and that misery and degradation are the unfailing offspring of folly, imprudence, and impiety.

Sophia lived to exhibit in her own person how the powers of cultivated intelligence can replace, even eclipse, the charms of youth. Her industry and economy gave her ample means for the exercise of benevolence, and the chosen objects of her friendly bounty were the mother and sister of Isabella Morton.

Thus nobly Sophia retrieved the errors of early imprudence: piety, peace, and opulence crowned her latter days, once likely to have been sunk into the inanity or lunacy to which feeling and imagination, unsustained by reason, consigns so many women.



THE DRIED-UP WELL.

By H. Warren.

THE CONDITION OF FACTORY WOMEN —WHAT IS DOING FOR THEM?

By S. Smiles, M.D.

THIRD ARTICLE.

We have already stated our views as to the means which society, acting through public opinion, and in united public effort, might adopt to ameliorate the condition of the factory woman's lot; and we have pointed to the salutary and praiseworthy efforts which have already been made in this direction. We have now to speak briefly of what might be done by masters and operatives themselves, to improve and elevate the condition of the female labourer.

The great employers of labour have not yet awakened to the consciousness of their immense social influence as leaders of the morals and education, as well as of the commerce and industry, of their country. In their several spheres they possess an influence far more powerful than that of governments. Their social position, as employers of large numbers of work-people, gives them immense power in the direction of those influences which make men and women better and wiser, healthier and happier beings. The concentration of numbers of operatives of both sexes in their establishments, is favourable to the exercise of such influence with the best effects; and that agglomeration of labourers, which at present tends only to the propagation of bad example and demoralisation (because no preventive effort is made to check such evils), would, by the exercise of proper moral guards, and the exhibition of salutary examples, be productive of the happiest results on all classes affected.

By the influence of the master, properly exercised, happiness may be diffused, vice checked, good morals propagated, and by good examples valuable lessons of conduct taught and held up for imitation. Where a large number of workpeople are concentrated, bad example, grossness of manners and language, and general habits of intemperance, unless strictly checked, are apt to make very rapid progress. The example of a few bad persons will soon corrupt a whole factory, as a scabbed sheep mars a whole flock. Bad example is as contagious as typhus, and as fatal.

It is the duty of the employer, therefore, to adopt a system of watchful surveillance of the moral conduct of his operatives, either in his own person, or through the medium of the overlookers or others in authority appointed by him. Little or no supervision of this kind has yet been exercised on the part of employers, and revelations recently made before the magistrates at Bradford, show that an influence of the most infamous kind is exercised by the overlookers in some mills over the female operatives, and this without any check on the part of the employers.

No person of known bad character or habits, or who is known to use rude or obscene language, should be admitted to work in a factory, where so large a proportion of those employed are young persons and females, on whom such examples operate in the most injurious manner. Instances of bad conduct of this kind ought to be censured by the immediate expulsion of the offender. A few prominent examples could not fail to have the most salutary effects. And it is a duty which the masters owe to the modest and well-behaved among their operatives, to preserve them from admixture with persons of improper character, or from whom their morals would run the risk of contamination and injury.

It is by means of this strict moral surveillance, both on the part of the employers and of the employed, that the moral condition of the female operatives of Lowell maintains so high a standard. The employers exercise the most watchful care over the moral conduct of all the persons in their employment. The overseers selected by them to superintend the labour of the factory girls are almost all married men, known for their excellent moral character, as well as for their activity and intelligence. Dr. Bartlett, of Lowell, in an excellent little work published by him, entitled, "A Vindication of the Character and Condition of the Females employed in the Lowell Mills," states that "the moral police of all the establishments is vigilant, active, and rigid. While industry and good conduct are respected and rewarded, no violations of the excellent and judicious rules of the corporations, and no improper or suspicious conduct, meet with any indulgence or toleration. It is only by maintaining an unsullied and unimpeachable character, that a girl can retain her situation in the mill; and when dismissed for any impropriety from one establishment, there is no possibility of her getting a place in any of the others."

It is as yet only in rare instances that large employers of female labour in England, have exercised that careful supervision of the moral conduct of their operatives, which society is entitled to require of them. The general neglect of all moral obligations on the part of the employers of labour, towards those from whose industry their fortunes spring, is positively frightful. There is a want of active effort, as well as of cordial sympathy on their part. That there are, however, instances to the contrary, we are grateful in being able to acknowledge. And among those stand prominent the Gardners of Preston, the Marshalls of Leeds, the Brights of Rochdale, the Ashworths of Hyde and Turton, the Whiteheads of Hollymount in Rossendale, the Shorrocks of Darwen (who have founded and maintain one of the best mechanics' institutes in the country), and other masters who might be named.

An interesting example of the good effects of strict moral supervision on the part of the employers, is afforded by a silk mill, at Hadleigh, near Canterbury. It is more than this; for it is also an excellent example of co-operation on the part of the working and middle classes, for the purpose of profitable investment for their common benefit. The Hadleigh silk factory was erected, in 1834, by the parishoners, in shares of 50*l.*, and let on a lease of 21 years, at 6 per cent. on the capital invested, to a large manufacturer of Colchester. The shareholders reserved powers to the trustees, whom they appointed, to the following effect:—That no children should be admitted to the mill, except by their appointment; and that they should have power to suspend or dismiss any who should misconduct themselves, either in or out of the factory—whether children, young women, overlookers, or mechanics employed about the premises, though these last three classes were all appointed by the master. Under these powers, a number of minor regulations were afterwards agreed upon. Any young woman having a child, or guilty of improper conduct, was dismissed, and never re-admitted. The names of those found walking in the streets, in improper company, at improper hours, or found in public-houses, were reported to the trustees, and dismissal followed, if the cause was deemed sufficient. Those of the

female operatives who came from the country were allowed to lodge only in those houses which were approved by the trustees, or were subject to be suspended or dismissed from their employment. Ultimately, the trustees devolved almost their entire powers as to moral discipline on Archdeacon Lyall, who took a peculiar interest in watching over the moral condition of the factory workers.

And the results were most gratifying. After the first year, all parties—the master, the operatives themselves, and the relations of those employed, were unanimous in praise of the system. The master, who was also the proprietor of a large mill at Colchester, called upon the Archdeacon, and urged him to use his influence with the clergy of that town to exercise the same powers over the moral conduct of his workpeople there, which he himself exercised at Hadleigh; and applications of the same kind were made to him by other large employers of labour. A higher class of female operatives was attracted to the Hadleigh mill, by the fact of the high standard of moral conduct maintained there. An increasing number of respectable applicants, many of them the daughters of tradesman, waited their turn for admission to employment; and the general behaviour of the whole was acknowledged to be equal to that of the best conducted classes of the population.

"For the last two years of my residence at Hadleigh," says Archdeacon Lyall to the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, of Bradford, "I had no occasion to dismiss a single girl, and very rarely any occasion even to admonish, except for mere childish offences." And he adds—"It is my opinion that every one of the regulations introduced at Hadleigh, might with ease be acted upon in every factory, whether in a town or in the country. And provided they gave me no more trouble than mine did at Hadleigh for the first year and a half, I would undertake, with the assistance of the owners, to superintend all the mills in Leeds, or Bradford, or any town in England. I am further persuaded that if any mill-owner was to make the experiment, his example would soon be followed; as it would be found that his mill would always have the children of the most respectable parents in the place, in preference to any other, and be managed both cheaper and better in the same proportion."

Employers might, however, do more than prevent moral evil. they might also do much positive good. Why should they not give rewards of merit as encouragements to sobriety, good conduct, and economy? How much might they do by offering rewards to the woman who can show the cleanest and best kept home—whose children are the tidiest and best trained—who exhibits the steadiest course of good conduct?

The Ashworths of Turton take particular care in enforcing attention to cleanliness both of house and person, on the part of the operatives in their employment; rewarding them by the privilege of renting at a very moderate rate, the beautiful cottages they have erected, and in which every provision is made for domestic comfort—the owners requiring the use of separate sleeping apartments for the children of different sexes, and the most exemplary cleanliness and good order. The same employers have established schools for the girls in their employment; where, in addition to rudimental knowledge, they receive something of an industrial training, such as instruction in needlework. The Messrs. Marshall, of Leeds, have recently erected baths in connection with their new mill at Holbeck; and to the use of these the factory girls are admitted as a reward for good conduct. Occasional social evening parties have also recently been held in the large and elegant new schoolroom erected in connection with the mills, to which those distinguished for their good conduct have been admitted. On these occasions, selections of musical pieces by the best masters are performed at intervals; books and engravings of the choicest kind are spread about the tables; and Mr. James Garth Marshall, who has generally presided over the entertainments, usually delivers an address to the company assembled. The best results have followed these meetings; and the gradual, but marked, growth of kindlier feelings between employers and employed is to be noted. The same gentlemen, as well as the Messrs. Gott, of Leeds, have recently laid out large portions of ground in garden allotments, which they let out to the best conducted operatives in their establishments, who value the privilege highly.

While we have thus urged the importance of masters exerting themselves for the moral improvement of their operatives, we must not, however, conclude, without urging still more strongly, the necessity for the working people themselves watching carefully over their own moral wellbeing. The reform must be mainly accomplished by them. They are by far the most deeply interested in its success. They alone can give a vital efficacy to all means of improvement. They must instruct themselves as to their own social power, and be prepared themselves to maintain the moral character of their order. It is they alone who can watch over the purity of their women, and elevate their domestic condition. They must understand that they are the only parties to put an effectual stop to the practice of protracted female labour in factories; and especially to the labour of married women, the mothers of families, whose children, while they are so engaged, grow up uncared for, and whose homes are left comfortless and desolate. Doubtless, in many cases, necessity compels them so to toil; but in a very large number of instances this is not so. No respectable operative should allow his wife to work in the mill, away from her family; unless as the only and last resource for a living. Better that he had never been married, than have his home left without the government of his wife; or childless, rather than have his children growing up uncared for—left to the charge of a hired girl, little older than themselves.

In this improvement, then, of the condition of factory women, the operatives themselves have the largest interest, and by far the greatest influence; and nothing effectual will be done until they set themselves resolutely and high-mindedly to the work, and determine to succeed in it.

THE EXILES OF ITALY.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

A vault of azure flame burns forth the sky;
All dazzling light and heat, the levels lie;
Palace and temple, marble roof and spire,
Give back, from hour to hour, the mirror'd fire:
Dusty and still, by city tank and wall,
Stand the dark cypress and the olive tall:
In garden bowers the bubbling founts are dry,
And tulips on their borders withering lie:

The milk-white oxen faint along the mead;
The panting ewes forget to bleat or feed;
And to old rocks, where empty stream-beds meet,
Their weary shepherds from the noon retreat.
Far in the forest only is there shade;
There coolest bowers of dim green gloom are made;
There fountains sparkle through the long ripe grass;
And wild bees, rich with honey, murmuring pass;
Roses and jasmine perfume all the steep,
And gem-like lizards shine, and beetles creep;
Citron-trees flourish, and the poplar pale;
While still old gods seem present in the vale;
Where by their ruined temples fig-trees spring,
And wild goats feed, and the cicalas sing;
There fireflies burn at eve; and children there
Stand, to bind lilies in their raven hair;
Or brown-eyed maids, with moonlight on their brows,
To hear, half joy, half dread, a lover's vows.
So, o'er Italian fields, by day, by night,
Italian summer pours her glorious light.

Ah! broods that sunshine on a land of graves—
Its glory gilds the sullen brows of slaves.
Ah! bitter tears drop down from burning eyes,
And deep-breathed curses on the midnight rise.
O'er them, the weary ages as they fall
Have bound the shameful yoke of foreign thrall:
O'er them, as desert clouds, as withering blast,
War, treason, pillage, and disgrace have past.
Oh, who shall count their tale of suffering o'er,
Since earth's great diadem their princes wore?
Christian and Goth, the Frank's, the Spaniard's band
Have torn, as vultures tear, the bleeding land.
More bitter still, their last degrading chain,
Is Austria's bigoted and soulless reign.
On thy fair summer flowers, oh, land adored!
How many tears from breaking hearts are poured?
How many souls, more able in their pride
To break than bend, have cursed their lot and died?
How many meek and good have learnt to deem
Their faith delusion, and their hopes a dream?
How many, chafed to madness, reckless dare
Delirious struggles, gaining but despair?
Captives of shame! your sunny vales and skies,
As walls of one dark prison, round you rise
A bondage house, where laws unholy bind
The godlike freedom of th' immortal mind:
Where day and night goes up one stifled cry—
"Lord God! let us or our oppressors die!"

Yet, round those coasts of grief for ever stand,
Brave and untired, the *exile's* holy band;
Tried as pure gold in the refiner's fires,
No earth may mingle with their high desires;
Its loves, its pomps, its gifts of gain or ease,
Greatness, or fame, what count they now of these?
Long since, obedient to their country's call,
With joy, their willing hands resigned them all:
Long since, themselves her living ransom made,
As precious gems on holy shrines are laid.
Italia, well-beloved! how glad were given
For thee their dearest dreams of earth and heaven:
For thee were lost sweet dwellings of delight,
With matron smiles, and children's faces bright:
For thee forgot the kisses of the bride,
And festal banquets spread in halls of pride:
For thee young hands, without a sigh, laid down
Fame's fairest wreath, and glory's tempting crown:
Nor hearts, all innocence, refused for thee
The bitter brand of crime and infamy.
And now, in homes of poverty and scorn,
Their cruel strife is unrepining borne;
Soul-sick and lone they see, from day to day,
Slowly their prime of manhood pass away;
Cold hearts are round them, and despising eyes,
To mock, and none to feel, their sacrifice.
They know, they hope no change but death—and yet
Never their lips have said that they regret;
Never have murmurs shown their constant heart
A moment faithless to its chosen part;
Through living martyrdom still turns their eye
For aye on that dear cause for which they die.
Italia! all their earnest prayers can name—
Her wrongs alone their burning teardrops claim:
Glorious and pure, o'er her they seem to brood,
As angel hosts o'er old Jerusalem stood.
Watchmen of faith and hope! what tidings ye?
When shall the morning break—the shadows flee?
Listen—for through the nations, strong yet low,
The solemn murmurs of their voices flow:—

Brethren! hope in sorrow;
  Despair not for the coming light:
Behold! the glory of the morrow
  Breaks the wearing night.

And through the peoples go
  The watchwords of a better age;
As up long vallies, hoarse and low,
  The coming thunders rage.

Distress in every land
  There is, and hearts that fail for fear,
While o'er the glass of Time expand
  Long shadows, dim and drear—

Of empires as a scroll
  Read and rolled up, their pageant done,
Of ancient powers swept by, as roll
  The clouds from off the sun:

Of thrones cast down; while lo!
  The idol gods and altars fail.
The gathering world through signs of woe
  Their hour of Easter hail.

Brethren! be it so—
  That, year by year, our silent brave
Have poured their blood, as tears may flow,
  Upon their country's grave:

That still, unknown, unblest,
  Our heroes waste in Spielberg's hell;
That where Cosenza's vines are drest
  The Bandiera fell.

Fear not: and though in vain
  They battled, who with Rienzi stood;
Though Ricci, though Di Moro gain
  A martyrdom of blood.

These only shroud their light—
  Th' apostles blest of freedom's day—
As morning stars, though e'er so bright,
  At sunrise sink away.

Brethren! as heirs of light
  Be then, in word, in spirit pure;
Faith, truth, and love, your armour bright,
  Your warfare to endure.

And from Sicilian seas,
Through all the measure of the land,
E'en to sweet Como's olive-trees,
Be one united band.

Oh! were ye one indeed,
True to each other and to God,
No sharper sword your hand should need
To smite th' oppressor's rod.

G.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By Paul Progress.

No. II.

IS THE REFUSE OF OUR TOWNS WORTH SAVING?

We have already anticipated the only possible answer to this question by stating our conviction that the people of England can be fed by the soil of England, manured by the refuse of the towns of England; that we look to them to supply the means of that abundance, and consequent cheapness, of food, which is essential to our steady advance in civilisation; and that a perseverance in our present wasteful course must bring an increasing scarcity and dearness of provisions.

We are not, however, so one-sided in our views as to attribute a short supply and high price of provisions to this one cause alone. With the example of Ireland before our eyes, we cannot be blind to the fatal consequences of cultivating one only kind of produce. France, with her infinite subdivision of property, forces on our attention the evils of small proprietorships; the provinces of Russia remind us of the serious drawback of bad roads; all the uncivilised nations of the world supply us with examples of the necessity of good tools and machinery; the best cultivated parts of Scotland are suggestive of the value of long leases; and England, by the contrast between the prosperous state of her manufactures and the comparatively backward condition of her agriculture, enforces the best and most lasting lesson of the Anti-Corn-law League—that land, to be productive, must be dealt with as any other commodity, and not be used as the means of obtaining political power and influence.

But though we anticipate great results from the practical teaching of these and such like examples; and are far from undervaluing thorough drainage, subsoil ploughing, the invention of improved tools and machinery, and the extension of railroads; still, we look to a large supply of cheap manure as the great desideratum, and the chief means of increasing the fertility of our soil, and reducing the cost of provisions.

Whence, if not from our towns, is such a supply of manure to be obtained? Our guano beds are said to be undergoing rapid exhaustion; and the time must come when the spoils of the sea-bird shall fail us altogether. Then, if not sooner, we must begin to appropriate our own perennial guano-streams, and devise the best means of turning them to account. That they have been suffered to run to waste so long is both a curious and a disgraceful fact.

The great problem to be solved is this—given, an increasing population—how to raise a proportionate increase of food; and, in order to make this problem as simple as possible, let us assume for the present that which happily is a mere assumption, that in all other respects, except an increased supply of manure, everything has been done which skill and science can effect to render the soil productive, and that all the land admitting of cultivation has already been reclaimed. This problem admits of but two solutions: there are but two sources of manure which can keep pace with the growing demands of an increasing population—the farm-yard and the town.

Let us take the farm-yard first; and by way of preface to our observations, let us again remind our readers of our avowed ignorance of the principles and practice of farming. Our qualification for treating this important subject is merely such a knowledge of chemistry and physiology as enables a man to appreciate the facts and reasonings which he encounters in scientific and practical treatises on agriculture, or in the published evidence of the late government commissions on the health of towns, and on the plans of companies formed for the purpose of economising, conveying, and applying their refuse to the land. This amount of knowledge will, we trust, satisfy the requirements of such of our readers as are not themselves engaged in agricultural pursuits. The farmer must be content to take our hints and suggestions for what they are worth; but we hope to place him in possession of some few facts which are new to the greater number of the present race of agriculturists.

Let us try to understand the philosophy of the farm-yard. Let us, if we can, extract from that mass of decaying straw and ordure the secret of its existence; or, as our German friends would phrase it, the idea which governs it. The ultimate object of that scattered and apparently disconnected manufacture is to supply man with two different kinds of food—wheaten bread and meat. The two manufactures are carried on together, not by accident, but designedly. The union of the two has become a practice by the force of convenience. If it were not so, we should have had in this, as in other cases, a division of labour. One farm would have been devoted to the growth of wheat, and another to the feeding of stock. But experience has shown that, though the feeding of stock might be carried on easily enough without the culture of wheat, wheat cannot continue to be profitably grown except by the aid of stock. The reason of this is obvious. Wheat is the crop which of all others draws most from the land, which exhausts it most, or, to use a farming expression, which *scourges* it most. It exhausts the *phosphates*, which are essential to the formation of the ear of corn, which are not naturally superabundant in any soil, and which must be continually replaced. Now the animal frame is the great manufactory of phosphates, the bones of animals are a sort of savings-bank of these valuable substances, and the excrete of animals contain them in considerable quantity. So that the use of stock may be said to consist in converting the less scourging crops, such as grass, turnips, mangel-wurzel, &c., to which may be added the more artificial foods used for fattening, such as linseed-cake, into portable substances abounding in phosphates; in other words, into manure for wheat. Or, to put the matter in another form, the bodies of animals are so many furnaces of flesh, which subserve the important purpose of burning off the gaseous and watery matters that form the bulk of all vegetable substances, and leaving behind a solid and liquid ash, rich in the elements of a higher kind of food. The

cost of the food thus consumed by stock is generally understood to be replaced by the flesh produced and sold; while the manure forms the farmer's profit.

Now, we can imagine it possible that, by breeding and feeding stock on a large scale, a nation of meat and wheat eaters might be supported entirely on the produce of the land manured by the farm-yard. But, in order to do this, the nation must be in a condition to consume more largely of meat than even the most prosperous community has ever yet been able to do—a large demand for meat being a necessary inducement to the farmer to increase his stock. Seeing, then, that a large and cheap supply of provisions is not to be looked for from this source alone, let us turn to our towns, and see what promise they hold out of making up for the deficiency.

If the view we have taken of the philosophy of the farm-yard be a just one, if the bodies of the animals fed by the farmer are merely means of converting bulky articles of food into comparatively portable and cheap materials for the growth of wheat—it must be obvious that the inhabitants of our towns may be made still more efficiently to perform the same function.

We have already said that our towns ought to be looked upon as so many gigantic farmsteads; that they should, in fact, bear the same relation to the surrounding country which the farm-yard does to the farm. Is it not strange that this obvious analogy should so long have escaped notice? and that when the proposition is announced, it should sound strange in our ears? But so it does, and will continue to do, till we condescend to pay more attention than we have hitherto done to the merely physical part of man's compound nature. This body—what is it but a furnace of flesh in which, as in other animal bodies, the watery parts of our food are evaporated, the charcoal burned away, and the ashes discharged?—the products of combustion going to reinforce the ocean of aerial manure, the ashes to be used or wasted as man in his wisdom or folly shall decree. That which passes into the air cannot but be put to its proper use. Nature, who wastes nothing, takes care of that; but man, foolish man! misunderstanding the intent of Providence in endowing those ashes with offensive properties, treats them as mere waste, and is but too happy if he can see them blackening the pure stream, in their way to the ocean. Or, not content with merely wasting that which ought to be most scrupulously saved, he adds to the sin of extravagance the greater crime of so disposing of these ashes, that they become the prolific source of disease. Thus, that which should be the material of food for the support of man's life, is converted into an active poison for its destruction.

We have compared a town to a farm-yard. The comparison is correct, but it does not do justice to the town, for every town is a farm-yard and something more. It is not only a collection of cattle-sheds, in which are fed the consumers of the more concentrated kinds of food, and the producers, by a natural consequence, of the most valuable ashes, but it is a manufactory on the large scale of manure from sources which were not previously available for the production of food. The mineral kingdom is put under contribution, no less than the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is really worth while to enter into an examination of some of the sources from which the inky streams that flow into our rivers derive their constituents. First and foremost we must place the ashes of the human frame; next to them in importance, the waste of the kitchen and scullery; then the washings of hands and clothes, and the scourings of our houses. These are the valuable contributions made by our dwellings, wherever a good system of house drainage exists. Add to these the refuse of slaughter-houses, the waste liquid of gas manufactories, and the general drainage of our streets, with the soot and ammonia brought down by every shower, and we have a compound liquid of unequalled value as a manure, and uniting in itself at least a score of elements, each of which is separately employed by the farmer. Each gallon of these wasted guano-streams contains, as we are informed on high authority, upwards of three grains of ammonia, which is the most valuable food and stimulus of plants, and about thirteen grains of common salt, which every one knows to be a valuable manure, together with lime, and potash, and magnesia, and bone earth; and, in fact, every element which can contribute to make the land productive.

This enumeration of the chief elements of the liquid refuse of our towns will prepare our readers to appreciate its money value. They will see from our imperfect analysis of its constituents, that it must be worth saving for application to the land. Those, however, to whom the subject is new, will probably be somewhat surprised to hear that the sums named by high authorities as the value of the refuse of single towns, amount to thousands of pounds, and that the offscourings of the great metropolis have been valued at hundreds of thousands, and even at millions, sterling.

There are one or two simple considerations which may serve to render these large estimates probable. The food of an adult human being costs, on a very moderate calculation, about ten pounds a year. When this has undergone the process of combustion in the human body, and the water has been evaporated, and the charcoal burnt off, the rest is discharged as ash, nothing being destroyed. Now, is it very improbable that this ash may be worth a large fraction of the value of the food from which it is obtained, seeing that every grain of this ash, when properly applied to the soil, can be appropriated by plants, and reconverted into their own substance? Ought it to excite much surprise to hear that among nations who appreciate these valuable materials, the ashes of the food of a single adult are estimated at nearly 2*l*. per annum? According to this estimate, the refuse of London would be worth nearly four millions a year. Granted that this estimate of 2*l*. a head is an exaggeration, is it not at least possible that, by the addition of all the elements which have been specified, the value per head of the population may be raised to 2*l*.? What a total this would give for the entire kingdom!

But these guano-streams of which we have been speaking have been carefully analysed by the chemist, and their value displayed in a manner perfectly unexceptionable; that is to say, by supposing the principal constituents of the liquid to be extracted by chemical manipulation, and offered for sale in the market. There is a sewer which pours its sable tide into the Thames near Vauxhall-bridge, under the name of the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer. Well, this sewer, estimated in this way, is worth upwards of 23,000*l*. a year! At this rate, all the sewers of this ill-drained metropolis put together, would be worth between 400,000*l*. and 500,000*l*. It is thought that not more than one-tenth of all the houses of London are properly drained into sewers. If this be so, the estimate of 4,000,000*l*. a year for the refuse of London may not, after all, be an exaggeration. The salt and

the soap of London which pass every year into the sewers must alone be worth several hundred thousand pounds, though both are among the cheapest of commodities.

But the value of the refuse of our towns has been amply proved by actual application to the land. Every farmer, in fact, knows the utility of town manure. Its value in money may be judged of, from the fact that in several towns in England and on the continent it is a source of revenue to the municipal authorities; and it is the deliberate opinion of several competent witnesses before the Health of Towns' Commission, that, if economically conveyed and applied to the land, it would pay all the cost of sanatory improvements.

The land in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh bears witness to the value of the now wasted sewer-water of our towns, which has been the means of raising the rental from 3*l.* an acre, to 30*l.* or 40*l.*, and in one instance to the almost incredible yearly value of 57*l.* The very sands of the sea-shore, worth at the utmost 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre, have been made so productive by the same means, as to let for no less than 20*l.* and 30*l.* the acre. This instance of Edinburgh, however, does not stand alone. The water-meadows of the Duke of Portland, near Mansfield, bear witness to the same result; and Milan may be mentioned as a foreign voucher for the truth of our assertions.

We have now said enough to convince the most sceptical that our question—Is the refuse of towns worth saving?—can only be answered in the affirmative. It is a question well worth solving. It is one in which all men are interested. It is one which links itself with several other weighty considerations. The dwellers in our towns must hail its solution as the harbinger of their delivery from the thraldom of filth and all its attendant evils; the inhabitants of the country as a rich boon to agriculture; and all reasonable men as the great desideratum of our age. Our next problem must be—How is this valuable material to be conveyed to the land? Those who have followed us with interest thus far, will not desert us at this point of our momentous series of inquiries. We have some interesting facts still in store for them.

TO FANNY ANN.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

As the flower bloweth,
As the stream floweth,
Daughter of beauty,
Do thou thy duty!
What, though thy morrow
May darken with sorrow?
E'en as Light hasteth,
Darkness, too, wasteth;
Morn, then, discloses
Raindrops on roses!
Daughter of beauty,
What, then, is duty?
Time says, "Death knoweth!"
Death says, "Time showeth!"

SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMID.

By Harriet Martineau.

[As the papers on Household Education, left in my care by Miss Martineau, are now exhausted, and the series therefore suspended until her return, I am happy to have it in my power to show the readers of the *People's Journal* how truly her heart is with them, by the publication of the following "Survey," and of the brief and hurried note that accompanies it, which belongs, I think, more to them than to me. That nothing may occur to check or mar the healthful, buoyant, chivalrous, happy spirit, that makes us ask, in astonishment and thankfulness, Can this be the invalid who never set foot on the grass for four years?—is the earnest prayer of him who writes these lines, and will be that of all those who habitually read the pages of this Journal.—Ed.]

Cairo,—February 14th,
(Past one, a.m. and I have to be up at five.)

* * * *

I can only say that here is my paper,—and you have my best wishes for the Journal. I should like—*but I don't promise*—to send you a Survey from Jerusalem,—the Mount of Olives. I am not quite sure of going there; nor yet of having any time or privacy if I go.

I went up the Pyramid only on Tuesday last, and when I came down, found twelve letters, and among them . . . . your reminder. I have been up far in Nubia, and we had no letters till now since November 5th.

I trust you are keeping up,—and the Journal too. We will talk over everything when I come home in June. My kind regards to . . . .
Believe me ever truly and hopefully your friend,

H. Martineau.

Our journey has been prosperous to the last degree—almost too glorious. We are next off for Sinai.

I have been so out of the world for the last three months, that I am not qualified to comment on the events which have been passing in it. I have been sailing up the Nile, far into Nubia, some hundreds of miles beyond post-offices and newspapers: so that on my return to Cairo, I have to learn and think over the news of the world, instead of remarking upon it. But I have been taking another kind of Survey, full as interesting to me as that of the busy living race—a survey of Time instead of Circumstance; and it may be well, for once, to speak of this,—not only because my own mind is full of it, but because it is good for us all to have our thoughts now and then called off from present affairs, and fixed on a point of view which commands a wider prospect.

We are all apt to overrate the importance of our own times, our own work, our own experience. I do not speak of this as a fault in us. It is natural to the human mind; and a good in its effects; for we should hardly put our full strength into our work, or our hearty interest into the events of every day, if we saw how small a proportion any thing present bears to the history of our race. This struck me powerfully, the other day, when I was standing on the highest stone of the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt.—The present famine in Ireland and trying winter in England seem, naturally enough, to those in full view or experience of them, the most important events that ever happened in the world: but it is worth while to look back to famines which occurred in this eastern part of the world several thousands of years ago, and see if any thing could be more important than

their causes and their consequences.—During several months past, there have been floods in various parts of Europe, sweeping away dwellings and produce, and causing the loss of some lives. To those on the spot, this event appears like the end of the world—the greatest calamity in the experience of man. But, looking over from where I stood, there was a place almost within view where a great flood rose, and destroyed a mighty monarch and all his host, and affected the destiny of the human race to the end of time.—Again, we are vain of the enlightenment of our age; we think that our knowledge is almost all new, and that we are able to do things by steam, water power, electricity, the telescope, the printing press, &c., which were never before dreamed of by man. A survey of the past from the heart of Egypt may show us whether this is true, and perhaps sober our views in regard to our own attainments and the prospects of the race.

It was for some time taken for granted, on the assertion of scholars who judged too hastily, that our globe had been created about 6000 years,—that is, about 4000 years before Christ: and also that Man was created at the same time. The science of geology has proved that the world is very much older than had been supposed; and that it had lasted a long time, inhabited by curious beasts and fishes, of kinds that we never see now, before Man was created.—And now, the more we look into Egyptian history, the more clear it becomes that we have been mistaken in our judgment of the lapse of centuries, and that 6000 years ago, some nations were as busy about their works of art, their farming, manufactures, literature, and philosophy, as we are now. When any one speaks to us of 6000 years ago, we think of Adam and Eve gardening in Paradise,—no such thing having been thought of as human abodes, or clothing, or any of the arts of life, or transactions of men living in society: but it is now believed, with good reason, that the pyramid on which I stood the other day was there in its place 6000 years ago: and it is certain that the building of that pyramid is a thing which could not be done now,—with all our boasts of our modern resources. We cannot even understand how it was done.

This mighty mass of building covers eleven acres of ground, and is built of blocks of stone so enormous that it is inconceivable how, with any length of time, or number of men, they could have been brought from the quarry and raised to their proper places. It was once smooth and polished on the outside; and its history was engraved upon it in hieroglyphic characters. So the old historians tell us. But now the smooth outside is all gone; taken, probably, to build other edifices; and the next range of stone blocks forms a set of steps, by which means I got to the top; a rough, broken and difficult staircase of 480 feet high—the steps being chiefly from four to three feet high. Each of our party had three Arabs for assistants—dark brown men, in turbans or little white caps, and loose shirts and drawers, and who never dream of being silent for a minute, or of leaving off asking for a present. These Arabs are of a different race from the people who built the pyramids, and they know nothing whatever about them, nor can conceive why we go and examine such monuments. They can only suppose that we go in search of treasure. But they are kind to strangers, and faithful to their trust; and I felt in very good hands while they were helping me up and down the outside of this—the largest building in the world. They drew and lifted me up the high steps so as to spare me any great fatigue, encouraging me with the few words of English they had picked up—"very good!" and "half-way!" After one particularly difficult step, they were in great delight and patted me on the back, all three crying out—"Ah! ah! good morning—good morning!" They were ordered to be quiet while we were at the top, where we wished to look about us undisturbed, and to date and begin some letters to our friends; but, with all my interest in the scene which spread abroad, I could not but look on these men with wonder and sorrow that they should be inhabitants of a country abounding in such monuments.

The landscape which we overlooked was this. From near the foot of the pyramid to the northern horizon stretched the line which divides the sandy desert from the fertile plain which extends to the Nile. The line of separation was wavy, and marked by a little canal, which had still in it some of the water left by the inundation. To the east of this line, filling up the landscape to the river, and vanishing in the northern horizon, spread the most fertile plain in the world,—covered with green crops, dotted with villages of brown mud houses, overshadowed with palms—and marked by a faint line of causeway here and there, and by many threads of blue water. To the east was the Nile, about five miles from us at the nearest point, but winding away from the furthest north to the utmost south. Beyond the river spread the beautiful city of Cairo; its white citadel crowning a lofty rock, and being itself backed by the rocky heights of the Mokuttum Hills. These eastern hills then spread away southwards into the Arabian desert, which allowed the eye no rest till it came round to the river again. The circuit of the landscape was completed by the Lybian desert; the parched, glaring desert, where nothing was to be seen on the interminable sands but a line of camels pacing along in the heat, and a few brown Arab tents, not far from the Pyramid. For a few miles to the south of us, and close round about us, were clustered a crowd of pyramids—some larger, some smaller—but none to compare with the one we stood on. Of these, the most interesting were those of Sakhara, which we had visited the day before. They stand amidst the Necropolis—the great burying-ground of the mighty old city of Memphis—of which nothing now remains but a statue here and there, and some scattered blocks of sculptured stone; nothing else but the tombs, which are enough to show that this was a great city indeed.

Here, in these tombs, which are chambers cut out of the rock, and adorned with columns and pictured walls; in these tombs and others were men busy sculpturing and painting at a time when we have been apt to suppose the earliest generations were learning how to live on the rude earth. These pictures on the walls, however, show the way of life of the Egyptians to be not very far behind our own. I have seen what the possessions of men were in those days, from these memorials in the chambers of their graves. I have seen their flocks of cattle, their poultry-yards, their fields in seed-time and harvest, their fisheries, their hunting and shooting parties, their boats with many oars and gay chequered sails; their beautiful furniture,—couches, easy chairs, lamps, and vases, very like the handsomest of ours at the present day: their kitchens, with the slaughtering of cattle, and the cooking of the joints of beef; their wine-presses, and their wardrobes of rich clothes and handsome necklaces; their arms, and war chariots, and the bridges and fortified towns they passed over or stormed. I have seen the weaving of gay cloth,

and the steeping and spinning of flax; rope-making; glass-blowing, just such as may be seen at Newcastle any day; the building of houses, the carving of statues; games at ball and gymnastics, dancing, wrestling, and playing the harp.

What is of far more consequence, as occurring long before any clear tidings that we have elsewhere of men's condition of mind and life,—there are solemn pictures and sculptures about death and burial, and the state of the soul. I have seen the body laid out and embalmed, carried on a bier to the boat; and borne in the boat to the lake or river which usually lay between the cities and the burial places. I have seen the ferryman, the dog which waited on the further shore, and the judges who were to assess the deeds of the deceased. I have seen the weighing of his deeds, and his admission into the presence of the approving gods, by means of his integrity,—the symbol of which he carried in his right hand. Thus early did the people of this country believe that the soul lived after the body was dead; and that its integrity was the means of its blessedness.

These tombs had been prepared for their owners, occupied by the embalmed bodies, and closed up for a far future age to open; the mighty pyramids had been built, and their appearance had grown familiar to generations; and their builders—tens of thousands in number—had long slept in their graves, when a rich Arab entered the country, with his flocks and servants and family, to seek subsistence for them all in the fertile valley of the Nile, as the people on his own plains were more than could be fed. This rich Arab and his train traversed the Delta, no doubt, to arrive at the great city of the great monarch of Lower Egypt: and he must, it is thought, have seen the obelisk now standing at Heliopolis, which all travellers admire, and have looked with amazement like ours at the Great Pyramid. This visitor was received with favour and pomp by the mighty king, and made much of for a time. This was Abraham. As I stood, the other day, looking at the way he came, and wondering at my lot in seeing the very things he saw, and considering how refined and advanced were the people whom he visited, the history of the world did appear to stretch itself out so as to confound our early notions, and make us humble as to the rapidity of human progress.

In those days, women reigned and were obeyed without question. Not only were there long and regular reigns, but the supremacy was unquestioned when in the hands of a woman;—a token of high civilisation; as was the function of the priesthood, with whom was lodged a science and philosophy which we have reason to believe has since commanded the veneration of the world when delivered by Greeks, and might do so still, if we could fully recover them.

A few generations after this, a young slave was brought into the country, and placed in the house of an officer of state. We all know the story of Joseph—how he became the minister of this great country in its rising greatness; and how he changed the whole political condition of Egypt by buying up all the land for the monarch. From the time of that seven years' famine, the kings of Egypt were possessors of the whole land and river—as the present ruler is at this day; and, as at this day, the provision for an unmitigated despotism was complete: as also, for great improvements, under the sway of a wise sovereign; an object which Joseph may have had in view as much as the interests of the king.

In various buildings of this early time, I have seen the unbaked brick—crude brick, it is called—which cannot be made without a large admixture of straw to bind it. The soil of the Nile valley is moistened, worked up with cut straw, moulded, and laid in the hot sun of this country to dry. Some such bricks bear the name and mark of very early kings. To make these bricks was the work assigned to the Israelites, in which they were so cruelly oppressed. I could see them with my mind's eye, as if it were but in the last century, as I looked down from the pyramid on the brick remains below us, and the dwellings of the plain, and over towards Goshen, which was given to the Israelites while they were in favour; and again over the eastern hills, through which Moses led his people when the oppression became too bitter to be borne. Nearer than these hills, and close by Cairo, lies the island of Roda, where tradition says Moses was found by the king's daughter. But this is, of course, a very doubtful point, and one which I cared little about while gazing on the same leading features of natural scenery as were before him all the days of his youth.

One impression has taken me by surprise. I used to wonder—and always did till now—at that stupidity of the Israelites which so angered their leader—their pining after Egypt, after finding it impossible to live there. It was inconceivable how they could long to go back to a place of such cruel oppression, for the sake of anything it could give. I now wonder no longer, having seen and felt the desert, and knowing the charms of the valley of the Nile. One evening lately, just at sunset, the scene struck upon my heart, oppressing it with the sense of beauty. A village was beside an extensive grove of palms, which sprang from out of the thickest and richest clover to the height of eighty feet. Their tops waved gently in the soft breeze which ruffled the surface of a blue pond lying among grassy shores. There were golden lights and sharp shadows among the banks where a stream had lately made its way. The yellow sandhills of the desert just showed themselves between the stems of the more scattered palms. Within view were some carefully tilled fields, with strong wheat, lupins and purple bean blossoms; and some melon and cucumber patches were not far off. Cattle were tethered beside the houses: and on a bank near sat an old woman and a boy and girl, basking in the last rays of the sun with evident enjoyment, though the magical colouring given by Egyptian atmosphere could not be so striking as to English eyes. But what must it have been in the memory of the Israelites, wandering in the desert where there is no colour, except at sunrise and sunset, but only glare—parched rocks and choking dust or sand! I will not attempt now, for no one has ever succeeded in such an attempt, to convey any impression of the appalling dreariness of the depths of the desert. I can only say that when it rose up before me in contrast with that nook of the valley at sunset, I at last understood the surrender of heart and reason on the part of the Israelites, and could sympathise in their forgetfulness of their past woes in their pining for verdure and streams, for shade and good food, and for a perpetual sight of the adored river, instead of the hateful sands which hemmed them in, whichever way they turned.

This is not the place for even the most reverential inquiry into the relation between the Egyptian theology and philosophy, and the system of Moses. That great subject must be left untouched, now and here; and I must come down at once to the

time when Egypt had sunk from her highest pitch of greatness, and had been conquered, first by the Persians and then by Alexander the Great. I will only observe that Moses was the son-in-law of a priest, and must therefore have been of the priestly caste; of that class which held more power, more knowledge, more wealth, and a higher station, than any other. An old Egyptian historian declares that Moses was himself a learned priest of Heliopolis. We cannot suppose this to be true; but it shows how he was connected in the popular belief with the priesthood, and how naturally much of his system must have been derived from the institutions of the country he was brought up in.

The despised Israelites spread, and conquered their enemies, and became a nation powerful enough to have acknowledged intercourse of war or peace with the kings of Egypt. King Solomon married a princess born and reared in the Nile valley; and when Solomon died, his father-in-law, Shishank, went up against Jerusalem, and brought home many captives and grievous spoil. I have seen on the walls of the great temple of Karnac, at Thebes, a sculptured group of Jewish captives, whom the conqueror was holding by the hair of their heads, and raising his war knife over them, while they implored mercy with uplifted hands.

These battle pieces abound on the walls and gates of the grand old temples which are ranged along the Nile valley as far as it has been explored; and they remind every one who looks at them of the battles of Homer's poems—except in the great point that Homer makes the gods take part in wars, while the Egyptian gods were of too high an order to be so debased by human passions. Some scholars think that Homer had seen the city of Thebes, of which he gives such magnificent reports, and where he represents the gods as coming down to visit the noble inhabitants. It is pleasant to think, while gazing abroad, that the father of poetry saw what I see, and wrought his epics in his mind from looking on the sculptured walls that I have been studying. About another great man —the first of his class—the old Herodotus, whom scholars venerate as the father of history, there is no such doubt. We have his account of Egypt in his day; and so remarkable is his veneration for the antiquity of Egyptian usages and edifices, that I shall ever think of him as standing before the great monuments of the land—a learner—as we are. He knew well enough, and plainly declared, that the Greeks derived their religion from the Egyptians—a thing which it would be hard to doubt when we think of their account of the scene after death—their river Styx, their ferryman Charon, their dog Cerberus, and the judges. All this, natural and solemn amidst the funeral scenery of Memphis, was borrowed and spoiled by the Greeks—as was much else which is supposed to be their own. If anything is called Greek more emphatically than another, it is the philosophy of Plato: but Plato lived thirteen years at Heliopolis, studying philosophy under the priests, who were considered masters of all learning. No one will undertake to say that we should have had Plato's philosophy as it is, if he had not studied under Egyptian sages for thirteen years. This happened nearly 400 years before the time of Christ.

Now, after considering these things, and seeing what Egypt was while the rest of the known world was in an infantine or barbarous state, what becomes of our pride of knowledge and achievement? It is clear that the Egyptians of the time of Abraham, and for generations before his day, could do things of which we are incapable, and had knowledge which is yet concealed from us. Amidst their abstract religion and high philosophy, they pursued a fierce and cruel warfare—as was men's way in the early ages of the world. Amidst our nobler and purer religion, and the lights of many thousand years, men and nations now are quarrelling and fighting, and cannot even carry the point that every member of society shall have sufficient food. Surely, there is matter for deep consideration here.

The land of Egypt is now inhabited by Arabs who know nothing, hope nothing, care for nothing, but living on as quietly as they can under a despotism which they cannot resist. Parents cut off their children's best finger, that they may be unable to write, or to fire off a musket; and if a man earns anything that he likes, he conceals it, lest it should be taken from him. They choke up the solemn old temples with mud huts, and build their hovels on the holy roofs. They burn statues for lime, and split the head of a granite colossus to make mill-stones. They light fires against the painted walls of antique tombs, and, in search of treasure, crush underfoot the bones of the kings. The temples are filling up with the sand of the desert, and the tombs are decaying under the ignorance and violence of man. But the sand of the desert is a friendly preserver, and may be only withdrawing a great book of knowledge for a time, for restoration when it can be better used. The key to the hieroglyphic language which they bear has been discovered. While secure of this, and knowing that a vast monumental treasure lies safe and dry beneath the sand for 1000 miles along the Valley of the Nile, we may trust that the light of old Egypt will not be lost, but burn more brightly when the ages have removed living man further into the future. In those days there will be some one to take a truly rich, and curious, and varied Survey from the Pyramid.

Our Library.

THE BATTLE OF NIBLEY GREEN. FROM THE MSS. OF A TEMPLAR. WITH A PREFACE, NOTES, AND OTHER POEMS. BY J. B. KINGTON.*

A volume of poems evincing, as the one before us does, so much freshness of feeling, and so many glimpses of original thought, demands from the critic more attention than the ordinary rhymes of writers who mistake the wish for the power to plant themselves upon the Parnassian mount. The first and chief poem of the volume is the *Battle of Nibley Green.* This fight, which took place in the time of the wars of the Roses (A.D. 1470), between William, Lord Berkeley, and Thomas, Lord Viscount Lisle, son of Shakspeare's "Young John Talbot," upon Nibley Green, in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Castle, has not inaptly been called the English *Chevy Chace.* With regard to the quarrel which led to this encounter, it will be sufficient to state, that it found its origin in some aggravated dispute with respect to land, and the conflict itself ended in the death of the Lord Viscount Lisle, he "having been shot through the mouth, as it is said, by one Black Will (so called), a forester of Dean, whilst in the act of lifting his vizor," and dispatched with a dagger by a shaveling. Upwards of 150 persons

* Henry Colburn, London.

of both parties also bit the dust in the affray. The widowed viscountess brought an appeal of murder against the Earl of Berkeley, and the king sent down his commissioner, Hugh de Glanville, to the scene of the conflict, to make inquiries touching the death of the viscount. The commissioner examines the different witnesses, either actors or spectators of the fight, and by this means gives a series of picturesque accounts, varied according to the media through which they are elicited. Thus the Friar, the Armourer, the Page, the Taverner, the Smith, and the Jester, stand before us forcible pictures and vigorous reproductions of life in the so-called "good old times." Here is a rough and ready description of the fight by "John o' the Verge."

The swart Smith paus'd, all hot and wet,
  As the Forge sang forth a dying roar;
Dasht from his brows the grimy sweat!
  And leant with his hammer on the floor.
And thus the unconn'd Tale began:—

"Blood of my Life!" said the Stalwart Man,
"That was a thing to call a fray!
I mind it an' 'twere yesterday.
Arrow and Bolt-head pattering, like hail,
On the heedless front of the bruised Mail;
Short shrift, by the Rood, for Saint or Sinner!
And, where the iron drift rain'd thinner,
Strong blows fell, in the thicker field,
From sword or axe, on helm and shield;
With a shout, and a sharp, and a ringing, clamour,
Like the pulse of a mighty hammer!
And once, when, as the fight grew hotter,
I turn'd to the Brook for a drink of water
Bent to the neck of a horse—all foaming,
I saw, by a rank of Ellums, coming,
From the other side, a Messenger;
When our Black Will drew to the ear
The Goose-shaft, with a whirr—it flew,
And cut his Skull-cap thorough through!
On rush'd the Horse, with none to heed him,
Except a second Shaft to speed him;
But, as for the Rider, there hung he—
Like an old Rook nail'd to a Walnut Tree!
And, so it went; and night did fall
On the beaten foe; and—that is all!
  Nor reck I how the strife was begun,"
    Quoth John o' th' Verge to Hugh de Glanville;
  "We fought like Hell; and the Berkeley won!
    And I wot no more than my own good Anvil!"

Or "Black Will's" version; in which he thus speaks of the combatants and the field:—

They were a stripe of Corn full-ripe,
For Death to put his Sickle in!

The portrait of the preaching Friar is painted with a full fat pencil, and with a generous artistic breadth:—

A portly, ruddy Man was Friar John;
In colour, and in shape, much like to brawn:
Huge rolls of fat pil'd up in many a crease;
Proclaim'd of Satanas;—a Hart of Grease!
That snor'd away the hours of Witch and Ghost,
  With all their wasting cares and fears attending;
And, with a ready unction, bless'd the Roast;
  Deftly, upon his heaped trencher, blending
The luscious underdone with the rich brown;
And, with great gulps of wine, wash'd the large morsels down!

Contrasted with this unctuous and powerful picture is that of the Page, a silken sketch, which shows that Mr. Kington knows how to put in the delicate, as well as the more forcible, touches:—

The page peep'd up and shook his flaxen tresses
Over his shoulder, toying with the jesses
Of a proud Falcon, on his finger perching.

If the *Battle of Nibley Green* evidences Mr. Kington's power of picturesque painting, the shorter poem, or rather fragment, called *Maid Marian*, is equally conclusive as to his power over the emotional and affectional feelings of the heart. In this poem he has, with great success, attempted the delineation of the Spirit of Gentleness. He sings

Not of the Lady who did brave,
  With woman-strength, the winter flaw
And summer heat, so she might have
  Her Love, the Bold Outlaw.

But of

A wild creation of my own.

In whom

The peril of the meanest thing,
  In breathing nature, feelings stirr'd,
That flutter'd in her—like the wing
  Of some fresh wounded bird!

And this was still her great reward?
  That, as their sorrow would destroy
All pleasure in her, so she shar'd
  The universal joy!

We wish we could find room for the whole of the poem—to take little bits from it is as unsatisfactory as it would be to cut a square inch or so out of a finely wrought Madonna—it must be read as a whole to be duly appreciated. The birth of Marian, however, will afford a good idea of the tender beauty of its feeling:—

And so, one summer night, it came,
  Upon a time when neither slept,
A gentle creature breath'd his name,
  And on his bosom wept;

But He, what words his joy shall speak,
  The soothings murmur'd in Her ear,
The kisses rain'd upon Her cheek,
  The love, controlling fear!

And from the lattice, all that night,
  And far into the morrow's dawn,
A solitary taper's light
  Stream'd o'er the tufted lawn:

It look'd among the ivy leaves,
  And peep'd into the Martin's nest;—
Till the bird, slumbering 'neath the eaves,
  Was startled from his rest;

The mazed Owl, his midnight mass
  Hushing, amid the ruin's gloom,
Sail'd heavily against the glass,
  And gaz'd into the room!

Yet noteless pass'd these omens by,
  For good, or ill, if such they were;
But of the curious ear and eye
  Of a wise matron there;—

And she, so had she learn'd, a spell
  Did mutter 'gainst all evil, then;
Shudder'd, sigh'd, smil'd, then whisper'd—"Well,
  God's will be done, Amen!"

And, on the morrow, while the dew
  On flower, and grass, yet thickly stood,
A Robin to the lattice flew
  For his accustom'd food:

He perch'd upon the window sill;
  And, sideling, look'd if one were near;
Tapp'd at the casement with his bill,
  And twitter'd—I am here!

Unanswer'd; so a potent Dame
  Decreed against the morning's breath;
But, from the door, the Master came,
  And scatter'd food beneath:

His cheek was of a ruddy glow,
  His heart was happy as the morn;
Smiling with all around him: So,
  Maid Marian was born!

There are also some small poems which claim attention for their originality; among these we place *Poetic Temperaments* and *Westminster Abbey*, and the whole work concludes with some 150 pages of solid reading, in the shape of an essay on the forest laws, and some curious antiquarian matter appended as notes to the *Battle of Nibley Green*. The red bag again peeps out in this portion of the work, which displays much learning and research. But we confess we think Mr. Kington has behaved rather shabbily to his Pegasus, in harnessing him to such heavy luggage. With re-

gard to the quality of the poetry, however, there can be little doubt. It will receive the applause of those delicate and appreciative natures whose approbation is the true fame for which the poet should strive, rather than that of the noisy crowd, which, like the bee-swarm, is pleased and attracted by a rougher and altogether inferior kind of music.

PEOPLE ABOUT ONE.

By Angus B. Reach.

CHAP. II.—PEOPLE ABOUT ONE AT A PUBLIC DINNER.

Spring is coming—the time of early flowers and blossoms; of concerts, parties, brilliant boxes at the Opera, and crowded horse-shoe tables at the Freemasons' and the London Taverns. The thousand and one institutions adapted for the gratuitous cure or relief of almost every ill incident to flesh, and which mark out our metropolis—cold and heartless as the cant of the day will have it that London is—for the most munificent, the greatest charity-giving city of the world—are preparing, by means of their bustling committees and indefatigable secretaries, for their great annual appeals to the hearts, through the stomachs of the community.

Now I doubt not that a great deal of very effective moral melo-dramatic writing could be indulged in upon this matter of charitable banquets. No end of capital, antithetical, epigrammatic sentences could be got up, at a small expense of wit and labour, upon the humanity which is only warmed into action by three courses and a dessert—upon turtle soup and champagne being the manure which forces the better feelings of our nature—and upon guzzling gentlemen in white waistcoats gorging themselves, like Christian boa constrictors, for high philanthropic aims and purposes.

But I prefer looking upon the thing in a practical light, through a low, vulgar, common sense medium. I don't know how it is—I may regret or not as I please that it is so—but the fact remains, good dinners do vastly mollify our English natures. The sovereign grudgingly bestowed upon an empty stomach, is metamorphosed into the five-pound note flung down with an hilariously triumphant air—when the wines of France and Spain gurgle into all glasses—some half-hour after, in newspaper phrase, "the usual loyal toasts have been proposed and responded to with due honours." Soup, fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, port, sherry, and claret, have more to do with the founding and erecting of hospitals than people think for. If you want to establish a company, call a meeting; if you propose to found a charity, advertise a dinner. Look after your cook; take care of your wine-merchant; have the band of the Scotch Fusilier Guards in the gallery; and, my life for it, the Hon. Sec.'s first subscription list, read amid terrific thumping of the tables, will be found to have overflown at least the comfortable point of 500*l*.

The fact, then, is simply this:—good dinners do greatly promote charity. Betty the cook is found to be a very efficient handmaid to the virtue of benevolence; and therefore I cannot but approve highly of the white waistcoated gatherings with whom it has been my luck so often to be associated, and with whom, to tell the truth, I anticipate with considerable pleasure the prospect of again mixing—when the wand-carrying, rosette-adorned stewards come stalking up the room in Indian file before the chairman, to the tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England."

Did I judge of the charity—and why should I not—of certain gentlemen with rubicund countenances, whom I wot of—by their invariably being standing dishes at every benevolent feeding occasion which presents itself, I must undoubtedly come to the conclusion, that your true Cockney race is the most fertile in the production of Good Samaritans of any people existing. The frequenter of London charity dinners knows the number of stereotyped faces and stereotyped donations which he is sure to recognises every time he spreads his legs under the table of the Freemasons'.

Dining there last season at the Anniversary of the Marine Store Dealers' Benevolent Institution, I glanced round, according to my custom, for the usual quota of familiar features. Presently a gentleman entered with the easy confiding manner of a man perfectly at home, and without deigning to patronise, even by a look, the statue of his late R.H. the Duke of Sussex, the patron saint of the hostelrie of Great Queen-street, walked coolly to a goodish place, took possession of it with the air of a man to whom the chair belonged in fee simple, gave a sort of patronising nod of recognition to half a dozen waiters who were intensely assiduous around him, and then taking up the little pamphlet left upon his plate, began to study the Dr. and Cr. accounts of the charity. There could be no mistake. It was Mr. Wilkins Watkins, the well-known City charitable man, whose name is certain to be in every morning paper after every charity dinner, amongst the very first of those whom "we observed," and whose generosity is as sure of being announced on all similar occasions with marked emphasis by the Hon. Sec., thus—(In a loud tone).

"Mr. John Wilkins Watkins (applause) Five Pounds (renewed applause). His tenth donation" (immense applause, in the midst of which Mr. J. W. Watkins drinks a glass of port slowly, and makes little bobs with his head with an easy dreaming air, as if he were performing these jerking telegraphic acknowledgments by mere chance, and without meaning them).

Mr. J. W. Watkins has many co-mates, charitable diners-out. They are good-natured, easy-going, sturdy men, well to do in the world. They like good things, and most sensibly think that it is much more pleasant to give donations after dinner, in a philanthropic volunteer sort of style, than to disburse, before lunch even, in the cold pocket-buttoning air which surges in from the moist, dreary street, when the tax-gatherer opens the door and salutes them as acquaintances and rate-payers. Not that our good friends the Watkinses are altogether unostentatious in their charity. They do like to let their left hands know—just a little—what their right hands are about. They don't blow their own trumpets in an offensive manner in the streets; but if the object of the charity insist upon sending forth a blast, they submit with meekness. Nevertheless, I like the Watkinses; on a whole they do much good; and if they do not do it in the purest and highest style, still the substantial effect is not altogether lost.

A very different man is Mr. Wattles. You see his name stuck in the cleft stick which stands up from the table, like a direction post, between the asparagus and the broiled fowls, and you remark himself flying up and down at the back of the tables—now communing with the chairman—now

giving confidential instructions to the waiters—anon superintending the introduction of the piano to be used by the professional gentlemen at the lower end of the table.

Mr. Wattles is a steward: he is probably a V.P., or at most a member of the committee of the "Marine Store Dealers' Benevolent Institution." He flings himself heart and soul into the cause of charity—*quoad*—the Marine Store Dealers. He thinks but of one public dinner all the year round—but of one benevolent association—but of one subscription-list—but of one set of alms-houses. He mentally calculates his year by the anniversary days of *his* society. The first of April—that is the dinner evening—is to him the first of January. He admits the claims of other benevolent associations more as a matter of favour than of right. "Yes, yes, sir—very good—all very good institutions, no doubt, in their way—useful and all that sort of thing—but the Marine Store Dealers'—that's the charity, sir."

Of course, every benevolent institution has its Wattleses. They could not be carried on without such men. The Wattleses do the work. They give time and energy and enthusiasm to the cause; and few eulogies are better earned than the sentences with which the chairman rounds off the toast—somewhere about the finish of the evening—of "Mr. Wattles, and the rest of the stewards, to whose untiring energies the charity owes so much, and to whose excellent arrangements for the evening the company also have been so greatly indebted." (Loud cheers.)

Not far from Mr. Watkins sits a youngish man in a very smart waistcoat. He don't look like a benevolent marine store keeper, and he manages to pass the subscription paper when it comes round to him. Notwithstanding he applauds lustily when Watkins's tenth donation is announced; but you observe him principally occupied in the active transmission of telegraphic signals to a lady or ladies in the gallery; and after dinner he disappears from his place, and is subsequently seen before the organ, ministering glasses of wine and jellies to the crowd of fair ones in blonde and tulle, who always assemble upon these festive occasions to view the feast.

Indeed, were it not for such gallant young gentlemen, the ladies at public dinners would, to my notion, be placed in a most tantalising predicament. As it is, their position is bad enough; and what the enjoyment may be, found in sitting in a draughty gallery, on hard benches, looking down at a congregation of gentlemen gobbling away for a couple of hours or so, the atmosphere being one vaporous volume of steam, blending the perfumes of fish, flesh, and fowl, in one unpleasant, wishy-washy whole—I say in what the pleasure of such pastime may consist, I know not.

But the cloth is withdrawn, the hammered and battered edges of the well-thumped mahogany display their jovial crystal garniture, the four professional gentlemen in four white professional waistcoats, have chanted the interminably rolling cadences of *Non nobis*, the company have been addressed as though they were fire-arms with the inquiry of whether they were "all charged," silence has been proclaimed "for the chair," the gentleman who occupies it has just launched out in the toast of the evening, and is proving that of all possible benevolent philanthropic institutions the Marine Store Dealers can boast of the most benevolent and philanthropic—when you observe—as the speaker waxes eloquent—a gentleman near you apparently making idle hieroglyphics with a pencil on the fly-leaf of the "Committee's Report:" he is worth a moment's study.

He is a journalist. Not an editor, nor a sub-editor, nor an assistant sub-editor, nor a reporter, nor a correspondent, nor a contributor, nor a critic, nor a penny-a-liner. He is simply a diner-out—the "diner-out" of a noted morning paper. An odd department—a curious duty this of official eating and drinking. To dine every day in public—for every day almost there is a public dinner. To consume perpetual soup and fish to the clang of brazen bands; never to address himself to beef or mutton, but with the clatter of knives and forks, by the hundred rattling round him; to associate every glass of port with a stentorian "Now then, gentlemen, silence—pray silence for His Royal Highness;" doomed never to unlink cheese from *Non nobis*, or dessert from the dreary "God save the Queen," how the diner-out must yearn in his heart for a quiet chop, cooked by himself, in a cave in the depths of a desert, where stewards never yet entered, and where toast-master's voice was never yet heard!

Nevertheless, however, the official diner-out does not seem much out of his element. The waiters look at him with awe. The proprietor of the house, as he saunters round the table—a sort of cross between a smiling waiter and a generous host—in the course of the half dozen remarkably affable sentences which he exchanges with the diner-out, hints, in an off-hand way, that he must taste a sample of the new batch of Lafitte just come to hand. The vocalists send him up cards inscribed with their names and titles in full. Mr. Wattles comes down from the secretary's table expressly to know whether he is comfortable; and the gentleman himself, having made speedy acquaintance with two active benevolent Marine Store Dealers on either side of him, points out in a masterly oration, the features of difference between the Marine Store Dealers' dinners and their rivals, the Old Clo' Dealers' dinners, interspersed with luminous remarks upon the relative merits of the cookery and wines at the Free Masons, the Thatched House, the London, the Albion, and Lovegrove's.

And so the feast proceeds. The chairman speechifies—the wines warm—the guests subscribe—the vocalists warble—the ladies in the gallery wave their pocket-handkerchiefs—Watkins, on the strength of an extra bottle of wonderful port, comes out with a supplemental five-pound note—Wattles in enthusiasm declares that this is a great day for the marine store dealers—the diner-out appends to his hastily pencilled paragraph a flourishing addendum, about the "viands and wines fully sustaining the high reputation of Mr. So and So's establishment"—and all goes merrily on, until at length the last toast on the list has been proposed—the chairman's carriage has rolled away—Mr. Wattles has betaken himself, with long papers of subscriptions, to a private room—Mr. Watkins is off to his club—the gentlemen in the smart waistcoat is escorting two young ladies in a cab to an unknown terrace in Bayswater—the diner-out, having despatched his "copy," thinks of becoming a supper-out also—the guests in general are swallowing cups of coffee, in the insane hope that they may neutralise and prevent headaches in the morning—the waiters are serving out hats and paletots over a sort of counter, covered with green cloth—and the committee of the Benevolent Marine Store Dealers, munching anchovy toast in their temporary sanctum, find the institution 876*l*. 15*s*. 4*d*. the richer for the charity evoked by a Public Dinner.



THE BETROTHED LOVERS PROCEEDING TO CHURCH.

By Lichtenberger.

THE BETROTHED LOVERS PROCEEDING TO CHURCH.

We are more than half inclined to ask ourselves, as we look at this charming picture—What need there is of any explanation of it at our hands? The subject is clear enough. Every girl from twelve upwards will comprehend at a glance its whole spirit as well, perhaps better, than he who merely scans it with the eye of an artist. Love is the religion of youth; who then so fit as youth to depict it? This picture is the production of a very young German artist, named Lichtenberger, a pupil of Bendeman. Its exhibition at Dresden, not long since, at once placed him in a prominent position among the band of artists who are labouring to establish the German school of painting as a worthy successor to that of the great Italian era.

What a sweet little episode in life this picture depicts. Was there ever a happier ferryboat full of people? The expression of perfect satisfaction in the heads of the old folks is not to be mistaken; and that of the bride—poor brides on their marriage mornings never seem as if they had a right to look anybody in the face. She hears, doubtless, the ripple of the stream against the old boatside with a vividness she never experienced before. So it is with us all. When some strong emotion overpowers us, the undervoices of nature seem to whisper audibly to our hearts. And the two bridesmaids—what are they saying? especially the one who is turning away her head from us; for we feel she is very pretty and a rogue. 'Tis some fun she is making of the bridegroom, be sure. Bridegrooms have been the butts of saucy young women time out of mind. What a pity 'tis there is no young bridesman to receive the edge of her badinage. And what a glorious group of pipers! This composition alone is enough to make a young painter's fame. All expression is lost in their windy cheeks. Doubtless, they are thinking how much silver will be dropped into their horned hands by the happy party. The ferryman rowing at the head of the boat, absorbed in his occupation, is a delicious contrast to the feeling expressed in the faces of the wedding party. We feel the *truth* of this non-expression, and therefore its beauty. The boat we suppose to be crossing the Rhine. On the one bank is the village the bride is about to leave, perhaps for ever; and on the other, the church—and what a pretty church it is! The ideal church young maids dream of, when marriage-bells come on the wind. With a winding pathway, too, for little girls to strew flowers before her tiny white feet, as leaning on the arm of her lover, he whispers to her, in fun, her maiden name for the last time. Alas! how few of them realise this picture of a day. Miss Smith gives her hand to a rigid dissenter, and is married in a brick Zion in some back street, where the only children who stand in the pathway before her are the dirty urchins pausing for a moment from hop-scotch to stare and make fun. Miss Brown is united fashionably at St. George's, Hanover-square, to her most eligible partner, and has red baize rolled from the carriage to the church-door in her honour. Alas! that the rainbow of youth should die away in the broad daylight of the world. Life too often is but a badly coloured picture, bright and brilliant at first, hardening in its expression and deepening in its shadows with the progress of time.

A. W.

PHILOSOPHY OF PARTY, AND ITS RELATION TO THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

By Hepworth Dixon.

The world is governed on two sets of principles, by two distinct powers—individual will, the pure monarchy—the collective will, the constitutional system. These principles are distributed almost geographically. The eastern nations generally are more despotic than the western. This arises partly from climatic causes, partly from difference of race. While liberal ideas and free institutions have continually progressed in Europe, the sentiment of prostration, of dependence, has existed as an indestructible element in the Asiatic mind. In the first, freedom has outlived all forms of government; in the other, the most favourable circumstances have failed to call it into life. The desire of individual life, of opportunity for self-development—in a word, of freedom—is organic. It is a distinction of race; primarily of the Anglo-Saxon among the moderns, and of the Hellenes among the ancients. No amount of discipline could transfer western ideas into the heart of Asia. Ideas belong essentially to races. They are annexed to specific organisations. The Hellenes could not make eastern lands Hellenic; the Arabians could not engraft intellect upon the inferior tribes of Asia; nor shall we be able to revolutionise India through the native races. There is no room in their system of thought and cast of mind for European ideas. We must transfer the blood and brain, the energy, the patience, and the intellect—in short, the organisation—of the Caucasian race, ere we can reconstruct in that great continent the political law and social freedom of the west.

All constitutional states are ruled, mediately or immediately, by the popular will. This will is collected in many streams; but principally in two great channels, which a long experience has proved to flow mainly in specific directions. These are the great parties—the aggregates of those national ideas and volitions which have kindred tendencies towards certain determinate principles of action.

The old names, Whig and Tory, by which these different tendencies were designated in England, are rapidly falling into desuetude. A century ago, they expressed with clearness, distinct and definite conceptions; but the very factions, then dominant, are now extinct. The terms long ago ceased to represent principles; they have now ceased to denote parties. They are repudiated and proscribed, even as names. Their meanings are obsolete; and they are allied with so much of petty intrigue, or gigantic corruption, that all men are ashamed to own them. This is a strange period; strange, politically as socially. The convulsions recently witnessed in the party-camp, the disruption of political alliances, and the general breaking-up of those great hereditary organisations which had governed the destinies of this country for nearly two centuries, all mark this as an era of transition, of revelation, and revolution. The party creeds are worn out. The principles on which they were based are no longer the vital centres of political life. The fundamental question of to-day is not one of succession or of dynastic rights. New elements have entered actively into our systems of social and political existence, and new combinations are necessary to express and represent the changes. No living organisation

exists at this moment. The vitality has gone out of them all. Within a few years, we have seen questions agitated that have rent asunder and antagonised every party in the state. Something stronger than political fraternity has entered into the legislative arena. 'Tis the advent of those spiritual and motive powers—IDEAS. Conviction has become one of the governing principles in the commonwealth. At this day, for the first time in history, a great statesman has sacrificed a certain lease of office, and broken up a powerful administration, for the sake of an idea. Verily, the reign of party, as it has heretofore been understood, is nearly at an end. No such disturbing forces as this were known in those good old times when, as Dean Swift says, the chief difference between Whig and Tory was, which should be in office; a question, he says, the public regarded merely as a speculative point. No party can be permanent. A party is only vital, so long as a great principle vivifies it. When that principle is abandoned or accomplished, that party is extinct; and no charlatanry can keep it up, when the soul has departed from it. It is impossible now to get up a powerful coalition upon any principle of private ambition or cupidity. Much of the prestige and influence of the "great families" have vanished. The authority inseparable from wealth still attaches to them, but by no possibility could they achieve a revolution (so "glorious" to themselves, and so disastrous to the rest of the nation), like the one they effected a century and a half ago, without the consent of the people.

The disintegrated elements of the old parties are gradually settling down into their normal condition. In scattered and divided groups, they are quietly ranging themselves round various dominant ideas. Thus much is now universally admitted, that it is useless to attempt to form a party without a creed, or at least a central principle. A good "cry" might still be found useful, in the moment of passionate excitation; but is no longer tenable as the basis of an organisation. A spiritual idea, a first principle, a definite creed, is absolutely necessary to draw men into political combination. This is felt at present. Even the most indubitable remnants of the great factions have abandoned them, in theory as well as in name. In the first crash of these traditional institutions, it was natural for men to inquire the use of the enormous machinery of party; to ask themselves if some simpler and more efficacious system of government might not be adopted in their stead. The machinery is cumbrous, but we think necessary. It might, and will, be simplified; but probably could not be superseded entirely with advantage. At this present moment, parties in England there are none; but the elements of party still exist, for these are involved in the nature and constitution of mankind.

Beneath all the artificial distinctions of society, in all times and in all countries, there have existed two great parties. They have existed, whether specifically organised or not; but when they have assumed organic forms, the spiritual idea or principle of their antagonism is recognisable. These conflicting factions, though varying with the ideas and circumstances of different times, are substantially the same in all ages. These are the PROGRESSIVE and the CONSERVATIVE parties. The first admits the principle of development in human society, and of growth in the human mind; and contends for the perpetual adaptation of the machinery of government and the forms of political law to the constantly advancing intellectual and the ever-changing habits of social life. This coalition is the motive power in nations. It is likewise the moving power. In it are usually centred the germinating power, the great ideas, and tolerant spirit of the period. All agitation—movement—growth, springs from its bosom; and genius, which is in its very nature revolutionary, combats in its ranks. The other is the opposite of this. It denies the principle of development; and resolutely sets itself against any adaptation to it. It lives in the past: it venerates only where time has sanctified. Innovation it endures not. Whatever is, to it, is right. To alter, to improve, is not its destiny. Yet it, too, is based upon a grand idea. It imparts to nations permanence, fixity of purpose, and sustaining power.

Among the Hellenes, the Athenians belonged to the first class, the Spartans to the second. All the mental tendencies of the two races, all their public institutions, all their social usages, were adapted to exhibit these two great aspects of life. Their history throughout, is the history of these normal antagonisms in human nature, put into action. The Spartans were formed in one uniform mould. Their triune perfections were strength, craft, hardihood. Endurance was the end and aim of their stern maxims of government. They had no literature, no home-sprung art or science. They had no written law, no money, no commerce. They had no luxuries—material or intellectual. They improved nothing; they made no progress; they cultivated no talent, save that of warfare. When as a nation they passed out of existence, they bequeathed the world no legacy; and they might have passed out of the memory of mankind, but for the records of their cultivated foes. Such is the normal aspect of conservatism. The Athenians were the reverse of all this. They gave full freedom to the development of individual genius; they left the faculties of each to find the most congenial sphere of action; they bred men, not merely citizens. The Spartans belonged to the Peloponessus—the Athenians to the world. They were not so much a nation as a people. They encouraged every art and science that tended to elevate the race: hence their transcendent excellence in every sphere of thought, in every department of industry. Even in war, the only art prosecuted by the Spartans, they were at least equal to their rivals; while in the nobler arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, history, oratory, and philosophy, they have distanced all competitors, ancient and modern.

The Athenians never can pass out of history; they made the earth their monument. In the history of civilisation they occupy the brightest pages. Their proud pre-eminence is undisputed, undisturbed. The waves of time break idly at their feet, their glory is eternal as the human soul itself. During their active existence as a ruling power, they redeemed the world from barbarism; and when, after scattering the seeds of future civilisation throughout the three great continents of the known world, they laid down the governing power, they left, in the monuments of their heroic sons, and in the memories of their immortal sages, a priceless heritage to all succeeding times. Such is the progressive principle in its normal aspect.

In the Ionic and Doric races, may be discovered the types of these antagonistic tendencies wherever they have subsequently reappeared; whether in the civil contentions of ancient Rome, between the populace and patricians—in the lower empire between the adherents of Jehovah and Jupiter—

in middle Italy between the Guelphs and Ghibbelines—later on, in Europe, between the reformers and the militant church—or, still more recently, throughout the most active and intelligent portion of the whole earth, under endless names and forms. *The principle at issue is ever substantially the same* — IT IS THE BATTLE OF INDIVIDUALISM AGAINST AGGREGATION. In Sparta, the individual was nothing; the state was all in all. There was literally no individual life. In Athens, the genius of the individual was all important; it was allowed full, free development. It has been the same throughout the subsequent history of our race.

These elements of antagonism, then, exist at all times and places, whatsoever disguises accident has forced them temporarily to assume. The essential principle of all party combination is one or the other of these original and motive tendencies in human nature. When an associated body departs from these, it parts with its vitality; and though it may endure for a while, in virtue of its mere organisation, it must inevitably fall at length; having no sustaining power within, the first rude shock from without will shatter it to pieces. This is precisely the case at this day in our own country. The vitality of the great factions has long since gone out of them. Their leaders, years ago, suspected this, and changed the names; but that would not serve. The thing was dead as well as the name; and though some few did violently contend that it was not, when the day of battle came, it proved to be most indubitably extinct.

The old combinations are annihilated—the new ones are not yet formed; but the indestructible elements of party are subsiding into their primitive condition, ready to be reorganised as circumstances shall require. The war, in one shape or another, will still be maintained.

In these great conflicts, it seems to be the inevitable law, the necessity of which is involved in the nature of the opposing powers, that the Progressives shall in the end be victorious. The Conservatives, though they may be able to retard or divert the current, cannot permanently arrest it. At least this law obtains in the West. In England, and in the constitutional states of Europe generally, the progressive element is the more powerful; but then much of its power is self-neutralised. Were it otherwise, development would be too rapid. There is but one way to stand still; but there may be a multitude of ways to go forward. It is not sufficient that the "onwards" be stronger than the "stand-stills," there must be a balance of them willing to move in a given direction. Conservation is a single idea. It is a unity of itself. Progression involves a multitude of ideas. It is not a unity but a congeries of designs, including as great a variety of detail as there are phases of human thought.

Hence, the first necessity of reformers is the formation of a political and social creed, having for its vivifying soul some grand and central idea, round which the powers of the progressive party might be ranged. To arrest such a combination would be impossible. But the time for its formation has not yet arrived. A most important problem must first be solved; viz.—which of the two great sections into which the progressive party is at this moment divided—the Economists and the Associatists—is fundamentally right? Under whatever name the liberal portion of the English people is reorganised, it will acknowledge one or the other of these systems. The Economists are now in the ascendant; and probably will continue so for some time to come, as all the recent changes in the ministerial policy are in their favour. Circumstances have forwarded their views, and the public mind is impregnated with their principles. On the other hand, events have rather discouraged the Associatists; and numerous charlatans have brought into disrepute principles incontestably sound. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, no intelligent man can doubt of the ultimate ascendancy of the latter. The profoundest minds of the age are deeply impressed with the essential righteousness and practicability of the principle of association. Our own conviction is, that both are fundamentally right. Both are true as systems, but synchronal, not co-existent. Probably a general prevalence of the doctrines of the Economists is necessary to create and collect the material, prepare the groundwork, and remove the obstacles which would otherwise disturb the working of the principle of association.

HISTORIC FANCIES

ABOUT LONDON PAST AND PRESENT.

By A Dreamer.

Persons in the habit of indulging poetic dreams, or philosophical speculations, have in all ages been frequenters of high places. Plato loved Hymettus and Pentelicus; Empedocles loved Ætna; and Mahommed some Arabian mountain, whose name I do not remember—if, indeed, I ever heard it. Confucius, doubtless, loved the breezy mountain tops; and we all know that Zoroaster honoured them by his adorations. The poets, time out of mind, have been lovers of high regions: in England, they are proverbially addicted to inhabiting "chambers next to the sky." Whether the greater rarity of the atmosphere in elevated places is conducive to increased action of the mental powers, I leave to the decision of the scientific. I offer an item of my experience on the matter to the public generally.

One day, last week, I went to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, a point of considerable elevation in the opinion of a born Cockney, let me tell you, good reader, if he chance to be untravelled. While there, my mind was more full of thoughts about the Great City than it ever was before. Were you ever on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral? If you have never been there, do not fail to visit it as soon as you can: it is a sight as curious as it is thought-stirring. It is as if you could see and comprehend at a glance this stupendous monument of western civilisation—this grand city—London. It is as if you could take it in your hand, and weigh and inspect it; and the more carefully you inspect it, the more are you inclined to believe that the beings who have done so much are destined to achieve higher and greater things on this earth. Thoughts of the past, the present, and the future London occupied my mind, as I gazed down upon that wondrous labyrinth. Was it, indeed, all a reality? Whether it was, as I said before, the rarity of the air up there, on that frosty day, or whether the prospect itself was the sole inspiration, I do not pretend to decide; but certain it is, that as I sat in the gallery, musing upon what was beneath and around me, I fell into a sort of slumber, during

which a series of dreams or visions passed through my mind.

Our old friend, Mirza, in the *Spectator*, of famous visionary memory, you will, if you please, put as far off in the land of the forgotten as may be consistent with the activity of your organ of comparison. Remember, good reader, comparisons on this occasion would be very *oderous* indeed, as I am not presumptuous enough to think of vying in dreams with Mirza.

I stood beneath a group of vast primeval oaks, crowning the summit of a grassy hill, near a large river. It was the hill on which I had lately stood, and had seen the proud cathedral dome rearing itself to the skies. Looking upwards into those stately trees, I saw that God had made a temple for the unskilled barbarian to worship in, and to give him thanks. There was a holy mystery in the soft rustling of those myriad leaves through which glimpses of the eternal heavens were visible: the strong trunks and the wide-spread branches were typical of divinity; and to the savage this temple would bring thoughts of the infinite and beneficent God. I, too, felt that "the place whereon I stood was holy ground." The green hill sloped gently away on all sides: on the south it met the tangled flags, and reeds, and the fantastic willows which skirted the river—on the west it declined to a bright stream that hurried swiftly by to join the broad Thames. It was the time of morning twilight; and the flame-coloured clouds in the east tinged the wild yet rich landscape. Many hills like that on which I stood lay around; some covered with underwood and lofty trees, others bearing fields of young green corn unprotected by fences. To the north and east rose higher hills, all covered with an unbroken forest. As far as the eye could see, Nature seemed to revel unchecked by Art. No sound was heard, save the early songs of innumerable birds, the cry of the pheasant from the near thicket, and the shrill voices of the waterfowl, and their splashing among the reeds of the river; and, at intervals, the heron's call came from afar. Presently, two swans emerged from the tall reeds on the opposite bank; they sailed slowly to the middle of the river, and then turning eastward, floated with the current to meet the rising sun. While lost in admiration of their graceful motion, a new sound struck my ear: it was the sound of an oar or a paddle. Turning my eyes to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, I saw a small canoe shoot out from a little cove in the bank of the river, at the foot of the hill on which I stood. A young man, whose long black hair hung down over his bare shoulders, and whose only garment was a piece of dark blue cloth fastened about his loins, was alone in the coracle. With two or three strong strokes of the paddle, he brought his slight skiff into the middle of the river; and, he also, turning eastward, went with the current towards the rising sun.

After following his course a moment with my eyes, I looked to see whence he came, and what human habitations were near. I saw smoke curling up from among the thick trees around me, but the habitations were not visible. Suddenly my attention was drawn to a plain along the opposite bank of the river. Wild charioteers, with hair streaming on the wind, drove war-chariots, having sharp scythes fixed to their axles, to and fro on this plain, in mimic war. They hurled the spear,—they sprung like the wild cat from the chariots to the earth,—they clung to the horse's manes as they rushed in full career, and kept pace with them. It was a wondrous sight to behold those wild British soldiers,—to hear their terrific cries,—to see their animated gestures, and the matchless agility of their strong frames. At last a messenger came running over a hill down to the warriors: he was breathless—they crowded round to hear his words, and then they turned with eager looks towards the east, to which the new comer pointed with a terrified gesture. One of the listeners struck him to the earth, in disdain, and with bold and encouraging mien mounted his chariot, and beckoned to his companions, who followed his example, and rode away swiftly eastward.

Just then I heard human voices near me, and turning, saw two men mounting towards the oak trees, beneath which I stood. One was an old, white-robed, majestic-looking priest of a forgotten faith—a Druid, and blind. The other, who led him, was a stately man of middle age. He wore a tunic of cloth, and circlet of gold on his head: in his hand he held a spear. The countenance of the first was calm with wisdom and with age; that of the last was animated with all human passions in their full vigour. They spoke a language unknown to my ears, but my mind was gifted with the power to understand its purport.

They reached the shadow of the trees, and the chief placed the old priest reverently on a moss-grown stone at the foot of one of them, and stood beside him in an attitude at once dignified and respectful. The Druid spoke—"My son, you seek an audience of me, to know the will of the gods touching the land of thy forefathers. Art thou prepared to receive the knowledge humbly, and to bow to the will of the gods, if it be contrary to thine? Speak, my son!"

"It is hard for kings to obey, O father! But I am brave—I can die for my country."

"Die! Yes; but can'st thou bear to see strangers rule in Britain?"

"While I live, and other chiefs more brave live, *that* shall never be," exclaimed the warrior, vehemently. "A curse be upon all invaders!"

"What will man's curse avail, if it be the will of the gods that they should prosper?"

"We will pray, we will offer sacrifices—vast human sacrifices—to the gods; and they will hear us, and curse the invaders."

After a pause, the Druid's voice pronounced these words—"My son, thou art brave and wise. Listen to the prophetic voice of him whose life has passed in the pursuit of knowledge, and who has travelled in all lands. The kingdoms of this island are about to be destroyed by a powerful nation, favoured by the strongest gods. To resist will be in vain;—though resistance will be long throughout the land."

"And is our country then at an end?" asked the chief, with a sad countenance. "Are the days of the Britons numbered?"

"Son; the Britons shall be conquered, as you subdue the wild colts of the plains—that they may be better and nobler, more beautiful, and more fitted to work their master's will."

"But the Britons are not as dumb animals: they have no master," replied the chief proudly, striking his spear on the ground.

"They have, as yet, no master, but the gods will give them masters. They will be a noble nation when they shall learn to obey those who are wiser than they. Look, my son, yonder to the east;" and the old man rose and pointed towards that quarter, while his sightless eyes were turned in the same direction—"is my messenger returning?"

"Father, I see a speck far off on the river, it is

the coracle of thy servant, doubtless." And the chief stood watching it till it came near. "It is he, father. May I hear the news he brings?"

"Surely, my son! Let not thy proud spirit break, if his news be what my heart forebodes; that the troops of the great Roman republic have landed on our coast."

"The gods of our fathers will help us to drive them back."

"Stronger gods fight on their side."

"How sayest thou, father; are any gods stronger than the gods of Britain?"

The priest answered not, but bent his head on his breast in silence. They remained—the meditating Druid and the fierce warrior—types of a savage grandeur that to me, the dreamer, were as glorious as the monuments of antique civilisation. In a few minutes, the young man I had watched go down the river, returned to the foot of the hill. The sun was above the horizon, and the river rolled in golden waves as he sprung to land, and rushed up to the spot where the Druid and the chief awaited his intelligence. "What tidings, my child?" asked the former, raising his head.

The new comer fell prostrate on the grass, at the feet of the Druid, and cried in a voice of deep hate and terror—"The Romans! the Romans! Curse them quick, O, father! lest they prevail."

"Have they landed in Britain?" cried the chief eagerly.

"Yea, my lord," replied the youth, still with his eyes fixed on the wise man, whose words were to him as words from heaven. The Druid stretched his hands towards the sky, and his lips moved in prayer.

"See! see! He is cursing the Romans, the invaders!" cried the young man, starting to his feet with wild joy.—But I knew that the old man uttered no curses. He prayed to the gods to comfort and support the Britons in their hour of adversity. A mist came suddenly before my eyes, and I saw no more.

Again I dreamed, and saw the same hill; no longer grassy and crowned with oak trees. Where they had stood, I saw a Roman temple of Diana, converted into a Christian church;—and broad roads leading from it to the east and to the west. The river was spanned by a bridge; and round about me lay a town, with temples, and baths, and public buildings; it was inclosed within a wall, having seven gates. Chariots and horsemen passed hurriedly to and fro in the streets; women with their children came up to the temple against which I stood—they wept and wrung their hands. Nearly all the townspeople seemed to be crowding towards one of the gates, whence a Roman legion was passing out slowly, amid the imploring gestures and mournful cries of the inhabitants.—I saw that Britain had ceased to be a Roman province, and I mused long upon the vicissitudes of the kingdoms of this world; upon man's ignorance of what concerns his true interest, and upon the wisdom of the Supreme who ordereth all things according to his will.

I looked again from the same hill; and saw another change in the scene.—The city was nearly the same in size as it was when I last saw it; but the architectural beauty was destroyed;—the streets were irregular, and the houses were mostly of wood, and ill-proportioned. The Roman bridge was gone, and in its place was an uncouth Saxon structure of wood. I stood on the low square tower of a Saxon church which had superseded the graceful temple of a former age. Thence, I noted the inhabitants of the city, at war among themselves; not even unanimous in keeping off the foreign foe: for, while a party of thanes and priests went in procession over the bridge to welcome the Normans who were stationed on the southern side of the river, the citizens attacked the Norman masons who were building a fort wihin the city for the reception of the Conqueror. Ever and anon the work was impeded, and men fell dead from the upper parts of tower, pierced by Saxon arrows. But Norman skill and perseverance, and Norman undaunted valour, outwore the sullen desperation of the vanquished Saxons;—and I saw the first Tower of London completed, and the proud Conqueror ride, at the head of his mail-clad warriors, over the bridge to his new dwelling. Thanes and priests, burgesses and yeomen, followed the train, and they joined the cry of the Norman soldiers—"Long live William King of England." But from other quarters of the city, deep murmurs and vows of never dying hate against the invaders were borne on the breeze. My heart was sad for the vanquished;—till the soft tones of the vesper hymn rose up from the church below me; and I remembered that God is wiser than man, and that "his mercy endureth for ever." Lost in thought of the Everlasting, the earthly scene was no more present to my mind.

Again I became conscious of surrounding abjects, and looked abroad.—Another church had arisen on the spot where the low Saxon tower had been, and from its summit I surveyed the city. Its walls and gates were gone; it had spread beyond its ancient limits. Tall wooden houses with pointed gables were crowded together in narrow streets, where the fresh breezes and the clear sunlight could not enter. In these streets a busy population thronged, hurrying to and fro with eager faces, intent on gain, or with boisterous mirth. And I saw Death walking invisible in all thoroughfares, and he smote the inhabitants by hundreds as they passed by. Fear fell upon all men, so that many scarce ventured abroad, and them the grim enemy sought in their chambers. Grieving for those who saw all that was dear to them in life suddenly cut off, I closed my eyes, that I might not see the plague-stricken lie down to die, or the precious remains of what were once loved human beings, thrown like carrion into the dead-carts. When I looked again, Night had covered the city with her starry mantle, and "the pestilence which walketh at noon-day" crept invisible in the dark. Suddenly, bright flames burst forth. They spread on all sides. The terrified citizens sought each to save his own wealth; none exerted himself to stop the flames, which passed on from house to house, and from street to street, like a destroying angel; and I knew that it was a merciful destruction by which the city was saved henceforth from the Plague Demon. Yet it rent my heart to behold those houseless wretches wandering round the burning ruins, seeking to save somewhat for themselves and their little ones. Some knelt in prayer, and many uttered curses and blasphemy. I saw the old bridge, heavily laden with dwellings, become one arch of fire, spanning the wide river, which seemed now the only refuge from the burning city. Hundreds—thousands of boats and barges, full of those who had escaped the fire, covered the tide. Brighter and brighter grew the flames, nearer and nearer they came, with a

hissing, crackling, roaring sound, which could not drown the despairing cries of the afflicted people. —Presently they enveloped the church on which I stood; they curled up round about with fierce hunger, eager to devour. The unendurable brilliancy caused me to awake, and I found myself on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, with the sun shining brightly on my face, and the present London stretching on all sides.

Was the waking vision less dream-like than those which had occupied the mind in sleep? London—built upon the ruins of the past, *with* the very materials, in many cases, of those ruins; confused, inextricable;—one vast artificial world—is in itself, perhaps, the best emblem of the social and moral system of society which constitutes *the world of London.*

The sound that came to my ear when awake was like the hollow murmur of the sea heard at a distance. It was "the stir, the hum of men," the voice of the huge city. I seemed to understand what it said. It imparted to me the deep secrets hidden within its bosom—its wickedness, its weakness, its remorse and suffering; its endeavour to hide all sin and sorrow in an outward appearance of gaiety and hope; its love for the past, and its irresistible impulses towards a future, brighter and better than the past or present, but which it cannot reach save by passing through many a fiery trial. At the mournful sighs of the Great City, I, too, was sad: at its tone of courage and hope, of firm resolve and patient exertion, I became braver and more hopeful for it and for myself. I sought to look into its present state more searchingly than heretofore, that I might the better judge of its future destiny. I shall not trouble you, good reader, with my speculations as to the future, as I know most people prefer the present, and its positive means of enlightenment and happiness, to any future, however brilliant in probabilities. You believe firmly that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I do not *always* believe that; there are times when all that is within my grasp seems not worth opening the hand to take; while an unattainable good will tempt me to pursue it, or to fix my attention on it, to the neglect of all the means of happiness which are my own.

Old Camden, speaking of London, says it is "*totius Britanniæ epitome.*" In one view, this is still a truth. London is an epitome of Britain; of her religion, learning, and genius—of her good and bad qualities—and of her multiform industry. Show a foreigner London, and he will, perhaps, learn more of the British nation than he could learn, by seeing anything else in the country occupying a similar space. But London has peculiarities not to be met with elsewhere in the British dominions—and many things are to be found in Britain which we shall seek for in vain in London. London is essentially progressive, and being the chief city, is necessarily in advance of the rest of the empire. If Britain rightfully assume the privilege of "teaching the nations how to live," London may safely claim the honour of teaching the teacher. It gives the tone of feeling on all important matters of universal interest throughout the land. A movement in politics may not always originate in London; it may not touch the interests of any party there;—but for a political movement to become strong, for it to work quickly to the desired end, it must be taken up by the London world.

We talk vaguely of the upper, the middle, and the lower classes, or circles; using the words (which were definite enough two centuries ago) to indicate three distinct bodies in the social system. The upper classes may, perhaps, be got within specified limits:—all persons included in the Peerage and Blue Book;—although, we shall thus exclude some, who would fain be included. As to the middle ranks in London, the whole Herald's College;—all persons devoted to the study of etiquette and the minutiæ of station, would be puzzled to mark out the various circles in this, the great bulk of the London population: Many of these circles are like those traced by magicians of old;—the adept, the favoured one may enter without evil consequences; but woe unto the unlucky wight, who, being uninitiated, shall wander on the forbidden ground;—he will be expelled with ignominy. Most of these London middle circles touch others at one point; and some of the most enlarged have points of contact with nearly all. By the *enlarged* circles I mean, of course, those of the best educated. The church, the bar, the higher medical professors, the literary, scientific, and artistic bodies. These, although they form distinct circles in London, are made up from other circles here, mostly commercial; and from various classes in the country. Commerce includes concentric circles from the smallest to the largest diameter;—ascending from the petty retail dealer, in a back alley, to the richest merchant who is revered on Change, and whose argosies encumber our ports. In the commercial circles, wealth, and all that wealth can procure of outward and visible worth, is the predominant idea. In one form or another this idea meets you always, in these circles; and it is, indeed, a very imposing one; because it may be, and often has been, united with all that is real in power, wisdom, worth, and beauty.

Nothing is more deceptive to the mind than the effects of wealth; they look so like the demonstrations of all that is *noblest* in human nature. Take, for instance, the dwelling of a merely *rich* man; would it not require a peculiar sharpness of perception to note accurately all in it that was better, and purer, and more elevated in taste than anything that the owner could originate or appreciate? How much he has around him, which he knows nothing and cares nothing about! This external refinement, and this apparent love of nobleness and beauty, are become characteristics of the wealthy. However, the false Florimel is detected when the real Florimel is placed beside her;—only, I am sorry to say, the real Florimel, in our daily life, is as difficult to bring before the false one as she is in Spencer's poem. While we seek the *real*, many of us are led away in pursuit of that "false, snowy dame;" *i. e.*, we take, for portions of true riches and grandeur a long list of glittering gew-gaws such as the following:—

> Castles and villas, titles, vassals, and land,
> Coaches and curricles, and four-in-hand,
> Silks, jewels, equipages, parties, plays,
> Madeira, venison, turtle-soup, and praise.

Its literature is, and ever has been, the living soul of London—as of every truly great city. It is its literature which makes past London live now; it is its literature which will make the present London live hereafter. The literary world of London from Gower and Chaucer to the present time, is a subject which it ill becomes me to touch upon at the end of an article. I offer an apology for having done so, and conclude.

J. M. W.

HEROISMS.

With his trusty sword and shield
Rides the warrior to the field:—
For his bleeding country's wrongs,
Valiantly he goes;
Daring danger—braving death,
Midst her tyrant-foes.
If he fall—some pilgrim-feet,
To his lonely grave,
Will in reverence come and bend—
Worshipping the brave:
If victorious—he will win
Laurel-wreaths of fame,
While applauding multitudes
Shout the hero's name!
So, with trusty sword and shield,
Rides the warrior to the field.

With the homely spade and hoe,
To the fields the labourers go.—
For their hungry families
They bestir betimes;
Digging on from early dawn
To the latest chimes.
Should they rear them honestly,—
When the battle's won,
Unconcernedly they're told,
"'Tis *but duty* done."
Should health fail, and pinching want
Send them to our door,
Seldom do we stop to read
The history of the poor.
Yet, with homely spade and hoe,
To the fields the labourers go.

By a dying brother's bed
Sits a maid, and sews for bread:—
When the lark's first silver note
Comes upon the air;
And when tolls the midnight bell,
Ever sits she there--
Watching him, and speaking hope,
Tho' her soul is sad—
Dropping tears upon her task,
Yet appearing glad;
Grudging every moment's rest,
Every sleepy hour—
Yet will wander miles away
For a wayside flower!
Few know this—yet by this bed
Sits the maid, and sews for bread.

God! who seest not in parts,
Strengthen those heroic hearts!
Those who, with a strong endeavour,
Win the noblest fight,
Conquering *self*,—and yet all lowly
Bend them in Thy sight.
Those who by the sacred hearth-stone,
Where great trials come,
Yet with peace, and gentle voices,
Make it truly *home*:
Those encased in Love's strong armour,
Doing valiant deeds:
For all such *true* heroism
Our poor praying pleads.
Strengthen those heroic hearts,
God, who seest not in parts!

Chorley. MARIE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

BY W. B. BATEMAN.

THE SALON DE DANSE.

NINE o'clock strikes in many tones from many timepieces—for in every apartment of every French house there is sure to be a clock—as we leave the *table d'hôte*, and saunter forth into the Rue Rivoli. A brilliant moon shines down upon the Tuilleries, lighting the palace solemnly, glittering on the gilt-headed railings playfully, and flashing in silvery lustre from the upturned bayonets of the *gens-d'armerie*. As usual, there is plenty of bustle. The omnibuses are pouring in from St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne; the cabriolets are plying frantically between the theatres, private carriages waft their luxurious inmates to *soirée* and ball, and now and then a diligence comes thundering along, looking in its giant magnitude as if some large family had put horses to their country-house and come to town for the season.

Nor is the arcade wanting in attraction; each house sheds a flood of light upon the thoroughfare. The cigar shops glitter enticingly, albeit Sir Walter Raleigh might have made wry faces at their contents; the glove shop is less gay, but then its fair owner has lost none of her enchantment since Sterne paused to commemorate it, and her eyes are chandeliers in themselves. Passing these, and some dozen massive hotels—not forgetting Meurice's, where a group of English stand at the door, smoking, swearing, swaggering, and talking large—we turn down the Rue d'Alger, and in five minutes reach the Rue St. Honoré, which is the Oxford-street of Paris.

Loud cries issue from the proprietor of a painted lamp at the corner:—"*National!*" "*Journal des Debats!*" "*Patrie!*" "*Constitutionel!*" "*dix sous, huit sous!*" It is the newsmonger vending those mixtures of fire and slaughter politics, and scull and marrow-bone-romances which the French call daily papers. Resisting their mingled charms, the loiterer's eye falls on a variety of brilliant shops, whose contents are principally devoted to perfidious Albion. John Bull may there find everything to which he has been accustomed, from Irish hams to Guinness's stout, and may also exercise his talent for throwing money away by paying the highest price for the worst condiments. The English are the only nation whose uncompromising nationality will never consent "to do at Rome as the Romans do." The very men who pique themselves on their paraphrases of French dishes at Home, are the first to demand beef and Guinness abroad; and it is on the patriotism of such as these that the citizens of the Rue St. Honoré contrive to exist.

But our reveries are scattered by the sound of a horn and the rattle of horses' hoofs over the stones. *Grand Dieu*, what a noise! You would think that the Louvre was on fire, or that another infernal machine had been detected. No! There are only a couple of horse-soldiers going to mount guard. It is necessary of course to create a proper sensation on such an event; so the mud is scattered over the pedestrians, swords and spurs are rattled, and their horns are blown tempestuously—for a French soldier can scarcely blow his nose without blowing a trumpet at the same time. Fifty yards more and we reach an illumined passage, lit by a variety of lamps, and adorned by soldiers of every genus.

There are specimens of the National Guard, the *Gens d'Armes*, and the *Corps Municipale*, with all sorts of arms and costumes, wearing mustachios that are calculated to inspire an enemy with terror, and looking as warlike as men *can*, who are only five feet high. On each side of the door, which is guarded by these Genii, is suspended a placard, announcing that inside is the "*Salle Valentino!*" where, for three francs, the visitor *may dance all the fashionable dances in the most superb saloon, to the most enchanting music, amid a blaze of magnificence from five hundred bougies.* This congregation of superlatives is irresistible: one minute more and we are in the saloon.

Nor is the highflown advertisement a fable. We find ourselves in a circular ball-room of spacious dimensions, with an orchestra in the centre, chandeliers above and around, and raised velvet coloured seats along the sides. Several hundred people are present, some lounging, some dancing, some sipping lemonade, *all* appearing as happy as if care had been banished for ever. The Polka has just commenced: "couch we and mark" the revellers as they whirl by.

That dark-eyed girl is from Burgundy—you may know her by the raven hair, by the rich health that shines in her cheek, by the full voluptuous lip that seems to have evoked a charm from the inspiring wine of her native vineyards. Here again is a Belgian beauty, rather paler and taller than the last: there is a faint suspicion of rusticity about her, but she is very seductive notwithstanding. Next comes, elastic as a fawn, the true Parisian grisette. Her form is small and slight, but faultlessly symmetrical; her dark luxuriant hair waves in graceful braids over a cheek, from which confinement in a close city has driven much of the colour, leaving in its stead an interesting languor. There is nothing of rural *mauvaise honte* about *her*. Every gesture is appropriate. Every motion breathes the polished grace of Paris. You might transport her, as she stands, in her high well-fitting dress and spotless gloves to an English drawing-room, and she would still excite admiration. While we write, her pleasant figure gleams past on feathered feet, and our mind's eye, like Banquo's glass, "shows many more."

But we must revert to their partners. The men are more various in their appearance than the animals in Noah's Ark. There are Napoleonists looking very fierce and national, and shaggy withal, as Robinson Crusoe. There are Bourbonists more seedy than a sunflower, wearing heads of hair that emulate the rigidity of a scrubbing-brush. At intervals you see a literary man, whose locks flow romantically down his neck like the mane of the British Lion. Yonder is a German, "neat as imported," from the Elbe or the Oder. *Sauer kraut* and cigars have stamped him with their indelible kind of dirty brown, until he is as smoke-dried as a Solan goose in a Scotch chimney. You may know him by his shirt of dubious tint, and by his very fine jewellery. Near him is a stylish man with glazed boots and a long tartan waistcoat, who seems to have stepped out of a fashion card. He shows no shirt at all, but wears a large pin with a three inch globe at the top, which globe revolves in an orbit of black satin. You would probably mistake him for a Count, at least, if you did not recognise him as a waiter who officiated at your *déjeûner* in the Boulevards. Anon, a very different being appears, and you recognise a countryman. Saxon features, a red and white complexion, and light curly hair, whisper of foaming October ale and gallops over Yorkshire wolds. Made merry as the rest by contagious happiness, our serious islander is whirling in the dance. What matters it whether you tread on the peasant's heel or "the courtier's kibe," all are equal in France! The Polka, like Death, levels every distinction. Mingled in its mazes are students from the Quartier Latin, artists, who have been copying all day in the Louvre, "my lady's eldest son" from the Chaussée d'Antin, pets of the *Vaudeville Ballet*, and *Feuilletonists* by the dozen, all flying onward through the measure as if there were no "to-morrow."

When the tune ceases, water is sprinkled over the boards, and we take the opportunity of lounging into the refreshment rooms. Lofty mirrors reflect back the light of the lamps; the red velvet seats are luxuriously soft; the tables are well placed; the waiters on the alert: everything you can wish for is there. And the spectacle differs vastly from a similar scene in England! High, low, rich or poor, the company are perfectly well behaved. The simplicity of the refreshments is marvellous. No reeking brandy, or vulgar American compound, steams unhealthily around; even the men choose the lightest wine and mix it with water; as to the girls, they will drink nothing but *groseille* or *limonade gazeuse* with their sweatmeats. Artificial stimulus is not needed to make the light-hearted French content.

Suddenly a few bars of music are heard, and the girls, starting up with one accord, hasten back to the saloon. Their eyes flash more brightly than ever, the men look tremulous with excitement; the Polka—the *last* Polka of the evening is at hand. They form in merry couples—laughing, smiling, chattering with very pleasure; then comes a pause of deep expectation, during which all is still. The leader's baton is uplifted, his eye glances round the band, there is another moment of wild suspense, and—at last—crash falls the preliminary burst.

Then who shall describe the rapture? It increases every moment, it rises to delirium; the girls no longer dance, their motions are more like an aerial flight; they do not touch earth, they soar above it. The men leap through their parts like herald Mercuries with winged heels. Louder and faster grow the strains, the very lights seem agitated with a sympathetic desire to join the revellers.

There is a little crowd in one corner; it is the favourite nook of the far famed Frisette, and she is dancing there amid a circle of admirers. Her cheek is pale, her fingers small but exquisitely moulded, her hair dark, her eyes are black and languishing as a gazelle's. The rarest specimen of the *grisette* that Paris can afford is now before you, and a timid consciousness of power reigns in her face, and stamps her as queen by right of the merry party. Her last bounds are greeted with a shout of applause, and she smiles regally in acknowledgment.

But the dance cannot be ended yet; this brief draught only enrages their thirst. Their voices rise in a deafening demand for an encore. "*Bis, bis!*" echoes round, they can scarcely wait for the music in their fierce desire to proceed, but stand panting and yelling with the ardour of hounds ere they are unleashed. Again the leader rises—the signal is given—the notes roll forth, and plunging into the final polka with exciting cheers, go students, artists, German, English, French, and Belgian beauties, and—last, not least—the sweet Frisette, dancing as mortals never dance save in the Salle Valentino!

THE FAST-DAY.

By W. J. Linton.

Famine is lord of Ireland. Everyday brings us some new harrowing tale of misery, of desperate wretchedness and starvation. Every warm heart in England bleeds for the poor Irish. And the English-Irish government, so well-informed, so mighty in resources, appoints a Day of Fast.

Fellow countrymen! let us consider the meaning of this!

Is it to help the starving? One day's absolute fast through the length and breadth of the land? From the extravagance of palace consumption to the one spare meal of the half-fed labourer, much and little, everything for one day shall be given to the Needy. One day's food of England's seventeen millions will support a million of starving Irish for near a month. Is it not a grand and beneficent idea?

But the Fast does not mean this.

The Queen will not fast. Her Ministers (though they appoint a fast) will not fast. The Archbishops and Bishops will not fast. Neither will the Lords nor the "Commons" fast. Neither noble nor wealthy will fast. The fast will be to them merely a change of diet Less flesh: more fish. Nothing else! They will not fast.

The middle classes will not fast. Some thousands may in their churches and chapels "humble themselves" before Almighty God; but they will not fast. The merchant and shopkeeper, grumbling at one day's gains baulked to no purpose, will make holiday; but will not fast. The shopman and clerk (one day not deducted from their yearly salary) will make holiday, too, joyfully: and will not fast.

None will fast, except the mechanic and the labourer, the poor man, who already fasts but too often; who needs not an appointed fast-day to call forth his sympathies for his Irish brothers. He *must* fast: for he will be mulcted in his week's wages. He shall have no food for himself or his family one day in that week's seven. And Ireland will be none the better for it. Else he would fast willingly.

What does the Fast mean?

There is a fasting and humiliation of the spirit.

Neither the fish-eater nor the holiday-maker will fast, even in spirit.

What does the Fast mean, then?

It is a day of humiliation to deprecate God's wrath; of humiliation on account of the fearful calamity "our sins have brought upon us."

What especial visitation is this? what more or less of Divine Providence is there here than in all human affairs? Why throw upon "Divine Providence" the reproach of our own misconduct?

Whose misconduct?

Not Ireland's. Prove Ireland to be as thriftless, as lazy, as foolish as you will—had Ireland's institutions no influence in the formation of Irish character? And who framed Ireland's institutions? Not Ireland! Her penal laws, her disabilities, her "*Union*," not for better, but for worse? Not the Irish People.

Nor England's misconduct either! Not *we* who are at war with Ireland! Not *we* who misgovern Ireland! Are not we misgoverned, too?

And so, a Government, a series of Governments, that know not how to govern (how should they, not being *of* the People?), make Divine Providence their scapegoat, and blasphemously order the Misgoverned to humble themselves for their Rulers' sins.

What does the Fast mean?

Is it a solemn farce, a diplomatic mockery? or only the last insult thrown in the teeth of the starved victim?

Whose misconduct?

Yes, indeed, it is our own: for we have suffered and permitted all this. If we have been misgoverned, it has been because we had no true ideas of government; if we have been uncared for, it has been because we cared only for ourselves, never for our brethren; if we have been doomed, it has been because we knew not how to be devoted. Indeed, we need some solemn act of humiliation, were it only one day of abstinence from our dissensions and self-seekings, one day of earnest, serious, sad thought of our present low condition, of the fearful future. Not Ireland only starves.

If Englishmen would use this fast-day, if they would meet (forced and willing holiday-makers) in their tens and hundreds of thousands, sadly and solemnly to review the past, and to determine the future; to say, before God—"Such a state of things shall not continue. The Government that cannot even keep its people from starving is no Government. We will at least have food. Yet, not food alone: we will be free; not merely well-fed beasts, but men. We ourselves will take care for that future, for which you, our governors (by yourselves enthroned) have not cared!"—if Englishmen would so use this appointed fast-day, then, indeed, might it be turned to some account; then it might be of some service to Ireland, of some service to less unhappy England.

LOUISE MARCHAND;

OR, THE FRENCH SCHOOLMISTRESS.

By Julia Kavanagh.

The dim and flickering light of a lamp filled the narrow room, one of the poorest and most humble that was ever seen on the fifth floor of a Parisian house. Yet it was scrupulously neat and clean; and the white curtains of the bed, which stood in the recess, gave it an indescribable air of tidiness. A wooden crucifix suspended on the wall at the foot of the couch seemed to indicate the religious feelings of the owners of this apartment; whilst the few books, piled up on the chest of drawers showed a more refined and literary taste than might have been expected from the general homeliness and poverty of the place.

A young girl and an elderly woman were seated near the table on which the lamp was placed. It was a cold winter's night, yet no fire burned on the dark and cheerless hearth; for the season being unusually severe, wood was too dear for the poor. The girl—child she might almost have been called, so slight and delicate was her form—seemed to be about twelve or fourteen years old. She was a gentle, blue-eyed, fair-haired creature, who would have been thought pretty, had not her pale cheeks and sunken eyes too clearly betrayed the traces of poverty and want. Her mother, for such the elderly female evidently was, appeared to be at least sixty. Her features, which her young daughter's strikingly resembled, had formerly been

good, but offered a rather weak and vacillating expression. She was attired in deep mourning, and wore the French widow's black *crêpe* cap; but, though strictly neat, her dress consisted of the poorest and coarsest woollen stuff. Both herself and her daughter were busy in shirtmaking—a branch of female industry as badly remunerated in France as it is in England. The evening was far advanced, yet they still worked on, as if, weary though they might be, they must finish their task before thinking of rest.

"I wonder when Louise will come home?" said the young girl, after a long silence.

"There is the dress of a duchess to be finished to-night, and I suppose she must sit up," resignedly answered her mother—"besides it is not twelve o'clock yet, Rosalie. Ah!" added she, turning up her eyes towards the ceiling, "I little thought that my Louise—who is a perfect fairy, that can do what she likes with her needle, that can sew, stitch, and darn, and as for mending stockings"—

"Poor Louise," interrupted Rosalie, with a deep sigh—"how hard she has to work to support us; and to think," she added in a lower tone, "that do what I will, I can only earn a few *sous* a day!" And, as if the thought had inspired her with new energy, she once more feverishly bent her drooping form over the wearisome task

The church bell struck one, when a low knock at the door startled the two females. The mother rose, and admitted the new comer, who silently entered the room. This was Louise, her eldest daughter.

Louise Marchand was not more than twenty-three, yet the maturity of mind her features expressed might easily have misled a casual observer as to her real age. She was not handome, but her clear open brow was full of intelligence and resolve, whilst her gentle glance and gentler smile imparted to her countenance a more than common charm. Without laying by her shawl, for the room was cold and damp, Louise approached her sister, and seating herself near her, anxiously observed, as she drew the tired girl towards her—"Why do you work so late, my poor Rosalie? Mother, is this right? *She*, at least, should have rest!"

"Why, Louise," answered Madame Marchand, in a low tone, "you earn so little, and my sight is so bad, that I am obliged to make her help me: otherwise, heaven knows she should not work so much, poor child."

Rosalie, whose head had been reclining on her sister's bosom, started up as she heard this, and opening her weary and half-closed eyes, feverishly exclaimed—"Nay, I can work, mother—indeed, I must finish my task, Louise."

"Hush, child!" said her sister—"you have toiled enough to-day. You must sleep now, in order to be strong for to-morrow's work," she soothingly added, helping her mother, as she spoke thus, to undress the wearied girl, whom they gently laid down in the bed, where she was soon fast asleep. For several minutes Louise hung over her in mournful silence, tenderly gazing on her sister's wan and delicate features, and shuddering at the inward thought which for some months past had crossed her mind—but no, so young, it could not be.

From this sad and silent scrutiny, Louise turned towards the table, and took up her sister's work. When she laid it by, and looked up, she perceived that her mother, overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep on her chair. Louise gently took the work from her unresisting hand, and finished it likewise, for she knew that it was to be given back early the next morning; and, though her dim eyes often closed over the task, she did not awaken her mother until it was done. She then gently roused her up, and merely said—"Mother, it is past two, and our work is finished—we may now go to rest." There was a melancholy bitterness in her tone, as she spoke thus, which did not escape her mother's notice.

"Child," said she, gazing sadly on the pallid features of her daughter, "I can bear much; but it is too bad to see one that can sew, stitch, and darn like you—ay, and mend—but enough," she added, interrupting herself, "I merely meant to say that this life will kill you."

'No, no, it will not kill me, mother—not me," exclaimed Louise, turning, as though with an irresistible impulse, towards the bed, as she uttered the words.

Her mother grew pale. "You cannot mean that Rosalie"—

"Nay, I meant nothing," hurriedly interrupted Louise—"heed not my words. But though I could endure a great deal myself—for I know how to suffer—is it not too hard for her, a mere child yet, mother, to have to work so much? And then, to see her thus growing paler day by day, and becoming so wan and thin that my heart sinks within me when I come home at night, and find her so changed from the rosy, merry child that formerly filled the place with gladness."

As she spoke thus, the eyes of Louise stood full of tears, and her mother's flowed apace; for, though both had long been silently watching over the declining health of the drooping child, they had each forborne to speak on the subject. Louise was the first to rally.

"Mother," said she gently, "forgive me for having grieved you. Indeed, I meant it not; and who knows but that our rose may not bloom again, pale though she now be?" And with a faint attempt to smile, she looked towards the bed, but the wan features of Rosalie, whose head was now turned towards them in sleep, checked even the momentary feeling. Madame Marchand and her daughter exchanged a mournful glance; and whilst the mother silently took her place by the side of the sleeping girl, Louise retired to rest on the thin mattrass which was placed for her every night on the cold brick flooring of the room, and formed her only bed.

Louise and Rosalie Marchand were the daughters of a small tradesman, whose recent death on the eve of bankruptcy had reduced them and their mother to great embarrassment. But Louise possessed an energetic and courageous temper, and though she had, through the improvidence of her parents, little or no education, she had studied alone, and hers was not an entirely uninformed mind. As her mother truly said, she was very expert with her needle, and soon found work at a fashionable dressmaker's, who gave her about fifteenpence a day without her board; when she was obliged to sit up late she earned a few half-pence more. But notwithstanding her constant exertions this did not suffice for the support of three persons; and her mother and Rosalie were soon obliged to take in some easy needlework which was however scarcely remunerated. They all three toiled incessantly, and exercised the severest self-denial, yet it was with difficulty that with their slender earnings they could live and pay their rent. Louise had a strong, noble heart, but it almost sank beneath the weight of her cares; for herself she could have submissively borne much

more, but to see her sister, her darling child, the pet who, whatever privation there might have been formerly in their humble home, had never even suspected its existence, to see *her* also toil and suffer, it seemed too much and more than human heart could bear. And sad was Louise's heart indeed when she sank to sleep on her pallet, and fervent her prayer in behalf of that sister whose welfare was to her far dearer than her own.

The next day Louise went out, as usual, early in the morning; when she came home at night, her mother silently handed her a letter with a black seal. She took it with a trembling hand, and hastened to look at the signature: "Catherine Deschamps," said she with surprise; "are you sure the letter is for us, mother? we know no person of that name."

Her mother made no reply, but merely motioned her to read. Louise silently obeyed. The purport of the letter, which was addressed to Madame Marchand, was to inform her that Madame Brunet, a great-aunt of her husband's, who kept a small girls' school in the Faubourg Vaugirard, being lately deceased, and having left no other heirs than Louise and Rosalie, the school and all her goods and furniture, the value of which did not exceed two or three hundred *francs*, were now the property of the two sisters. The writer of this letter, who being Madame Brunet's friend, had attended to the school during her last illness, seemed desirous of keeping it, and offered the sum of five hundred *francs* (20*l.*) to Madame Marchand's daughters for this privilege.

When she had read this letter, Louise fell into a deep reverie. She had never seen the deceased, and all she knew of her was that she was of a cold and selfish disposition. She could therefore feel little or no sorrow, but poor as they were, hers was no untimely gladness at the prospect of an inheritance; she neither mourned nor rejoiced, and yet she thought deeply and of many things. She thought of her mother, of her sister Rosalie, and of her declining health; what could five hundred *francs* do for them? The money would soon be spent and then they must resume their present mode of life, and Rosalie must pine and droop once more. But if the school could but be theirs, how different would everything be? And her busy fancy already showed her her own figure before a desk at the head of the school-room, with Rosalie, as fresh and rosy as ever, on the foremost bench, whilst Madame Marchand sat near the window in the warm sunshine, mending the clothes of one of the boarders. But the dream was soon broken; she looked round, beheld the damp dreary room, saw her mother's aged and shivering frame, and Rosalie's pale countenance bending over her work, and she sank once more into a gloomy and abstracted mood, bitterly regretting her imperfect education, which now seemed the only bar to happiness.

This was at all times a sore subject with Louise. As a child she had shown tokens of a singularly studious disposition; her parents had been advised to send her to school, but though they consented to let her learn how to read and write, they refused to give her any further education. What could they do, they said, with a learned daughter? How was she to earn her bread? This illiberal mode of thinking was the cause of much future toil and privation for their two daughters, for though Rosalie had received more instruction than Louise, the little she knew, joined to her youth, prevented its being of any use.

But the hour of repentance was already come for Madame Marchand; she saw how, but for her imprudence Louise would, now be in a fair way of earning her bread, in a manner not only more advantageous to them all, but also far more suitable to her daughter's tastes and feelings.

"Ah! Louise," she sadly exclaimed; "why did we not let you study formerly when we could have afforded it; though, to be sure, I always thought that if a woman knew how to sew, stitch, and darn, and"——

"Let the past be forgotten, mother," firmly observed Louise, whilst a shade of sadness crossed her features, "we will speak no more of this, but accept the offer made to us; I dare say it is a fair one."

But though they spoke no more on the subject, it was not forgotten, and Madame Marchand and Rosalie more than once noticed Louise's abstracted and thoughtful mood during the first few days that followed the receipt of the letter. Towards the close of the week, Louise, accompanied by her mother and sister, went to the school: it was situated in a pleasant, airy street, and they found Madame Deschamps engaged in giving the children their lessons. She was an agreeable and sensible looking woman; the school-room was just as Louise's fancy had pictured it—somewhat small, but sunny and cheerful. About twelve or fifteen girls, belonging to the poorer classes of life, but decently clad and in evidently good health, were seated round a square table, conning over their lessons and filling the room with their low murmuring hum. Madame Marchand sighed as she saw this scene of simple comfort, but Louise appeared to be much interested in everything she witnessed, and closely questioned Madame Deschamps concerning the manner in which she instructed her pupils, the books she used, and the progress they made.

"The school does not bring in much now, but with better management than that of your late aunt it could be rendered more productive," observed Madame Deschamps, as she concluded answering her questions, "and if you will accept of the sum I offer"——

"I thank you," calmly replied Louise, "but I shall keep the school myself."

The teacher and her mother stared at her in silent astonishment. "And, moreover," continued Louise, "if you will engage to administer faithfully this school for me during six months, I will give you a hundred *francs*, besides the usual salary paid in such cases."

"Louise," cried her mother, "are you dreaming?"

"No, mother," she quietly answered, "I am fully sensible of what I am doing for my own advantage and for that of Rosalie."

"But do you know," exclaimed the teacher, who had scarcely yet recovered from her surprise, "that to have a school like this, it is not only necessary to *know* a great deal, but even to pass two public examinations; and that as I have as yet only passed one, I cannot legally keep this school open, unless through the tolerance of the mayor of the *arrondissement*, who, according to a general custom, kindly allows young schoolmistresses time to study and pass their examinations: do you know this?"

"I know it," calmly replied Louise, "and I pondered all this over before I made up my mind. I have been to the Hôtel de Ville, and procured a list of all that is to be studied for the first examination. Thus I see," said she, drawing forth a printed paper from her bosom, "that it is neces-

sary to know how to read and write, to understand grammar, have a knowledge of sacred and ecclesiastical history, and thoroughly comprehend the new system of decimal arithmetic. I know how to read and write already; I have studied grammar alone; the rest I can learn by books."

There was a calm decision in Louise's tone which showed that her resolve was fixed. Her mother heard her in silent wonder, yet she did not dream of contradicting or opposing her, for she knew enough of Louise's strong good sense to be certain that she would always choose the right path. "Ay, ay," said she, solemnly addressing the teacher, "she has said it, and she will do it, I'll warrant you, for she can turn her fingers to anything; and, indeed, in sewing, stitching, and mending stockings, no one that *I* know ever came near her."

Although not quite struck with the logic of this reasoning, the teacher did not seek to dissuade Louise from fulfilling her intention, but gazed on the intelligent features of the young dressmaker with mingled wonder and admiration. "Be it so," she said at length; "do your will, for I verily believe that you are destined to succeed."

"Ay, that you are, Louise," cried Rosalie, who with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes had till then silently listened to her sister's plan; "I am sure," she vehemently added, "that you will succeed; yes, I am sure of it."

Six months had passed away.

It was night, and again the dull light of the lamp shone through the room. Louise sat near the table, with writing materials and a pile of books before her. Her brow was reclining on her hand, and her thoughtful glance had wandered from the open volume which lay on the table, towards the bed where Rosalie slumbered almost within her reach. Poor Rosalie was paler and thinner than ever, yet there was less sadness than formerly in the gaze of her sister, as it now rested on her sleeping features, for hope whispered that all would soon be over, and that ere long Rosalie would be as happy and gay, and free from wearing toil, as she had ever been. On the next day, Louise Marchand, the dressmaker, was to pass her first examination.

But how much of hard incessant labour had she endured for this? And how much of patient noble suffering did that pale brow and paler cheek reveal, telling of days spent in the work which was to secure her daily bread, and of the many cold winter nights devoted to study and mental toil. But these trials were past, and Louise thought no more of them, for her end was attained: to-morrow was the day.

It would be tedious to relate how, during the last six months, Louise, almost without any other aid than that afforded by books—for she was too poor to be able to pay for the assistance of masters—had perfected herself in those acquirements necessary for the first examination of schoolmistresses. She had a naturally strong and quick mind, and as she saw in study no other difficulties than those it really offers, it was without much effort, though certainly not without both time and labour, that she mastered the requisite knowledge; which, though it made her cheek grow pale and thin, imparted a more lofty and intellectual expression to her thoughtful features. Whilst Louise was engaged in gazing on her sister, and forming many a plan for the future, Madame Marchand entered the room. For a while neither she nor her daughter spoke. The latter at length broke through this silence, by observing with seeming calmness—"I have just received a letter, mother: to-morrow is the day."

"To-morrow!" echoed Madame Marchand, in a low tone.

"To-morrow!" eagerly repeated Rosalie, who was now awake.

There followed a long silence. Louise was the first to speak. "I have worked hard," she said, in a low yet calm voice, "and I believe I am prepared. I trust in God, and fear not the result. If it be evil, heaven's will be done. It was no worldly ambition that induced me to make the trial, but a motive for which I would risk far more than I have done." She turned as she spoke towards Rosalie, who tenderly embraced her.

"But Louise," said the young girl, after a short pause, "you speak as though you were not certain of succeeding. Did I not say you should succeed, from the very first?"

It was somewhat strange, but, indeed, from the beginning of Louise's studies, Rosalie had persisted in asserting "that she would succeed—that she could not fail;" and from that moment her whole soul seemed absorbed in her sister's progress. She thought and spoke of nothing else: it was the only topic which could interest her. She was continually forming plans which were to be realised when Louise was schoolmistress: all her hopes and wishes were centred on this engrossing thought. There was in this passionate desire a morbid feeling, doubtless to be attributed to her delicate state of health, which awoke the solicitude of Louise and her mother. They tried to divert her mind from the subject, but it was in vain. Rosalie only grew sad and melancholy on being thwarted, and they were obliged to let her have her way.

On the present occasion, although as she gazed on her two daughters, and listened to them, her eyes grew dim with tears—Madame Marchand apparently wishing not to seem moved, and perhaps also to put a stop to their discourse—almost abruptly reminded them that it was fully time to go to bed, and that they were only wasting lamp-oil by staying up so long. Louise heard her in silence, and obeyed by immediately retiring to rest, though both Rosalie and her mother observed that she first prayed for a longer space of time than usual.

Morning came. The day was a bright sunny one in March; and Madame Marchand and her two daughters were up at an early hour. When their frugal breakfast was over, they went out, and directed their steps along the quays towards the Hôtel de Ville, or Town-house, of Paris, where the examinations take place. Louise was calm and thoughtful; her mother could not conceal her agitation; but Rosalie, who seemed to be in excellent spirits, talked and laughed the whole of the way, indulging in the brightest anticipations. There was, however, in her manner a degree of feverishness and wild gaiety which alarmed her sister.

"Rosalie," said she earnestly, "do not hope for too much; for after all, I may be rejected, you know."

"No, no, Louise, that cannot be," exclaimed the young girl. "I am sure you will be successful; and if it were not to be so," she vehemently added, "I should die of grief—so say no more about it."

"Nay, Rosalie," observed Louise, stopping short, and speaking with evident anxiety, "for heaven's sake do not be so sanguine; and if I am rejected,

do not let it prey upon your mind, for I can make another trial, and all will be right again."

Rosalie's features fell on hearing this. "No," she sadly said; "if you are once rejected, I know you will not try again. But I am sorry you have said all this, Louise; for I already felt quite glad, being certain you would be accepted, and now I am sad again."

Her heart was so evidently set upon Louise's success, that her sister had not the courage to depress her spirits any further. She endeavoured to comfort her, and easily succeeded in the task; for in an instant Rosalie brightened up again, and was as merry as before. Yet, though Louise knew not why, her sister's confidence, far from inspiring her with a similar feeling, seemed to her an omen of coming evil.

When they reached the portal of the Hôtel de Ville, both Louise and her mother paused, and turned pale. But Rosalie only laughed, and gently reproached them for their want of faith. "Come along," she encouragingly exclaimed—"when we cross this threshold again, it will be with a patent of *aptitude* for Louise."

"Heaven grant, indeed, that it may be so," tremulously exclaimed Madame Marchand, as they passed under the gateway, and ascended the marble staircase leading to the hall, where the examination was to take place.

This apartment, for hall it cannot properly be termed, is a square room, with two windows looking out on the Place de Grève. Ladies alone have the right of being admitted to it. A table covered with green baize stands near the mantelpiece. The examiners, three gentlemen and two ladies, are seated at the head of the table near the fire; the *postulantes*, or candidates, have chairs opposite them, at the lower end. Behind and around them, benches are disposed for the accommodation of the spectators of this scene; which, though it might appear simple enough to an indifferent observer, is generally fraught with deep interest for future candidates, and the friends of the ladies on the point of being examined.

When Louise entered with her mother and sister, the proceedings had not yet begun, the places of the examiners were vacant, but the room was almost full, and three ladies were already seated at the table. Louise looked for convenient seats for her mother and sister, but could find none save at the lower end of the room, where the figures of the persons on the foremost benches almost entirely concealed from them what was going on in front. Scarcely were they seated, when the examiners entered the room. Louise bade Rosalie a hasty farewell, and took her place at the table, where her appearance seemed to excite universal attention. The truth was, that Louise was not only simply, but poorly clad; and her thin cotton dress, faded shawl, and plain white cap, seemed somewhat at variance with her intelligent features, and above all with the position she occupied. The bonnet is in France a distinctive mark of female gentility; servants and working women are seldom to be seen in it. Of late years, however, many smart working girls of Paris have stoutly asserted their right to appear in this important article of female dress; but Louise was not of them. She still adhered to the traditional white cap, and although she might not have been unwilling on the present occasion to alter that portion of her head-dress, still, as purchasing a bonnet in their state of poverty was not to be thought of, she had, after giving it a passing sigh, wholly dismissed the subject from her mind. Fortunately for her, for it might have slightly annoyed her, she did not perceive the attention she now excited; and, more fortunately still, was unaware that, through the garrulous anxiety of her mother, her whole history, from her childhood up to that very hour, had become the theme of conversation at the lower end of the room.

Rosalie was in the centre of the group, yet she heard or heeded not the busy comments around her; her whole soul was wrapped up in her sister, and when Louise turned towards her, she met that same wild and feverish gaze which had already alarmed her. Her heart, which had been beating high with expectation a moment before, now sank within her again: she felt wretched and disturbed, not knowing whether, in Rosalie's agitated state of mind, the effect her success might produce was not as much to be feared as a failure.

A question addressed to one of her companions by an examiner aroused Louise from these painful reflections. The hum of conversation, which had till then been heard in the room, suddenly became hushed, and a deep deadlike stillness immediately prevailed. This gave Louise time to rally her spirits, yet she did not dare to trust herself with another look at her sister. After a few more preliminary questions and answers, the examination began in earnest. Louise was the first called upon to explain a difficulty in grammar propounded by one of the examiners. When she began to speak, her voice faltered, and could scarcely be heard; but encouraged by the visible kindness of the gentleman who had questioned her, she gathered confidence, and answered in a distinct and audible tone. From being of a simple and elementary cast, the questions gradually became more difficult; and as they chiefly related to those minute shades which render the study of French perplexing even for the French themselves, Louise, instead of hastily answering at random, as some of her companions did, took time to consider her replies, which generally proved correct. The questions on syntax and on the participle past, that criterion of French grammarians, she likewise answered with a clearness, simplicity, and self-possession, that astonished the examiners, but which proceeded from the natural earnestness of her character. Her companions were almost equally successful; and the hum of approbation which followed, showed that even in the opinion of the spectators the candidates had passed triumphantly through the ordeal.

There was a pause of rest during which, though she did not rise from her seat the glance of Louise sought out her mother and sister. Madame Marchand was evidently very much flurried and agitated; for, regardless of the place where she was, she audibly commended "her dear child," praising her skill in needle-work, stocking mending, &c., to the skies, and by the most extraordinary gestures encouraging her to go on. Louise smiled kindly on her mother whilst her glance rested on Rosalie. The young girl has not changed her attitude since the beginning of the examination; she still stood in the same spot, half bent forward in order to see and hear better; her cheeks were very much flushed, but her earnest gaze did not seek out Louise nor even notice her now, for it was rivetted with deep and thrilling interest on the examiner who had questioned her sister last, as though to read her doom in his features. After a short pause of rest, during which more than one eager and inquiring glance had been directed towards the young and—as many did not scruple to term her—ambitious dressmaker—the examination was resumed.

The subject was now sacred and ecclesiastical history; this is generally considered the easiest part of the whole examination; as a general though accurate knowledge of the leading events of both histories is alone required to pass through it successfully. This was the case with all the candidates, Louise included. But though a hum of satisfaction once more pervaded the assembly, it was soon hushed for the real trial, that of arithmetic, with the decimal system of weights and measures, was going to begin.

Most of the rejected *postulantes* may indeed attribute their ill success to arithmetic; in a competent knowledge of which they often show themselves deficient, either because they have not thoroughly studied the science, or owing to the embarrassment they feel on being thus questioned in public. Besides this, little or no time is given for reflection, the candidate must answer at once or not at all.

When Louise therefore stood up—for she was again questioned first—and with a slate-pencil in her hand approached the large black board suspended on the wall, a feeling of trepidation which she vainly endeavoured to subdue came over her. This time she met Rosalie's glance, for it was now fixed upon her, but with an expression of eager and breathless interest that helped to unsettle her thoughts. She scarcely heard the question of the examiner and made an incoherent and inaudible reply. Considering this as merely the effect of natural timidity he repeated the question; Louise made an effort and answered it correctly, though in a low faltering tone. Encouraged, however, by the kindness of his manner, she soon rallied, and as from the mere elementary nature and functions of arithmetic, the examiner proceeded to its more abstract portion, and from that again to the decimal system, she answered his questions with the same clearness and self-possession she had already displayed. But as she was on the point of solving a rather intricate qnestion which he had just then put to her, in order to try her powers still further, Louise unfortunately met the glance of her sister, whose eager and beaming countenance seemed to announce the joy she felt at her coming triumph. Instead, however, of encouraging her, this look appeared to paralyse her efforts, and suddenly deprive her of the power to proceed. As long as she forgot herself and all that was staked on her success, to think of nothing but the difficulties she had to solve, Louise had remained collected and calm, but now a host of recollections crowded her mind; she anticipated the consequences of a rejection, and, with a single glance, saw all the misery it would entail—the ruin of her hopes—her mother's grief and bitter regrets, and Rosalie's mute despair—nay, might not even her death ensue?—want and sorrow can do much. In vain she endeavoured to chase the thoughts away, to fix her mind on the question she had to answer, and for one minute at least to think of nothing else—she could not; and there she stood, the pencil in her hand, gazing on the board, with a fixed despairing glance, whilst her pale lips quivered convulsively and told of the deep agony within. The kind-hearted examiner, who now evidently regretted having tried her so far, in vain endeavoured, by repeating the question in his most gentle tone, to encourage her; she sought to rally, but there was a mist over her sight which would not pass away. A murmur of compasson ran through the room—for all now felt interested in the poor girl's fate—it was almost instantly hushed again, in the hope that she would speak—she remained silent—one of the ladies near her could not resist the impulse, she bent forward and whispered in a low tone the required solution—the stern glance and frown of the examiners, who guessed her intention, came too late to check her—the thing was done—it was useless; Louise could not even heed her; the words reached her ear, but went no farther; she thanked her by a glance, for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth and she could not speak, then gazing on the board with a smile of utter despair she sadly shook her head and sank down on a seat close by.

Disappointment and sorrow might have been read in every face around her; but she saw nothing and did not even once look behind towards the spot where Rosalie and her mother sate. The examiner gazed on her with evident pity, then reluctantly bade another of the ladies arise and take her place near the board; she obeyed, and slowly advanced towards it. Louise watched her every movement with the most eager interest, yet her heart sank within her, and when she saw her preparing to efface the figures she had attempted to trace, she felt as though her last hope were gone, and silently bowed down her face into her hands.

A stifled moan was heard. The lady paused and looked towards the lower end of the room; she could see nothing. After another pause she slowly turned round—then started back: within a few paces of her now stood Louise.

"Poor girl," said the lady in a pitying tone, "do not attempt it again; if you are rejected now, you will succeed another time."

Louise made no reply, but in a gentle though authoritative manner motioned her away. The lady gazed on her in silent surprise—her features were rigid and very pale—yet she instinctively complied, and moved back a few steps. There was a pause of breathless astonishment throughout the room; all looked on with eager interest, and the examiners themselves, accustomed as they were to such scenes, could not turn their eyes away from the young girl, as she now stood once more before the board, with the pencil in her hand.

For a few seconds, she remained in the same attitude, like one gathering all her strength for the coming effort; then she slowly began to seek the solution of the problem proposed to her, hurrying on as she proceeded, and as though fearing that her powers should fail her a second time. The kind examiner's sympathy was again awakened, and his glance was following every motion of her pencil with strong interest, when his features suddenly fell—whether through exhaustion, or because she was at a loss, he knew not, but Louise had paused in the very middle of her task—he brightened up again, for she had resumed her place, and was now rapidly covering the board with figures; once more he watched her with eager interest, and when figure after figure had been traced, and she paused a second time, he fairly rubbed his hands with delight, for the required solution was now there legibly traced before him.

But the effort seemed to have exhausted Louise; unconscious of the joyful and approving murmur which might be heard around her, she merely looked for the countenance of Rosalie; though still pale from the effect of recent anxiety, it was now beaming with the purest joy, whilst Madame Marchand's features were literally bathed with tears. Louise smiled faintly, and clasping her hands together, raised a glance of deep gratitude to heaven; then, as though overcome by her feel-

ings, she tottered towards her seat, on which she sank down in an almost fainting state.

Although the greatest trial was over, the examination was not yet ended; but by the time her companions had been questioned on arithmetic, Louise was somewhat more collected, and could again bestow all her attention on the proceedings. She was now requested, with the three other candidates, to write a short account of Esther's history, such as it has been transmitted to us by the Scriptures. This was to test their talent for composition, and only twenty minutes were allowed to them to accomplish the task. When the time had elapsed, they each successively read their essay aloud, but it was somewhat peculiar that only Louise's was quite finished. After making a few remarks on the essays before them, and on style and composition in general, the examiners rose from their seats. The dreaded moment was now come. Louise instinctively grew pale, but she did not dare to cast a look on either her mother or Rosalie. They were both deeply agitated, and their earnest glance followed the retreating forms of the examiners as they silently withdrew into the next room, to decide on the respective merits of the candidates.

Five minutes elapsed; never did five minutes seem so long. The examiners came out again, and sate down amidst the dead silence that prevailed in the apartment. After indulging in a prefatory cough, one of the examiners began to speak; previously stating, that he and his colleagues had unanimously agreed on the following decision, he thus continued, in a clear, deliberate tone:—"All the candidates are accepted, but"— here he paused and looked at Louise, who turned upon him a sudden and terrified glance—"but," he gravely added, "it is only fair to state," that for both natural and acquired talent, Louise Marchand deserves the first mention."

From this moment until that when she found herself near her mother and sister, Louise heard or saw nothing. Excess of joy had caused Rosalie to faint away, but a glass of cold water soon brought her back to consciousness. Her first thoughts were for her sister. "Where is she?" she eagerly exclaimed.

"Here, dear Rosalie," answered Louise, bending over her; and, heedless of the place where they were, embracing her tenderly.

"Yes, yes, I knew it all," cried the young girl, who was still a little feverish; "I told you it would be so, Louise, though you would not believe me; you are accepted; I knew it. Oh, we shall all be so happy now!" and, unable to restrain her emotion any longer, she burst into tears.

Louise was too deeply moved to speak, but wishing to retire, for she felt that the glances of all were fixed upon them, she gently raised up Rosalie, and with the aid of her mother led her out of the room. When they were once more on the quays, the cool air of the river quite restored the young girl, and though she still felt a little weak, and was more than once compelled to rest on the way, yet it was in a glad and thankful mood that both she and her mother bent their steps towards their humble home. But sincere as it was, what was their gladness to the deep fervent gratitude which filled to overflowing the heart of Louise? They rejoiced in the prospect of happier days, rendered more sweet by the remembrance of past trials and sufferings; but *she* rejoiced, to know that through her means, humble as she was, heaven had at last granted repose to her mother's declining years and health, and life to her darling sister: and well might she rejoice to have accomplished a task of which the aim was so noble and so pure.

A year had passed away.

This time we shall not find Louise in the damp cold room, seated by the dull light of the lamp; no, for her dream was realised at last, and she was now seated at her desk in the sunny school-room with Rosalie, more fresh and blooming than she had ever been by her side; whilst her mother, who had risen from her arm-chair near the window, eyed with secret satisfaction the numerous scholars who now left the apartment in good order, this being the usual hour of recreation, when all the children were dismissed into the garden to play; in a few minutes none remained in the room save Louise, her mother, and Rosalie.

"Louise," gravely said Madame Marchand, "we want more benches."

"The room will hold no more than there are in it already, mother," replied Louise.

"If your scholars go on increasing as they have done for the last month, you must take a larger school-room."

"Well, but mother, I think that I have already a sufficient number of scholars; indeed, I can scarcely manage them all as it is."

"Nonsense, I know better than that," replied Madame Marchand; "cannot you turn your fingers to anything? cannot you sew, stitch, darn, and mend stockings?"

"Nay, mother," interrupted Louise with a smile, "that proves nothing."

"It proves," insisted her mother, "that you can do what you like. Did you not pass your first examination in the most brilliant manner?"

"Ah! mother," sighed Louise, "you may recollect that I very nearly failed."

"Ay," observed Rosalie, "but you know, Louise, that when six months afterwards you passed your second examination, you were as collected as though nothing were the matter."

"Yes," said Louise, looking kindly on her young sister, "I was strong then; we were already happily settled here, and you, Rosalie, looked almost as well as you do now; I felt that there was not staked so much on my failure or success."

"Still," persisted Rosalie, "I think mother is right: and it is very wonderful that you, a poor working girl, should in so short a space of time conquer so many obstacles."

"There was nothing wonderful in that, child," earnestly replied Louise, "I had an aim for which I would have risked far more than I did, and which strengthened my wavering faith. And dost thou not know," she added with a smile, "that one of our favourite authors has said:—"there is nought so high or so mighty on earth, but that love and faith will overcome.'"

Louise Marchand is no ideal being; she is a fair representative of a numerous and worthy class of French society; her sufferings and trials have not been exaggerated, and, although many young schoolmistresses have not had to contend with the difficulties she experienced, a far greater number have owned as humble an origin, and toiled like her to obtain a rank in life which, while it seldom bestows riches or fame, requires from those who seek it the performance of arduous, though noble and cheering duties.

From her history it will be seen that the French schoolmistress, before she undertakes to instruct others, has to study herself, and to pass through an

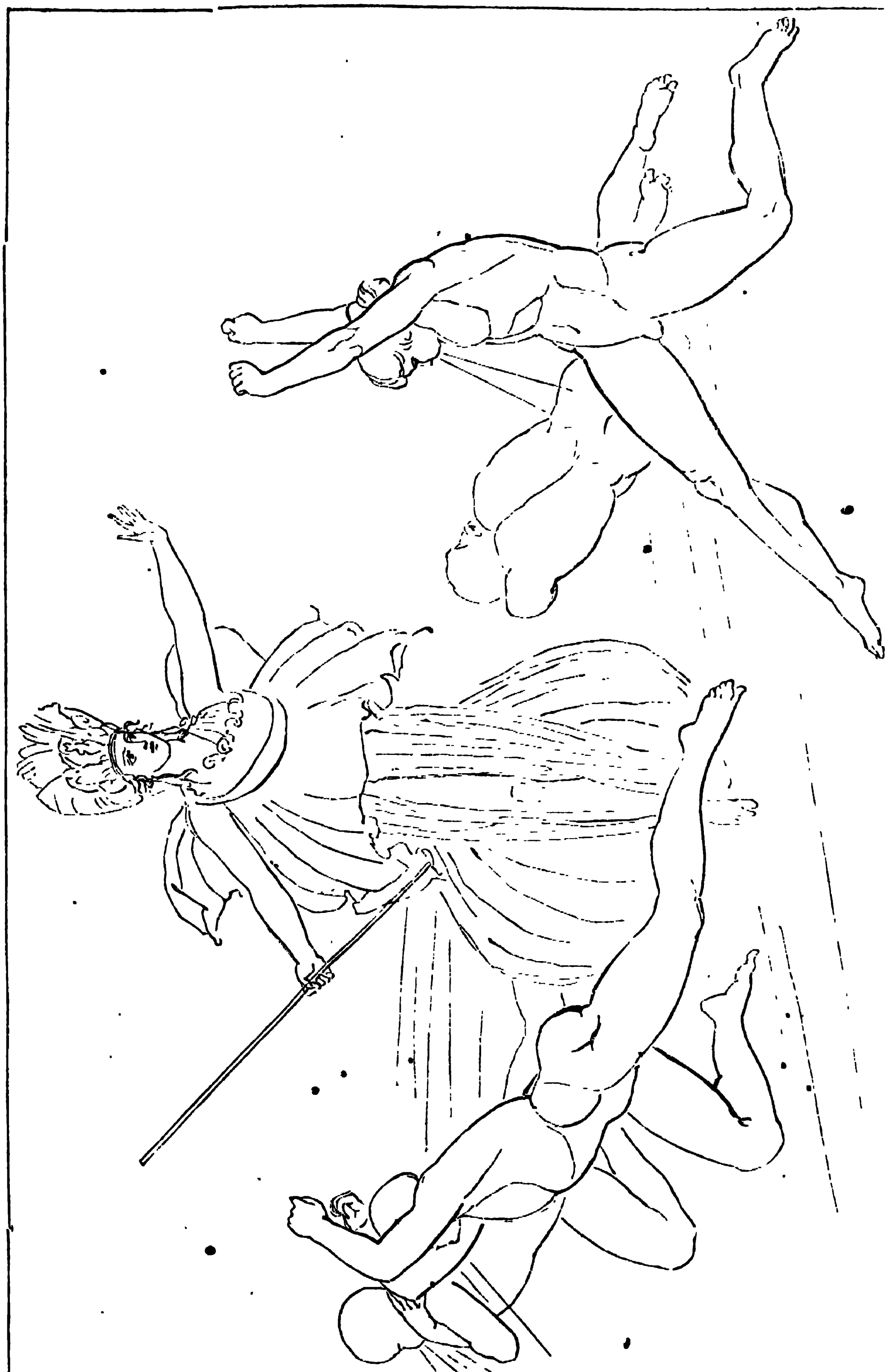
ordeal calculated to test her powers and strengthen her own confidence in them. That such is not the case in England, and in every civilised country, must be a subject of regret to every thinking mind; and that such should be the case is what we meant to show by our narrative.

JUNO DISPATCHING AND RECEIVING THE WINDS.

We this week lay before our readers an engraving in outline, from an unpublished sketch, from the pencil of Flaxman. A gentleman, himself occupying a high position in Art, has opened to us his portfolio, rich in sketches by this great sculptor, and allowed us to select from time to time such as we might wish to lay before our readers. We are perfectly aware that there are many subjects which we might select from the studios of living artists that would prove more attractive to the masses, but the aim of this portion of the *People's Journal* has ever been to teach rather than to merely please, to inculcate by slow degrees a taste for what is noble and high in Art, rather than to satisfy a vulgar craving for pretty pictures. Our readers must not therefore turn away dissatisfied, if they fail to perceive at once the full beauty of the design we this week set before them. We must be as little children, before we can dare to pass judgment upon works of high Art, such as Flaxman's, that have received the homage of men of educated taste throughout the world. We have given the design the title of "Juno dispatching and receiving the Winds." We confess, however, to have done so quite at a venture, and in the absence of any certainty as to what subject it really represents. Neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey* gives us any clue to its meaning. We do not know if this sketch was ever seen by Mr. Mulready, but it suggests most forcibly the design for the postage cover drawn by that accomplished artist, and which an ignorant public turned into so much ridicule. If we substitute Britannia for Juno, and make the four winds starting off in each direction of the compass, we have it at once, only, we must confess, inferior in vigour of composition and drawing to this beautiful production. What can be more expressive of the action of the sudden checking of a runner at his swiftest speed, than the figure of the wind who has just arrived, with his arms thrown high over his head, as if he wished to stop his way by the resistance of the air? Again, the figure behind him, with his shoulder thrown forward, like some strong swimmer scudding luxuriously along —it seems marvellous how such a floating power could be given him. On the other side of Juno, the two winds are springing off upon their appointed errands; yet their feet touch no fulcrum, neither is there any starting point visible. The propelling power dwells in the wonderful vigour and truth of the drawing.

The lounger who might have been passing along New-street, Covent Garden, about the year 1765, as he stopped for a moment at a shop where plaster figures were sold, would have seen a little child seated in a small chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter. Occasionally he would put down his book, and seizing his chalk, endeavour to embody the glowing fancies which its pages called up. This youth, this poor cripple who could not move a step without his crutches, was destined to become in after time the greatest sculptor that modern times has produced. In his father's image shop he might have remained hidden for life, however, but for one fortunate circumstance which at once put him in the glorious track which his feet pursued undeviatingly till his peaceful end.

All honour to the good clergyman, Mr. Matthews, who opened to him the pure springs issuing from the classic fount! all honour to his gentle wife, who encouraged the feeble fancy of the boy-artist, as she read and explained to him the vivid pictures of Homer and Virgil, instilling into his mind those ideas which in after years ripened into conceptions which gave a deeper meaning to the song of the blind bard than the world had yet discovered. Flaxman entered early at the Academy, and gained the friendship of Blake and Stothard, both of whom were doubtless instrumental in moulding his genius. From Blake he imbibed the wild and terrible: the alembic of his own mind guiding and tempering the gloomy spirit as it passed into his mind: it might be that he gathered from the Swedenborgian many of those strange visions of heaven and of angels, to be found in his *Inferno*. From Stothard, he doubtless gained much of the female grace which distinguishes his drawings. The early portion of Flaxman's life was a struggle for the means of subsistence. He was obliged to put aside his far visions, to earn his daily bread of Mr. Wedgewood, in furnishing those designs for pottery which were the means of elevating this important manufacture to the eminence it has since attained. How strangely the course of events sometimes turns upon a single circumstance. The want of the common necessaries of life upon the part of a poor artist resulted in the founding of a staple manufacture which has since sustained hundreds of thousands in comfort! Flaxman married early, and so interesting an anecdote is related in connection with this event, that we cannot refrain from relating it. Sir Joshua Reynolds, it appears, met him one day and said "I am told you are married—if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist!" Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in church, and Ann Denman (his wife's maiden name) has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage ruined me in my profession." Flaxman was very proud, and this remark determined him to rise to eminence in his profession, and to proceed to Italy for that purpose. Five years elapsed before he could put his determination into force. And in Rome he gained the height of his ambition by the production of his illustrations of Homer, Dante, and Æschylus; three works that stamp him as one of the greatest artists since the Italian era. We doubt much whether the Greeks themselves so thoroughly understood the spirit of their own sculpture as Flaxman. We know nothing in the antique more pure than the designs for Homer; and he added to this purity a suggestiveness which we look for in vain in Greek art. In the Dante Illustrations he has as completely entered into the glowing spirit of the great Italian poem. Never has artist expressed so much by so few lines, as in the noble draped figures of those illustrations. "The Procession of Hypocrites"—four figures completely enveloped in full folding cloaks—is marvellous for the mysterious dread with which it fills one. Upon Flaxman's return from Italy, he rapidly gained commissions;



JUNO RECEIVING AND DISPATCHING THE WINDS.

By Flaxman.

but it appears that he was the same simple-minded, frugal man as in his youth, for Allan Cunningham gives the following description of his studio:—"He received me with his hat in his hand, and conducted me into his little studio, among models and sketches. There was but one chair, and a small barrel, which held coals, with a board laid over it. On the former he seated me, and occupied the latter himself, after having removed a favourite black cat, who seemed to consider the act ungracious." His last great work was the shield of Achilles, which will descend to all posterity as a monument to his fame. He died on the 7th of December, 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age, with the reputation of being one of the best men and greatest geniuses of his time.

A FEW WORDS ON GEORGE SAND'S "ANDRE."*

By Miss Jewsbury.

André, is the number for March, of the monthly series now appearing of George Sand's works. It is beautifully rendered. The grace and subtilty, the indescribable charm which pervades George Sand's style is given with excellent transparency and flexibility. The translator has, so to speak, caught the rythm of George Sand's composition, and re-produced it in English; so that the present work is entirely free from the hardness which hangs over the general run of translations.

André is one of those subtle and delicately-drawn characters, in which George Sand excels, in the development of which her genius peculiarly lies.

André is a man, whose *moral* organisation is that of a *woman*—full of delicate perceptions, beautiful sentiments, extreme purity of soul—gentle, timid, shrinking from a harsh word as if it were a blow—capable of intense *passive* endurance, and yet not equal to a courageous effort at self-deliverance, except in a moment of desperation. When excited from his habitual apathy, André rushes madly hither and thither like an owl in the sunshine, dashing against every danger, incapable of guiding himself in any way—doing the rashest things, until the spasm of activity subsides; and then, equally unable to retract what he has done or to adopt the consequences of it, he sinks back into his normal state, weighed down more helplessly than before by an accumulated responsibility which, like an evil dream, torments his half-wakening, half-slumbering consciousness.

Feeble-minded persons and cowards are always desperate when pushed to extremities; and in their spasms of energy do deeds at which the boldest would hold his breath—but they are like children throwing a stone into a glass window and running away from the crash. In women, who from their social position are not expected to take the initiative in active life, this disposition, which alternates between feebleness and frenzy, is less remarked; they have brothers, fathers, husbands, for their social keepers: and if they still break out into an ill-contrived act of mutiny, there is the voice of society to brand them with social excommunication. Nothing is expected from them; therefore, the consequences of their actions are less visible in their effects.

But when this order of character is found in a Man, the working of it is fatal. Placed in the van of life's battle, he cannot fail, without involving in his ruin all who are placed in dependence upon him; contempt, and not sympathy is felt for his fall. And yet for André, George Sand excites a deep and touching interest. He was the son of an old agricultural marquis, in the heart of one of the French provinces—who lived like a Scotch laird on his own estate, surrounded by his dependents, and none to resist his will—no society or civilising influence of any hind—rich, brutal, healthy, and not without a rude sagacity and energetic will, which, in other circumstances, might have made him a great man, but which, in his actual life, only qualified him to be a despot—administering his own affairs extremely well. André, with his frail constitution, indolent, dreamy, poetical character, was crushed down under the heavy rule ready to break him in pieces on the slightest movement.

One trait of his character is exquisitively drawn, and is a type of all his kind—the key at once to their beauty and their inefficiency—fair trees of promise, for which no time of fruit will ever come:—

He was endowed with great natural sensibility, and with a tenderness of heart which rendered him timid and repentant even under unjust reproaches. He had all the ardour necessary to attempt rebellion, but was unskilful in resistance. His natural goodness prevented his following it up. He stopped to ask his alarmed conscience if he had the right to act thus. And during this internal combat, exterior will overcame his own desire. In a word, the greatest charm of his disposition was called its greatest defect. the brazen chain of his volition always broke on account of the one golden link it contained.

This last sentence has always struck us as one of the most exquisitely expressed truths ever uttered; for, if we consider, it is the want of *entireness* of purpose which makes men useless, and the penalty cannot be evaded even though it be a *golden* link which causes the disunion.

Coherence, is of all qualities that which is most essential to a man's life in this world. If he is not to be broken in pieces by the ordinary events of every day, it is needful, before all things, that he be *at one* with himself; otherwise he is entirely fatal to himself and those with whom he has to do. He may not be without a sort of helpless beauty, but the incompleteness which we admire in a Ruin, which touches our sympathy, and makes us mourn to see the shadow of what has once been great passing away—becomes a painful sense of *deficiency* when we behold even a few bricks wanting to what professes to be a complete and habitable building.

André stands, throughout the book, in strong contrast to his friend, Joseph Marteau, whose character is drawn with exquisite strength and truth:—

Joseph Marteau was the son of an honest village lawyer. In childhood he had been Andre's comrade, so far as he could be the comrade of such a weak taciturn boy. Joseph was his opposite in nearly every respect; tall, robust, jovial, careless; his only points of sympathy with Andre were a certain elevation of character and natural humour. These good qualities were the more remarkable, as his education had done hardly anything to develop them. The want of solid instruction shewed itself in the rudeness of his tastes. Unacquainted with any of the delicacy of thought that characterised the young marquis, he made up for it by his joyous conversation; his frank and good humoured society gained him respect, and he was the only person in the world who could make the melancholy Andre laugh.

Between these two stands Geneviéve the florist. She is the heroine; strong, noble, and full of passive

* Translated by Eliza A. Ashurst. London: Churton.

heroism, her evil destiny brings her in contact with André. He loves her with all the helpless *abandon* of a character incapable of resisting any strong influence—he loves her as a WOMAN generally loves —the feminine element in his nature is shewn eminently in this the great event of his life; it is an engrossing, absorbing, *unenterprising* self-abandonment to another being Unhappily he succeeds in making Geneviéve love him; and she resigns her destiny to one whose nature required a master and not a companion, and whose overladen soul staggered and sank down under the burden of an entire and trusting human heart; he was crushed under the treasure he attempted to carry.

The whole interest of the book turns on the working out of this. The gradual awakening of all Geneviéve's faculties from the unconscious slumber in which they have been held as in—

> the antenatal tomb
> Where butterflies dream of the life to come.

is almost miraculous for its beauty and truth. Though somewhat long, we cannot refrain from extracting the following passage:—

There are some choice natures which develop of themselves, and in every position in which chance may throw them. Whatever may be the hostile elements which oppose these *elect* destinies, they make their way; without effort they assume their place, they make one for themselves in spite of every obstacle, on their brow sits a divine seal, an invisible diadem which summons them naturally to govern all inferior spirits, no one suffers from their superiority because it is unconscious of its own existence, it is acknowledged because it is beloved. Such was Genevieve, a creature purer than the flowers amongst which her life flowed on.

They say that poetry dies: poetry cannot die. Had she only one human brain for her asylum, she would yet endure for ages, for she would burst forth like the lava of Vesuvius, and strike out a path through the most prosaic realities.

In spite of her overturned temples, and the false gods worshipped on their ruins, she is immortal like the perfume of flowers and the splendour of the heavens. Exiled from social grandeur, repudiated by the rich, banished from the theatres, churches, and academies, she will take refuge in citizen life, and will mingle with the simplest details of existence.

* * * * *

Poetry revealed to all intelligences which all men are, perhaps, more or less capable of acquiring; and which would render all life more extended, more noble, and more happy.

* * * * *

If it were only a language it might be lost, but it is an essence composed of two things; beauty, which is diffused throughout external nature, and sentiment, which is bestowed on every ordinary intelligence. To condemn poetry to death or to consign it to the tomb, we must first tear up from the soil even the smallest of the flowers of which Genevieve formed her bouquets.

For she also was a poet: and believe me, there are in the depths of the gloomiest dwellings, in the centre of the humblest conditions, many lives which end without producing a single sonnet, and yet, nevertheless, are in themselves magnificent poems.

It needs but little to awake these spirits, slumbering in the thick atmosphere of ignorance, and to encircle them with a halo which will never quit them. A book falling into their hands, a song, a few words from a passer by, a study undertaken either from prosaic design or from necessity, the least providential chance suffices to discover to the elected spirit a universe of ideas and sentiments. Thus it had happened to Genevieve. The light art of imitating flowers had led her to examine her models, to love them, and to seek in the study of nature a means of perfecting her own intelligence; little by little she became identified with nature, and each day, in the secret of her heart, she devoured eagerly the immense volume displayed before her eyes. She dreamed not of fathoming any other than the one to which her time was of necessity consecrated; but she had in reality divined the secret of the universal harmony.

The last passage is intended to apply to the *general* class, of which Geneviéve is here put forth as a type, and is consequently too vague and general to serve as a special description. George Sand often does this; and unless the primitive idea be borne in mind, her descriptions of individual characters will sometimes be thought high-flown and impossible. But the inner truth which dwells within all outward manifestations—"the substance from which all things are made"—will never be found wanting. In these days, when everybody keeps a PULPIT of his own, from which he utters to the world his own theory of moral sentiments, in portable maxims made up with the grace of French *bons-bons*, it is inexpressibly refreshing to fall back upon the unenclosed and everlasting universe of things. Every soul, that instead of dwelling the centre of small egoisms, interests, and sensations, which have their beginning, aim, and end in SELF, and which render it thick and impervious to the influence of the "spirit of this unfathomable world," shall find, that in proportion as it can become emptied of SELF, and purified from the mists of intense self-consciousness, it shall be made partaker of a glorious universe, and be "a mansion for all lovely forms"—a dwelling-place for all "sweet sounds and harmonies," shall be "made *one* with Nature," and delivered from the evil influences which tarnish and darken the "light which lightens everyone who is born into the world," and be set free from the clinging weight of selfish interests, which bind and cripple the deep heart of man. This doctrine is the hidden secret which pervades all George Sand's works. In some of her earlier ones, we only see blind presentiments of it, struggling with the intoxicating details of earthly passion, and the yet unpenetrated significance of actual life; but in her later works, she seems to have set herself free from all that once held her glorious soul in bondage, and vexed it with "obstinate questionings." She can now speak plainly, and strengthen the hearts of those who are still fainting by reason of the greatness of their way, or whose feet stumble amid the dark mountains.

There are no exciting scenes in *André*—no elaborate plot. The interest is entirely sustained by the conflicting elements of character brought into play. André wants to marry Geneviéve, and his father opposes it; a world-old story, and to which a thousand different destinies have been worked out; but George Sand gives it an entirely new interest. The dismay of Geneviéve when she gradually discovers the manner of man she has loved, makes one's heart sicken with very pity. She is a true heroine, and faces bravely all the emergencies before which André sinks; she does always the right thing at the right time; she is more than equal to all her difficulties, but that is not her natural element; before all things she is a WOMAN, and has a yearning after a heart whereon to lean; upon which she may rest the weight of her own affections; beneath which she is bowed like a tender flower, whose head is heavy with the rain of a thunder-storm; her character takes an aspect of almost unnatural beauty from her position; and when we close the book, we do not feel as if it were, as if it had been, only a tale which is told; we believe in it, as if we had been admitted into a human sanctuary, our sympathy remains with all, as if it had indeed been a real history transacted before our eyes. What is said somewhere of the old painter, Caravaggio, that he did not use colours, but ground down FLESH to paint his men and women —and that glorious exaggeration of Shelley's, where he speaks of the mighty painter, who

> dips
> His pencil in the shades of Earthquake and Eclipse

—are hardly an extravagance when applied to George Sand; for she melts down HUMANITY for materials out of which to mould her characters.

THE SKYLARK.

By the Editor.

Would, happy skylark, that I too could mount
On wings like thine, up, up into the sky!
And loosen there the rapid-gushing fount
Of my full heart in songs that might not die,
By some charmed wanderer heard, and caught for ever,
As I heard thine to-day by this sweet river!

Higher and higher yet, and singing still!
Is it—that thy soul's impulses to bear,
Thou *must* mount upward even at their will,
Must still sing on through all the sunny air,
Until the joy too great to let thee rest
Subsides, and thou dropp'st back into thy nest?

Beautiful bird! fast fading from my sight!
What sudden radiance flashes on thy wing?
Leaps forth the Sunshine, laughing with delight,
To give thee welcome in thy wandering,
Look in thine eyes, where all so happy is,
He must draw back, and leave thee to thy bliss?

And art thou gone? Oh no! thy constant voice
Is ringing in the clouds that wrap thee round,
As they would ever in thy strains rejoice,
And with their curtains shut in every sound,
That upward from thy heart keeps flowing on;
But hark! I hear thee now no more! thou'rt gone!

Why spring the tears into mine eyes? to lose,
The self forgetfulness this bird has brought me?
Or is't that in her joy I cannot choose,
But feel how sweet a lesson has been taught me?
To cease repining, learn the skylark's lore,
And Nature's own sweet life, live evermore.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By Paul Progress.

No. III.

HOW IS THE REFUSE OF OUR TOWNS TO BE CONVEYED TO THE LAND?

If the refuse of our towns have a value at all approaching that which we have assigned to it—if the streams which now blacken and pollute our rivers be, as we have asserted that they are, rich in all the elements of abundance—if the value of their constituent parts may be reckoned by thousands of pounds—if when applied to the land, they can clothe it, as at Edinburgh and Mansfield, with rare abundance, causing barren waste and blowing sands to blossom like the rose, and raising the rental from pence to pounds*—if these things be so, then is the question at the head of this paper among the most momentous of our day. It is the point on which our first question—how are the people to be fed?—mainly hinges; for it is not sufficient to prove the inherent and experimental value of the refuse of our towns unless we can also show that that refuse can be cheaply conveyed and applied to the land.

The earth abounds in materials of great value in themselves, which are necessarily neglected and wasted, because it will not pay to convey them to the spot where they might be profitably used; and, such is especially the case, to a great extent, with the valuable matters of which we are now treating. The cost of conveying the solid refuse of this great metropolis from the more central parts of it to the land in the vicinity is so great as to render the refuse itself of very small value; so that even the best sweepings of Regent-street do not fetch more than 1*s.* 6*d.* a load, and the sweepings of Macadamised roads will not even pay the expense of removal. This is one explanation of the present filthy and neglected condition of the leading thoroughfares of London. If we could cheapen our carriage of such matters, we should create a demand for them, equally beneficial to the metropolis and to the rural districts; and which would soon lead to a more effectual cleansing of our streets. As, however, the conveyance of such solid refuse must needs be by carts and waggons, it is quite clear that the expense, instead of being lessened, must be increased with the increasing size of the town, and the lengthening distance between the source of supply and the place of its application to the soil.

In this dilemma we turn to the promised extension and improvement of the sewerage of our towns, and the increased water-supply that is to accompany it, as the only means by which the important objects contemplated by the advocates of Sanatory Reform—the cleansing of our towns, the preservation of the health of their inhabitants, and the increased produce of our land can be accomplished. With a constant and unlimited supply of water for every family, a water-closet and house-drain to *every* house, and a sewer for every street, not only may the barbarous and expensive cess-pool be altogether abolished, but all the sweepings of our streets might be safely consigned into the sewers and be held in solution or suspension in their waters.

This is the consummation to which, in the case of our large towns more especially, we are anxiously looking, and we cannot but regret that for the present, the wood-pavement not having answered all our expectations, and come universally into use, the bulky *debris* of our granite roads, by clogging our sewers with silt, has occasioned some doubt and difficulty in thus disposing of all the refuse of our towns. An increased supply of water will, however, remove even this obstacle, and enable us to carry off all the refuse by the cheapest conveyance—the water-pipe or sewer for our road, and water for our carrier.

To this point—a universal system of sewerage, rendered possible by an abundant supply of water—things are evidently fast tending. We shall, therefore, assume, that the question we are examining will ultimately take this shape. Can the contents of our sewers be cheaply and profitably conveyed and applied to the land? After what we stated in our last paper of the nature of the sewer-water, as determined by a consideration of the sources of its supply, and the chemical analysis of its constituents, and the still more convincing test of actual experiments, we may be allowed to take the value of the material for granted. Upon this point there can be no reasonable doubt. The mode of application, however, and the ques-

* This is not far from being literally true in the case of some poor sandy land on the sea-shore, near Edinburgh, which, from 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre, has been raised to 15*l.* and 20*l.*

tion of profit or loss are still open to discussion, and await the fiat of experience.

Two different and opposite plans for appropriating the contents of our sewers to their proper use have been put forward. the one proposing to deal with the deposit alone; the other with the liquid, including all the more valuable matters which go to form the deposit. The advocates of the first method would impound the sewer-water, collect the deposit, dry it, compress it, and pack it for sale; the supporters of the last named plan would collect the liquid at the mouths of the sewers, pump it at once into the country, and apply it in its original state to the soil.

Of course, in this as in all other things, there is much to be said on both sides, and, if we were now writing for the agriculturist, we should enter into a detailed examination of the merits of the two rival schemes. But we must beware how we weary the mass of our readers by discussion in which it is impossible that they should take a lively interest; we, therefore, shelter ourselves under the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and pronounce at once for the plan which proposes to remove all the matters carried away by the sewers, and to apply them in a state of solution or suspension to the soil. We would imitate the economy of Belgium and of China, but we would eschew their barbarous and unscientific methods of application. We would not, as in Belgium, strew the offensive contents of the cess-pool on the ground, or apply them with a ladle to the roots of our plants; nor would we, as in China, make them into cakes with clay, bake them in the sun, and use them as money wherewith to purchase vegetables; nor would we, as has been lately proposed in England, collect the comparatively worthless deposits from the sewers, dry them, and compress them into cakes for sale. All these are coarse, clumsy, and expensive methods of procedure, as little remarkable for science as for decency. The method which we advocate is one that combines an economy unknown even to the Chinese, with an application of machinery worthy of the nation that boasts the invention of the steam-engine; a method which collects *all* the refuse of our towns, organic and inorganic, blended into one homogenous fluid, in which the individual constituents are no longer recognised, and pumps this fluid, before it has had time to putrify or give out offensive and injurious gases, straight into the country, which it supplies with exactly the same material that has worked such wonders on the sands of Edinburgh.

The plan thus sketched out wears a very attractive aspect. It looks like a perfect and consistent system, harmonious in all its parts; equally subservient to health and plenty; a perfect circle of benefits. It combines the ample water-supply and unrivalled drainage of ancient Rome, with the machinery of the nineteenth century, and the economy of the era which is at hand. By a system of steam-engines, iron mains, and service pipes, the pure, soft, filtered water is poured in one uninterrupted stream into every house, and even on to every floor of every house, supplying the means of cleanliness and decency, economising labour, and conferring other benefits which we shall have occasion hereafter to enumerate. If we compare the entire town with the human frame, the steam-engine will be one of the two hearts which, joined together at the centre of the circulation, distribute the blood through its double circle. The pure water will occupy the place of the pure arterial blood, the mains of the arteries, and the service pipes of the minute vessels in which all the health and life-giving processes of the body are carried on. To push our analogy a step further, another system of service-pipes, in the shape of house drains (the veins and absorbents of the machine), receive the water which has become impure in ministering to the health and well-being of the town, and convey it to the sewers, which combine to form the large trunks of the system. These supply a second steam-engine (the second heart of the human body), which sends the blood through a second series of mains and service-pipes into the country, supplying each market-garden, field, and farm, with that which is the life of the vegetable world. Our analogy, to be exact, should represent the contents of the sewers as purified by their application to the soil, and fitted for renewed circulation through the town. The comparison, however, is sufficiently accurate for our purpose.

But the distribution of water through the town is by no means the most important circulation which would be going on, were this system brought into play. There would be an unbroken circle of decay and reproduction in strict accordance with the known laws of nature. The food consumed within the town, after yielding nourishment to the frames of its inhabitants, would be promptly conveyed, in an altered and disguised form, to the land, there to be employed in reproduction; and thus, by a perfect system of machinery, would the supply of food be made to keep pace with the increase of human beings, and all fear of over-population be at an end.

Such would be the inevitable result of a perfect machinery for removing *all* the refuse of our towns, and applying it to the land. But the supply of the wants of the existing population would not be the only effect of such a system. It would with equal certainty diminish the cost of provisions; for, besides restoring to the land all the ashes of the food consumed by the existing inhabitants, and thus bringing about a reproduction of the same amount of food, it would pour on to the land the ashes of all the necessaries and luxuries imported from abroad—the *debris* of many organic matters which have not previously served as food, and a vast quantity of the inorganic elements of plants, in the shape of soap, salt, gas-water, and the soot and ammonia washed down by every shower, and blended with all the offscourings of our houses. These new contributions to the food of man very far exceed in amount that which would be required to feed the annual additions made to our population, and must tend to occasion a progressive increase of the quantity, and corresponding decrease of the price of food. But there is an incidental advantage attending this method of conveying the refuse of our towns to its destination. It would furnish, in seasons of drought, an ample and cheap supply of water. Is it not strange that no provision should hitherto have been made for insuring such a supply, and for guarding against what even in this country is not an improbable contingency? The neighbourhood of London has often suffered severely from want of water, and we have heard an eminent agriculturist state his conviction that, had such a system been in operation, the cost of the main and service pipes would have been defrayed in one single season by being used to convey water for irrigation.

The system we have sketched out is no Utopian vision. It is even now seriously in contemplation, and before three years are over will, in all probability, be in actual operation in the neighbourhood

of London. A company* has been formed and incorporated for the purpose, which is only awaiting the sanction of parliament to a modified plan, to lay down its pipes and erect its engines, and begin its part of the great work. Ere many years have passed over our heads, it is our confident hope that we shall see not merely a sewer in every street of every town, but a pipe in every road of the surrounding country: not merely an ample supply of clean water to every house and family, but an equally liberal supply of dirty water to every garden and farmstead.

When this has come to pass, the ten crops of Italian rye grass raised in one year on a plot of wretched soil, in the neighbourhood of London,† by the aid of liquid manure, will be a common and familiar occurrence; the Isleworth strawberries‡ will no longer defy competition; the far-famed vine of Hampton Court§ shall have a rival in every hot-house; and, in a word, the necessaries and luxuries of life, will be poured forth with a lavish abundance of which we have now no conception, nor the world, past or present, an example.

We have still to treat of the proper mode of applying this valuable refuse of our towns to the soil—a subject full of novelty, and rich in that element of *Progress* which fits it for a place among our Social Problems.

WINTER MUSINGS.

By J. C. Prince,

Author of "Hours with the Muses."

Stern Winter time! thy shrouded skies oppress me,
And fling funereal shadows o'er my brain:
Sad thoughts and visions, spectre-like, distress me,
And waken all my sympathies to pain;
Sad thoughts of yonder multitudinous city,
Where care, too often, festers into crime:
Where hearts heave out their life for lack of pity,
Or, living, dread thy coming, Winter time!

Sad thoughts of sinful and pestiferous places,
Where love, hope, joy, breeze, sunlight, never comes;
Where pen and pencil never lend their graces,
Nor common comforts quiet, to their homes—
Oh! no, not homes, but dens—where God's own creatures
Creep through the roughest ways of lowest life;
Where untaught minds make savage forms and features,
And hold perpetual fellowship with strife.

Sad thoughts! that virtue and that vice together
Stir the thick air with curses and with groans,
Pine through the day, and in the fiercest weather
Herd nightly on the cold and cruel stones;
Or desperate men put off their fear and starkness,
To wreak their vengeance on some guiltless head;
Or women, roaming through the storm and darkness,
Barter their beauty for dishonoured bread.

Even where Royalty, oppressed with splendour,
Free as the humblest from repulsive pride,
While ready hands and willing hearts attend her,
Walks in her gardens beautiful and wide—
There, even there, with gorgeous wealth surrounded,
The lost, the scorned, the outcasts of their kind,
Lie down, a heap of indigence confounded,
Fellows in misery if not in mind.

Sad thoughts! that in yon town's bewildering mazes,
Dark veins far stretching from its giant heart,
Man in his saddest moods and sternest phases
Lives from all healthy influence apart:
Souls that have missed their way lie there benighted,
With all their sensual instincts wild and bare;
And hearts, once prone to love, are warped and blighted
For lack of genial sustenance and care.

Fathers sit brooding on the threatening morrow,
With looks of anger kindling into hate;
And mothers, with a mute but deeper sorrow,
Cease to resist the thraldom of their fate:
Children, grown prematurely old, are pining
In apathetic squalor, day by day,
Round their young natures vicious weeds are twining,
Which thrust the flowers of purity away.

Perchance within those lazar-dens of riot
Insidious sickness saps the shattered frame;
Where is the yielding couch, the room of quiet?
The pensive taper-light's unfailing flame?
Where is the cleanly hearthstone, blithely glowing?
The cordial offered ere the lips request?
Where are affection's eyes, with grief o'erflowing?
The forms that wait, yet fear, the final rest?

Where is the skilful leech, man's health-director,
With words of honey all unmixed with gall?
The pastor praying to the great Protector,
Without whose will a sparrow cannot fall?
Alas! not there! no love, no skill, no teaching,
Touches with hopeful light the hour of gloom,
The lorn wretch thinks high heaven beyond his reaching,
And, dying, braves the horrors of his doom!

Strange contrast! lo! yon lofty windows brighten
From chambers as an eastern vision fair,
Where lips and eyes with pleasure smile and lighten,
While song and music thrill the throbbing air;
Where Art hath brought her triumphs and her graces,
The glowing canvas, and the breathing stone;
Where rich refinements from a thousand places
Are tributes from the lands of every zone.

There lusty lacqueys round the banquet gliding
With costly dainties court the pampered taste,
While Joy and Plenty o'er the board presiding
See southern nectars run to wanton waste;
There Fortune's idol learns to love and languish,
Swathed in the splendour and the pride of birth,
Uncaring, or unconscious, of the anguish
That bows her lowly sisters of the earth.

And yet there are, beside that hall or palace,
Shapes of humanity unhoused, unfed,
Untaught, unsought, unheeded, fierce or callous,
The sky their curtain, and the earth their bed;

* The Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company.

† At Mr. Dickenson's farm, at Willesden, near Harrow.

‡ Mr. Wilmot, of Isleworth, has long been famous for his strawberries, which are manured by sewer-water.

§ Be it known to our readers, that the luxuriance of this remarkable vine dates from the period when its cunning roots, attracted by the rich supply of food, crept through the walls of a sewer, and took to bathing in its waters.

Shapes which are all of one Almighty's making,
Imploring, threatening, near the rich man's feet,
With sin grown savage, or with sorrow quaking,
Frenzied for food his dogs refuse to eat.

"The poor shall cease not," God's blest word declareth;
But are they less of human mould than kings?
Must they grow faint for what kind nature beareth,
For what she gives to all her meaner things?
Must they exist in darkness and distraction,
Doubting if heaven be merciful and just?
Shut out from joy, unnerved for glorious action,
And scarce-uplifted from the grovelling dust?

Formed for all fitting faculties and feelings
By Him who gives the tiniest worm a law,
Who fills his humblest work with high revealings,
Sustains the skies, and keeps the stars in awe,—
Shall they, oppressed with famine and wrong doing,
With crowding cares, and unassuasive pain,
Obey, toil, falter, rush to deeper ruin,
Reason, implore, grow mad, and all in vain?

Forbid it God! who deigns to guide and gift us!
Ye mild and moral principles of right—
Ye liberal souls that labour to uplift us—
Rise up against it with resistless light;
And all ye holy sympathies that slumber
Unstirred, unfruitful in the human breast,
Spring into active phalanx without number,
And give the poor hope, help, and happier rest.

Forbid it Pen—for thou canst vanquish error;
Forbid it Press—proud ally of the Pen!
Forbid it Speech, that carries truth or terror
To the hard bosoms of unthinking men.
Pen, Press, and Speech, creators of opinion—
Opinion armed 'gainst ignorance and wrong—
League all the lands beneath your blest dominion,
Till the glad poet sings a calmer song.

THE "TIMES" ADVERTISING SHEET.

By Andrew Winter.

If Dr. Jedlor lived in these days, and I wished to combat his facetious idea that "Life was a capital joke, nothing serious in it," I should put into the good-natured old gentleman's hand a copy of the *Times* Newspaper. If there is anything terribly in earnest in the world it is the advertising sheet of this paper.

In the ancient Greek theatres, where the actors had to give their recitations in the open air, they made use of a brazen mask which projected the voice to a sufficient distance to be heard by a vast multitude of people.

The brazen mask of the present age is this advertiisng sheet, behind which all conditions of people, day by day, plead their wants to the entire nation. What a strange crowd in one continual stream pass through the doors of the little room in Printing-house Square, where this mask is erected. The poor shrinking girl, who, for the first time, is obliged to come in contact with the hard world, brings her advertisement, offering herself as a governess for the sake of "a comfortable home"—the clever schemer, who makes a living of the postage stamps he exacts from those to whom he offers some extraordinary advantages—the enthusiast who brings his five shillings to have the end of the world proclaimed by a certain day—the poor widow who has come to plead "to the Benevolent" for her destitute children—and the agent of the Millionaire advertising for a loan of millions, all shoulder each other in this room. What passages of life might not the attendent clerk read, to whom this continual throng as it were exposes the secret necessities of the heart!

How anxiously next day each individual searches the wet page for the all important advertisement. How the glossy curls of the young girl ripple over the sheet as she reads her own wants proclaimed aloud. It almost takes her breath away—she, the timid little thing, thus to speak out, as boldly as the best of them! The thought arises in her mind, that some good lady who has a daughter like herself, is reading it, and will have pity on her;—it might be, that some abandoned wretch has the paragraph at the moment under his eye, and is plotting an answer which will bring her under his clutches. The schemer, ere the boy has come round for the borrowed paper, has succeeded;—piles of letters from people eager to partake of the wealth he offers them, have found him in postage stamps enough for the wants of the week. The proclamation of the coming End of the World has raised a laugh or two from the casual reader, and cast a thousand Muggletonians into sackcloth and ashes, and into the hourly expectation of hearing the last trump. The Millionaire has sent the funds down a quarter per cent., and so it moves. All these people have cried aloud, yet with closed lips, through this "ever open book" of the Press.

To the general reader how much there is to amuse, how many pictures of the little weaknesses of human nature, of pride and affectation, to be found in these daily announcements! Let us take for instance, the ample columns apportioned to those who advertise—"Apartments to Let." One is struck with the singular fact, that nearly every other person who desires an inmate only, does so in consequence of "having a house larger then is required." One would think, that if this were the case, they would get into smaller ones;—no, their sweetness of temper leads them to turn their misfortune to the general good of humanity. Then, amiable ladies, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, "wish for two or three ladies and gentlemen, or a newly married couple *for the sake of society!*"

"*Poverty*," disguise thyself as thou wilt, thou art still a bitter portion; let us not too rudely tear aside the curtain, thin and transparent though it be, with which thou shieldest thyself from the world's contumely.

Thank goodness, however, every corner of the human heart is not entirely mercenary—there is one individual for whom the whole female tribe, from the lady who speaks to you as though you were so much dirt, whilst you are *negociating* for her drawing-room floor, to the grubby lodginghouse-keeper in her mangy fur tippet, greasy curl papers, and "three and sixpence a week for the kitchen fire," determinedly playing round the corners of her mouth—possess a most deep-seated affection. He is the ideal of a lodger, the individual they sigh for—

"A quiet gentleman who dines out."

In the many hunts I have myself had for rooms, how often have I come across this petted specimen of man. Did I ever get a peep of a particularly nice room, 'twas always the apartment of the "Quiet Gentleman." Did I express a wish for a strikingly clean bed-room, I was told with a slight shudder of indignation at the outrageousness of the request, that it belonged to the "Quiet Gentleman." "He has been with me," said one landlady, "sixteen

years last lady-day, and a quieter gentleman never trod the ground,"

Bachelor, a word with you:—Avoid the house that contains a "quiet gentleman." You might not, any more than myself, be a "fast" or a riotous gentleman—but, "comparisons are odious,"—you cannot, try how you will, give satisfaction to any woman when there is such an immaculate as he in the front parlour.

Ah, I can see him now, as he steps on to the flagged pathway of the long slip of garden, out Pentonville way, where he lives: I can see him as he looks up to the sky, and gives a satisfied "Ah!" as though the wind had changed to his favourite quarter, though he knows as much of the North, South, East, and West, as the steeple on which the vane creaks. What a quiet black he wears, down to the gaiters it seems cut in one piece by the shears of a forgotten generation! The buss takes him up at the corner, and he has the talk he has had any time the last ten years with the driver (for he rides outside in the summer on principle) about the wonderful times, what with the steamers and the rail-roads, &c., and the slow coaches they were when he was a boy. He knows where the best chop is to be got in the city, (these quiet people do get hold of this sort of information somehow) and the waiter always keeps one place for him most religiously. He always goes straight home after business is over; with a latch key he is never trusted, if by any chance he were to be, he would doubtless think the bonds of society breaking up, and would go and do something terrible. His occupation in the evening, is not of a more intoxicating nature than the arrangement for the hundredth time of a few botanical specimens which he had gathered in his youth, far, far away from dingy, sooty London, and the watering of the flourishing little stand of geraniums, a present from his married sister in the country. which by some process of carefulness he has preserved through five winters. At ten o'clock precisely, the tic-tic of his watch might be heard as he deliberately winds it up, and the next minute his list slippers carefully ascend the stairs towards his bedroom. And such a prim spruce room it is, you could eat your dinner off any part of it. See how he has wafered a country newspaper against the wall, at the back of his wash-hand stand to preserve in all his integrity the blue and yellow manderin, who, with his fellows is eternally marching up the wall in all the pomp and glory of stencil work. He is, indeed, an invaluable jewel; once secured, his landlady never lets him depart, except to his coffin, or to be married, it is the same to her which, in either case he is to her for ever lost. But another, and another, still succeeds. If, good reader, you take up the *Times* to-morrow morning, you will find "the quiet gentleman," who dines out. still lured by the seductive voices of ladies who have "genteel apartments to let."

The top of the second column of the first page of the *Times* is the place where the printers "pile the agony." Here we find the different letters of the alphabet addressing each other in terms of the most frantic grief or gentle reproach. A. B. is implored to return to his sorrowing T. T. X. X. wishes to meet L. M., not at Phillipi, but at 5 P. M. In a brief paragraph we catch a misfortune so profound as to check at once the laugh with which we greet the more vulgar and curious advertisements that surround it. I remember once reading a line to this effect:

"The assistance came too late—she died in the night."

Who was it that thus passed out of life the moment aid was at hand: who is it that remains to reproach himself with his tardiness? The reader pauses for a moment, and wonders what tragedy lies hidden in this brief space, and then relapses into the contemplation of the fierce struggle for the world's goods which the vast mass of the advertisements represent.

Sometimes we see an announcement in this column which consists of only two or three letters. A correspondence in cipher is here being carried on. It is reported that the struggle in Portugal which resulted in the expulsion of Don Miguel and the establishment of Isabella on the throne, was conducted from London through the *Times*, by means of cipher advertisements. What a singular idea—a revolution carried on through the corner of a newspaper—the most secret and dangerous movements, plots and counter-plots, affecting a whole nation, openly carried on in a space less than Rowland takes to puff his Kalydor. A king pulled down in fewer letters than is required to announce the defeat of a common councilman! When Jones the cheesemonger, with spectacles on nose, read his account of the arrival of his prime ripe stiltons he little thought that a queen's wishes had been conveyed through the next advertisement; but misery does indeed make us acquainted with strange bedfellows. Immediately following these cipher announcements there is another class of advertisements which to us are exceedingly suggestive and rich; such for instance, as tell of the loss of little articles of jewellery. Many a dramatic sketch glances through ones mind when reading such an one as the following:—

"LOST—Getting out of a cab at the Haymarket Theatre, a serpent Bracelet, with gold heart attached, containing hair."

"Well, and what can you make out of that?" says my lady reader, opening wide her eyes with a pretty air of astonishment.

A moment, charming creature, whilst I indulge myself in painting a picture.

"All right—Opera!" says the waterman, slamming the cab door!

"Shall I put the window up?"

"Do, this dreadful dust makes one look such a fright!"

"How beautifully your bouquet smells."

"Oh, yes, my violets! I am so fond of flowers!"

"Ah, I see there is a serpent under them!"

"My bracelet! isn't it pretty? papa gave it me as a birthday present."

"But the hand is much prettier!" ('Tis so natural to transfer our admiration from dead to living beauties).

"Nay, now, you really must not do so."

"I will keep my little white prisoner here were it only to hear you say 'nay,' so prettily."

"Now Mr. — Now Henry do let go my hand. The man will open the door in a minute!"

A pretty little struggle. How pretty it is to wrestle with a white arm—during which the serpent becomes unclasped, and like the wiley tempter of old, wriggles off and escapes. When the dazzle of the house and the grand crash of the overture has a little toned down, the lady discovers that her bracelet is gone. Oh, my dear little serpent—it is lost. I must have dropped it *getting out* of the cab.

How placidly those large blue eyes look at you as she speaks—how collectedly they meet yours. What a calm innocence, a holy truth dwells in their clear depths! A man must be a brute to gainsay her. Yes, it must have dropped off *getting out* of the cab.

The *Times* next morning has an advertisement to that effect, for which the gentleman is but too happy to pay, and Howell and James's furnishes a fresh serpent, which the lover is but too delighted to be allowed to clasp round the lady's delicate wrist.

I detect you male reader, smiling in your sleeve! You too then have bought your experience—Well, I do not know that it could be purchased in a more delightful manner. And thus ends my little history of an advertisement.

I had written thus far when my eye fell upon a paragraph in one of the morning papers, in which I found some very remarkable specimens of German advertisement. I know it is quite out of place with my title to introduce such foreign matter, but I make its real interest an excuse for so doing. It appears to be the custom in Germany to make the newspaper advertisement the medium of all kinds of good wishes, complaints, and even threats. Family joys and sorrows, domestic and amatory disclosures are made through the press, in the most open manner. Think of a little knot of individuals thus patting an actor on the back, "We beg Herr Bearer for a repetition of Linda." Again, "To Herr Gerstel—We should like to see you again in the character of Melchior." "Signed, two gentlemen from Wiesbaden." How odd it must be for a gentleman to read in the public print the following congratulation: "To my dear fat friend and his good wife, in Meurs, I wish much joy on the birth of her first daughter:" or, how a poor girl, sitting in the quiet of the evening, would be startled with such a little communication as this, "Maria! why so pale? Do you tremble at the word?" What again would our great, burly, English draymen think of such a method as this of enforcing their "regulars?" "Is it not the duty of gentlemen, when they receive a barrel of ale from the brewers, to treat the porters to a quart?" Signed by several brewer's porters. We all remember the advertisement for, "A pious porter who can carry a hundred weight," somewhat similar to which is the following, "Wanted a solid, *evangelical* maiden of all work." Here again are matters treated of which should only be whispered instead of broadly blazoned to the public eye. "Sir Robert (an Englishman, 'tis evident) I beg you will let me know the contents of the billet you have received by the *postillion d'amour;*" or the following, —"To T. N. Must I not see you until Sunday? Oh, that you could know how tediously the hours will pass till that time arrives, which will be the most important (may I hope the happiest also) of my life." What can this mean? is it an invention to pop the question? I will conclude with an account which I confess looks very suspicious. "Wanted a young, educated, and handsome maiden as housekeeper to a single gentleman. All applications to be sent (sealed) to O. D. D."—Odd indeed! We wonder how many German maidens ventured to answer this rather equivocal advertisement.

If we look upon the first page of the *Times* as a picture of human affairs, what a struggling vital surface it presents. Competition in its wildest form stands naked before our eyes upon this page. Before the "Intelligent public;" all manner of men prostrate themselves as at the footstool of a potentate, who holds in his hands the power of life and death. For the convenience of this all powerful and still encroaching monarch, we see whole fleets of ships lay anchored in flanking force on one side of the page; on the other, stands a row of carriages of all descriptions, and horses, more beautiful and numerous than an Eastern Sultan could command. How every wish is anticipated, every luxury provided for; what a contention is there among coals and candles to warm and light him, of condiments to aggravate his truly enormous appetites! What a court of subservient flatterers he possesses.—'Tis "the Benevolent Public," "the Intelligent Public," "the Generous Public," at every step. Oh, for an artist to paint the portrait of this immaculate individual. Does "The Public" wish to talk?—A company is immediately formed for enabling him to do so at ease, by means of the electric telegraph. Does "The Public," like the transformed weaver, wish his ears tickled?—Is there not Peas Blossom and Cobweb at hand, with their "Evenings at Home," and concerts of all kind to satisfy his desires. Does "The Public" want to marry—Thousand of obsequious upholsterers rush to his apartments—set him up in less time than it would take to do it in Eastern story. Does "the Public" die?—We beg pardon, "the Public," like the king—never dies! But do any of the unimportant atoms which go to build up his monstrous body perish!—Is there not Shillibeer's 'buss for the use of the bereaved survivors, into the front boot of which the departed friend is popped like so much provision prepared for a jaunting party?—Yes, we have a new God, and his name is the "Intelligent Public, We have a new Testament, the first leave of which is the first page of the *Times*. We have a new faith, the first article of which our late law-giver presented to us in all its naked simplicity—"Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets."—Erase from your Testament, good readers, that old-fashioned passage which as Christians you have held as the golden rule of life, "Do unto others as we would that others should do unto us," and blazon in its place this key-stone of the new creed.

"What a pity it is to get so warm, I hear my good readers say, about such a worthless article as man; and what care we, about his social relations. As it is he is quite a glut in the market, like other fabrics his value is affected by the fluctuations of trade."

True! nature makes men too easily.

Let us see what they charge for repairing him by the lowest estimates which the *Times* Advertisements afford.

To a Patent Eye	£ 2	10	0
„ Scalp Wig	12	0	0
„ Set of Teeth....	5	0	0
„ False Calves....	5	5	0
	£24	15	0

The price at which the whole fabric could be manufactured, according to this estimate for only a few details would come rather high! Ought we not to value life more than we do? Can we see every man's hand against every man, as we see it in the first page of the *Times*—each one like vipers at the bottom of a pan attempting to get its head above the other—without reflecting how the weakly and the poor are killed off in the unequal struggle with the strong and rich. I am not going to preach a sermon upon social politics; but if I were—I know no subject which contains a graver argument against the abuses of competition, which results in elevating goods and chattels above their producive man, than the first page of the *Times*.

EPITAPHS.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

ON A SKILFUL WORKMAN.

No column's capital lies shatter'd here;
Reader! a column's base demands thy tear.

FOR A MONUMENT TO MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

Here lies a man, for virtues only known,
Who look'd on truth's fair face, and saw his own;
Therefore, this humble verse attention craves;
For good men's lives are holier than their graves.

ON AN ACTIVE TRADESMAN.

This headless column on a stone—
What may this mournful shaft betoken?
The keystone of an arch is gone!
A mother's heart is broken.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN BRITTANY.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN BRITTANY.

It is almost impossible to credit, that in the time in which we live, there may be found in France, the centre of European civilisation, a province,. the inhabitants of which have preserved, without making a step towards progress, the stupidity, the ignorance, and the superstition of their forefathers; and thanks to the eternal fixity of their dulness, their eyes are still permitted to see miracles, and every Breton peasant finds a pleasure in telling—I might almost say, makes it a duty to tell you—a hundred stories as credible as true, to prove that God, in order to reward them for their humble fervour, or to punish them for some of their sins, presents himself to their sight under different shapes; all the proofs of which are taken from family traditions.

For instance, they are rarely at fault in finding a motive for each event. One of them will tell you, "I know very well why John's cow died last night: yesterday, at mass, his little boy had his eyes fixed on the altar at the moment of the elevation of the Host, and that always brings misfortune; it never fails." And this is told you with so profound a conviction, that you feel instantly that all argument is absolutely useless.

Should another happen to speak of a dishonest action, it is always in a low voice; and the same man who believes in the omnipotence of God, hopes to deceive him, and to hide his fault from him, by speaking low.

It is customary in Brittany to meet every year at the same time, at certain chapels, bearing the names of saints held in great veneration: St. Anne and St. Barbe are those who perform the greatest number of miracles. The days of absolution are also those of the great *fêtes;* the people come there from all parts, the service is usually performed in the open air, and the crowd of the faithful surrounds the chapel of absolution. Many processions are made during the day; the first, around the church; the second, to the fountain; and the third upon the banks of the river, or to the nearest chapel. The *cortège* advances, with a banner at its head, and the image of St. Anne preceding the canopy under which the priest walks. These are the details of the ceremony represented in our engraving.

Our Library.

ELIHU BURRITT'S "ONE WORD MORE FOR POOR IRELAND," AND HIS BRIEF VISIT TO THAT LAND OF FAMINE.

Elihu Burritt of America is now known to the people of this country: and they are not unacquainted with the object of his visit to the land of his fathers. Viewing the nations of the earth as emphatically one family, and the people of the earth as one people, he discards the chalk marks of national divisions; and hoisting the standard of universal brotherhood, proclaims that, just as much as the great Governor of the universe is a father to all, so is every man a brother to all. Not that the present condition of Ireland was in any way the occasion of his visit to Europe; for he landed on our shores more than nine months ago; and his object was, and is, the world-wide extension of the spirit of peace, and brotherhood, and kindly sympathies. But he heard of Ireland's woes; and he felt that they were indeed a loud call on the sympathies of our common humanity; for if it be true (as true it is), that every man is a brother to all, it is surely the duty and the privilege of all, but especially of Britons and Americans, to send over and help their brethren and sisters of Ireland, in this their sore time of need. That he might bring the terrible realities of her misery more vividly before the view of his countrymen, he paid a brief visit to that devoted land, which, in the dispensations of a mysterious but unerring Providence, has become a "potter's field" of woe, a very "Golgotha of famine." But we will not detain the reader with any lengthened observations. Mr. Burritt left Liverpool on the 10th of February, and arrived in Dublin the next morning. Here he stayed a short time and consulted with the "Friends' Relief Committee:" for he had previously sent home some Appeals on behalf of poor Ireland; and he wished to arrange for the distribution of that food which he trusts is already speeding its course across the Atlantic as an earnest of American sympathy. He then proceeded to Kilkenny, Cork, Bandon, Skibbereen, &c. Our extracts from his diary will be confined to this latter district. We might extend them, but we feel persuaded that there will be enough to enlist the sympathies of every heart not utterly seared.

His appeals are addressed to Americans; but it surely requires no force of argument to show that, according to our ability, they are doubly applicable to us as Britons. It has, therefore, been thought by some of Mr. Burritt's friends, that it would be proper and seasonable to publish them in this country; and we would indulge the hope that every reader may look on them as specifically addressed to himself. Our first extract is from his appeal to the American people, entitled—*One word more for poor Ireland.* As the title imports, it is not the first of its kind. It is dated Skibbereen, and is as follows:—

AN OLIVE LEAF FOR THE AMERICAN PRESS.

ONE WORD MORE FOR POOR IRELAND.

Friends of Humanity—Let me address to your hearts one more entreaty for help for poor famine-stricken Ireland. I have come to this indescribable scene of destitution, desolation, and death, that I might get the nearer to your sympathies: that I might bring these terrible realities of human misery more vividly within your comprehension. I have witnessed scenes that no language of mine can pourtray. I have seen how much beings made in the image of God can suffer this side the very bottom of the grave, and that too in a civilised land. While I write, the wailings of poor, famished women and children mingle with the moaning winds of the night; and nature and humanity unite in one funeral dirge over this land of desolation. I have been out for days in the dark habitations of those ready to perish with famine; and I have spoken to them of the American Canaan, where there was bread enough and to spare, and hearts to spare it, and hands to send it, without money and without price, when the calls of humanity demand the offering. I have seen the despairing eyes of young, emaciated, half-naked children kindle with the light of hope, when I spoke to them of America and of the sympathy of American hearts. Let these flickering hopes appeal to your charities, fellow-countrymen! Let this exceeding bitter cry for bread come to you across the ocean, and over the river, mountain, and prairie. It is the cry of thousands—ay, millions—ready to perish for the surplus of your granaries and wardrobes. Oh! let this cry, with all its agonising importunity, soften your hearts to commiseration; and fill your hands with the sweet charities of benevolence for the suffering myriads. Has not a bountiful providence poured you out blessings, until there is not room to receive them, in your basket and your store? What better testimonial of gratitude can you offer the great Father of all men, than to feed these his little ones who are famishing, as it were, within arm's length of your tables, for the very crumbs that fall unheeded to your dogs! Farmers of the Great West! what may I say to these poor pining children of want from you? Is there one among you all who will not give one bag of Indian corn or wheat? one

body;" and we hear of daily instances of men becoming "unsusceptible of external impressions" by the inhaling of ether. Tome upon tome have been written to prove these pretensions of the ancient oracles, priests, and priestesses, fallacious and fradulent; but I am not quite sure whether modern science does not give a colouring of authenticity to the wonders performed within the temples of the oracles of old. We are further told that these sacred "edifices were crowded with the sick," and "by throwing them into sleep by the ministering of vapour," they left the temple cured, and "giving thanks to the presiding deity." Would it not be well, therefore, before we sneer at the nations of antiquity, to examine whether some of the discoveries in modern medical science be not a revival of much that was common to the officiants in the temples of old. We are likewise informed by Apuleius that "in those days there were some *from whom the somniferous faculty was withheld.* They were, therefore, admonished to repeat their oblations, in order to win the divinity's favour; and the ultimate and customary resort was, if success did not crown their perseverance, to pronounce it a token that such persons were an eyesore to the divinity." Does not this point out the failings of mesmerism even at the present day?

The origin of amulets, charms, talismans, &c., may be traced to the most remote ages of mankind. Josephus, in his *History of the Jews* (lib. viii., chap 2, 5), relates that Solomon discovered a plant for the effectual cure of epilepsy. The root of the plant was concealed in a ring, which was worn on the finger. Doubtless many readers of profane history have occasionally smiled at the simplicity and superstition of the ancient Jews. But why so? Are not similar amulets and charmed rings worn by our countrymen at the present day? How many fingers ache under the pressure of metallic rings?—some gilt, some boasting only of their own dull leaden hue. And who, among the wearers of these charmed rings, do not believe that they have been rendered proof against attacks of gout, or rheumatism, or epilepsy, and "a thousand ills which flesh is heir to?" Before, therefore, we scorn the nations of antiquity for their simplicity and superstitious belief, let us look around at the peculiar habits and customs of our own country. How many a horse-shoe is nailed behind a cottage door? How many old nails jingle in the pockets of maidens, young and old? In truth, we boast of the same charms for driving away ill luck and exorcising the devil, as mankind did at the genesis of the world. I believe, indeed, that there are few ancient superstitions which have not been preserved up to the present day.

It was a common belief, as related by St. Chrysostom, among the early Christians, that some unfortunate result would flow from meeting, at a critical time, an old or ill-looking woman, or a maiden blind or halt. A similar superstition prevails in this country in respect to the first visitant to your dwelling on the opening of a new year. Fair complexions are an abomination to many a good dame. The possessor of dark hair, no matter if his countenance vies with ebony, is received with joy and graceful indulgence. The heart of the hostess immediately expands, and the wine decanter and the salver of cakes is forthwith bountifully offered for his acceptance. But he who is fair must go forth fasting and accursed from the dwelling of the superstitious hostess.

Many modern writers have indulged in a little innocent scoffing of the "presentiments" of the ancients. Tamerlane, it is related, in blessing his sons, bowed down the head of the elder, and raised that of the younger, by way of intimating that the destiny of the latter would tower above that of the former. So, likewise, are we told, in the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis, that Jacob, foreseeing the high destiny of his younger son, laid his hand upon his head. Scotland and Wales possess many such presentiments. It is a common habit, when a person is about to embark in a new undertaking, or enter upon a long journey, to throw after him, or her, as the case may be, an old shoe. To spill salt betokens misfortune, as it did with the Egyptians of old; and to dream of losing your teeth is a certain indication of being deserted by your friends. I might, indeed, multiply, *ad infinitum*, various other presages and presentiments, common alike to ancient and modern days.

Perhaps, of all nations, the ancient Egyptians pretended to most skill in the distillation of herbs. But the magi of that land used them less for medicinal purposes than for incantations and general demonological purposes. It was the safeguard of the priesthood to create an impression among the ignorant that they possessed supernatural power; and a like desire has occasionally developed itself in the Church of Rome. There can be no doubt, however, that the magicians of ancient Egypt were rank imposters—the Cagliostros of jugglery; but that they possessed much profound information of the virtues of herbs is undeniable. I believe, indeed, if the followers of Esculapius, of the present day, were to study more narrowly the properties of herbs, our churchyards would scarcely be so crowded as they are. But I would deliver this opinion in a confidential whisper, requesting the reader not to repeat it again. Many herbs were famed in ancient Egypt as a protection against evil demons and witchcraft; and others, again, in a distilled shape, were swallowed to promote cheerfulness of heart, when under depression of spirits. Among the former was a herb termed by the Egyptians *asyrites*. It is a small red-coloured berry, common to Scotland, and called the *rowan* tree. Singular to say, the fruit of this tree is used in Caledonia to this day, as a protection against the designs of "warlocks" and evil spirits. A small twig, torn from its parent stem, is fastened to the cow's tail, and is considered a never-failing defence against witchcraft. Thus, we have here a proof that even this particular superstition is derived from the ancient Egyptians.

It has been urged that the ancient magi of Egypt imposed upon the ignorant and the credulous, by professing that they possessed a remedy for all diseases. Very well: granted that they were imposters; but do not we see the same pestilent fraud perpetrated by the quack magicians of England? What newspaper can we take up, the columns of which are not crowded with patent universal remedies for all diseases? Why, myriads of those pills, and, tons of liquid medicines, are swallowed by the population of the world, sowing the seeds of premature old age, and sapping the human constitution to its foundation. Thus have we borrowed the impostures, as well as the superstitions, of the ancient people of God. Had Morrison, St. John Long, and their tribe lived in the days of Moses, they would have passed off as very respectable magi.

There can, I think, be little doubt that from the ancient belief of the existence of a universal healing compound sprung the study of alchemy, and the stupid and vain search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. I feel disposed

here, however, to venture upon a hypothesis. May not the story of the search after the philosopher's stone be an eastern allegory, involving a prophecy? I confess that I think the philosopher's stone has been discovered—nay, that its wonderful properties are in hourly operation. Within the last three years, more metals have been transmuted into gold than ever entered into the wildest imagination. Ask railway "stags," and the "bulls" and "bears" of that modern Babylon—London! Ask them, whether they did not coin rails into gold before even the surveyor perambulated their intended site. Yes; the philosopher's stone *has* been discovered, but after a manner little "dreamt of in our philosophy."

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that to an occasional irregularity in the density of the atmosphere we are indebted for two of the wildest romances in our literature. I mean "The Flying Dutchman" and "The Spectre of the Hartz Mountains." Both are founded upon spectral or optical delusions, which have been seen by many travellers. Captain Scoresby, in his interesting account of his voyage to the arctic regions on the coast of Greenland, relates many optical delusions which amazed and terrified his crew. Cities, battlements, and houses rose before him in fantastic and gorgeous shapes, and seemed as if floating on the surface of the sea. But as the ship gradually neared them, they gently faded from view; the spot whereon they reposed presenting nothing but some rugged rock or misshapen iceberg. On one occasion, Captain Scoresby's ship having been separated by the ice from that of his father, he was engaged in daily looking for her proximity with considerable anxiety. To the horror and astonishment of the crew, the missing ship was suddenly seen suspended in the air—the representation being so distinct and perfect, to the minutest cord and spar, that she was recognised in a moment. Captain Scoresby immediately sailed in the direction of the startling phenomenon, and actually found his father's ship calmly reposing amid masses of floating icebergs. The extraordinary delusion was the result of reflection produced by the density and irregularity of the atmosphere. The legend of "The Flying Dutchman" owes its origin to a like cause. Perhaps the most wonderful and celebrated vivid delusion is the Spectre of the Hartz Mountains, in Hanover. Mr. Hawe, who himself witnessed it, gives a very interesting account of its appearance and singular mutations. There is a hill, he explains, called the Brocken, in the neighbourhood of which the spectre is accustomed to appear, alarming the timid, and interesting the bold and curious traveller. One evening, Mr. Hawe stood upon the summit of this hill, when the apparition of the Hartz Mountains suddenly presented itself before him. It was a human being of a most monstrous size, and Mr. Hawe gazed upon it with both awe and apprehension. A sudden gust of wind arising, he suddenly clapped his hand to his head to save his hat from being carried off. The colossal spectre did the same. He then made various contortions of the body, all of which the figure before him imitated. Scarcely satisfied with even this evidence of a delusion, he called to his assistance the landlord of the inn, who had accompanied him, on whose arrival *two* dilated figures appeared on the opposite mountain, and shortly after vanished. The study, indeed, of the constitution of the atmosphere will enable any one to arrive at a correct elucidation of those phenomena in the clouds recognised as preternatural during the early ages of the world.

Such are a few stray thoughts on Demonology and Magic; and, circumstances permitting, I may, on a future day, resume the subject in another paper.

ON THE MANIFESTATIONS OF THE WAR-SPIRIT.

By J. W. Slater.

Suppose the earth were overrun with some noxious weed, poisonous in itself, prejudicial to all the wholesome fruits of the field, and affording shelter to all baneful and noxious vermin, should we not seek its removal by every means in our power? We should not only cut down and burn the stems, but we should endeavour to destroy the very seeds, to render the soil unfavourable to their growth, and remove all things which might yield them shelter. Now, such a tree really exists, deadlier far than the Upas of fable, deadly to the soul as well as to the body; it is indeed surrounded by bleaching skeletons, and by desolated plains where no harvest ripens; it truly blasts and blights the noblest works alike of God and man, whilst it generates and fosters everything evil. This tree is war. Yes, Christian! it is war which abrogates all that thou deemest holy, or assumes its sanction but for greater blasphemy; it is war, philosopher! poet! artist! which seizes the honours and rewards justly yours and transfers them to men of prey; it is war, merchant and manufacturer! that checks and embarasses your career of honourble and useful enterprise; it is war, labourer! which loads your food with taxes, or perhaps drags you from the bosom of your family to die unpitied and unknown on a foreign strand!

This evil must not alone be combated in public; not alone from the pulpit and the platform, but wherever its seeds exists they must be uprooted, that so, "peace on earth and good-will to man," may be realised. And these seeds are thickly scattered, even where we should least apprehend in the sanctuaries of private life; they lie for a time dormant, but too often spring up in the end to most fearful growth. We will set out unseen, on a little trip to observe where these seeds are being planted and watered. Let us enter yon house, and, guided by the noise of infantine merriment, ascend to the nursery; how are those fair-haired urchins engaged? Decked out with tiny sword and musket, they are playing at soldiers; around them is all the pomp and circumstance of war in miniature-drums, cannons, wooden and leaden soldiers: here, too, are pictures of those whom we still call heroes; story books, that tell of battles and sieges, of blood and agony, and call this—glory!

And now, fond, sensitive, dare I add, Christian parents, what have ye been doing? Is it well, think you, to provide your offspring with a killing-made-easy? Must they so early learn the "gospel of hatred?" and must the tools of the murderer be the playthings of their infancy? You are not, indeed, on our side; you look upon war, probably, as a "necessary evil;" justifiable only in "extreme cases;" you pray to be preserved from it, and yet you seek thus early to familiarize your children with its horrors, or at least with the tinsel covering beneath which they are hidden; you train them to "lap blood." Behold those who, in

unsuspecting innocence, "look up to you for light," and blush, yes, tremble, to think how you have given them darkness! Would you have them to become destroyers by profession; the tools of despots; beings who have given up all free-will of their own; whose employment it is to make widows and orphans, to sever the bonds of affection, to trample down the harvest, to fire the cottage, to neutralise, as far as possible, all the blessings which God showers down upon man, and make earth the image of hell? Or, if "glory" might blind you to the sufferings of others, would you like to see them "cut off even in the blossom of their sins," and hurried from the conflict of hate and rage to the judgment-seat of him who once said, "put up thy sword into the scabbard."

And what of the school-room, is there no evil seed sown here also? Yes, truly, here are the classics (those works of man which so many study rather than the glorious works of God), those legalised teachers of iniquity, even unto "the sin which in Sodom drew down fire from heaven," and which, above all, teach us, by example and precept, to return evil for evil, to confine our sympathies within the narrow bounds of our own country. Well, says Montgomery:

> Achilles spent not all his wrath on Greece,
> Through Homer's song its evils ne'er shall cease;
> Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
> Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings.

And this heart-hardening process is styled, forsooth, a liberal education, and considered peculiarly adapted for training up law-makers. Oh, when will the vampire-dead be sealed up in their graves, and not walk abroad sucking the life-blood of this generation?

Then, again, there are histories, not of people, but of kings; little or no notice of the moral, social, and intellectual progress of mankind, but accounts of wars, with all those details that can render crime interesting, by withdrawing our attention from its real nature; in short, Newgate Calendars on a large scale. And thus through life we have military music, and battle scenes, and poets, who do not scruple to prostitute the heavenly fire, and chant hymns to Moloch. It would be, indeed, almost a pity to give up all the convenient, old-established rhymes, such as lance and glance, blood and flood, shield and field, gloom and plume, rout and shout, and many more. Too, too great a sacrifice!

And then, the anniversaries, the triumphs, the profane *Te Deum's* where *Te Diabolum* would be more suitable; but of this let us not even speak.

Neither can we pass over the authors, who kindle discord between nations, by novels, essays, and especially by travels, where whatever is good and praiseworthy is omitted, and the failings and crimes alone of foreign nations, are dwelt upon with a horrid satisfaction. It is just, even needful, that the faults of our neighbours should be pointed out, but in what spirit? Proudly, sneeringly, thanking God that we are not as the French or as the Americans? Oh! how does this become frail, erring man, thus to judge his brother? Do we forget, that as we are all made of one blood, so, we too are disgraced by their failings, and have truly small reason to taunt and deride? No: when we reprove, let it be in mildness and love, seriously and sorrowfully, for thus alone can our rebuke prove a healing though bitter medicine. Such slanders have been many; critics have praised, fools have laughed in delight, and the public has bought; but how will He judge, who pronounced his blessing on the peace-makers? has He, think you, a blessing in reserve for the peace-breakers? It is most pitiful to see, whilst noble and devoted men, heaven's own chivalry, are engaged in the work of mercy, healing the rankling heart-sores of the nations, to see these ill-omened magpies jesting in the face of heaven, hopping about with their notes and sketches, and sowing tares among the wheat, like their father of old.

We find also phrases and words, empty enough in themselves, yet cunningly employed to seduce the unwary by confounding good with evil. Amongst those which foster and promote the war-spirit—the doctrine of violence—there is none more hatefully prominent than the word manly, so often in the mouths of many. This word is admirably vague in its meaning, as it is taken to signify what is proper to man in general, to the male sex, or to the adult age. Now formerly, even more than at present, physical force was adored; and hence bodily strength, insensibility to pain, and contempt of danger and death, were pitched upon as the noblest qualities of man, and styled manly. Now even this was going astray: in all these man is far outstripped by brutes, and useful as they may be, we should do well to consider seriously if it be wise to plume ourselves upon qualities in which we yield to the baboon, the ant, and the ptinus. But this was not all; while the word was applied to a few innocent or laudable sports, it was also made to include cock-fighting, bull-baiting, betting, swearing, drinking, in short, whatever is marked by brutality and folly. Thus we have the "Manly sports relief bill," for the better protection of gambling; thus to stand for an hour firing off guns into a crowd of pheasants is manly; and above all, the legislator who will with a heavy whip cut his initials on the sides of an old horse, and who, when the weather is unfavourable to his sports, will fire at the weathercock amidst curses and blasphemies, is the very perfection of manliness. And yet this word, equivalent now almost to brutal, leads multitudes astray. To be manly is however, after all, a very poor object of ambition;—let us leave it to those who know no better, and let us strive to be godlike!

And lastly, does not every act of aggression, every outbreak of physical force between man and man, tend, however indirectly, to the same bad end—to the promotion of war? Whoever lifts his hand against his neighbour commits a public wrong of far greater extent and importance than he may imagine; he does, in fact, what in him lies, to stem the progress of true civilisation, and to bring back a moral chaos. And this equally so, whether he be a law-maker punching a poacher on the head, or a man of honour shooting his fellow-creature in a duel, or a peasant deciding a quarrel with his fists or clogs. As long as armed aggression prevails, most men will call for armed repression, and the enemies of true liberty rejoice in the pretext. A serious consideration this for rioters, especially at a season like the present, when the difficulties of the times might lead the unreflecting into acts of violence. These men do not consider that by every outrage they rivet the chain more firmly upon their own necks. Complaining of excessive taxation, they rise in rebellion, and thereby give support to the war system, and increase the public burdens. No—if you would render the greater part of the taxes unnecessary, you must begin by showing that an army is not needed at home, by keeping the peace without the compulsion of bayonets, or even of police

truncheons. It is violence that causes the evils under which all nature groans, and by violence they can never be healed. A riot or insurrection must either be repressed or be successful; if the former, the government will increase its armed force, impose heavier taxes, and will be more confirmed in the war system; if the latter, a fearful bloodshed must have ensued, two armies instead of one will have been raised, and the new power, "built in murder, planted by the sword," must be maintained on similar principles. All this has happened frequently, and ever with the same result. dominion has passed from one hand to another, but freedom has been nowhere; where men seemed freest they were often most enslaved to their own passions and prejudices, and busied in binding heavy burdens for their own backs. But, God be praised! the night is far spent, and in firm faith we may look for a better day.

THE POET'S MISSION.

By W. J. Linton.

"The Poet's mission
Is but prophetic vision:
To him the daring heart is granted—
Not the hand."

From the German of Herwegh.

Learn higher apprehending
Of the Poet's task!
To him are God and Nature lending
Ore of mighty thought,
That for such use as the world's need may ask,
Fit iron may be wrought.

The passionate impulse furnaced
In the Poet's heart
Must weld stern word and action earnest:
Poet word and deed
In harmony: that he may take God's part,
And earn a true life's meed.

Clear vision ever lendeth
Faith to his life:
Then only he his mission comprehendeth,
When he can wield his soul
Or to creative thought or the daily strife,
With artist-like control.

Not in the purer heaven
Of his own thought
To dwell, enparadised, to him was given
The poet-fire:
But that a grander, truer life be wrought,
The world exampled higher.

Not only do God's angels
Behold him with clear eyes:
But day and night they speed his dread evangels
Over the world;
Their seraph-wings of act and sacrifice
Eternally unfurl'd.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

By L. Mariotti.

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus.

Tremendo
Ben più assai che l'averla perduta
Egli è il dir la mia patria è caduta
In obbrobrio alle genti ed a me.*

Fine days are not rare in Italy; but these eyes have beheld the finest. It was on a Sunday, the 5th of June, 1831. I stood on the quarter-deck of the French steamer *Sully*, bound for Marseilles. We rode at anchor outside the harbour, just off the tall and slender light-house. It was not quite four in the morning. None of the passengers were yet on board; two only of the crew dozed on their watch.

There had been a strong gale in the night, and the atmosphere was as pure as it might have been on the second day of creation. Astern of us, in a wide amphitheatre, rose the proud edifices of the marble city: above, behind, all around, the Appenine summits shot up, bleak and rugged, but mantled with green up to the most impervious crags.

There was a lull in the breeze—a pause in the life of nature, as if the earth held its breath, and fell prostrate before the overawing wonders of that Italian sunrise. Not a chirp, not a whisper broke that religious stillness. The solemnity of the day enhanced the majesty of that godly solitude.

I stood alone on the deck of the Frenchman. My foot had quitted its last hold of my fatherland. Yet Italy lay there within reach of my hand. She had put on all the witchery of her paradise smile, as if to put my resolution to the severest test. The fragrance of that vast orange-grove of the *Riviera* wafted on the last ebb of the northern breeze spread far over the main, blending with the fresh odours of the brine. On the east, along that endless range of coast, forest and mountain, glowed the fiery purple of triumphant day. There was neither struggle nor stir. The land of the sun seemed but too fain to acknowledge its sway. Light glided into its bosom as the spirit was first breathed into organised matter.

Under such influences I took my final leave of home.

Nearly alone I had lingered behind, when most of my friends had sought their safety aboard. For above three months I had led a kind of bandit-life, and given my pursuers a long run in the mountains. Nor was the excitement of that vagrant existence without its charm for one of my age and temper. Constant success had inspired me with rash confidence, and I gloried in a security which was only the result of my activity and daring. On the other hand, I looked on an exile's fate with all the prejudice of Italian local patriotism. The sun might shine, the air might be vital in foreign regions. The world was wide, but my heart and soul were circumscribed within the narrowest limits. Europe had many dwellings; Italy itself but one home.

Had it been for me alone—but there were those to whom my dangers, real or imaginary, allowed no peaceful slumbers. Their terrors must be allayed; and it was for their dear sakes I was now on board the *Sully*, booked for Marseilles.

I had taken boat, with the help of a friend, at Chiavari, crept along the shore by night, glided into the harbour at earliest dawn, eluded the vigilance

* Awful it is to lose one's country; but 'tis more lamentable to see it disgraced in the world's eyes and in our own.—Berchet.

of the guard-ship, and smuggled myself into the steam-packet, whose captain had been beforehand prevailed upon, for a consideration, to overlook certain formalities respecting my passport and permit.

Under the faint rustling of that silken tricolor standard I could now consider myself safe enough. Too safe, indeed, for comfort. The *facilis descensus* deceived me not. I felt all the cruel importance of that irretrievable step. Yet twenty-four hours and I should awake in a foreign land. I looked westward where the waves still glittered silvery, and the mist hung ominously over the distant horizon. The prospect was gloomy.

At no time of my life gifted with any sanguineness of temperament, I quitted Italy with a heart weighed down by the darkest forebodings. There was something rancorous, peevish, mixed with the tenderest feelings, in my leave-taking of the land that gave me birth. There was bitter injustice in my deep invectives against its supineness and faint-heartedness. I hung down my head in sullen dejection, as if all the disgrace of our recent defeat were branded on my brow. I quarrelled with the greenness of the earth around, with the brightness of the heaven above us.

"Woe to the man," said I, "who has lived to blush for the object of his love! I asked no better than to give my life for my country, and must I give my honour instead? The brutal Provençal, the heartless Frenchman will greet me to-morrow with withering taunts about my Italian cowardice. Great God! and have I not deserved them? am I not one of the runaways?

"God is my witness—I had no choice. There was no resistance, no battle-field. The Italians conspire, but fight not. Shame on them! They give you no chance. The Austrian can never march so fast but he finds himself everywhere forestalled by a dastardly surrender."

Long years of hard-won experience have since taught me to judge of such matters with more calmness and forbearance. But life had so far been dull and tasteless for me, and banishment could not fail to render it utterly unbearable henceforward; and, in my morbid discontent, I quarrelled with my countrymen who had not been willing to afford me an opportunity of lavishing it in a hopeless cause.

"Behold," I continued, "France and Belgium, Poland and Greece, have blood to give for their freedom. Successful or subdued, they secure the sympathy of nations—the respect of their foes; they qualify their submission by a generous holocaust! Honour is saved when all else is lost, and the invader treads on the patriots' corpses with an awe that teaches him mercy.

"In Italy alone the foe 'comes, sees, and conquers.' National disgrace is, here, unredeemed by one manly deed, and a disdainful soul can find no refuge against it, save in a cold-blooded suicide."

I repeat, nothing could be more unfair than these strictures upon the conduct of my countrymen. But by an ingenious perversity of reasoning, I anticipated the arguments which would be thrown into my face abroad, and I fretted and I writhed on finding them so urgent and unanswerable.

My countrymen, however, were no worse than their neighbours. There is no such thing on earth as national heroism. Masses are wonderfully accurate in their calculation of chances. Omnipotent in their confidence of success, they are helplessly supine and pusillanimous on the first reaction of fortune. Twenty years' warlike training had not, in 1814, taught Paris to fall with decency. Nor did Poland, as a nation, in 1831, exhibit any greater steadiness of purpose. The soldiers fought, and all that could be speedily disciplined with them; but there, also, millions looked on, as they ever will everywhere; and where no regular troops led the van, as in the late rise at Cracow, the Poles achieved no better than a *fiasco* in the worst Italian style.

Nothing more melancholy than this schoolboy-like bragging about national pugnacity. In an age in which Napoleon showed how soldiers could be made out of every human race, out of the vilest recruits—when every political bearing seems to point to a European, if not to a universal, peace —when, therefore, martial prowess is most likely to become a quality of the least consequence—nothing, surely, more childish than all the stress which is laid on the superior aptitude of any nation for war, and the outcry invariably raised against such as are reputed unable to fight for their liberties.

A glance at history will satisfy us that every member of the great European family has, at some distinct period, enjoyed this idle superiority. The Italians—and I shall not waste time to demonstrate it—however insubordinate and wayward, may be organised into the steadiest legions. To say nothing of Roman or mediæval epochs, from the wars of Flanders to the Russian campaign, during three centuries of degrading bondage, they have always marched with honour into the field, both as men and leaders. Nothing but the sheerest ignorance of history can attribute their national reverses to any deficiency in mere soldierly abilities.

Only it is not by the vindication of this miserable boast that a country can assert its rank, or challenge its rights. Indeed, the most combative and high-spirited races have often met with the most dire disasters. Nations like Poland, whose gallantry has saved all Christendom, have proved unable to ward the enemy off their boundaries. Defeat in Italy was, in ancient epochs, the result of want of unanimity; in modern times, the consequence of lack of confidence. It is merely to the passive, but most salutary, instinct of gregariousness, that northern nations owe the continuance of their success. And it is that fatal individualism, which arises in Italy from a chivalrous excess of self-reliance, that does away with mutual dependence and co-operation, and opposes unity of purpose and consistency of action.

But, in the events of 1831, as, indeed, in all their ill-fated movements since 1814, the Italians were even less than ever chargeable with want of firmness or concord. A mere fraction of the country had been, by perfidious suggestions, shamed, hurried into a premature rise. Bologna, like Warsaw, was one of the propitiatory victims by which Louis Philippe's Machiavelian policy won the friendship of the Austrian and Russian members of the Holy Alliance. Aware of their awful isolation, the Italians dropped a sword they had no time to unsheath. Poland was armed and fell. The fate of the two countries was not different. To the fortuitous presence of a few battalions the latter owed her fruitless laurels, and the sea of blood that deluged them.

Such, alas! was not the strain of my thoughts in June 1831, on board the *Sully*. The Poles were selling their life at the dearest rate, we had purchased a life of desolation and ignominy. There is something prophetical in the coming of some heavy calamity, as there is in the approach of death. That hour's dark meditation revealed to me the bitterest pangs that fortune had in store for me. I looked all round, to the shore, to the deep-

blue hills, the home of my childhood, as they rose one above the other, their craggy outlines boldly relieved, and the whole mass distinctly carved, as it were, in the still deeper azure of the canopy of heaven. Oh, the love of an Italian for the land of his fathers! and now that blind patriotism was turned into gall and wormwood in my heart; and I raised both hands to my eyes, and felt that my national name was thenceforward a by-word among strangers!

Behind me were home, friendship, and love; before, solitude, dreariness, perhaps destitution. Yet I regretted, dreaded nothing. What is the mere loss of one's country to the sentiment of its disgrace?

The steamer was to start at eight. The captain had, in vain, suggested the expediency of my removing to my berth below. The half-drowsy, half-fretful passengers began to drop in: there was a heavy thumping and tumbling of trunks and band-boxes; a jabbering and squabbling, storming and swearing. There were stout English tourists, lean and hungry *commis voyageurs;* two French *ignorantius*, and a Tractarian smuggler; a Scottish chieftain, in a Highland costume, with his three daughters. It was, in short, the usual motley crew of a Mediterranean steamer, with its regular complement of soldiers and monks, spies, swindlers, and beggars.

Alas for the epic of patriotism, for the elegy of exile! Their vulgar gaze, their noisy clamour and importunate questions soon recalled me to a sense of the prosaic matters of this world. The novelty of the scene, for I was nearly as utter a stranger to maritime life as any Arcadian, engaged my attention in spite of myself; the bustle, the distress, the *contretemps* of the groups swarming on deck, the missing, misplacing, miscarrying of things, the plash of a luckless trunk overboard, or the hauling in of a screaming, fat, *poissarde*-looking *Marseillaise*, the thousand scenes, in short, of the silly farce around, amused me more than I would then have been willing to acknowledge. In less than half an hour, the sublimity of my sorrow had suffered a most egregious fall, and the last bell found me as heedless and forgetful, as sociable, chatting, and obliging, as if I were but one of the commonest species belonging to the menagerie that environed me: as if adversity had not dignified and raised me above the herd, the moment she marked me for her own.

And now the sounds of the last peals died in the air, the vessel heaved like a thing of life, and was soon puffing proudly against the billows.

The motion startled me. The colour instinctively fled from my cheeks, and I felt as if my heart's strings snapped asunder. Yet, was it not as I expected? The Frenchman had turned his head to the westward, and Italy was left in our wake!

Once more I sought the solitude of the quarter-deck. For full three hours I stood riveted to the spot—I gazed in silence and stupor. It could not be! That fast-receding shore was not Italy. It could not be—I had said it a hundred times. No man could survive the anguish of parting. Where were then the tears, where the distraction and agony of death? In what was I different from yonder commercial traveller bent on his gains, from that listless epicure the slave of his pleasures? What is an exile? A tourist on compulsion. Let him forget driving necessity, and what has he to envy the freest of travellers!

It is even so. Our worst evils are all in the anticipation and remembrance. Their actual infliction finds us blunted and numbed into apathy. For three long hours I gazed with utter unconsciousness: not a farewell word escaped my lips; not a thought of regret—not a question as to the day of return. My head was dizzy; my eyes dimmed with the intensity of that vacant stare, but not moist with one parting tear.

And yet, would I live those three hours over again? would I unlive them? would I rather never have tasted of adversity, and wallowed in the nonentity of my petty place of nativity, in sight of the Austrians, and witnessed the spread of priestcraft and the restoration of jesuitism? Behold! in the lapse of sixteen years the ties that bound me to my home have been severed one by one. The images of the dearest beings have waxed fainter and fainter at every stroke of the hour, even as every toll of the bell removed one mile from the fabulous Mountain of Loadstone the hapless ship that had been drawn to it by its magnetic attraction. *Periaramus nisi perissemus.* Let the heavy Austrians have Lombardy—let their brutal countenance sadden the sun in the heavens: while Italy endures it, I too must let it be. Let us rejoice that one immortal soul has, at least, escaped them. The world is wide, and God is omnipotent. The sun shines in England, even though but three days in the year. In this blest land of freedom the exile is born again. Sorrow of his own has he none, though he mourns over the fate of his late fellow-sufferers. Nor are his feelings for the land of his youth dormant in his bosom. His vows, that the angels have registered, no course of years or events will efface. He will die that Italy may live: but while a single Austrian is south of the Alps—Farewell to Italy!

EMIGRATION.

By T. H. Yeoman, M.D.

The present aspect of affairs in the United Kingdom will, in all probability, induce many to anticipate emigration. In the year 1837, I made a tour of the United States: from Notes of that journey I extract the following remarks.

After being a few days in New York, I had great doubts whether one third of the emigrants who crossed the Atlantic in our ship, would ever improve their condition in the United States, however bad it had been in their native country. The number of melancholy and unhealthy looking creatures, who are always to be seen in the neighbourhood of the wharfs, seeking employment as labourers, clothed in rags and filth, fully confirmed this opinion. Not in any town have I seen so many groups of men standing idle and dejected as in New York; their appearance is indeed deplorable, and I hope only requires to be better known to the poor creatures who are likely to add to the number, to prevent them ending their days in want and misery in a foreign and unfriendly land. I have used the term "unfriendly" considerately, for the poor emigrant is esteemed in the Northern States, perhaps justly, as a pest and a tax upon the inhabitants, and as such meets with little commiseration, far less assistance; in the Southern States, he is ruled by laws equally as severe as those which govern slaves.

America is not now the golden land for the labourer that it formerly was, and the sooner our

pauper population are undeceived of the tales of our late overseers and present relieving officers, the better. A man, with his wife and one or two children, perhaps unfortunately five or six, is prevailed upon by the officers of the parish in which he is likely to become a pauper, to emigrate—his passage money is paid, and some provisions and a few shillings are given him; the parish offiicer contracts with a shipping agent at one of our seaports for his transmission—generally to New York. The agent sends him on board a ship, in the 'tween decks of which there are 150 or 200 poor wretches already immured. He arrives at the "land of promise" after a long passage, during which he may have suffered hunger, thirst, and disease; he is weak in body, without money, without friends; he is received without a welcome, he lands amid shouts of derision! Having no means of leaving the city, he seeks any degrading employment at the most trifling remuneration, to support his starving wife and child. Disappointed in his hopes, he is driven to despair, and soon the dram-shop receives what little money he is able to earn; the cursed cheapness of whiskey encourages his love of drunkenness; and death, in sin and in wretchedness, closes the scene.

This is not in the least exaggerated, but must be understood to refer to labourers alone, and to those only who remain in the cities and large towns, which are as much over-populated with poor labourers as any in Europe. * * * The mechanic has a much better destiny, provided always he has the means and the inclination to leave the large towns, and strike at once into the interior; the pay for his labour will not be more than what he received at home, and will be of the same value, as provisions, &c., bear a relative price; but the employment will be permanent; there will not be any inducement for him to pass his time in idleness; there will not be any beer shops to keep him from his home, and to unfit him for his work. Above all, the mechanic who wishes to do well in an unsettled country, must not carry with him to his new residence the habits he has acquired in populous places.

With the small farmer the case is still more favourable; he arrives with a moderate capital, he goes at once into the interior—if wise—"Far West;" he will purchase a few acres of cleared land, and a few *hundred* acres yet to fall by the axe; the timber will be nearly of sufficient value to pay for its felling, as two and three dollars per cord are paid by the steam boats for inferior wood only fit for the furnace. This sale, to some extent is only available within a moderate distance of navigable rivers, but still the great consumption for this purpose increases the value of wood generally. The States "far West" now offer the best locality for emigrants; the soil, after some little cultivation, amply compensates for the expense and labour; the climate is healthy, the country affords the most beautiful scenery, and the people already settled are honest and friendly, although, perchance, neither "refined" nor greatly educated. The Americans are a people fond of change in their residence, and frequently in their occupation; it is therefore not to be wondered at that many, formerly resident in the Northern States, have now *fixed* themselves in this most promising part of the country. The State of Ohio, a few years back, was what Michigan and Illinois States now are—the destination of all who are determined to "go ahead," and time has proved that their exertions have been successful: such, doubtless, will be the case with these young States in an equally short time. In Michigan the price of unsold land, wild and wooded, is fixed and uniform, being "one dollar and twenty-five cents (five and sevenpence) per acre; the terms, ready money; the title indisputable, as it comes direct from the United States, under the seal of the President." A man may therefore be the actual possessor of land for a less—a far less sum than he would pay in England, merely as the occupier.

There is a class of people in America whose singular love of change and of gaining money by an apparently comfortless mode of life, greatly facilitates the views of European settlers. These men will purchase 200 or 300 acres of uncleared land, raze the trees, get the whole nearly in a state of cultivation, and then sell at an advanced price to the settler who does not wish for delay before he can "raise" his own corn; again they will start farther back, buy a greater number of acres, clear them, and sell again; never stopping to reap where they have so industriously and laboriously tilled. As society and *civilisation* advances, so the backwoodsman recedes; he is one of a class, *sui generis*, having feelings, ideas, and "notions," little sympathising with the rest of mankind.

The sum of money requisite to arrive at the distant states of Michigan, Missouri, Illinois, or Indiana, is not so very great for emigrants, if they will only "progress" rapidly and study economy. The passage money from London or Liverpool to New York varies from 3*l.* to 6*l.* for each person, according to the accommodation in the vessel. * * * Provisions for the passage, sufficient for the longest probable time, will cost about 4*l.* 10*s.*—less where several mess together—which is also preferable, as some little variety may be obtained without any additional expense. Arrived at New York, no delay need arise; and as emigrants are compelled to have their linen, &c., washed before they land, they may commence their journey the same day—which we will suppose is towards Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. From New York, steam-boats leave for Philadelphia three or four times a day: the fare, three dollars; the time, nine hours. From Philadelphia, the emigrant will proceed to Pittsburgh, *via* railroads and canals. "For the conveyance of families emigrating West, who wish to have their extra freight on the same boat with themselves, and to furnish their own provisions on the way," the cabin fare is ten dollars; steerage, seven. Pittsburgh is the grand focus for conveyances to all parts of the Western States by the great rivers. The passage thence to Cincinnati, distant nearly 300 miles, will be about five dollars, from which place he can cross the Ohio River to any part of Indiana on its shores: to Shawnee Town, or the mouth of the Little Wabash River, in the State of Illinois, a distance of 800 miles from Pittsburgh, the fare is about twelve dollars; and to St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, but central also to the interior of Illinois, about eighteen dollars. These are the charges for comfortable accommodation; the passengers, of course, finding their own provisions.

On an average, steam-boats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers travel at the rate of about two hundred miles a day, including stoppages for wooding, and taking on board and discharging freight.

If the State of Michigan be the emigrant's destination, he will proceed from New York, up the Hudson River to Albany; thence, by the Grand Erie Canal, to Lockport or Buffalo; he will then traverse Lake Erie, and land at Detroit, from which

place he will be able to proceed to his locality in the State.

The Southern States offer some advantages to the mechanic for a limited period. Artisans there receive very high wages, even where money has an increased value. If a man who is a clever workman arrives at New Orleans at the end of the sickly season, about November, he may obtain employment at three or four dollars a day, until the commencement of the unhealthy season in the following year, about August. He may in that time, with prudence, save sufficient money for his migration to a Western State, which is healthy, and promises to be a profitable and comfortable home. A person who thus acts is said to have "got a start and gone West." The passage money* from England to New Orleans is seldom more than that to New York. Men unacquainted with any business, save that of a common labourer, should not pursue this plan. In the South, the slaves perform all the labour; and, indeed, an European could not contend with hard work, while exposed to the excessive heat of the climate.

THE POLISH JEW:

A FACT OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

By Mrs. Vincent Novello.

During the war of 1813, when Buonaparte made that desperate attack upon his faithless ally of Russia, the Saxon General, S—, had gathered his troops in a deep and wooded defile, and over the bivouac fire conversed with the guide who had offered to lead his troop to the surprise of a Russian outpost.

The day, which was drawing to its close, had been gloomy and lowering, yet was treacherously warm for the season, and little indicated the approaching snow-storm which was to overwhelm the conqueror, and check his hitherto irresistible course.

The form of General S—, as revealed by the lurid embers, broad and muscular, braced in the tightened uniform of his nation, and decorated with innumerable crosses and orders, contrasted forcibly with the appearance of his companion, a Polish Jew, slight of figure, and enveloped in the loose black gabardine of his race; his cheeks wan, sunken, and sallow, and against each hung a spiral curl of sandy hair, depending from an upright cap of black felt; his eyes, keen and grey, were restless and inquisitive, not unlike those of a famished cat who expects injury, and is watchful to avert or avenge. He bent instinctively, as the harsh tones of General S—'s voice smote upon his ear; and his glances fell before the penetrating regard of the military commander.

This latter was, indeed, a man to be approached with awe by every one who knew the sternness of his character. Brave to desperation, vigilant and inflexible in discipline, the slightest breach of military duty was punished with implacable rigour. His men and officers respected but loved not their commander; yet no one dared provoke his anger, for so sure and fatal was his aim, that every duel he fought cost the life of his antagonist.

"Jew!" said the General, in his severest tone, "you have promised to conduct my troop by a secret path to the surprisal of the enemy. If you bring us in safety through this labyrinth, name your own reward: gold or lands shall be yours for requital of the service. But tremble, Hebrew, if you mean us falsely; for by the bones of my ancestors, and the honour of my sainted mother, the slightest suspicion of treachery on your part, ensures your certain death—ay, death with all its horrors—long, lingering, fierce, and cruel."

The guide made a low and shrinking obeisance, but without speaking, as though fear denied the power of utterance.

"Dog!" exclaimed the wrathful General, "dost hesitate?—dost tamper with my patience? By heavens! if you swear not promptly to execute your mission discreetly and faithfully, life is not yours an instant!"

The Jew looked up, aghast. His ashen complexion seemed intermingled with a leaden hue, as if convulsed by some internal agony of remorse or fear; but habitual command of his passions soon wrought its effect—emotion passed away, and his features resumed their wonted expression of anxious endurance. "By the beard of Aaron!" was at length his answer, "I have sworn to bring you where your enemies are encamped: wherefore are you wrath with your servant, who means most righteously to keep his oath."

The General regarded him with a withering look—"No one *trusts* a spy, even when employing him." He whispered his aid-de-camp—"Sternberg, keep your eye on that fellow; I like not his looks. If you but suspect him of betraying us, on the instant bring him before me." The subaltern touched his hat in sign of obedience, and orders were soon after given for the troop to be in motion.

Their march was conducted with all possible silence and precaution, and for upwards of an hour proceeded in security and hope. By degrees the way became more intricate, and entangled with low underwood, or up-hill and miry, breaking their ranks and scattering the men in confusion, whilst at intervals they had to wade through patches of splashy ground, into which foot and horse sunk knee-deep, and with difficulty toiled through, only again to plunge deeper into some marsh.

Still these difficulties might be only on account of the untrodden path it was necessary for them to pursue, and might forbode no sinister intentions on the part of their guide. On, therefore, they were commanded to struggle their weary way, encountering fresh obstacles at every step. At length horses plunged in swamps and fell exhausted;—men groaned and died. By the most strenuous efforts, General S—, his staff, and the remainder of the troop attained an eminence, overlooking a wild and desert plain. It was but the work of an instant, to despatch scouts to reconnoitre, and seize and bring before the General the Polish Jew guide. Suspicion was indeed strong against this latter, not only for bringing them through this morass, evidently with a view to dishearten and discomfort the soldiers; but twice during the confusion had he endeavoured to escape; and now, whether overcome with fright or guilt, would do nothing but prostrate himself on the ground, and exclaim, "Mercy, mercy!" Vain were assurances of safety, useless all interrogatories as to his knowledge of the road, or the proximity of the Russians; the same shrill prayer for mercy, the same frantic cry of despair alone uprose upon the stillness of the night.

During this paroxysm, the scouts returned, bringing with them a peasant, who, by dint of threats and bribes, informed them that the Russians, who were at least double their number, were encamped within a mile of the place, and expecting the ar-

rival of the Saxon detachment; that the road they had traversed conducted them through a slough to the enemy's camp, where, if any survived, they could be easily dispatched before they had obtained a firm footing, being previously worn out with the fatigues they must undergo on their march.

"By which road can we escape the snare into which we have been led?" demanded the General of the peasant.

"Easily enough;" was his reply. "You have only to descend on your right, and keep the beaten path, and you turn your backs on the Russian forces."

"You shall go with us, friend, as a surety for the truth of your direction;" replied the General, "and I pray you," added he, significantly, "to remark how we punish a false guide."

He bent his mouth to Sternberg's ear, and glancing contemptuously at the still crouching Jew, whispered his commands in a few emphatic words. The aid-de-camp started; but, with true military subordination, ventured not upon expostulation with his superior. Touching his hat, he selected a dozen of the pioneers, and with them descended the hill in the direction indicated by the peasant.

In a few seconds the sound of twelve spades might be heard trenching the moist earth, surely and deeply. The sound smote upon the stillness of the night, impressing silence and awe, and conveying something of terrible import to every listener; each one looked at his comrade, as if he would demand whose grave was digging, who was to be buried in that lone, wild spot?

The harsh tones of the General broke upon this unnatural quiet: "Seize and bind yon howling spy, and cast him into the trench which is digging below; then form into ranks, and every man march over the traitor Jew's grave."

For a brief instant there was a pause of horror; but ere the General could look his displeasure, the fierce behest was fulfilled. Yell after yell burst from the struggling wretch as he was hurried down, which was shortly exchanged for stifled and smothered cries, as the earth was heaped over the hapless victim of his own duplicity and the General's savage revenge.

Anon the silence was only broken by deep, low groans, and at intervals the short sharp word of command to march. The heavy measured tramp of a thousand men soon pressed down and obliterated the mound of earth which marked this deed of horror, and as the General urged his recoiling steed over the spot, he exclaimed, "So perish all spies and traitors!" forgetting that he himself had bribed the Jew to an act of treachery.

However lightly the military commander might consider this punishment, it is said that from that period he never slept more; and that in the lonely watches of the night, the pale visage of the Polish Jew, distorted with agony, was his constant and horrible companion.

THE RECENT AMERICAN COMMUNITIES.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

The ever liberal and excellent pen of Harriet Martineau, and that of J. S. Buckingham, have already familiarized the readers on this side the Atlantic with interesting accounts of the Shaker, Rappite, and Zoarite Communities of North America. These well-known writers also, while protesting against the exclusive celibacy of the Shakers, and their utter negation of the fine arts, and the pure refinements of life, have, however, given in their adhesion to the benefits of the social economics of community, and have expressed their conviction, that under wise and genial arrangements these economics could advantageously be more universally adopted. "There is no question of their entire success," says Harriet Martineau, "as far as wealth is concerned. A very moderate amount of labour has secured to them in perfection all the comforts of life that they know how to enjoy, and as much wealth beside as would command the intellectual luxuries of which they do not dream. The earth does not show more flourishing fields, gardens, and orchards than theirs. The houses are spacious, and in all respects unexceptionable. The finish of every external thing testifies to their wealth, both of material and leisure. Their store shows what they can produce for sale. * * If such external provision, with a great amount of accumulated wealth besides, is the result of co-operation and community of property, among an ignorant society like this, what might not the same principles of association achieve among a more intelligent set of people, stimulated by education, and exhilirated by an enjoyment of all the blessings which Providence has placed within the reach of man." She continues, "The wealth of the Shakers is not to be attributed to their celibacy. They are receiving a perpetual accession to their numbers from among 'the world's people,' and these accessions are usually of the most unprofitable kind. Widows with large families of young children are perpetually joining the community, with the view of obtaining a plentiful subsistence with very little labour. The increase of their numbers does not lead to the purchase of more land. They supply their enlarged wants by the high cultivation of the land they have long possessed, and the superfluity of wealth is so great, that it is difficult to conceive what will be done with it by a people so nearly dead to intellectual enjoyments. If there had been no celibacy among them, they would probably have been more wealthy than they are; the expenses of living in community being so much less, and the produce of co-operative labour being so much greater than in a state of division into families. The truth of these last positions can be denied by none who have witnessed the working of the co-operative system!" To the high authority of Harriet Martineau, J. S. Buckingham added a similar favourable testimony, not only in his work on America, but also by a speech at the large Exeter Hall Meeting of the Church of England Self Supporting Village Society.

With these testimonies before them, and not only them, but the actual presence of the facts themselves, it is no wonder that the active inhabitants of the American Union should practically turn their attention to effect the like results under what appeared to various groups of them to be better auspices. Hence many communities of dissimilar character in some respects, although allied to each other by the ties of associated possession and co-operative effort, have been lately formed, or are now organising. Some of these are operating successfully, others almost immediately failed, and some are labouring under difficulties. From failure and difficulty, as well as success,

however, we gain experience. It will be well, therefore, to introduce some brief notices of these attempts to the British public, whose minds are even now turning to a consideration of the co-operative subject. To commence this, then, we shall give a short summary of some of the most prominent recent American communities. In the compilation of this we have no personal visits to assist us. We compile, therefore, from several piles of American newspapers, and from private correspondence. Our statements may thus far be depended upon, although bias may occasionally creep into columns and letters, and must not be charged to us.

The West Roxbury Association is the first establishment we shall notice. It was founded by George Ripley, a celebrated unitarian minister, near Boston, Massachusetts. As being founded on Fourier's plan, and, from the name of the farm, it is also called the Brook Farm Phalanstery. Its farm consists of 250 acres. It is a sphere of considerable intelligence, and possesses an excellent school. Its building arrangements have been progressing on an extended scale. This, however, has clogged it with debt. On this matter, one of our correspondents writes as follows:—"Brook Farm, it seems to me, will be daily more and more bound by financial difficulties. The large building progresses slowly, and it is really quite deplorable to see good ideas so beset in their practical working; but so it is in almost all things brought from the inward to the outward world. I think, however, that there has been a needless amount of mismanagement in these things. Silly motives of personal importance are also mixed up sometimes in a way to hinder the good which might otherwise be done." The Shakers and Rappites, it may be remembered, began humbly and economically. When we last heard, 150 persons were at Brook Farm.

The Hopedale, or Mendon Community, also in Massachusetts, was founded by Adin Balliň, a universalist preacher of note, and a man much personally esteemed. It is established upon religious principles of community of property and Christian non-resistance. After speaking generally of the new American associations, our correspondent thus writes of this establishment—"Hopedale realises the most of its own ideas, and is therefore to be considered the most prosperous. It is rather too much involved in religious formality, but is less deeply involved in debt than the others."

The Northampton Community is likewise established in Massachusetts, by Professor Adams, and others. For some while it hobbled on, and its largest workshop was even let out as a general factory. It is now recovering itself, but slowly. An interesting conference was held in this establishment to consider the question of social reform, at which Lloyd Garrison, W. H. Channing, and others of the most advanced reformers of the American Union, took a part. The Northampton Association approximates to Fourier's plan. The American *Phalanx* is also our authority for most of these particulars.

Besides these three associations in Massachusetts, two others have been founded upon rather a large scale in the State of New York. The first of these, the Jefferson County Industrial Association, has been located at Watertown, by C. M. Watson, and the other, the Moorhouse Union, was established by a philanthropist of that name in the Herkimen and Hamilton counties. Of these, however, we have received no further information. The Skaneateles Community, of which we have more intelligence, is also situated in Onondaga county, of the same State. The name of the founder of this community is John Collins, the author of *A Bird's-eye View of Society*, a good criticism of our present social state. From the *Onondaga Standard* we gather some interesting particulars of the Skaneateles establishment. Its farm, consisting of 300 acres, is well located: 230 acres are fairly cultivated, and the remaining 70 in fine woodland. Their last year's crops promised well: they had 40 acres of wheat, and 130 of Indian corn, brown corn, and potatoes. They had also fields of other grain and vegetables, several acres of garden, an apple orchard, and a young nursery ground. Their buildings are, a well-finished two story house; a story and a half building attached to it, some 30 feet in the rear; a rough two story dwelling of about 25 by 30 feet; a log-house, two large barns, and two small ones, with a two story shed of 40 feet in length. The whole are situated on rising western ground, overlooking the fine view of the entire farm and surrounding country. On the eastern wooded side is a never-failing stream from the Skaneateles Lake, affording ample water power. Here they have built a two story saw-mill, for sawing lathe and turning wood and iron. They have also abundance of wood and stone, and their proximity to a railroad gives them advantages for manufacturing. The number of inhabitants was about 90, who belonged to the establishment. Among these are some children, and their education is represented as being one of things rather than of words. Their kitchen labour is light, as vegetable food alone is the diet consumed in the Skaneateles community. This, however, would be as objectionable to some as the celibacy of the Shakers. Their course has been arduous. They first assembled in the beginning of winter, almost destitute of means, pronounced incapable and lazy, with all around opposed to their proceedings, and with a debt of 15,000 dollars hanging over their heads. The *Onondaga Standard*, however, writes—"We must look with joy at the fact, that these difficulties have been successfully encountered, their wants supplied, crops put in, mill erected, engagements met, 4000 dollars paid on their property, and all this within eight months!" Since then a paper, the *Communitist*, has been printed and published at Skaneateles, which gives cheering accounts of their progress.

In the State of Pennsylvania, three associations have been commenced. The first of these is the Sylvania Phalanx, in Pike county: its president T. W. Whitley, and its treasurer Horace Greely, editor of the *New York Tribune*. It was formed by persons principally from New York and Albany. Its design was Fourierist. Its operations, however, soon ceased, in consequence of the sterility of the soil of the location. The second attempt in Pennsylvania was called the Social Unity. It was a small establishment, commenced by mechanics from New York and Brooklyn; of which we have heard no further. The third Pennsylvanian association was formed by George Ginel, at the head of a large body of Germans, in Mackean county. Its land consisted of 30,000 acres, held in shares which were originally 100 dollars each, but which have been since sold at 200 dollars, or more. Our last intelligence spoke of it as continuing prosperous.

Since the above, many other communities have been organised in the United States with various fortunes. Such, indeed, is the common lot of nature. We will note down some account of these.

The Ontario Phalanx, a Fourierist association, was commenced at Bates Mills, near Canadaigua, which we believe is near Rochester, in Monroe county, and New York State. It failed in about a year: an assignment for the benefit of the creditors was made, and the members dispersed. On the other hand, the Sodus Bay Association was formed in Wayne county, New York State, about forty miles distant from the Skaneateles community. Its situation bordered upon Sodus Bay, the best harbour on Lake Ontario, and was unsurpassed for beauty of scenery by any tract in the State. The farm consisted of 1400 acres of choice land, 300 of which were improved. Two streams of water, both eligible for mechanical propulsion, were comprised in the domain. On one a saw and grist mill was erected. The establishment having been formerly inhabited by the Shakers, they had erected good buildings for their own accommodation. The number of members was about 300, and it was progressing prosperously. Again, another failure. The Prairie Home, or West Liberty Community, was commenced by Orson Murray, Valentine Nicholson, and other friends of progress in the state of Ohio. From some cause with which we are unacquainted it soon dispersed. Failure, however, is no proof against the ultimate truth of the communitive life, and Orson Murray, in his paper, the *Regenerator*, writes on the one before us as follows:—"If any wish to know how the results of community experiments, thus far, affect my views, I will occupy space enough here to say, that my convictions as to the correctness of community, as being the true life, are nothing shaken. Before these convictions are removed, I must be shown that human interests are not one and inseparable—that mankind are not a brotherhood—that war is better than peace—that division and strife are better than union and co-operation—that confusion and discord are preferable to order and harmony—that it is desirable to have antipathy displace sympathy—that contention, destruction, and misery are worthy to be cultivated, rather than reconciliation, salvation, and happiness."

Still later, other communities have been commenced. Among these we may name the Grand Prairie Community. Isaac Romine, Abraham Crane, and others, it appears, had been living in common interest together for several years, upon 600 acres of land, near Portland, Fountain county, Indiana. They commenced the above named community, on a larger scale than their preceding one, on the east fork of the Vermillion, west of Williamsport. They began upon the Fourier plan in their new establishment, but returned to community of property as more simple and convenient, and are succeeding well. Of their location, John D. Wattles, editor of the *Herald of Progression*, a Cincinnati paper, thus writes:—"They are on the borders of the prairie, and have timber, coal, stone-quarry, and water-power. Their location possesses all the advantages of a timbered country, with all those of the prairie. The forest lies to the south and east of them, and affords the sweet beauties of green foliage; and the immense prairie stretches away to the north and west, seemingly touching the sky. The beautiful, the useful, and the grand are there harmoniously blended. May it be a prototype of the characters which shall there be reared."

In Randolph county, also in the State of Indiana, a community, named Union Home, is formed upon the property of Hiram Mendenhall, who has given it up freely for communitive purposes. The members possess a saw-mill, grist-mill, woollen factory, and several hundred acres of land, and more is readily to be obtained when wanted. In an earlier category, we should have placed the Marlboro' Community, in Stark county, which has been in successful operation for three or four years, and although subject to all the opposition ever given to a pioneer in a new work, still continues prosperous. Of a later date, however, is Christianna or Kristeen Community, as it is variously called. It was purchased by Charles Mowland, and legally conveyed to himself and others in common stock. It is situated on the Tippecanoe river, Marshall county, Indiana, about thirty-three miles from Peru, on the Wabash and Erie canal. The farm consists of 376 acres. On the location is one of the best springs in Northern Indiana, and also an abundant water power furnished by the river. The timber is good and the soil not easily surpassed. The members, like those of the Skaneateles Commmunity, live upon vegetable food, with the exception of milk and butter. They were engaged in building a new house. The Fruit Hills Community is also a vegetable food as well as common property establishment, and situated in the Far West. Its location is described as being remarkable for beauty, fertility, and natural advantages. The railway from Cincinnati to the Lakes passes through it. Their climate is good, and their farm last year produced a considerable surplus crop. The Wisconsin Phalanx is an association approximating to Fourier's plan, in that State. By a printed report of their first year's operation, it appears that this association owns in fee simple an estate of 1553 acres, with four distinct mill sites and sufficient water power. Their soil is excellent, and their property wholly unincumbered. Their moral and social condition is also spoken of as prosperous. Lastly, we have to notice the Alphadelphia Association, in the State of Michigan. It also approximates to Fourier's plan. There is an excellent water power on the domain, which it was proposed to sell out to the capitalist portion of the society. The first wing of their mansion is completed, and is intended to be used principally as a school, and they already print and publish in the establishment the *Alphadelphia Tocsin*, a fairly edited paper, advocating association, and illustrated with small woodcuts by their own members.

Such, then, is a brief summary of the recent communities and associations which have been established in the United States. Their dates occupy at least the last four years. We believe this notice of them will be interesting to the friends of progress in this country. Brief as it is, it will give them a basis of knowledge with regard to these different attempts, which will enable them to understand and identify any future intelligence respecting them. The success of some is encouraging, while the failure of others is fraught with useful experience. To the writer, it appears, that those communities who to common rights have added the common duties, which have a pure unsectarian religious basis for their sanction have succeeded best, and that the failures have been more among those associations which were founded decidedly on Fourier's plan, owing principally to the clashing of the interests of the capitalist and industrial members, than among those communities which were strictly established upon the basis of common interest. However this may be, the above summary clearly shows the deep interest which is taken in the co-operative subject by a considerable portion of the American public. Of this gratifying fact there is no mistake.

THE PERSONNEL OF GOVERNMENT.

By Silhouette.

INTRODUCTION.

"Government," as it is referred to in the title of this article, must not be confounded with Administration. In ordinary parlance, when we speak of government, in connection with persons, we mean the government for the time being of our country. But this is of course well understood to be a misnomer; the statesmen who are from time to time entrusted with power by the sovereign being in point of fact the administrators of the laws, and, in a very limited shape, of the will of the Sovereign also. The *government* of the country is composed of the Sovereign, the two Houses of Parliament, and those individuals who, for the time being, are entrusted by the Crown and the two branches of the legislature with the administration of affairs.

Every subject of Great Britain has a direct personal interest in the characters of those who administer the government of the country—more especially the members of the two branches of the legislature. Any publication which, free from political passion or party bias, would present the world with a faithful, impartial, and at the same time sufficiently graphic, portrait of the leading men of the country—intellectually, morally, and personally—would be rendering a great service. For much more depends on the personal character of public men than we are at first sight inclined to suppose. After a man of talent and originality, whether a member of Parliament or not, has been for some time successfully before the public, he acquires a sort of vested right, as it were, to respect and attention. His plans and suggestions are taken not merely for what they seem to be actually worth, but also for a kind of factitious value given to them by the presumed experience or integrity of their originator; while the reverse rule equally holds, when propositions in themselves good are often disregarded, because he who makes them has not secured the good opinion of the public or the legislature, by previous displays of knowledge, sense, and public spirit.

No excuse, therefore, is needed for presenting our readers with a few brief notices of distinguished public men. If any were required, it would be found at once in the natural curiosity of mankind.

Further, let us observe, that the actual laws, and often the general policy of the country, are constantly changed, in compliance with the suggestions of influential individuals, not members of past or present administrations, sometimes not even members of Parliament. This compliment is paid them because they have more or less made "reputations" in different branches of the science of government, or have acquired a direct influence over the public. The reader will no doubt at once see what we mean, without our mentioning names. Will not our readers feel interested in a truthful analysis and description of such men?

The "*Personnel* of Government," as a title, sufficiently explains itself. A French word has been used, because there is no English one adequately expressing the meaning it is desired to convey; and moreover, by that happy free trade in ideas which each year of peace and rationality expands, it is a word that has almost become naturalised here. Should the notion implied by our title expand into a series of articles, the reader will find himself gradually put in possession of the idiosyncratic features of each public man of distinction, undistorted, uncaricatured by political feeling: a faithful portrait, in outline, and as graphic and true as the writer's powers and extensive experience will enable him to make it.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

No English statesman, since the days of Pitt and Burke, has exercised such a direct and continuous influence over his countrymen, by the force of his personal character, as Sir Robert Peel. The second William Pitt had a strong *personal* hold on large masses of his countrymen. Aided, of course, by the peculiar circumstances of the time, he kept power chiefly by the intensity of his *will*, the singular unity and force of his moral nature. Burke, on the other hand, interfused his mind with that of his countrymen by his intellectual qualities. Sir Robert Peel has not had, during his career, either the moral stedfastness of Pitt, or the towering intellectual power of Burke. Yet, looking at his long public life of nearly forty years, we find that he has actually wielded nearly, if not quite, as much power as the one; while he has exercised a more direct and practical control over legislation than, with all his brilliant talents and profound sagacity, did the other.

In fact, at the risk of seeming to make a silly paradox, we would say that his great characteristic through life has been, that he has had, *politically*, no distinctive character. Throughout, he has been the creature of circumstances; yet he has, with admirable adroitness, availed himself of those circumstances to consolidate his power, and, in the long run, to serve his country.

To study Sir Robert Peel well, you must be many-sided in your view. You must not allow yourself to be carried away by political passion. On the one hand, you must not be ready, as some are, to denounce him as a traitor, because he sacrificed party in order to do what he believed would be for the good of his country: on the other hand, if you wish to study him as a political character, you must not lose sight of his past career, in your admiration of the boldness and perseverance with which he carried Roman Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Corn Laws.

But we are not about to study him as a politician, except where an incidental reference may be necessary. It is the character of his mind we look at, and all those qualities which give him his extraordinary personal influence.

Sir Robert Peel is the *beau ideal* of a practical man. That is the pivot on which all his weight in the country rests. He is not an originator, either of specific ideas, or of schemes of general policy. Read through all his speeches, from the first to last, and although you will be astonished and instructed by the vast amount of knowledge and good sense, there your admiration will stop. You never see a great intellectual stroke. There are no maxims, no apothegms, no luminous sentences. All is a smiling fruitful level, without the striking features of the landscape. The nearest approach to a concrete thought was in his celebrated announcement to his party, when he was the favourite of the Conservatives, that "the battle of the constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts." Yet even this was practical. It was rather the plan of a small and ignoble campaign, than a broad political maxim. No; Sir Robert Peel takes his ideas from others: his merit consists in appropriating them at the precise moment when the occasion allows him to put them in practice. Honourably, he always states the source whence

he derives them; and, as in the case of Richard Cobden, and Adam Smith, attributes the merit where it is due.

But, it will be said, why be guilty of the political immorality of arguing against such ideas, as if you disbelieved them, for years, and then suddenly adopting them? To enter on that question would carry us out of our self-imposed limits. Perhaps it is impossible to argue it, and yet acquit Sir Robert Peel of blame. But one fact may be urged in extenuation. The government in England is practically wielded by the minister who commands a majority in both Houses of Parliament. Their opinions are affected, telegraph-like, by those of the constituency. To gain power, a statesman is actually compelled to humour the prejudices of his party, or he would be shelved at once—his talents strangled in the very cradle. There is not a leading statesman of the present age, of whatever party, who could not be flatly contradicted by his former self out of the pages of *Hansard*.

The abundant proofs the House of Commons have from year to year received of this extraordinary practical faculty of Sir Robert Peel, account in a great measure for the singular influence he has over the members. Even now, when he is in temporary retirement, it is astonishing with what avidity they listen to him. Indeed, they have good reason; for his acquaintance with the facts upon which legislation rests is most wonderful: and he is so careful to base his arguments—and, when in office, his measures—on substantial necessities rather than on theorics, that he becomes to a certain extent, a barometer of the public wants. But it is not merely on the men of business that he exercises this influence—even the strongest partisans on all sides are equally interested—his choice of topics and argument is so admirably made to suit the prevailing tone of the hour, and bring about a general and co-operating action of conflicting powers and heterogeneous interests.

Sir Robert Peel has often been called, opprobriously, a chameleon. This has been because he has changed his politics. The charge might be made in a milder form, with more truth, with regard to his public demeanour and speaking. He has always had one great aim—to be the oracle and the mouthpiece of the preponderating political power of the time. His oratory has always partaken of the character of his temporary politics. When he was comparatively an official subordinate, nothing could be more correct, guarded—in a word, official—than his style of speaking. He never ventured on more than a careful reproduction of the opinions of his official superiors. By and bye, time and his talents worked him up in the scale; and when he had become the representative of Oxford University, and the chosen champion of Church of Englandism, nothing could be more lofty, more orthodox, more high-toned than his speeches. But, again, when events compelled him to wheel round and grant emancipation, another change seemed to come over him: he appeared to regard himself as a great political entity, a something in the state. He stood upon his dignity, his personal honour, and leant against the great prop of his political life—necessity. When, soon after, he wished to be reconciled to his offended party, and stood by them in the Reform struggle, nothing could be more high-toned, more "constitutional," more cleverly obstructive, than the speeches of Sir Robert Peel. The scene shifted; and the high Tory became a Liberal Conservative. In office, in 1834-5, he shone forth in quite a new character. Against an opposition with a majority, he stood up and spoke, night after night, with almost as preposterous a confidence as that of young Pitt when he was first George the Third's minister against the Coalition. Here, again, with the occasion, he altered. Nobody had ever believed that he could make such speeches as he made then. Once more he wheeled round. The leader of the Conservative opposition against the Melbourne ministry, he again donned his old Tory mantle—he was again very much like the Mr. Secretary Peel of the days of Oxford Supremacy. But no sooner had he laughed and argued the Whigs out of office, and stepped into it himself, than his tone again became changed. Like Louis the Fourteenth, he seemed to say—"I am the state!" He would not condescend to speak to any one less than the whole nation. This has been the last and greatest change of this great political Proteus; and a fact more remarkable than his changes, has been the total alteration in his style of speaking, from period to period—from the explanatory to the dogmatic, from the dogmatic to the persuasive, from the persuasive to the dictatorial, occasionally varied by the didactic—and, finally, from the dictatorial and didactic to the apologetic.

But, you will say, are the House of Commons such fools as to be led by the nose in this way—to allow their understandings to be insulted by such conjuror's tricks? Whether fools or not, they *are* led away. Sir Robert Peel is the most *persuasive* speaker of the age. As well might you feel surprise that Sir James Scarlett, after having been engaged in a dozen causes in a day, contradicting himself a dozen times over, should yet have got nine or ten of the verdicts. Sir Robert Peel is a sort of Sir James Scarlett, in his way, as a speaker. He conducts his case exactly like an advocate: had he been at the bar, he would have carried everything before him. He has one great advantage over the most skilful barrister—he thoroughly knows his jury beforehand. He not only understands the general divisions of opinion and party, but he also knows, anatomist-like, the personal character and prejudices of individuals; and it is really astonishing how he plays up to them. For many years he has kept aloof from close personal connection with his political associates—holding himself apart, and exercising influence by his own will, aided by his intimate acquaintance with politics, and his extensive knowledge of human nature. Like a Wellington or a Napoleon, he forms his combinations in his own mind, and compels others to work them out. He keeps his map in his tent; and, marking out his plan, issues his orders. Of course we speak here of the past, although in the present tense. In managing the House of Commons, so as to get them to support him in his moves, without disclosing to them the whole of his plans, his skill (more especially when minister) is something worthy of study. Fallacy, cajolery, doubtful political philosophy, of course, are used abundantly, but only to combat counter-movements of the opposite party—never to compromise great national objects. And, as the *dénouement* of his ministerial career approached, as he came nearer to the moment when he could declare his ulterior purposes, he used less and less of this *finesse*, became more manly and straightforward, more bold in declaring his determination to be free from party ties. Except when in his grandiloquent moods, his plausibility and affected candour surpass any acting the stage ever produced. The *soubriquet* of "Joseph Surface," thus far, was aptly applied, though he had not, even as a politician, that moral obliquity which



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

No. 67. April 10, 1847.

makes the sententious hypocrite of Sheridan's play so odious. His flexible, melodiously toned voice, is so docile to the purposes of his mind, that he can convey, by a tone or an inflexion, the thought which it would not be convenient for him to utter. The way in which he "puts it" to the honourable member for so-and-so, is perfection—it would melt a stone. You almost think you could be persuaded by his very tones and gestures only—that to hear the words he is uttering is only an unnecessary ceremony. Nor does the countenance fail to aid this magical voice. It speaks a speech of itself. The bland smile, the exquisite irony of the arched and elevated eyebrows, the power of expressing scorn when to do so is a part of the *rôle*, and yet the intellectuality, the refined shrewdness, and the commanding intelligence of the whole expression, make the face of this favoured master of the forum superior as an adjunct to his speaking than that of any, even the greatest orator of the day. Brougham's is capable of much and varied expression, especially of scorn and irony; but it will not compare with Peel's. Sheil's is the very poetry of expression, when his passionate soul is worked up to the phrensy of political excitement. Macaulay's is more purely intellectual. Stanley's is more powerful in the expression of sarcasm; Roebuck's in that of concentrated indignation. But not one of them has the varied power, the ever changing expression of the countenance of Sir Robert Peel, trained and tutored as it has been by the strifes, the triumphs, the habitual self-control of nearly forty years.

On great occasions, Sir Robert Peel comes out in a totally different character from that of the political advocate. At such times he shows great moral and personal dignity. When carrying the Emancipation Bill through Parliament against the envenomed opposition of his former followers, he laid a deep foundation in the national respect, by the moderation with which he bore attacks, and the lofty determination with which he vindicated his course. The same feeling was entertained as to his *personal conduct* in his dispute with Canning, whatever people might think of the merits of the case. One singular scene we will refer to because it not only illustrates our position, but also because it affords an instance of that skill with which Sir Robert Peel avails himself of every opportunity to produce an effect. For he is a great actor, studies all his tones, action of the body—nay, his very walk, so solemn, stately, betrays the guiding eye and mind of the political artist. The case we refer to is Cobbett's charge held over Sir Robert Peel's head for two months, that he had ruined the country by his Currency Bill; on which he called at length on the House to pray his Majesty to remove him from the Privy Council. The affair was so absurd, so utterly unparliamentary, that Sir Robert Peel would, at any other time, have pooh-poohed it away. But just then he was trying to get up a sensation throughout the country in his favour; and, as Mr. Cobbett was an undisguised democrat, he chose to construe the motion into an attempt to dictate, by mob will, to the aristocracy of England—to make it, in fact, a sort of Marat or Danton affair. He girded himself up to a great effort. Not John Kemble could have been more magniloquent—more awful in dignity. It was a piece of first-rate acting; nay, possibly, in those days of exaggeration, Sir Robert Peel might even have felt what he uttered. Speaking of the dictation implied by the motion, he said, "Not only would it be the bitterest calamity, but a calamity bittered by the greatest disgrace, to live under such an ignoble tyranny as Mr. Cobbett would impose.—

> Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be;
> Come sink us rather in the sea;
> Come rather pestilence, and reap us down;
> Come God's sword, rather than our own.
> Let rather Roman come again,
> Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane.
> In all the bonds we ever bore,
> We grieved, we sighed, we wept;—we never blushed before!"

This piece of grandiloquence had its effect. Cobbett attempted to reply; but the whole House rose at him, and he was obliged to sit down. Sir Robert Peel, to carry the affair to its climax, walked away, disdaining to vote, and he was cheered from all quarters, while Cobbett could only find four members to vote for him. This scene was one of the greatest oratorical hits on record since the brightest days of parliamentary debating. It was certainly an unfair mode of realising Canning's prophecy, that if ever Cobbett got into parliament he would soon be brought to his level. We could multiply instances, especially from 1841 to 1846, of great courage and magnanimity, and occasionally of most transparent acting, on the part of Sir Robert Peel. His implied charge of assassination against Mr. Cobden, although it carried a paltry triumph at the moment, will always be a blot on his parliamentary character.

But these observations must draw to a close. Those who desire to see the weaker side of Sir Robert Peel's character should read the attacks of Mr. Disraeli.

To conclude. As a public man, Sir Robert Peel is charged with insincerity, treachery, and hypocrisy. Study his whole career, and many partial inconsistencies become explained. Personally, he is charged with coldness, insulting reserve to his political contemporaries, and a voluntary isolation. Partly this charge is true; because the necessities of his peculiar position required that he should, as much as possible, keep aloof from ties that might compromise his personal honour. It is true that if you see him in the street he seems to walk along as if he had no relations with the world—that in the House of Commons he isolates himself—bears himself like one who lives apart in solitary scheming or cogitation—and, except when wielding the magic wand of his persuasive oratory, never seeming conscious that he lives among men. But his private character utterly belies his public aspect. He is a warm friend, a generous, discriminating patron, an affectionate husband—fond even to gallantry, without uxoriousness—and he takes a pride in his fine family, fully justified by their intelligence and their personal qualities; for they are of nature's nobility. For the rest: although sprung from the people, Sir Robert Peel shows as much as the purest aristocrat the refinement of education. He would be a distinguished man in any circle. He stood first at his university: he stands first among the statesmen of the day. His speeches may not be equal to those of some of his contemporaries, but they have the advantage of being more effective. Sir Robert Peel is also a munificent patron of the arts, and no real instance of those embarrassments with which both the pursuits of the arts and of literature are sometimes attended, ever goes unnoticed by him. Perhaps, however, one of the strongest proofs of the intrinsic nobility of his mind is the unaffected frankness and manly pride with which he acknowledges, and even makes it his boast, that he is sprung directly from THE PEOPLE.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

(WITH A WHITE MOSS-ROSE)

On her Birthday.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

Be pleas'd, O gentle lady, to receive
My simple gift upon your natal day:—
Simple indeed, in worldly estimate;
And yet (if judged aright) attended by
A train of high and gracious thoughts serene.

It teaches us that all created things,
However fair, expand in loveliness
When cherish'd by the cultivator's art:
That mental beauty, like the wood-side briar,
If wisely foster'd, blooms the perfect rose.

Its dazzling whiteness also teaches us,
In sacred emblem, of virgin purity,
And of that lustrous company divine,
Who stand before the throne, and sing of peace
And love vouchsaf'd to man for evermore.

And when at last its ripen'd splendour fades,
The finer spirit still lives on, and tells
In accents audible, that Virtue alone
Can triumph over Death: that Beauty dies;
But th' odour of Truth survives decay.

In after years, fair lady, may you shine
A spotless rose in Albion's noble wreath:
Virtuous in deeds, brilliant in ornament
Of body and mind: and when the hand of Time
Shall bear thee hence, to bloom in Paradise,
May th' odour of thy name be sweet in death
As wither'd blossoms of the White Moss-rose.

ELIHU BURRITT'S PILGRIMAGE.

BY JOSEPH CROSFIELD.

IN ages that are gone, and gone for ever,

> When monarchs dreamed
> Of universal empire growing up
> From universal ruin—

when the Delphian echo of the will of kings was the only "public opinion"—their subjects were mistaught to believe that war was a blessing, and that the prosperity of one nation could be obtained and secured only by the depression of another. In those days, that which is a striking feature, the great feature perhaps of the present age, namely, the recognition of the brotherhood of man, was neither felt nor understood. Those boundaries which the Christian must look upon as mere "chalk lines" on the earth's surface, were really regarded as lines of demarcation between people to make them into natural enemies.

Yes, time was that war was clung to as the *business* of nations. That delusion is past: and now, even statesmen and politicians denounce this monster as the curse, the calamity, the evil, but still the *necessary evil*, of nations. This delusion also is on the wing: and the time will be that standing armies and floating armies shall be alike numbered amongst the things that were—that soldiering shall cease to be the trade of men, as it has ceased to be the trade of nations—that universal commerce and universal peace shall prevail—and the "consecration" of colours, and ships, and men, to the sad work of human slaughter, shall be heard of no more at all: but every vessel, of every land and of every clime, shall be, not a chamber of death, but a floating "chamber of commerce," "consecrated" to the cause of civilisation and peace, on whose snowy pennant might fitly be inscribed—

> All ports are open wheresoe'er I go:
> Friends hail me welcome! and I have no foe.

Speaking of deeds, not of the doers, the advocates of the peace principle aver that all wars are impolitic, inhuman, and unjust. On the part of one or other combatant they must, in the nature of things, be so: but the great truth for which the Christian must contend is, that war is unchristian. For this truth he must contend earnestly, but withal in the spirit of love; and the great lever upon which his arguments must rest is, that the duties of a soldier are necessarily opposed to the precepts and example of our great Exemplar. If he obeys the one captain, he cannot fully obey the other.

The lessening of the once long catalogue of offences punishable with death is another proof of the increased estimate of the value of human life. The time is perhaps not far distant when the voice of the Christian public will declare that death punishments shall cease. My sentiments have long been in unison with those of "that small but increasing number" who believe that all death punishments are so; that human life is inviolable —that to kill is the sacred prerogative of Him who alone can make alive, and of Him only. Whether it be from a conviction of the folly, the inefficacy, the impolicy, or the wickedness of judicial slaughter, or from whatever else it may arise, that the services of the public executioner are now so seldom called into use, the fact itself ought to be cause of great thankfulness in the heart of the Christian philanthropist. The delusion which could cling to the gallows as a "moral spectacle" is fast crumbling away; and the occupation of the hangman is regarded with universal loathing. But why? The victim of his halter has been deliberately tried by his peers—"twelve honest men of the vicinage,"—and sentence has been solemnly pronounced on him by the judge, who, for so doing, is paid by the people: while with the man who is the victim of a soldier's weapon there is no such solemn trial and conviction: he may be, and he often is, the victim of caprice, or revenge, or some other evil passion. Why, then, should the business of a hangman be thought less reputable than that of a soldier? It is a serious question. That the sword and the gun are now more "respectable" than the halter is, alas, too true. Are they more Christian? I would ask it in reverence, and in Christian love. The duties of the hangman are as solemn and as Christian as those of the court, the judge, the witness, and the jury: *they* commence and carry on the solemn work—*he* shuts the awful scene. Compel the judge to adjust the rope; and the gallows would fall to-morrow.

In the past ages which have been referred to, what is recorded by the poet as a melancholy historical fact, was then regarded as a sort of natural law to nations!

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, that had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

But we are growing wiser: we are beginning to feel somewhat of the force of the divine declaration that "God has made of one blood all *nations* of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Yes, the Great Architect of the earth has rifted the isles from the continent, and one continent from another. Between them he has placed the wide seas, not as obstructive barriers, but as a great highway for the nations: and given them the winds as their chariot steeds: but the nations have too much closed their eyes to the light of this beneficence; a light that will one day beam upon them with a clearness that shall cause them to marvel at the present gloom.

Would space permit, other illustrations might be given of the fact, that among Christian philanthropists there has been a gradually increased estimate of the value of human life. At one time many of them, perhaps, thought the continental war was "just and necessary." Some of them even returned thanks at the last conflict, who would now shudder to read the dreadful truth, that seventy thousand men were slaughtered on the plains of Waterloo. Without hesitation they would now express their conviction, that no conceivable circumstances could in any way justify such a dismission to the bar of divine judgment. The present position of the anti-slavery question is a similar instance of progress. The coloured man, whether bond or free, is now allowed to be an *equal* member of the universal brotherhood.

These and other indications of a brighter day arrested the attention of Elihu Burritt, and impressed him with a belief that the time was come for a more active promulgation of the great truth, that the people of the earth are one people—that the nations of the earth are one family. He looked on "the anatomy of the globe;" and he saw, or thought he saw, that the various branches of this family of nations were *designed* to be dependent on each other. Our geographers have defined an ocean as a large expanse of water that *separates* two continents: he saw that we wanted a new nomenclature; that an ocean *unites* the continents. He saw the sea as a highway for the nations, and the "trade wind" as a wafting power whereon the varied products of the varying climes of the earth were to be freely borne from the shores of one nation to the shores of another. But, not to lengthen these observations, he resolved to visit this land; and crossed the Atlantic in the same steamer that brought the happy news of the settlement of the Oregon question. It was a pleasing coincidence.

Nine months have now elapsed since he landed on our shores; and he has received a fitting welcome. As is well known to many, it was his intention to make a pedestrian tour through the length and breadth of our island. He proposed to himself to occupy the forenoon with his pen; and in the afternoon "to take up his hickory staff, and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, at the rate of ten miles a day." He, however, soon found that he could not carry out this plan. Invitations poured in upon him from all quarters, and from all classes—private individuals, and public institutions—importuning him to visit or to lecture, &c. To comply with more than a small portion of these was simply impossible. That it should be so he much regretted. Many of these invitations were couched in terms of the warmest friendship, and full sympathy with the object of his visit to us, that cause to which he has devoted, and is devoting, all his energies—the brotherhood of the great family of nations—the universal brotherhood of the one family of man.

Previous numbers of the *People's Journal* have given some account of that movement in favour of Friendly International Addresses, which was the more immediate occasion of his visit to our land; a movement of which he was the mainstay; of which he has testified, "that a thousand peace lecturers could not have done such a work for the brotherhood of the two nations;" and of which many persons on both sides of the Atlantic, likely to form a just estimate, are persuaded that the effect was, and is, and will be, eminently beneficial.

After spending a few days in Manchester with those friends who had taken an active interest in these addresses (more than fifty of which have now crossed the Atlantic); and a few hours in Liverpool with the Hutchinson family; he proceeded to Birmingham to the house of Joseph Sturge, with whom he had for some time held intimate epistolary intercourse; and who was fully prepared to unite and assist in his benevolent labours. After some tarriance at Birmingham, having arranged his future plans, he started on his pedestrian tour. Mounting his knapsack, if not his "hickory staff," he journeyed on towards Worcester, having charge of a responsive address to that city from the inhabitants of American Worcester, his place of residence. On his second day's walk he met with that little incident which he so graphically depicts in the "leaf from his journal," entitled *An Hour with Nature and the Nailers*, a leaf which has been widely scattered, or rather copied, in this country; and the circulation of which throughout the United States has been immense. This touching story he has skilfully wrought into a chain link of brotherhood between the children of the two countries; and in his proposition to the scholars in the "School Room" of the *Christian Citizen* to subscribe their cents for "Jemmy's" education (a proposition which has been delightfully responded to), he has interested thousands and thousands in America in the education and the welfare of this little nailer boy. See the *Bond of Brotherhood*. The *Christian Citizen* of the 30th ult. contains his second visit to Jemmy's smithy. All who have read that "leaf from the Editor's Journal," must be desirous that he would turn over another. He, however, finds the claims of humanity—of universal brotherhood—more imperative on his pen than the landscape of nature.

From this place he proceeded to Worcester; presented the address; passed a few days there; and then resumed his pedestrian tour towards London, designing to linger awhile at Hartwell Park, near Aylesbury. On his route, he arrived at a small town in Worcestershire, where, as detailed by Mary Howitt, the cherished project of his heart was subscribed to by "seventeen men of Pershore—good men and true;" and thus, at a time and place which were alike unexpected to him, that "League of Universal Brotherhood" was founded, under the banner of which many thousands have enrolled themselves in both nations; and given to the world another "great fact." This visit to Pershore is a visit that will never be forgotten by our friend. He abandoned for a time his pedestrian travel; and returning by railway to Birmingham, consulted with his friend, Joseph Sturge, as to future plans of operation. It was

decided to commence a small monthly periodical, to be entitled *Elihu Burritt's Bond of Brotherhood.* He therefore prepared the first number, and in various other ways promoted the extension of this new League, which, though obscure in its origin, he has faith to believe will one day embrace all nations under its broad banner. The *Bond of Brotherhood* is made up in packets of 12, 25, 50, and 100 each, and may be ordered of any bookseller at the rate of two shillings a hundred.

To follow him in all his subsequent labours would be out of place. He arrived in London, and at a meeting of the World's Temperance Convention he introduced the "Pledge of Brotherhood;" and on the instant obtained such signatures as gave a character and standing to his project which must have satisfied the most sanguine. Of his speech on that occasion, it is observed by John Campbell, the well-known editor of the *Christian Witness*, that he discoursed for a full hour "in a manner that spell-bound the audience."

He subsequently visited Bristol and other places in the West of England, walked up the valley of the Wye, paid a brief visit to some of the iron works in Wales; returned to Bristol, and then travelled on by easy stages to Exeter, visiting several towns on his route. Most of this journey he performed on foot.

To those who are familiar with the old *Bridgwater Collection* (a volume of hymns, as I suppose, used by the "pilgrim fathers" of New England), it will be interesting to know what were the feelings of their "pilgrim son" as he trod the ground, to him "classic ground," of "Bath," and "Wells," and "Mere," and "Hinton," &c. These names had been as household words from his youth; and when he came within their precincts, he felt himself in quite a Beulah land of pilgrim sons. He says, in one of his "family letters," published in his *Christian Citizen*—

> I have not visited any part of England more interesting than the region which I have perambulated for the last ten days. Nominally it has been the land of sacred song, having been set to music for the last half century at least in New England. * * You are in the midst of names consecrated to the affections of religious dovotion; the names of spiritual songs with which thousands of our pious forefathers and foremothers in New England made melody in their hearts on their road to heaven. * * * Between Glastonbury and Bridgwater, I was shown the white tower of the little church of Mere, standing far out in a sea of verdure, the beacon of a quiet village hidden beneath the trees. I intend to make a pilgrimage to that little town before I leave England, to see if the inhabitants sing Mere as it was sung by our New England forefathers.

These extracts are given for the information and satisfaction of others, and not as indicating emotions in which I shall be expected to participate.

To return to the pilgrimage. At Exeter he presented the responsive address from the women of Philadelphia*—an address which will be long had in remembrance in both cities as a memorable event in the annals of international intercourse—a friendly address signed by more than 3500 women of that "city of sisterly love," as one may venture to call it, without any very strained paraphrase on the meaning of the name, in reply to one signed by more than 1600 of the women of Exeter.

Since that time he has visited several towns in Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, &c., lecturing on peace and some other topics. His lecture on labour, in which he forcibly demonstrates that labour is a blessing, and not a curse, has excited great interest; and he has received invitations to deliver this address, from the conductors of popular institutions in various parts of the kingdom. On the 15th of 12th month, last year, a very large peace meeting was held in the town-hall, Birmingham. At the conclusion, a friendly address was agreed on to the people of France, which had been drawn up by Mr. Burritt. Earnestly is it desired that this may be the commencement of an extended system of reciprocal addresses between us and our brethren of France. This address was forwarded to Louis Philippe through the French ambassador. It was lithographed, and copies were sent to the mayors of many of the principal towns. Whether it has been much noticed by the French press is at present not known. A Calais newspaper, *L'Industriel Calaisien*, translates the address, accompanying it with some most gratifying remarks. The editor expresses the pleasure he has derived from the translation of such a document, and doubts not his brethren of the press will rejoice to give publicity to those feelings which it must inspire. He goes on to say—

> The sentiments expressed in this address from our brethren of Birmingham have deeply affected us. Thus advocating the cause of humanity, this appeal to all our generous feelings will not be made in vain. All France will hear and welcome, as we do, their devout words; and we hope the day is not far distant when the French people and the English people will be to the whole universe a sublime example of peace, of fraternal concord, and social intercourse. We may have to sustain some severe trials before we reach so desirable a consummation; but let our brethren of Birmingham take courage, and steadily persevere in the civilising course on which they have entered. We, on our part, will use our utmost efforts to aid them in dissipating those traces of ancient hatred which rest only on absurd prejudices; and in effacing that animosity which inconsiderate, impetuous, or wicked men would seek to revive between two nations so well formed for mutual love, and for a community of effort in doing good and promoting the future welfare of the whole world.

Surely, this may be regarded as an indication of progress—of that better time coming when the remembrance—ay, the very name—of Waterloo shall be buried in oblivion. The article from which it is quoted has cheered the heart of our friend, and will, no doubt, animate others. As the first step in a new movement, the alpha of Friendly International Addresses between the people of this country and the people of France, it is surely sufficient to encourage other towns to go and do likewise. Previous to this, he had delivered a lecture in the Hall of Commerce, London, under the auspices of the London Peace Society, on the Organic Sinfulness of all War. More than three thousand persons were computed to be present, and it is believed that thousands went away unable to obtain admission. Not to mention other of his labours, it may be stated that on the 8th of 2nd mo. delivered a similar lecture in the Friends' Meeting-house, Manchester, to an attentive auditory, computed at two thousand; in which he clearly evinced the utter antagonism of all war, and all the fruits, and deeds, and spirit of war, to the requirements of Christianity: not that some of the adjuncts, the accidents, so to speak, of war, were thus contrary to the precept and example of Christ; but that the whole system of war, and the whole duty of a soldier, were thus opposed to the duty of a Christian.

On the 10th he went to Ireland, not on a tour of pleasure, but as a task of duty, in the prosecution of his labour of love. The mourning, and lamentation, and woe, which now agonise that devoted country, have entered deep into his soul.

* The late disgraceful proceedings in this city induce the inquiry—Will none of these 3500 women of Philadelphia rise up in the might of their influence, and say, that the sisterhood of themselves and their neighbours, "guilty of a skin not coloured as their own," *shall* be acknowledged? A remonstrance—a Christian remonstrance—from one tithe of their number, would at once and for ever set the question at rest, and rid them of their present thraldom, a thraldom to which it is hoped they are not "willing slaves."

His urgent appeal for the employment of the British navy in freighting the surplus produce of America, where truly there is bread enough and to spare, while the brethren of our Father's house in Ireland are perishing with hunger, is proof of this fact, if proof is asked for. That paper on the use of the navy should be read by every man in Britain, and woman too. A foreign foe has invaded Ireland, in the shape of remorseless famine. The navy is the people's navy; it costs them seven millions sterling annually (an amount greater perhaps than the net profit on all the exports of Britain). Let the people demand that for once this navy be employed for their benefit, in the expulsion of this foreign foe. And let us all bear in mind that the unseen Hand which has stamped the plague-spot on the staff of life in Ireland, may come as silently and as unseen into our corn-fields, and with one touch wither up every ear of grain.

By the steamer which sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of First month, and which had a long passage, Mr. Burritt transmitted a very touching appeal to the inhabitants of Worcester county, which is considered the heart and centre of Massachusetts, urging them to remember their brethren of Ireland in this their sore time of need. Thousands of Americans have attached themselves to the League of Brotherhood, and have given in their *names* to the pledge. Our friend wishes them to feel and to show that it is a brotherhood of *deeds*, and not of names merely. Having heard, when last in London, that the English government had, on application, consented to pay the freight of any provisions and clothing that might be contributed by the Society of Friends in America, for the relief of the distress in Ireland, he applied to Lord John Russell, in conjunction with another American citizen, to make the same offer to others as well as the Friends. To this application he received the following satisfactory reply:—

Treasury Chambers, 3rd February, 1847.

GENTLEMEN—I am commanded by the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you, in reply to your letter of the 1st instant, addressed to Lord John Russell, that my lords will be prepared to pay the freight of any provisions or clothing which benevolent persons in the United States may send to Ireland, or the distressed districts in Scotland, on proof being afforded that the articles were purchased from the produce of private subscriptions, and have been appropriated to charitable objects. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

(Signed) C. E. TREVELYAN.

Messrs. Elihu Burritt and James L. L. F. Warren.

On receipt of this communication, he wrote an appeal to the inhabitants of the United States, desired it to be made into an Olive Leaf, to be sent to the newspapers and all members of the legislature; and he anticipates a worthy response. It was this which took him to Ireland. He went gone, as was said of a former philanthropist, "to take the gauge of misery, not as a matter of curiosity or philosophical speculation, but with the holy hope of relieving it."

From Ireland he went over to Scotland. He proposes to spend some little time there. In the spring he hopes to visit the continent of Europe: his heart yearns to scatter the Olive Leaves of peace and good-will amongst our French brethren; and to strew them thick on the plains of Waterloo. He has been encouraged to make arrangements for handing a peace tract to every one who pays a visit to this field of carnage.

A few words on his plan of an Ocean Penny Postage. Its connection with, or its influence on, the cause of human brotherhood need not be formally propounded. It is a great project, to be carried out only by our own great nation: and it is rather startling, truly; but not half so startling as an inland penny postage would have been to our grandsires. Yet we may almost say of this inestimable boon, that it was no sooner proposed than it was practised; and with results, the benefits of which have already extended to almost all portions of the globe. Courage, then! and let us not faint at the magnitude of the project. If it be true that a world's penny postage is now become a world's necessity, it may most surely be affirmed that now is England's opportunity, a matchless opportunity, to become, in a new and better acceptation, the "mistress of the seas." The sceptre of such an ocean queen would be joyfully acknowledged by all people; "her flag would be hailed with all the gladness of the heart and home affections along every shore; the islands of the far-off ocean would clap their hands for joy at the sight of her winged messengers; and the whole world would bless her, and be blessed by her beneficence." In sober sadness, it must be acknowledged that John Bull has been the constable, not to say the slaughterman, of the world long enough. He is older than he was, and wiser—he has sons and daughters in all quarters of the globe—it is computed that one hundred and forty millions live under his sway—his ships are on every sea—unfettered commerce will send them into many a new and far-off river,

Where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—

it will change the aspect of the world, and compel him to turn over a new leaf—the bond of Christian brotherhood will disband the warrior legions—and his occupation gone, he will have to prepare for some other calling. In fact, old John *must become* the World's Penny Postman!

The brotherhood of Sunday schools, as they are termed, is another favourite idea with Mr. Burritt. He proposes that every First-day school in the kingdom should connect itself with some First-day school in America, and keep up a friendly correspondence. To the friends of peace, *fully impressed* with the fact that the children of this generation are the men and women of the next—that in a very few years the boys and girls of to-day will be the practical rulers of the nation—this proposition will commend itself as one of no light importance. He also proposes the establishment of juvenile peace societies with the same object in both countries. Until the ocean penny postage is realised, a restriction will be felt on this friendly intercourse. A little contrivance, however, and a little concert of action, will lessen its amount. By using the thinnest foreign correspondence paper, five or six letters may come under the half-ounce, that being the weight allowed for a single postage, which is eightpence by packet, and a shilling by the steamers. We have to pay the postage both ways.

Much more might be written in illustration of the expansiveness of our friend's views and efforts; but I forbear, for I feel that the brotherhood of the great family of nations does indeed open up a wide field, both for thought and action—a field of which it may almost be said, that the centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere. I have spent many days in his company, during the last twelve months I have received from him many letters, and am not unacquainted with his plans, and prospects, and labours; but it is by no means my object to eulogise either him or them. This brief sketch is written at the request of the editor, and with the desire of promoting, in however small

a degree, the friendship of the great family of nations, the brotherhood of the one family of man. We are too much given to eulogy, too apt to neglect or overlook the import of those Scripture queries —"Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" It is, in short, the age of testimonials. Mr. Burritt works very hard. Besides writing for the press in this country, editing the *Bond of Brotherhood*, &c., he has to supply his own weekly newspaper, *Burritt's Christian Citizen*, of which he is editor, and which, when the postage is reduced to a halfpenny, will no doubt have a free circulation in this country. He has, also, up to this time conducted a monthly periodical, the *Advocate of Peace*. His correspondence is very extensive. He is desirous to comply with the wishes of those who would see or hear him; but to comply with all is quite impracticable. His constitution is not vigorous, and his lungs are not strong. His friends therefore entreat for him the kind consideration of all, and more especially of those who have been, or may be, in any way disappointed.

Manchester, 2nd of 4th month, 1847.

SONG.

Deeply I gazed on the summer sky's blue,
Earnestly longing for one soul as true:
As I looked on the sky, I thought upon thee—
Will thy soul be ever as true unto me?

I watched a red cloud 'neath the setting sun's charm,
Earnestly longing for one heart as warm:—
As I watched the red cloud I thought upon thee—
Will thy heart be ever as warm unto me?

I heard the loud sea 'neath the grey rocks so steep,
And earnestly longed for affection as deep:
Listening then I thought upon thee—
Will thy love be ever as deep unto me?

I saw that all Nature was lastingly true,
The sea ever sounding, the sky ever blue:
Beloved one! I earnestly ask it of thee—
Will thy love be lasting as nature for me?

K. T.

MR. J. M. MORGAN, AND THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

The following extracts from a letter to a friend in England, by Mr. J. M. Morgan, will be, on various grounds, interesting to the readers of the *People's Journal*. They will be happy to see that this true friend of mankind is again blessed with health to aid him in his indefatigable labours.

Rome, Jan. 26, 1847.

If you wish to cherish your own ideal Rome, remain in England, and come not here to dispel the fond illusion. Continue to believe the Tarpeian Rock a grand projecting promontory; the Tiber a wide and rapid flood; the Forum surrounded by an immense area; and the Coliseum far removed from the more dignified pursuits of ancient Rome.

It is time to realise something far better than all the best institutions both of ancient and modern Rome combined, instead of exhibiting the degraded spectacle of a great and powerful nation exuberant in wealth with a starving population.

It is now more than six months since I saw a number of the *People's Journal*; but I am glad to hear that it goes on prosperously, for it was calculated at once to amuse and edify the people; and its tendency to general and social improvement, without the bitterness of party feeling, was deserving of encouragement. It will be made still more the instrument of good, as it continues to record the proceedings of the ministers of religion, in their arduous endeavours to improve the condition of the people. Few have enjoyed such opportunities of witnessing so widely the zeal and benevolence of the clergy as myself, in soliciting their attention in all the principal towns of England to the plan of the self-supporting village: and whatever differences of opinion may exist as to form and discipline among themselves, there is no indifference as to their sacred duties. Nor have I found, on the occasions I have had to appeal to the dissenting ministers, a less desire to elevate the condition of the people; but the specific plan I had to explain being connected with the Church of England, was exclusively confined to members of our own communion, though similar undertakings were recommended for every religious denomination. My visits last year to the Continent, and now, as well as in 1845, convince me that the Catholic clergy have shared in the general improvement of the age; and that it is most unjust to attribute to them the ignorance and vices of a less enlightened period. They are taking the most active part in measures of practical reform, in the management of the workhouses, in prison discipline, and notwithstanding the proposed Christian colonies are illustrated by a Protestant model, they devote great attention to it: the Jesuits, especially, evince the greatest intelligence, and are more alive to the evils of competition. To repel insinuations against them, they never visit families or persons singly. I have had opportunities of witnessing the observance of this, one of the regulations of their order. To return to the *People's Journal*. I should like to see it become a medium of communication with the people, as to the principles and progress of the self-supporting villages, as the clergy are desirous that they should be better informed on the subject One of the most popular of their orators, and who has been a candidate for a seat in Parliament, and is friendly to the cause, expressed an apprehension that the people would not understand it; nor can any one fully comprehend a plan which professes to offer the means of gradually renovating the whole of society while proposing a practicable commencement, without adequate investigation; and this should be urged upon all. * * * *

Great exertions are making here by the Protestant clergy in raising subscriptions for the poor Irish. The subject has been twice dwelt upon in the sermons at the English Church. What lamentable and frightful accounts appear in your papers daily! Had the adoption of Christian communities been determined some few years since, all this misery might have been prevented: even now, were they generally commenced, it would call into existence a vast amount of remunerated labour, and put money into circulation, instead of supporting the people in idleness, if they are not too much debilitated for work. It is a sad reflection, that this waste of human life should be necessary to compel investigation into the true principles of society—a course which can no longer be delayed. Free trade, to be really beneficial, must be preceded by a better organisation of labour, and a more equitable distribution of its products.

Pius IX. is almost adored at Rome. He is seen in prints and busts of all sizes, and his likeness meets one at every turn. I am at present too weak to seek an introduction.—Yours very faithfully,

J. M. MORGAN.

Since the above was written, the following has appeared in a contemporary publication :—

We learn by letters from Rome that Mr. J. M. Morgan, the benevolent and indefatigable projector of the Christian Commonwealth, or self-supporting village of 300 families, has been honoured by an interview with his Holiness the Pope, at which he was permitted to explain his plan for ameliorating the condition of the working classes. His Holiness was pleased to express the great interest which he felt in the design, and his approbation of its charitable purpose. He accepted copies of Mr. Morgan's work, the *Christian Commonwealth*, in French and English, and a lithographic print illustrative of the proposed village: having previously allowed a transparent painting of the same to be placed in his apartment, and having devoted to it considerable attention. The most patient consideration has been given to the design by the different religious bodies of Rome, especially by the Scotch and Irish colleges; by the latter it was recognised as the most likely means, under Providence, of averting the evils which afflict the sister island. We learn, moreover, that the Pope has referred Mr. Morgan's proposals to the examination of the Agricultural Commission, of which the Cardinal Massimo is president; and that it is expected their report will be followed up by the establishment of a model village in the Campagna di Roma. Such a movement on the part of the head of the Catholic Church demands the utmost gratitude from Christians of all denominations; whom we trust it will excite to emulation in a work so noble and excellent, and so highly calculated to relieve the present, and prevent the future, sufferings of the industrious poor. The following extract from the *Roman Advertiser*, of a date previous to that of Mr. Morgan's interview with his Holiness, will show the estimation in which our worthy countryman is held in the eternal city :—

"PROJECT FOR A CHRISTIAN COLONY.—In countries where commercial prosperity has risen to its highest, it is often found that the moral and social condition of the labouring classes has sunk to its lowest degree. The wealth of nations is sometimes found to advance in an inverse ratio with every exalted and spiritual interest of national life. In our intense conviction that the only *Catholicon* for these withering tendencies of overgrowing wealth and luxury is the Church, the grand social regenerator, we are yet happy to see any effort of philanthropy to stem this current of evil, this gross principle of materialism, whose blighting sway, like the Upas tree, spreads death around to all that is noble, generous, and holy; even if this may appear impossible to reduce to practice. Such we are not disposed to think is the project above-named, which Mr. J. M. Morgan, who is now in Rome, has benevolently devoted himself to the furtherance of, and is anxious to submit to the consideration of his Holiness, who, as the Common Father of the Faithful, is the proper person to be consulted on any project aiming at the promotion of the principles of the Gospel. The prospectus of the undertaking receives sanction from the names of several of the English nobility, and highly respected ministers of the Protestant communion. It states that the object is to be found in any, or all countries, Catholic or Protestant, where funds may be raised, a model colony for the establishment of 300 families, under the management of directors, renting about 1,000 acres of land, with a church and public offices attached, schools, farms, and a factory, so that all the essentials to social welfare may be combined with the action of religious and moral influences, and, as much as by any outward agency can, a life of virtue, peace, and comfort be secured to all. The theory of this little colony very much resembles that of the Republic of Paraguay, which, under the guidance of the Jesuit fathers, long presented the aspect of a moral oasis in history, a contradiction to the selfish economy of anti-Christian institutions."

Mr. Morgan observes that if this plan was generally understood it could be speedily adopted, and prove the means of furnishing the destitute population of Ireland and Scotland, and indeed of all countries, with immediate remunerating employment in preparing the establishments.—*Sun.*

PEOPLE ABOUT ONE.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

CHAP. III.—TRAVELLED AND TRAVELLING PEOPLE.

AN essay on travelled and travelling people might now-a-days comprehend a synoptical view of the whole population of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed. In the autumn months the home of the Englishman is abroad. People who, a score of years back, would no more think of being upon visiting terms with the Alps or the Pyrenees than they do now-a-days of climbing up Chimborazo, or bivouacking in the Mountains of the Moon—pack up their trunks and take out their passports for the Continent, as regularly and about the same time as the swallows start on their annual flight southwardly. It is amusing to observe how the swarm of tourists spreads with each succeeding season. At first, Paris and Brussells—from its vicinity to Waterloo—were the great features of attraction; now they are but starting points for further journeyings. The Rhine had its day; now its every rock and winding between Mayence and Cologne are as familiar as the Reaches between Bugsby Hole and the Nore. The tributaries of the Rhine were next explored. The Mosel and the Neckar became hackneyed in their turn. Then the Rhone came out in great force, and the foaming Switzer streams—the Arve and the Reusse had their season of immense popularity. About the same time, instead of sticking to the grey old cities nestled amid the vineyards of the valley of the Rhine, our adventurers began to strike off into the depths of Germany, to beat up its lazy, sleepy villages, to thread its gloomy forests, and finally, to invest Vienna and Berlin. Soon the Rhine and the Rhone began to yield to the Danube and the Neva. The Alps had been long scaled, and every lumbering Austrian diligence which toiled up the zig-zag roads of the Simplon and the St. Gothard poured down their shoals of English on the glorious plains of Lombardy, thence to colonise and Britanicise Naples and Rome. The Pyrenees had also yielded up their hidden glories, and the loungers at the waters of Pau came back with wondrous tales of the *contrabandistas* of the frontier and the muleteers and alcades of Spain. Now-a-days, when you can ask for beefsteaks and porter in your mother tongue, and get them too, at almost every hotel from Hamburgh to Trieste, and from the Alps to the Pyrenees, when you hear English alternate with the guttural German of the Prater of Vienna, the terse and snappish French of the Boulevards of Paris, the sonorous Spanish of the Prado of Madrid, the mellifluous Italian of the Corso of Rome; now-a-days, when three-fourths of Europe are as familiar to us as the midland counties twenty years ago, the tourist tide, always rising, ever finding novel channels, is beginning to set in strongly towards the East, covering the Mediterranean with yachts and steamers, establishing omnibusses between Athens and the Piræus, exploring the Holy Land, picnicking, on the top of the Pyramids, boarding the boats of ancient Nile, mounting the camels of the desert, pushing on through the Dardanelles, lunching in kiosks, flirting in harems, and walking arm-in-arm with the Bluebeard like Turks of Constantinople, the awful bogies who used to flit like nightmares into our childish dreams.

But half a dozen words of an advertisement I have just stumbled upon will set our familiarity with strange lands in a more striking light than a dozen of wrought-up pages. It delighted me amazingly. The overland travellers to India were comforted with the official assurance that "they would find plenty of soda water in the Desert." Soda water in the Desert! What next? Pine apple ices in Abyssinia. Slate billiard tables (public and private) in all the respectable hotels of Bagdad?

The continent of Europe, then, is evidently just as good, if not better ground for hunting up the characteristics of English men and women, than even their own island homes and haunts. Abroad they come out in all the glory of their national characteristics. John Bull does not find the wheels of the world everywhere greased according to his own peculiar notion, so he drowns their creaking by his grumblings. John's haughty humours never boil over so amusingly, as when abusing puzzled waiters and anathematising crawling diligences. He would set the time of the world by the clock at the Horse-guards, and pooh-pooh, all differences of longitude, as foreign attempts to overthrow the power and dignity of England. There is a word continually in use amongst us—dear, self-complacent creatures and self-conceited creatures that we are. We esteem it as expressing the climax of impropriety, it is our superlative of bad, and—it is "un-English." An un-English feeling, an un-English practice, an un-English mode of doing business, what terrible reproaches to the unlucky wights who entertain the one or perpetrate the other. We are only just beginning to acquit the French of the accusation of un-English cookery; the Neapolitans of maliciously and feloniously harbouring un-English skies. But in travelling it is that the million and one un-Englishisms constantly rising around, like the continued pricking of pin points, goad John Bull to his lustiest bellowings. I do not now speak of your experienced traveller who has learned the great secret of being Roman at Rome, but of the vast shoal of the Thompsons and Joneses, who will insist upon carrying a little private Britannic atmosphere about with them, like portable gas in a bladder, through which to gaze, and in which to live, move, and have their being. We command a curiously mixed species of respect abroad. Even amid all our eccentricities, all our unreasonableness, all our absurdities, there is an energy, an "I will have it so, and there's no use talking" sort of feeling, which awes while it amuses. Two or three years ago, I was jogging along a dusty Bavarian road in a jingling, fusty, suffocating calèche. It had originally been made to open, but many a year had rolled over its musty linings since they had been thrown back to the sweet air. We applied to the postmaster at the first relay—"What, open the carriage! why, it had never been opened, therefore it never could be opened—the thing was absurd, unreasonable. Hundreds had travelled in it shut, and why should not we?" Now I would as soon try to move a mountain as overthrow the phlegmatic dogmatism of a German official. We therefore re-entered our condemned cell upon four wheels, jogged out of sight of the post-house, then stopped the calèche, ordered the postilion to stir at his peril, set to work with big stones, drove back the rusty rivets, flung open by main force the creaking hinges, doubled back the iron-like folds of leather, the postilion standing by the road-side the while in a state of mingled amazement and horror frightful to contemplate. We could hardly get him to mount again; and at the next stage, whilst we discussed at a very unpretending gasthof a dinner of the juiciest of sausages and the bitterest of beer, we observed our friend of the braided jacket, tasselled horn, and boots, pointing out to the admiration of the populace in general the unprecedented exploit of the "mad Englishmen, who would not be content with things as they had always been, but would break through all decent rules and usages, and do just as they liked."

But our achievement was a reasonable one. It is the determined air of nationality with which travelling Englishmen in general set to work to bend everything to their own notions—not because these notions are reasonable—but because they come naturally and familiarly to them; it is the haughty, isolated grandeur we are so fond of keeping up, our want of pliancy to suit ourselves to the circumstances into which we voluntarily plunge, which provoke the least flattering compliments from our neighbours on whom we confer the honour of a visit.

Whatever John Bull may be at home, he must always be a milord abroad; and very handsomely does he pay for the honour. John's private carriage draws up to the hotel, or he emerges in full blown dignity from the *coupé* of the diligence, shouting lustily about his half hundred trunks and imperials. Down comes the landlord, and up go the prices. John sets half the bells in the hotel ringing for an hour, finds fault with everything, the country included, wants French wines in Germany, German wines in France, and port and sherry everywhere. John can't forget one jot of his nationality for even three weeks. How often have I been amused on the arrival of a steamer, or the stoppage of a train, by the rush of my jaunting countrymen, guide book in hand, after an *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, or an *Hôtel de Londres*. Nor is there any scarcity of these attractive sign-boards. In flies John Bull: he would think himself wanting in patriotism did he patronise aught but a national hotel. He can be served—he frequently is—with English fare, cooked in English style, brought in by English waiters. Then he travels in constant communion with his own party; or, at all events, with any wandering countryman he may pick up; he flies to be cheated in every shop on the panes whereof are inscribed, "Here one spikes the Anglich!" (formidable announcement) and finally, in nine cases out of ten, for information about foreign customs, peculiarities, and the social life which a stranger may be able to catch a hurried glimpse of, he is indebted to the guide book purchased the morning before the start in London.

For myself, and my experience may be useful to others, I say, unless your purse be very long, or your head very soft, fly *Hôtels des Londres* and *Hôtels d'Angleterre*. Walk quietly into a hostelrie intended for the natives. Don't proclaim to all the world the moment you enter that you are a *Milord Anglais*. If your imperfect French in the land of the Gaul induce the waiter to consider you a German, you need not take much pains to rectify the mistake; or if your stammering Saxon in the land of Teuton, give rise to a false impression that you are French, let alone the innocent deception. My life for it, your purse will be always the heavier after the bill is paid. Englishmen in general are never looked for at the minor hotels and taverns, intended for the middle and humbler classes of natives. Frequent them, and if you are not served upon china and crystal, remember that you are seeing in a day more of the people you are among, than your neighbour, who is travelling in all the pomp and circumstance of a true born Englishman, is likely to do in a month.

In our next paper, reader, these general observations having run out to a somewhat unreasonable length, we shall chat over the divers kinds, conditions, and generic distinctions of the "People about One" at the *table d'hôte*, in the diligence, and the steamer.



A HOLY WELL IN BRITTANY.

A HOLY WELL IN BRITTANY.

In Brittany each chapel has its miraculous fountain, the water of each of which has its particular virtues. One cures the fever, and preserves the body from the ills which render old age painful; another cures pains in the limbs, rheumatisms, headaches, &c. One prevents any evil effect from the bite of mad dogs, and another makes children thrive quickly. In fact, in this happy country we find almost as many remedies as there are ills in humanity. In consequence, the fountains on the days of absolution are surrounded by the beggars, who appropriate to themselves the right of selling the water for their own profit; and although this taking possession is entirely arbitrary, no one contests it, or would think of doing so, the abuse being nearly as old and respectable as the fountains themselves. Moreover, the costume of these miserable people is composed of a thousand rags and tatters, each dirtier than the other, and of varied colours, fastened with pins and sewed with such coarse thread that it would pass very well for string; to this affectation of misery is joined the greatest negligence for the cleanliness of their faces; so that the cynicism of their appearance agreeing with the superstition of the occasion, it appears that the men are the natural proprietors of the fountains.

The fountain is the most frequented place on the days of pardon or absolution. Every one comes to drink the water—cold, and very often dirty. They dip the hands, the arms, and legs; the children are plunged entirely. Each visitor in making his prayers deposits a cross of wood or straw. Others come loaded with vessels of every description to be filled with water, that they may perform the same miracles at their own houses.

We may see by this account to what a point fanaticism and superstition have reached and remain among the Breton peasants.

OUR MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

No. II.

THE GREENWICH SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

By W. C. Bennett.

The distinguishing characteristics of the Greenwich Society are its popular constitution and its success. Let me guard against misconception. Neither the one or the other are denied to others. The difference is one of amount only. All the institutions that have since 1823 sprung to the side of their leader of Southampton Buildings, fellow-strivers in the great cause of the mental and moral elevation of the population of London, are of necessity popular to a certain extent in their constitution. This their objects compel, while their continued existence satisfactorily proves, to a certain extent, their success. But what is the extent of the popular element in them, and what is the degree of their success? The most flourishing, with an annual subscription of two guineas, does not boast much above nine hundred members; while the other leading institutions, with at most two exceptions, do not number five hundred. It may be said that the aggregate number of members is large, but is it such as London and its densely crowded suburbs should show? What is it when placed against the huge mass of its enormous population; a population necessarily mentally more active than that of the provinces, from the greater energy of the life in which it exists —which in some degree must enlarge the ideas of all.

What is the reason of this? Why are lecture-halls for hundreds sufficient for the audiences such institutions supply? Why is not the daily issue from their libraries numbered in thousands? The great cause—the inability of the masses to appreciate the blessings they offer—is obvious; but is this all? Set apart the many whom ignorance renders blind to their advantages, you still leave a number open to their influences immeasurably greater than that they secure. The cause must be sought elsewhere. I do not think it is difficult to discover it. Mechanics' institutions may be divided into two classes. All adopt as their watchword, "Knowledge for all;" all do not adopt the same means of attaining their common end. The great distinction is price, and it is not easy to overrate its influence on their character. In fact, on the rate of subscription mainly depends whether the institution shall be for the middle class only, or for all. This being the case, it may be asked, why that which in action is found an exclusive and class rate of subscription is suffered still to exist. The principal reasons are found in the belief that it is an utter impossibility to carry on a flourishing society with a lower rate of subscription than a guinea—that that sum is so small as to place their benefits within the reach of all—and lastly, there still remain some who regard the price as a means of shutting out the intrusion of those classes with whom they would object to mix on the score of want of respectability.

The last objection to lowness of price is now rather acted on than openly urged. It needs no refutation. It is self-answering. The existence of the second fallacy is readily accounted for. The originators of mechanics' institutions are, with few exceptions, almost always in social position and income altogether above those for whom their benefits are more especially intended. To them a rate of subscription appears within the reach of all, which the history of such societies shows can only be obtained from the wealthier sections of society. A guinea or more may be spared without a thought by the independent or professional man. To the merchant, to the higher class of tradesmen, of shopmen, and clerks, it may be nothing; but the case is widely different when the same sum is to be deducted from the earnings of the far larger classes forming the broad bases of society—Gulliver-like, the amount which is laughably insignificant to the Brodignag income is overpoweringly large to the Lilliputian one. This truth the founders of the Greenwich Society dared to act on with a boldness which, at the date of its foundation nine years since, was more remarkable than it would now be, since that was then but theory which is now established fact. They had not been deaf to the lesson preached to them by the circulation of the *People's Journals* of their day—that fifty small sums may be more easily obtained than one comparatively large one. They declared in act as well as words, that their society should be for all—that no money qualification should exist more than was absolutely required for its working. Nor did the threatened impracticability of their scheme frighten them from proceeding.

Impossibilities are more frequently the creations

of fancy and fear than of fact. Look at them, and straight you look through them. So it turned out in this case. Their calculation of the matter, regarded only in a money point of view, was, that a larger, more steady, and more certain income could be obtained at a small charge than at a high one; that an increase of members did not necessitate a corresponding increase in expenditure; that the mental wants of a thousand members could be supplied at little more than those of one-third the number. So they threw aside the orthodox price. They chose 10*s.* a year. Even that they made payable quarterly, that none might be excluded by their inability to pay the whole at once. What has been the result? Let the present position of the institution answer. The founders have seen those joining them increase year by year, till they now reckon, in the place of the 20 members of 1837, the 1320 of 1847. This number too is one that promises to add to itself yet more and more rapidly. It takes a year or two for an institution to raise the capital necessary to furnish it with its stock in trade, unless a liberality is displayed towards it by the wealthy, such as has not been shown in Greenwich. Until it has procured the requisite accommodations for large numbers, the benefits of association cannot be fully reaped. Wholly self-supporting from its birth, making it its boast that it knows nothing of presidents and patrons, by the force of truth and usefulness alone it strengthened itself sufficiently to erect in 1842, on freehold ground, a lecture hall which has held above 1000 persons. To this it added, in the following year on the same scale, the remainder of the buildings required for its library (from whose 7000 volumes 30,724 issues were made last year), its reading and class rooms. It is now only that, surrounded with those requirements which the principle of popular association demands for its full application, the extent of the power it can accumulate for its purposes becomes visible. Appealing to no mere sections of society, with no bar in its doorways against the entry of any but the poorest—for who but they cannot afford half-a-crown?—with advantages and attractions yearly accumulating in new books and classes, in the higher ability of its lecturers, in the better arrangements that experience teaches for its members' accommodation, with prejudices lived down, and opponents by time and truth converted into supporters, with intelligence unblinding year by year still new classes to the understanding of its aims and appreciation of its benefits, who can estimate the rapidity of its future progress?

Let me compress into a few sentences the other causes of its success. The principal of these are the following:—

First, —The 'supplying refining amusement freely and ungrudgingly alike from the shelves of its library, the platform of its lecture hall, and the table of its reading-room.

Next,—The resolute assertion of the equality of all within its walls, irrespective of their differing social positions beyond them, combined with the determined recognition of usefulness and zeal as the highest titles to office and respect amongst its members.

And lastly, the earnestness and silent and unobtrusive working of its managers—men who, ever possessed with the all-important nature of the work to be done, have found in its completion, not in public thanks and plaudits, their pleasure and reward.

In conclusion I may add, that our town can produce another proof of the success attendant on the adapting the price of benefits for the people to the people's means. During this and the two preceding years, nearly 500*l.* have been expended each winter in providing the people of Greenwich with a series of first-rate concerts. The names of their managers, Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Carte, speak for their character. The cost of each concert has varied from 70*l.* to 90*l.* The charge for admission is one shilling and eight-pence; and for this the tradesmen and shopmen of Greenwich have been enabled to listen to the compositions of Handel and Haydn, of Beethoven and Mozart, and the performances of Sivori, Moschelles, Lindley, Wallace, Benedict, Staudigl, Henry Phillips, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, and almost every English singer and instrumentalist of eminence. But twenty-pence is not low enough for all, and it is with much pleasure that the trustees of the society have entered into an arrangement for a concert being given in the lecture hall every Monday evening at a far lower charge for admission, one shillling to the public, sixpence to members. I may mention that in six of these concerts already announced, among others will appear Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Mr. Harrison, the Distin Family, Mr. Carte, and Mr. Richardson. There is no doubt of the success of the undertaking, looked at in a money point of view.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

By W. B. Bateman.

No. II.

ALL-SOUL'S-DAY AT PERE LA CHAISE.

As in the drama farce treads on the heels of tragedy, as in life the funeral hearse follows the showman's car, so in these reminiscences of another capital we turn from the gay triflers of the saloon to the silent habitation in whose cold chambers all must slumber at last. The revulsion may appear abrupt, but it is not unnatural, for the reveller of yesterday makes the moralist of to-day; and few spots on earth are more suited to a pensive mood then the lofty city of the dead called Père la Chaise.

It is an autumn morning—one of those days when nature makes a delicious pause between the departure of summer's luxuriance and the approach of wintry desolation. The sky is blue and cloudless; the trees wave musically; and that peculiar elasticity fills the atmosphere which renders it a happiness in Paris to drink the very air. And yet, while the voiture rolls past busy streets, stately mansions, and merry crowds of motley wayfarers, the mind will revert to bluff old England again, dreaming of the rich cultivation *there*, the fairy haunted greenwoods, the ancestral domains with their parks of deer, and fields where yellow corn waves in a golden sea of wealth; and then the phantoms of absent friends rise up, bringing the anticipation of snug winter nights, when our travels will be recalled before a seacoal fire, over walnuts and "fertile sherris." But these are scenes in dim perspective; for the present we are not sorry to find ourselves far from the modern Babylon, and gliding leisurely through gilded Paris. The more fashionable haunts are left behind, and we are now threading narrow thoroughfares where business reigns. A few more turnings—a few more jolts, as if we resembled a bottle of physic, to be "well shaken when taken,"—and an occasional shower of oaths elicited by the French custom of driving on the right-hand side, whereby passengers get

thrashed instead of the horses—and lo, we reach a large open space ornamented by a triumphal column. It is the Place de la Bastile, and the famous Column of July.

In this spot stood once the dreary pile over whose gates might have been engraven the inscription of the *Inferno*—"All hope abandons those who enter here!" Amid the damp vapour of its dungeons patriots had withered, soldiers and priests had pined, and high-souled statesmen gnawed their chains and died. But at last the time came when their wrongs were to be avenged. The People, roused from torpor to the strength of despair, poured the vials of their wrath upon those frowning towers, and levelled their turrets with the dust. The prison doors were opened; the captives were freed; not a vestige of the devoted fortress was left in the clean swept arena. But instead, a column rose to the memory of the brave who had fought and fallen, and the liberty for which they struggled was typified on its summit by a golden figure of mercurial mould. The sun shines, as we pass, upon its unfettered limbs, its winged heels, and chaplet-covered brow; and proudly fall the rays upon the names of the dead whose ashes lie beneath the Column's base.

Leaving this significant emblem of a nation's will, we enter on the long rugged way which leads to the cemetery. A line of carriages moves slowly along the road, while on each side there is a current of foot passengers of every grade and rank. Some bear garlands in their hands; some are purchasing votive wreaths or saintly images from the innumerable shops that line the path, for the purpose of adorning their favourite shrines. Strange to tell, the Parisian faces are serious for once, and the smiles of recognition exchanged at intervals are briefly impressive. The high French dame, so polished and *seduisante*, conceals her beauty in the depths of her chariot; the bearded scion of Young France looks grave as an emir in his divan; even the grisette has cast off *L'Allegro* for *Il Penseroso*, and glances demurely from under her bewitching little cap. And so "like a silent stream shaded by night moves the whole train of this solemnity,"* until the gates are passed, and we stand within Père la Chaise.

No reeking Golgotha—no loathsome place of skulls is opened to our view; no scene of pestilence that makes the dead a terror to the living. Before us spreads a garden filled with odoriferous flowers and mossgrown trees, where the grave is robbed of all its grim array. Here we can ponder calmly on the spirit's flight, and consent without disgust to let our ashes slumber until the awakening trumpet. Not amid the hot breath of the restless world—not choked in a steaming charnel, with the roar of voices around and the rattle of footsteps above—but raised high beyond the feverish passions of men and their noisy dwellings into a realm where nothing disturbs the silence save chaunted masses for parted souls, or the wailing wind that sings their requiem.

On either side, as we pass along, the tombs and monuments rise solemnly. Some are of spotless marble, with their altars richly arrayed in gold and silver vessels, and the cushions are very soft whereon Dives kneels to pray for his lost brother. Others are of simpler mould, but not less costly, mingling in their appearance a sincere respect for the departed with an equally fitting contempt for the folly that would console a vanished spirit with earthly gewgaws. To the right is a weatherbeaten monument, over which grey columns support a canopy. *There* Abelard has slept for many a year; and there, awakened to consciousness by love that survived the grave, he stretched his arms to receive Eloïse when her ashes came to repose beside her mortal lover.

A sad leveller is that same Death; like travel, he brings us into strange companionship. In yon lofty sepulchre, blazoned with armorial bearings, lies a haughty grandee, the very brahmin of his caste. How would his lip have curled could he have foreseen that his neighbour in death would be the bourgeois shopman who gathered wealth from supplying his luxury. Yet it has even come to this—the prince and serf lie side by side. A little farther on a poet sleeps—his sorrows soothed, his dreams lulled for ever. The happier life that he foreshadowed in his numbers is found—"the thoughts that wandered through eternity" have reached the haven of which they sung—and while the laurel withers around his brow, generations revel in the path of light which his deathless mind left in its passage through mortality. As we still move on, other names appear: the names of philosophers and statesmen, of painters who arrested nature on the canvas, sculptors who made the marble instinct with life, wits whose weapons were burning words,—and, in the midst, some harnessed warrior who fought for them all. The doors of their sepulchres are opened—the altars garnished—the tapers lit—and in those sacred precincts relative and friend mingle tears for bygone memories with prayers for their own immortal weal. We do not subscribe to the tenets of Rome—we admit no interpreter between the soul and its Creator—yet we cannot but acknowledge that it is a touching ceremonial, that rite of All-Souls'-day. Earthly passions are cast aside, and the mind flies back to recal in friendship and love the dust that is inurned below, or pierces into the future with that sweet melancholy which follows the conviction that all things present are vain. When the offices of religion are fulfilled, affection adds its offerings. Fresh garlands are placed upon the altar, and wreaths and votive flowers are twined around the shrines. It may seem a fantasy, but there would appear some spell in the tears with which they are watered that keeps them in continual bloom.

So through the beautiful garden we bend our steps, and at length we stand among the trees that crown the summit of the hill. On one side lies the fair city of Paris, and on the other spread fertile fields and meadow lands as far as the eye can reach. Everywhere, too, the sun sheds a flood of light—on the teeming world beneath—on the wide plains that stretch sweeping into the distant provinces of Champagne and Burgundy—on the cemetery, its tombs, its flowers, its chapel, and its fanes,—and not less kindly shines the orb upon a lowly spot which we cross in our descent—the burial place of the Poor. No monumental splendours have been showered *there*; a simple mound alone marks where human ashes repose, a brief scroll bears their history; and perhaps the slumber of the dead is not less profound, nor the grief of the forsaken less sincere, because no pomp attends the obsequies. Perhaps where wealth does little, love does more;—even now a sobbing woman near us weeps beside a grave. She rises, as if strength followed her prayers, and wreathes her offering round the humble tomb. It is a simple garland, inscribed with words that tell their own tale—

To my loved child, Marie!

Priez Dieu pour le repos de son âme!

* Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*.

THE TRUE EXPERIENCE.

By Hugo Trent.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!—
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy:
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended:
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

One of the saddest mistakes of the age is the non-recognition of the exquisite moral contained in the above extract. Men either perceive the heavenly light die away with mournful apathy; or, still more common and still worse, they contrive themselves some wretched lanthorns to light their path as they travel daily farther from the east; and rejoicing over their own paltry light, perceive not that they have turned their backs on the sunlight for ever. There is no more conclusive proof of a narrow soul than the miserable jargon talked by the *soi-disant* practical (but really most unpractical for good, because least loving) men of the age, of "having got the better of the crude notions and wild illusions of their youth, and matured their minds by experience." Alas, they have destroyed the only feeble germ of good that was in their hard natures, and finally extinguished the struggling light that lay about them in their infancy. And the sad Experience worshipped by such natures—what is it but one of the Protean shapes of the fiend Discouragement, against whom the fresh and pure in heart are ever fighting the good fight of trust and love? And by what signs do we know the true seers and great teachers of our time? is it not by the constant and earnest protest against and struggle with this Giant Despair of Worldly Experience? How know we the true poet? is it not by his eternal freshness of sympathy and child-like love of all that is beautiful and pure in nature and humanity? Whence the calm and heavenly grandeur that raises above all men the martyr patriot? is it not that marvellous trust in human nature and progress, that sublime devotion to a grand idea, which, faithful even unto death, triumphs most completely in the last great protest of the dungeon or the scaffold? And above all, how have all earnest men recognised the true Christ? is it not in the divine spirit of love which is the essence of his teaching, and which shone forth most beautifully, most touchingly, and most brightly, amid the darkness of Golgotha?

And this earnestness of purpose, this fresh, warm sympathy, this worship of the beautiful, this devotion to a principle, this heavenly love of humanity—are not they perpetually springing up around us, and for ever renewing themselves, like the spring wild flowers, in the pure warm heart of youth? Are they not themselves the very *illusions* at which age shakes its gray hairs in scorn or in sorrow, according to its depravity or its weakness? Were I a preacher, I would teach my followers the true lesson of experience and the study of men—I would teach them to pray with Schiller, that they might remain faithful to the bride of their youth, that death, striking them in the fulness of their years, might find them in a truly *green* old age, with hearts softened, not soured, by suffering—rendered more tender to others, from a knowledge of their own weakness—more keenly sensitive to the beauty still left to them, from having seen so much pass away—more earnest in the cause of good, from a consciousness of too frequent failure—and, if possible, more hopeful for the future, even from the unsatisfied yearnings of the past. To the already aged, I would say—True, it is your portion to guide the erring steps of youth, but do not always bid him bend his eyes on the earth beneath his feet, lest he see not the heavenly landscape beyond, while his eyesight is yet strong enough to appreciate the beauty and immensity of the far distance. And to the young, I would ever say—Onward, your course is onward. See that you linger not, and look not back. You are pure; keep your hearts undefiled. Your are strong; protect the weak. You are loving; love the good. You are religious; worship the beautiful and the true. Pray that, in acquiring the wisdom of the serpent, you barter not for it the harmlessness of the dove. Trust much, love much, and aspire always. And, oh! remember that an old and withered heart is never so sad a thing, as when its loathsome presence makes a whited sepulchre of a youthful breast.

I YEARN FOR THE SPRING.

I yearn for the Spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morning awake fresh flowers;
We have waited long for the lark's blythe song,
And the length'ning evening hours.
A shroud of snow hath lain on the earth—
An icy hand on each stream—
The sun in the sky oped its languid eye,
And sent but a sickly gleam;
And the frosty breeze moan'd among the trees;
And the rattling hail and rain
Came sweeping past, in the angry blast,
And dash'd 'gainst the window-pane;—
And never a flower, in that stormy hour,
Dared raise up its tiny head—
For all gentle things fled on Summer's wings,
Or else in the snow lay dead!

I yearn for the Spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morn shall awake new flowers;
We have listened long for the woodlark's song,
And the thrush at the evening hours.
'Tis a beauteous time when the bud first bursts,
And child-like the young leaf stands,
And catches the drops of the gentle shower
In its small and velvety hands!
When the tender grass feels the south wind pass
In its chariot unseen,
And old Mother-earth, at the new Spring's birth,
Arrays her in robes of green:
When the unbound stream, as if in a dream,
Murmurs on to its unknown home,
And tells the tall reeds, as it onward speeds,
That the fair Lady Spring hath come!

Oh, I yearn for the Spring—for the balmy Spring—
Who floats like a fairy queen,
And toucheth the land, with a magic wand,
Till all beauteous things are seen.
I long to be out at the early dawn,
When the eastern light is new,
'Mong the odours borne from the scented thorn,
And the showers of silver dew.

Oh, I cannot tell how my soul doth swell
With an inward happiness;
For simply *to be* is a bliss to me,
For the which, my God I bless!
From an unknown source comes a nameless force,
Which pervades my being through—
A joy, and a love, and a strength from above,
And I seem to be made anew!
Oh, come then, Spring—let the woodlark sing—
Let the floweret ope its eye:
Like the lark I'd soar to the heavens' blue floor—
Like the flower, gaze up to the sky.

Chorley. MARIE.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

LORD MORPETH'S HEALTH BILL.

UPWARDS of three thousand years ago, the people of Israel had a sanitary code of laws and an efficient sanitary police: it is nearly two thousand years since the cities of heathen and barbaric Rome were constructed with an especial reference to the health of their inhabitants, lavishly supplied with the means of preserving it, and placed under efficient sanitary superintendence: but Christian England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, has only just reached that stage of civilisation and enlightenment in which a large and comprehensive measure of sanitary reform could command the attention of its legislature, and engage the sympathies of its people. How full of reproof is this simple statement of facts! What a strange and inexplicable oversight is here! To how little purpose have we studied our ancient scriptures, how little practical instruction have we derived from the classical pursuits to which we attach so high a value, that neither divine nor scholar has yet been found to point out the disgraceful contrast which our legislation offers to that of the nations whom in other things we are so prone to admire and imitate. The mosaic dispensation has been our model in awarding the punishment of death to the crime of murder, and is quoted as our strongest argument in support of a practice now strongly impugned: how happened it, that in the work of mercy, in stopping the ravages of disease, in organising a system and staff of prevention, we throw aside our authority, and disown our teacher. How happens it, too, that with all our admiration of the Roman Civil Law, we should have entirely overlooked the most admirable of its provisions. Let us at once confess that our reading has been as unprofitable as our practice has been unreasonable; that, at any rate, our aptitude to imbibe lessons of vengeance contrasts most unfavourably with our meagre attainments in the school of mercy.

But if we have profited little by learning, we have gained still less from observation. The present does not find us more apt pupils than the past. Some of the continental states have set us the example of sanitary legislation and organisation, which we might have followed, at least in some respects, with advantage. In the face of the abattoirs of Paris, our own Smithfield still flourishes in all its shameless effrontery, a very nuisance of nuisances, the pet abomination of the age; Père la Chaise appeals to us in vain against our barbarous custom of interments in towns; and the humane and enlightened restrictions imposed on the sale of drugs among most of the leading nations of the continent, find no favour in our eyes. It is true that the great sanitary measures—the improvement of the cleansing, drainage, and water-supply of our towns, the widening of streets, and the ventilation of houses, workshops, and public buildings—have been even more neglected abroad than at home; but this has been the result rather of accident than design, and does not lessen the force, or detract from the justice of our observation, that England has been slow to profit by the teaching of ancient and modern examples, in adopting a sanitary code and a sanitary police, and that she has, in this as in many other things, forgotten and foregone the lofty mission awarded to her by her own immortal bard—that "of teaching the nations how to live," and leading them onward in the career of useful and humane improvement.

That cause, however, must be intrinsically weak, which is obliged to lean on the history of the past, or the practice of contemporaries. The sanitary question rests upon a firmer, a broader, and a more independent basis. It is securely built up upon its own inherent merits, it needs no extraneous support, but stands, in simple grandeur, firm as a rock, secure from injury or decay, and inscribed with the eternal symbols of justice and mercy.

Let us, then, examine the sanitary question upon its own merits; let us see if we cannot found a claim to state interference, and a large, comprehensive, and practical measure of sanitary reform upon principles which shall commend themselves to the common sense, the prudence, the humanity, the reason, the heart, the conscience, of the whole people of England.

There are three things which all civilised nations agree in preserving and protecting—liberty, property, and life: liberty in its lowest form, as personal freedom; property in its most material and tangible shapes, as land, houses, and merchandise; and life, as threatened by open and direct attacks of violence or fraud. Such protection has rarely been secured till after a long and arduous struggle; and every extension and enlargement of the first crude idea has to be worked out with the same expenditure of time and labour. It is only by slow degrees that the slave is converted into the serf, and the serf into the pauper. The abolition of the law of settlement will be the next step in the process of emancipation, and the destruction of the Poor Law the last. So also with property. Protection to land and houses, and goods and chattels, is succeeded by representative taxation, and finds at length its complete development in perfect freedom of trade. Lastly, the protection of life from direct attacks of violence or fraud assumes, after the lapse of time, the more matured shape of sanitary legislation. Such is the forward and upward course of a great nation—ever struggling for new and larger developments of first principles, ever refining upon its first crude conceptions of right and duty.

But sanitary legislation is not merely the highest development of the principle of protection to human life. It is, in one sense, an equally high development of the principle of protection to property, for health is a most valuable property. Moreover, the sacrifice of health is too often the direct consequence of an infringement of the liberty of the subject.

We, therefore, rest our advocacy and defence of sanitary legislation on the broad ground that it is a legitimate extension and natural development of the protection already given to life, property, and liberty. To protect life from the assaults of vio-

lence, and to afford no defence from the subtle poison of unwholesome towns, streets, houses, workshops, and factories; to defend the possessions and goods of the landowner, the merchant, the banker, the manufacturer, and the tradesman, and leave health, which is the only property of the labourer and artisan, without protection; to guarantee the personal liberty of all men, but to refuse to interfere where, by design or negligence, property has established a virtual tyranny over poverty, and capital over labour—were to make distinctions without differences, and to take a narrow view of our privileges and duties, as little creditable to our discernment as to our humanity.

Such are the considerations by which we would enforce the necessity of sanitary legislation and police; such the arguments we would advance in support of the health-right, as far as that great blessing, health, can be preserved by wise enactments. For others, powers, and especially for government, there are arguments that may probably carry equal if not greater weight. For instance, the government, as being responsible for the economical management of all the resources of the nation, must take a lively interest in measures of sanitary reform. Whether our army and navy shall be recruited from a healthy and robust, or from a sickly and stunted population, must appear to it a vital question. In time of peace, the greater part of our army is stationed in barracks situated in, or near to, large cities, and subject to the same sickness and mortality as the population by which it is surrounded; and if those cities are the seats of excessive sickness and mortality, the barracks will share their fate. Fever will spread from the citizen to the soldier, and consumption will involve both in one common fate. In time of war, the state has a still deeper interest in the strength and stamina of the population from which it takes its armies and navies. Other things being equal, health and strength, weight and stature, the constitution to bear fatigue, and the strength and activity to make rapid and vigorous movements, must decide the fate of campaigns and battles. In these respects, England has hitherto stood pre-eminent, and hence the almost uniform success of our arms; but if, in this "age of great cities," when a constantly increasing town population furnishes a constantly increasing ratio of town recruits, government continues to neglect the health of our citizens, it may yet have to mourn the consequences of its neglect in the shape of unexpected and unaccustomed defeat. When to these obvious considerations we add the notorious fact, that in military operations disease destroys some seven or eight times as many as the sword, and that the sickness and mortality will be greatly influenced by the constitution and stamina of the soldier, we cannot but feel that the nation at large and the government, which has so heavy a stake in its security, and in the economical management of its resources, is deeply interested in measures of sanitary reform.

But the efficiency of the army and navy is not an object of greater interest to the state than the efficiency of that great industrial army—the working population of England. If it costs the state large sums of money to replace soldiers and sailors, it costs the community still more to replace labourers and artisans; and as this expense resolves itself into increased taxation, the government has a direct interest in reducing it to its lowest point by sound and comprehensive sanitary measures.

The sanitary question, indeed, is in all its bearings a large question of economy; for not only is all preventible sickness and mortality attended with serious loss and expense, but the clumsy and inefficient contrivances for generating disease and destroying life, such as scanty and intermittent supplies of impure water, cesspools, uncleansed and undrained streets and houses, unventilated shops, workshops, and factories, and the innumerable nuisances of large towns, which pollute and poison the air we breathe, are extremely costly. Add to these unnecessary expenses the scarcity and increased price of provisions entailed upon the whole community by the waste of town manure, as lately demonstrated in the papers of "Paul Progress," which waste of manure is accompanied by an accumulation of filth in and about our habitations; and every one must admit that the government has a right to insist upon sanitary reform, and to look for support from the people in the struggle with class interests, irresponsible monopolies, incompetent boards, and owners and abettors of nuisances, who, hating all reforms, for the trouble they give and the changes they work, even though their pecuniary interests are carefully guaranteed, will be sure to make common cause against a reforming minister. If the people are true to themselves, Lord Morpeth's bill is safe; but if they stand idly by, while the ministry are fighting their battle, they will deserve the severe chastisements of disease, and the heavy inflictions of disease-engendered taxation.

The leading provisions of Lord Morpeth's bill were fully explained by his lordship on the 30th of March, on the occasion of moving for leave to bring in the bill. We had intended making some comments upon it, which, however, we shall reserve till the bill itself is in print. In the meantime, it may be well to throw out a few suggestions as to what the leading provisions of a sound sanitary measure ought to be.

In the first place, a sanitary measure ought to be a large measure. The evils to be remedied are co-extensive with the population. Wherever men are congregated, whether in cities, towns, or villages, there the causes of disease spring into operation; and recent inquiries have shown that villages the most romantic, and towns the most picturesque, share the common characteristics of being very filthy and very unwholesome. Every city, every town, and every village in the land, therefore, ought to be a sharer in the benefits of sanitary legislation. Above all, it is incumbent upon the legislature to comprise the metropolis and large manufacturing and commercial towns; which contain so large a fraction of the population of England, and contribute so largely to swell the lists of sickness and the bills of mortality.

In the next place, this large body, consisting of so many scattered members, must have a head. There must be some intelligent administrative centre, connected with the government, and authorised to take the initiative in measures of sanitary improvement; instituting inquiries, receiving reports, laying down broad principles of action, defining the qualifications of local officers, and being to this great measure of Prevention, what the Poor Law Commission is to the co-extensive measure of Palliation. In one word, there must be a system of centralisation, combining the freedom from petty and sectarian interests, and intelligent superintendence of a central authority, with the administrative energy and aptitude of local boards. Either taken by itself would be open to serious objection. A central authority having

the nomination and direct control of local officers and local works would be the despotism of which, under the name of centralisation, we Englishmen are so justly jealous. On the other hand, local boards without a directing and supervising centre, would perpetuate the ignorant and wasteful confusion under which we are now living, and which has more of the essence of tyranny in it than despotism itself. The central authority should communicate with the local boards by means of inspectors, whose duty it should be to examine and report, and take the initiative in extending the operations of the measure to localities not previously included in its operations.

The local authority would naturally be the town council, who would have to appoint local officers, duly qualified for the performance of their respective duties. These officers should be three in number: a surveyor, who should be a civil engineer—an officer of health, who should be a qualified medical practitioner, with some well defined extra qualification for his peculiar duties—and an inspector of nuisances. All these officers are essential; especially the last named, without whom every local act would soon become a dead letter. The act for improving the health of prisoners, passed in 1774, failed to a very great extent for want of a system of central superintendence and periodical inspection; and the uselessness of our Courts Leet points the same moral. If nuisances are to be abated, it must be one man's duty to look after them and report them, and a sound sanitary measure must give facilities for their prompt suppression.

The works to be executed under the authority of the local commissioners and with the sanction of the central board are those which are now so imperfectly, unskilfully, and uneconomically carried out by the conflicting commissioners of sewers, the lighting, paving, and cleansing boards, and the irresponsible water and gas companies. No one who knows anything of these commissions and companies, of their conflicting doings and conflicting interests, of their petty intrigues and petty spirit, can fail to rejoice at their destruction. They are costly to the public, inefficient, mischievous. They are themselves nuisances which must be abated, making of course full compensation for any pecuniary loss which may be entailed by their suppression. We shall hear much of centralisation, of the rights of property, of vested interests, and so forth; but we trust that there is sense enough in the people of England to explode these follies and fallacies, to drown these selfish cries in a louder cry for health and life, and to rectify the narrow meanings attached to these terms by the broader and clearer definitions of our own common law, which, in the true Christian spirit, lays down this broad and straight rule for the guidance of property. "So use thine own as not to injure others." This is the only safe and reasonable definition of that much abused term, "The rights of property." We have already spoken of the true meaning of that very formidable bugbear, "centralisation."

The first works to be executed are obviously a proper survey of the whole town or district over which the authority of the commission extends, and a map on a sufficiently large scale, defining the situation and direction of all sewers, water-pipes, gas-pipes, &c., and bench marks indicating the altitude of every part of the district above some defined point. Without such a preliminary no local works can be well and cheaply executed. Again, the act should provide that all the works for drainage, water-supply, &c., should be executed by contract, and under agreement that they shall be kept in repair for a term of years, the interest and repayment of capital to be provided for by a rate levied on the *occupiers*, as being the direct recipients of the benefits which they confer.

The provisions which we have thus hastily set down as essential parts of a sound and efficient sanitary measure, accompanied, as they would naturally be, by clauses defining the class of works to be executed, and the several nuisances to be suppressed, are such as have been recommended by the Health of Towns' Commission, approved by the Health of Towns' Association, and now happily adopted by Lord Morpeth. Next week, we hope to redeem our promise of laying before our readers our matured opinion of the printed bill; in the meantime, we would recommend to their notice the excellent speech of Lord Morpeth, reported in the newspapers of March 31. It was a fitting introduction to the most humane, prudent, and comprehensive measure of the century—a proof, if any were wanting, that England is still determined to "teach the nations how to live," still to keep her proud place in the van of European civilisation.

M. D.

THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. VI.

After Saint Simonianism—which, in aiming at social happiness, destroyed individuality—after Fourierism—which, in aiming at the happiness of the individual, suppresses the parent-idea of society, of the mission of power—there remained but one other step which could be taken on the path of materialism—to deny both the one and the other—to organise society, after the manner of bees and beavers, upon a fixed, immutable model, and upon the foundation of absolute equality; so that nothing should remain for power to do, save to repeat continually a series of identical acts—nothing for the individual, except to maintain the productive activity of the soil.

This step was taken, and communism is its result. Communism, the last fraction of European democracy, has acquired, by its numbers, a certain importance in its ranks. In France, in a part of Switzerland, and in Germany, it has won over to itself considerable numbers, belonging particularly to the working class, whose intelligence, but little developed, has naturally, in the isolation in which they have been left by the thinkers of the party, welcomed this system as the least complex, the most simple, and the most efficacious, to relieve the immediate evils of which they have to complain. It has penetrated quite recently into Poland.* Its strength has doubtless been purposely exaggerated by the European police, and by all the interested opponents of the democratic principle. Powerful in numbers or not, communism will never be able to aspire to the honours of a revolution; it cannot aim higher than an *émeute*:

* I by no means intend here any allusion to the Manifesto of Cracow, which owes its reputation of communism simply to the inaccurate translations of the German papers, and to the calumnies of M. de Metternich. It is absurd to believe that a national insurrection can ever raise the standard of communism.

intelligence only causes revolutions, and communism cannot reckon a single vigorous thinker in its ranks. Its existence, I repeat, is owing only to the fatal line of demarcation marked out by fact in our camp, between the men of thought and the men of action—to the isolation in which the democratic intelligence has left in general the working class. The day when the chiefs shall mix themselves with the soldiers—the day when the democratic writer, instead of concentrating his thought in a book which the millions do not read, shall diffuse it in friendly conversations in the workshops where his brother men labour and suffer—communism will disappear. To day, however, it exists: it disunites us; it draws unmerited accusations upon all democratic opinion; it enlists in its own ranks men of good faith, loving men, whose hearts, ever ready for self-devotion, are worth more, not only than *their* heads, but than the heads and the hearts of many of those who affect to despise them. This slight sketch that I have ventured to trace of the ideas which furrow here and there the field of democracy, would not therefore be complete, if I passed over communism in silence. There is, besides, always something of value to be detected, by observing these ebullitions of the party, were it only a great protestation against a vicious social state, were it only an homage implicitly rendered to the great principle, so long misunderstood, of human brotherhood and association. It must not be forgotten that at another great epoch of renovation, between the last convulsions of Paganism and the first Christian hymn, communist tendencies directed the young social ideas of the new believers.

I have said that communism denied both the individual and society. It does deny both the one and the other, and in their constituent vital elements—liberty, progress, and the moral development of the creature. Wavering between St. Simonianism and Fourierism, it borrows from the first one its tyrannical tendencies, its inevitable violation of individual liberty; from the other, its law of satisfaction of the *inclinations* which it would reduce to *wants*—in vain, since every strongly felt inclination constitutes a real want to him who feels it: it exceeds them both in its absolute contempt for the past, for all historical tradition, for all manifestation of the previous life of humanity. St. Simonianism, recognising the importance at least of the religious problem, offers its doctrine as a continuation of that of Jesus; Fourierism, in its exaggerated and exclusive worship of human liberty, recognises at least the sacredness of one of the essential elements of the creature; communism abolishes at once religion by indifference, and liberty by the immoveable absolutism of its formula of organisation. On such a day and year, it found under the pillow of one or other of its chiefs the world's secret, the only plan of practical organisation which is fitted for it. Humanity may date its commencement from that day; not before. That day also its destiny was accomplished; for there is not in reality any more collective progress possible for it. These chiefs have constructed its dwelling, they have traced its functions, they have prepared the cells in which each of its members must fix and incrust himself for ever. All that has hitherto constituted life, and caused the development of the human race, is gone by. All the grand problems which human intelligence has agitated through perhaps myriads of ages, are become perfectly useless. Communism repeats the phrase of Omar—"Either all that you say is in the Koran, and it is useless; or it is not there, and it is dangerous;" and it annihilates with the stroke of a pen, all the elements of humanity hitherto recognised, all the manifestations of human life from the beginning of the world. You study in history the successive transformations of the institution of property; you are upon the point of arriving, through the experience of age to age, to the grand principle that property ought to be the sign of human *labour*. You are pursuing a useless study; property must soon cease to exist. You speak of country: you endeavour to prove how, the nation not being henceforth the property of kings, the dynastic possession of some princely families, but the closest association of a fraction of humanity, to attain by *special* means the *common* end, all hostility, all jealousy, between nations ought to cease: you maintain that this common end being the progressive development of *all* the powers, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the human being, *all* ought to assist therein, and that a great alliance should embrace all countries, and organise them according to their peculiar tendencies, precisely as we endeavour to arrange individual aptitudes in a workshop. Lost labour! the abolition of country, of nationality, is a fact, if not accomplished, yet decreed. From the right of life and death, given to the father in the *family* of past ages, down to the legislation springing in great measure from the French revolution, you follow the development of the principle of equality in the family; and you console yourself in anticipating the moment in which woman's equality being also recognised, the mother and the father will rule without distinction amongst the children, the family—to form of it a nursery of citizens for the state, which in its turn will transform them into active labourers for humanity. What is the use? Under the communist *régime* there will be no *family*, there will only be females bringing forth little ones; the community will take charge of the rest. *We have changed all that.*

I know that many communists do not go as far as this; and that, after having demolished country and property, they pause, seized with a sort of modesty, on the threshold of the sanctuary of the family. They want courage or logic. They suppress nation and property, because the selfish principle is enthroned on their present organisation; but does that principle crouch less close to the hearth-stone than to the fence which marks out individual property, or to the foot of the fortress which defends the frontier of the nation? Is it not there all the more dangerous, inasmuch as it covers itself with a more sacred veil, and makes its appeal to the instincts of kindred? But since you recognise in the war that you would wage with the selfish principle no issue but death, no remedy but extermination, why be unpitiable in one case, merciful or weak in the other? And is there not between these three terms—family, nation, humanity—a close and indissoluble relationship? The family—is it not the germ of the state, as the state is the germ of humanity? Are they not the three steps of the ladder which reaches up from man to God, three successive and progressive manifestations of human nature, three stages of the same idea, a realisation more and more complete of the providential plan which governs us? Either these things are all sacred, or not one of them is so. The one being organised with a view to the other, you cannot suppress any one of them without by so doing suppressing what constitutes the essence and the life of that one which in the order of nature precedes it, the end for which it exists.

And now upon this desolated waste—whence, together with all that has caused the sorrows of humanity, all that has also proved the source of its glory and of its progress, has disappeared—what does communism propose to organise? with what will it give happiness to men?

There are several varieties in communism; but I have here only to occupy myself with general results. A government, at once proprietor, possessor, and distributor of all that exists—funds, capital, instruments of labour, produce; every man working, in some way or other, a certain number of hours, and receiving either all that his *wants*, whatever they may be, may claim, or, according to another system, a share of the produce *equal* to that which each of his companions receives: here is the essence of the communist theory. The remainder is only detail.

It is clear that the system of *absolute* equality in the distribution of the produce of labour is unjust, unrealisable, and inevitably leading to that which it pretends to suppress. It destroys all appreciation of talent, of virtue, of activity, of devotion in the agent; all appreciation of the quality of the labour. It supposes an equality, which does not exist, in all the fruits of the earth, in all the productions of industry. It is, besides, inefficacious for the end which it proposes to itself; for he who economises in his consumption to-day, will be rich to-morrow, and inequality will reappear through him.

But the thesis of distribution according to wants is not less unrealisable. Can we, by any effort of imagination, suppose a government capable of estimating exactly the wants of all the individuals composing society; capable of determining correctly the vocation, the capability of each, and of assigning to each his labour, his function; capable of directing, of overlooking the labourers, of collecting and of administering the productions of their labour; unless by a number of officers equal to that of the labourers themselves? To each according to his wants, say you; but what constitutes a *want?* Is it that which the individual himself shall declare to be so? It is evident that the obligation to labour will be avoided by a crowd of factitious wants—such as travelling, for example. Or will authorised power charge itself with the definition? Can you imagine a more frightful tyranny?

Tyranny! It is at the root and at the end of communism, and pervades it throughout. Man is there, as in the cold, dry, imperfect theory of the economists, nothing more than a producing machine. His freewill, his individual merit, his never-ceasing aspiration towards new modes of life and progress entirely disappear. In this society, petrified in form, regulated in each detail, individuality has no longer a place. As upon the plan which Francis the First had made for his royal occupation, man gives place to a cipher: he becomes number one, two, three, &c. It is the life of the convent without the religious faith. It is the serfdom of the middle ages without the hope of redeeming—emancipating—oneself by economy. The best among the communists reply, you must devote yourself. Devote yourself to whom? Do you not impose the sacrifice of their liberty upon *all?* And if not upon all, have you then a caste of masters—of directors, and a caste of labourers? This word devotion is a sort of fatality for all the schools which pretend that the object of our earthly life is happiness. They have endeavoured in vain since the beginning to discard it as hostile to the tendencies of human nature; it reappeared, indispensable, inevitable, at the end of all their Utopias of happiness, as the sentiment of the infinite rises upon the horizon of all our joys and sorrows. The conviction of their own powerlessness leads them one after the other, so to speak, to our feet, to the deeply religious idea that we preach, and which they have so much at heart to avoid. It is that in reality, either they organise their communes with men corrupt, selfish, covetous, as they at present find them under their hands, offering them only the attraction of happiness, the promise of satisfying all their wants, all their appetites; and in this case, the first drought, the first scarcity, the first blight, such as that which has struck the potatoes, will destroy the Utopia: the community will become for man a community of suffering, he will none of it, he will isolate himself—if he is strong, he will make open war upon a society which does not hold to its own engagements—if he is weak, he will steal. Or else, on the other hand, they presuppose that it is of the essence of the community that each man brings there an idea of devotion, a belief that he must be ready to sacrifice himself for his brothers, that he is here not for his pleasures, but in order to accomplish a work, to execute a law; and are they not then obliged to come to us, to commence by regenerating man, by appealing to an education, and consequently to a principle superior to each of the individuals composing their society? And what is a principle superior to all the individuals, if it is not a religious principle? How can we call upon men to recognise their fraternity without going back to a common father? How make an appeal to a superior law without referring to the law-giver?

Yes; it is an educational problem with which we have to do; it is to regenerate man in his ideas and in his sentiments; it is to elevate and enlarge the sphere of his life. And it is in the forgetfulness of this idea that the vital error of the communist lies, as well as of all the sects wrongfully called—as if the principle of association did not belong to all Democracy—Socialists. They take for the subject of their studies and their efforts, the *world* and not the *man:* the house and not the living being who must inhabit it. They patch, plaster, or re-build. Our habitation, the universe, they say, is badly furnished, badly arranged: too much air enters on one side, too little on the other; there is too much embellishment above, too much nakedness below; we will do better. And they set to work, each with his design—his programme. They raise, with the stroke of a wand, sumptuous palaces, magnificent parks, galleries which enchant the eyes. Alas, alas! for whom do you build all that? It may be that I admire your galleries; but where is the artist soul who will derive his advantage from them? Your parks are perhaps in the newest taste; but the savage whom you are going to place there will destroy their beauty in the twinkling of an eye.

There is not the merest poet whose imagination cannot, in certain moments, build ten Utopias similar to yours; but they will always remain impracticable, unless man is first of all raised to their level. I hear the voice of our own Campanella unrolling in the seventeenth century, in his *City of the Sun*, a magnificent Utopia, in which are to be found the germs of St. Simonianism, of Fourierism, and of communism. I do not see that his brother Italians, corrupted by servitude and by Machiavelism, have profited by it. I still read with admiration and respect that magnificent republic of which Plato dreamed at the moment when the

Greeks were giving the hemlock to Socrates; but what traces has it left in the Greece of the Romans, in that of the Lower Empire, or of the Crescent?

It is man, it is humanity, which builds its own dwelling: the Utopist has nothing to see there. The social arrangement of the external world is only the manifestation of the interior man, of the moral and intellectual condition of humanity at a given time, of its faith above all. Society, such as we have it at the present day, is the result of the want of an active common faith, of the anarchy which reigns amongst intelligences and interests, and of the selfishness inevitably resulting from this anarchy. Until all this is changed by the promulgation of principles and by the association of intelligences, you will accomplish nothing durable or efficacious. Change that: all will change in the twinkling of an eye; and man, believe me, will find no difficulty in providing himself with a fitting dwelling-place.

And in order to perfect this habitation for himself, man will not have occasion, I am sure, to destroy either country, family, or property—like the savage of Montesquieu, cutting down the tree to gather the fruit—like the child who breaks in his rage the toy against which he has hurt himself. He will content himself by transforming them, by developing them in the right direction, by enlarging the circle in which they move, by stifling selfishness which corrupts them at their source. It is this that the world has at all times done; and we are placed here below, I repeat, to continue the world, to transform it by improving it, not to commence or reconstruct it. That belongs to one who is stronger than we are, and who takes not counsel from the Utopists.

Here is the second great error of the communists. How is it that they do not see that the things which they affect to abolish are nothing more than instruments? that they do not necessarily contain *evil* anymore than they produce *good;* but that they are capable of bringing forth good and evil, according to the manner in which they are organised, according to the end towards which they are directed? I love not the selfish *family* which establishes the well-being of its own members upon an antagonism with the well-being, or even upon an indifference to the well-being of others; the mystery of love seems to me degraded there to the level of the brute: but who will not love the family which, taking its part in the education of the world, regarding itself as the germ, as the first nucleus of the nation, whispers, between the mother's kiss and the father's caress, the child's first lesson of citizenship? I abhor the usurping and monopolising nation, conceiving its own grandeur and force only in the inferiority and in the poverty of others; but who would not welcome with enthusiasm and love that people which, understanding its mission in the world, should found its security upon the progress of all surrounding it, and should be ready to sustain against the oppressor the cause of right and of eternal justice, violated in the oppressed? Assuredly I do not see with favour the property of the idle man, whether capital or any other, increased by the fruit of others' labour, whilst the true producer dies from hunger; nor political privileges almost everywhere attached exclusively to landed property or to capital, as if money were synonimous with virtue or intelligence; but I believe property, as the sign and fruit of labour, to be good and useful; I see in it the representation of human individuality in the material world; I see in it not only a stimulant to labour, but a guarantee of the amelioration of labour itself; and I see something of high moral influence, not in the clod of earth, or in the tree itself, but in the sentiments which naturally grow with its cultivation or its growth in the heart of man, in the numerous associations of ideas which are attached to it, in that value which affection places on its objects, so that I may boast a little flower which, careless as I am of material good, I would not give up to anyone. Why not, then, endeavour to modify the organisation of all these things, to make it harmonise with the great ideas of devotion, of equality, of human and social progress, instead of brutally wishing to abolish them? And do you not see that in suppressing them—if you could ever succeed in so doing—you would suppress all the modes by which human activity manifests itself—all emulation, all desire, all impulse towards progress, all that by which we have advanced, all thought of the future—in a word, *man* himself? Do you not see that in your conventional, stereotyped society—devoid of sentiment, of imagination, of aspiration—there is only room for the animal, for the satisfaction of the wants of his lower nature, for his monotonous and stationary activity? And for that you have not brought him nearer to happiness, for you have left him sorrow and death, the knowledge of which will suffice to poison his petty enjoyments when he can no longer drown it in an increasing activity, nor shall overcome it by the sentiment of his responsible part in the collective *progress.*

There have been, as I have said, at the commencement of Christianity, men good, pious, and sincerely enthusiastic, who believed that they saw the ideal of the new life in community. These were monks. They too abolished country, family, and individual property; and founded their convents, their communes; and set before themselves the duty of conquering the world. Where are the monks now, and where is the world? The monks have remained an imperceptible sect in humanity, eager to merge themselves in it. The world went onward, without stopping at the door of their convents, and advanced. Country, family, property, all was modified, transformed—nothing was abolished. The country was transformed, for there were no longer *barbarians:* property was transformed, for there were no longer *slaves:* family was transformed, for children were no longer *chattels:* all who received the sacred symbol of baptism became *persons.* Something analogous is preparing at the present time. But communism will play here a still more ephemeral and contemptible part, for it springs not even from a religious inspiration; it arises merely from a sensual suggestion.'

A heavy responsibility weighs upon the heads—not of those who *accept* these absurd theories—but of the half-thinkers who, I much fear, impelled by a little ambition to come out from the grand democratic stream, suggest and endeavour to give them a philosophical appearance. They divide the ranks of the people, who ought to labour for its emancipation in close columns: they cause a loss of strength precious to our faith: they produce repugnances amongst those who would come to us, and calumnies sufficiently efficacious on the part of our adversaries. Democracy, a principle eminently organising, has become for them a thing of simple negation and anarchy. The religious idea which rules us has completely disappeared. It is only by making it reappear that we shall eventually triumph.*

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* The readers of the *People's Journal* will be kind enough, I

Our Library.

OMOO: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS.*

There seems to be springing up in the literary world a new and very interesting class of authors; consisting of men, who, led on by a romantic love of adventure, and an inquisitive spirit, plunge themselves into the roughest of life's paths, taking cheerfully their share in the hardest, and most unromantic work; submitting to the most painful privations; and harder still, to the most bitter personal humiliations; making danger their daily companion and helpmate; and who, after experiencing themselves what life is in the track they have followed, possess the skill to describe it in the freshest and most vivid colours to others. And such, indeed, should be the principle through all literature. Experience—whether the experience be of the outer or the inner world—whether it be what a man has seen, or done, or thought, is the only thing worth listening to—the only valid plea for a man's asking the world of readers to listen to him.

Hermann Melville, if that indeed be his true name, is an American, who, in 1842, visited the Marquesas Islands, as a sailor before the mast, in an American ship, brought thither by the attractions of the sperm whale fishery. He left his ship on reaching the island of Nukuheva, and wandered about until he came into the valley of Typee. Here, among a tribe of primitive savages, he was detained in a kind of pleasant captivity for about four months. He was relieved by the captain of a vessel that had anchored in the neighbourhood; and the present volume describes his reception in the ship, his comrades, their adventures, ending in a kind of mutiny, and in a party of the crew quitting the vessel (at first as prisoners) at Tahiti, which gave Hermann Melville a fresh opportunity of wandering about from island to island, and making himself acquainted with the people who have of late engaged so much attention in England, on account of the intrigues of the French and English residents to obtain for their respective nations the greater amount of influence over the Queen Pomare, and through her, over her subjects and the country generally.

It would be difficult to imagine a man better fitted to describe the impressions such a life and such scenes are calculated to call forth, than the author of Omoo. Every variety of character, and scene, and incident, he studies and describes with equal gusto. Among his characters, perhaps the medical man, "Doctor Long Ghost," is the most truly characteristic both of the individual, and of a class common in all those remote parts of the world, where men either seek to recruit the fortunes and the reputation that have been sacrificed at home, or to plunge still deeper into the reckless, desperate, licentious courses, that first seduced them from the ordinary and honourable path.

trust, to bear in mind, that whilst I do think it right to present the opinions of Mr. Mazzini, I do not in many instances share with him the opinions expressed. To the last and to the present papers, I dissent for two reasons. I think those who have sown the seed, who have taught and suffered for teaching the doctrines of Association, are entitled to credit for the harvest, which is everywhere gladdening the eyes of those who yearn for a better organisation of society. I think also that the religious, self-sacrificing *spirit* that Mr. Mazzini rightly desiderates, may be—*must* be—added to that systematic care for all the material interests—the great business—of life, which the teachers of Association have, I think very properly under existing circumstances, made their *primary*, but by no means their ultimate, object. That they have erred in many and important matters is highly probable; but surely that was to be expected in the commencement of such labours.—ED.

* London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

A MEDICAL MAN IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

His early history, like that of many other heroes, was enveloped in the profoundest obscurity; though he threw out hints of a patrimonial estate, a nabob uncle, and an unfortunate affair which sent him a-roving. All that was known, however, was this. He had gone out to Sydney as assistant-surgeon of an emigrant ship. On his arrival there, he went back into the country, and after a few months' wanderings, returned to Sydney penniless, and entered as doctor aboard of the *Julia*.

His personal appearance was remarkable. He was over six feet high—a tower of bones, with a complexion absolutely colourless, fair hair, and a light, unscrupulous gray eye, twinkling occasionally with the very devil of mischief. Among the crew, he went by the name of the Long Doctor, or, more frequently still, Doctor Long Ghost. And from whatever high estate Doctor Long Ghost might have fallen, he had certainly at some time or other spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen.

As for his learning, he quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmsbury, besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially Hudibras. He was, moreover, a man who had seen the world. In the easiest way imaginable, he could refer to an amour he had in Palermo, his lion hunting before breakfast among the Caffres, and the quality of the coffee to be drunk in Muscat; and about these places, and a hundred others, he had more anecdotes than I can tell of. Then such mellow old songs as he sang, in a voice so round and racy, the real juice of sound. How such notes came forth from his lank body was a constant marvel.

We have all heard from our childhood of the grandeur and beneficence of English commerce; what a pity it is that so good and beneficent a spirit should serve its disciples in so despicable a manner, as is shown in this volume, and especially in the description of—

THE FORECASTLE OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT SHIP.

Most persons know that a ship's forecastle embraces the forward part of the deck about the bowsprit: the same term, however, is generally bestowed upon the sailor's sleeping quarters, which occupy a space immediately beneath, and are partitioned off by a bulkhead.

Planted right in the bows, or, as sailors say, in the very *eyes*, of the ship, this delightful apartment is of a triangular shape, and is generally fitted with two tiers of rude bunks. Those of the *Julia* were in a most deplorable condition, mere wrecks, some having been torn down altogether to patch up others; and on one side there were but two standing. But with most of the men it made little difference whether they had a bunk or not, since, having no bedding, they had nothing to put in it but themselves.

Upon the boards of my own crib, I spread all the old canvas and old clothes I could pick up. For a pillow, I wrapped an old jacket round a log. This helped a little the wear and tear of one's bones when the ship rolled.

Rude hammocks made out of old sails were in many cases used as substitutes for the demolished bunks; but the space they swung in was so confined, that they were far from being agreeable.

The general aspect of the forecastle was dungeon-like and dingy in the extreme. In the first place, it was not five feet from deck to deck, and even this space was encroached upon by two outlandish cross-timbers bracing the vessel, and by the sailors' chests, over which you must needs crawl in getting about. At meal-times, and especially when we indulged in after-dinner chat, we sat about the chests like a parcel of tailors.

In the middle of all, were two square wooden columns, denominated in marine architecture "Bowsprit Bitts." They were about a foot apart, and between them, by a rusty chain, swung the forecastle lamp, burning day and night, and for ever casting two long black shadows. Lower down, between the bitts, was a locker, or sailors' pantry, kept in abominable disorder, and sometimes requiring a vigorous cleaning and fumigation.

All over, the ship was in a most dilapidated condition; but in the forecastle it looked like the hollow of an old tree going to decay. In every direction the wood was damp and discoloured, and here and there soft and porous. Moreover, it was hacked and hewed without mercy, the cook frequently helping himself to splinters for kindling-wood from the bitts and beams. Overhead, every carline was sooty, and here and there deep holes were burned in them, a freak of some drunken sailors on a voyage long previous.

From above, you entered by a plank, with two cleets, slanting down from the scuttle, which was a mere hole in the deck. There being no slide to draw over in case of emergency, the tarpaulin temporarily placed there was little protection from the spray heaved over the bows; so that in anything of a breeze the place was miserably wet. In a squall, the water fairly poured down in sheets, like a cascade, swashing about, and afterwards spirting up between the chests like the jets of a fountain.

Such were our accommodations aboard of the *Julia*; but bad as they were, we had not the undisputed possession of them. Myriads of cockroaches, and regiments of rats, disputed the

place with us. A greater calamity than this can scarcely befall a vessel in the South Seas.

So warm is the climate that it is almost impossible to get rid of them. You may seal up every hatchway, and fumigate the hull till the smoke forces itself out at the seams, and enough will survive to repeople the ship in an incredibly short period. In some vessels, the crews of which after a hard fight have given themselves up, as it were, for lost, the vermin seem to take actual possession, the sailors being mere tenants by sufferance. With Sperm Whalemen, hanging about the Line, as many of them do for a couple of years on a stretch, it is infinitely worse than with other vessels.

As for the *Julia*, these creatures never had such free and easy times as they did in her crazy old hull; every chink and cranny swarmed with them; they did not live among you, but you among them. So true was this, that the business of eating and drinking was better done in the dark than in the light of day.

Concerning the cockroaches, there was an extraordinary phenomenon, for which none of us could ever account.

Every night they had a jubilee. The first symptom was an unusual clustering and humming among the swarms lining the beams overhead, and the inside of the sleeping-places. This was succeeded by a prodigious coming and going on the part of those living out of sight. Presently they all came forth; the larger sort racing over the chests and planks; winged monsters darting to and fro in the air; and the small fry buzzing in heaps almost in a state of fusion.

On the first alarm, all who were able darted on deck; while some of the sick who were too feeble, lay perfectly quiet—the distracted vermin running over them at pleasure. The performance lasted some ten minutes, during which no hive ever hummed louder. Often it was lamented by us that the time of the visitation could never be predicted; it was liable to come upon us at any hour of the night, and what a relief it was, when it happened to fall in the early part of the evening.

Nor must I forget the rats: they did not forget me. Tame as Trenck's mouse, they stood in their holes peering at you like old grandfathers in a doorway. Often they darted in upon us at meal-times, and nibbled our food. The first time they approached Wymontoo, he was actually frightened; but becoming accustomed to it, he soon got along with them much better than the rest. With curious dexterity he seized the animals by their legs, and flung them up the scuttle to find a watery grave.

But I have a story of my own to tell about these rats. One day the cabin steward made me a present of some molasses, which I was so choice of, that I kept it hid away in a tin can in the farthest corner of my bunk. Faring as we did, this molasses dropped upon a biscuit was a positive luxury, which I shared with none but the doctor, and then only in private. And sweet as the treacle was, how could bread thus prepared and eaten in secret be otherwise than pleasant.

One night our precious can ran low, and in canting it over in the dark, something besides the molasses slipped out. How long it had been there, kind Providence never revealed; nor were we over anxious to know; for we hushed up the bare thought as quickly as possible. The creature certainly died a luscious death, quite equal to Clarence's in the butt of Malmsey.

As an example of our author's powers of description, let us extract his account of—

A COCOA-PALM GROVE.

The finest orchard of cocoa-palms I know, and the only plantation of them I ever saw at the islands, is one that stands right upon the southern shore of Papeetee Bay. They were set out by the first Pomaree, almost half-a-century ago; and the soil being especially adapted to their growth, the noble trees now form a magnificent grove, nearly a mile in extent. No other plant, scarcely a bush, is to be seen within its precincts. The Broom Road passes through its entire length.

At noonday, this grove is one of the most beautiful, serene, witching places that ever was seen. High overhead are ranges of green rustling arches; through which the sun's rays come down to you in sparkles. You seem to be wandering through illimitable halls of pillars; everywhere you catch glimpses of stately aisles, intersecting each other at all points. A strange silence, too, reigns far and near; the air flushed with the mellow stillness of a sunset.

But after the long morning calms, the sea-breeze comes in; and creeping over the tops of these thousand trees, they nod their plumes. Soon the breeze freshens; and you hear the branches brushing against each other; and the flexible trunks begin to sway. Towards evening, the whole grove is rocking to and fro; and the traveller on the Broom Road is startled by the frequent falling of the nuts, snapped from their brittle stems. They come flying through the air, ringing like jugglers' balls; and often bound along the ground for many rods.

To this we may append his view of—

THE USES OF THE COCOA-PALM.

The blessings it confers are incalculable. Year after year, the islander reposes beneath its shade, both eating and drinking of its fruit; he thatches his hut with its boughs, and weaves them into baskets to carry his food; he cools himself with a fan platted from the young leaflets, and shields his head from the sun by a bonnet of the leaves; sometimes he clothes himself with the cloth-like substance which wraps round the base of the stalks, whose elastic rods, strung with filberts, are used as a taper; the larger nuts, thinned and polished, furnish him with a beautiful goblet; the smaller ones, with bowls for his pipes; the dry husks kindle his fires; their fibres are twisted into fishing-lines and cords for his canoes; he heals his wounds with a balsam compounded from the juice of the nut; and with the oil extracted from its meat, embalms the bodies of the dead.

The noble trunk itself is far from being valueless. Sawn into posts, it upholds the islander's dwelling; converted into charcoal, it cooks his food; and supported on blocks of stones, rails in his lands. He impels his canoe through the water with a paddle of the wood, and goes to battle with clubs and spears of the same hard material.

We conclude with two native scenes—a dinner party and the court:—

A DINNER PARTY IN IMEEO.

It was just in the middle of the merry, mellow afternoon, that they ushered us to dinner, underneath a green shelter of palm boughs; open all round, and so low at the eaves, that we stooped to enter.

Within, the ground was strewn over with aromatic ferns—called "nahee"—freshly gathered; which, stirred under foot, diffused the sweetest odour. On one side was a row of yellow mats, inwrought with fibres of bark, stained a bright red. Here, seated after the fashion of the Turk, we looked out, over a verdant bank, upon the mild, blue, endless Pacific. So far round had we skirted the island, that the view of Tahiti was now intercepted.

Upon the ferns before us, were laid several layers of broad thick "pooroo" leaves, lapping over, one upon the other. And upon these were placed, side by side, newly plucked banana leaves, at least two yards in length, and very wide: the stalks were withdrawn, so as to make them lie flat. This green cloth was set out and garnished, in the manner following:—

First, a number of "pooroo" leaves, by way of plates, were ranged along on one side; and by each was a rustic nut-bowl, half-filled with sea-water, and a Tahitian roll, or small bread-fruit, roasted brown. An immense flat calabash, placed in the centre, was heaped up with numberless small packages of moist, steaming leaves: in each was a small fish, baked in the earth, and done to a turn. This pyramid of a dish was flanked on either side by an ornamental calabash. One was brimming with the golden-hued "poee," or pudding, made from the red plaintain of the mountains; the other was stacked up with cakes of the Indian turnip, previously macerated in a mortar, kneaded with the milk of the cocoa-nut, and then baked. In the spaces between the three dishes, were piled young cocoa-nuts, stripped of their husks. Their eyes had been opened and enlarged; so that each was a ready-charged goblet.

There was a sort of a side-cloth in one corner, upon which, in bright buff jackets, lay the fattest of bananas; "avees," red-ripe; guavas, with the shadows of their crimson pulp flushing through a transparent skin, and almost coming and going there like blushes; oranges, tinged here and there, berry-brown; and great jolly melons, which rolled about in very portliness. Such a heap! All ruddy, ripe, and round—bursting with the good cheer of the tropical soil, from which they sprang!

QUEEN POMAREE'S COURT OF AUDIENCE.

The appartment was one immense hall; the long and lofty ridge-pole fluttering with fringed matting and tassels, full forty feet from the ground. Lounges of mats, piled one upon another, extended on either side; while here and there were slight screens, forming as many recesses, where groups of natives—all females—were reclining at their evening meal.

As we advanced, these various parties ceased their buzzing, and in explanation of our appearance among them, listened to a few cabalistic words from our guide.

The whole scene was a strange one; but what most excited our surprise, was the incongruous assemblage of the most costly objects from all quarters of the globe. Cheek by jowl, they lay beside the rudest native articles, without the slightest attempt at order. Superb writing-desks of rosewood, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl; decanters and goblets of cut glass; embossed volumes of plates; gilded candelabras; sets of globes and mathematical instruments; the finest porcelain; richly mounted sabres and fowling-pieces; laced hats and sumptuous garments of all sorts, with numerous other matters of European manufacture, were strewn about among greasy calabashes half-filled with "*poee*," rolls of old tappa and matting, paddles and fish-spears, and the ordinary funiture of a Tahitian dwelling.

All the articles first mentioned were, doubtless, presents from foreign powers. They were more or less injured; the fowling-pieces and swords were rusted; the finest woods were scratched; and a folio volume of Hogarth lay open, with a cocoa-nut shell of some musty preparation capsized among the miscellaneous furniture of the Rake's apartment, where that inconsiderate young gentleman is being measured for a coat.



THE ERL KING.

From the Fresco Painting of B. Nehr, in the Grand Duchy Castle at Weimar.

THE ERL KING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Fast homeward they rode through woods so wild,
A gallant knight with his lovely child.
The wind blew cold, but the father's arm
Was drawn still the closer his darling to warm.

"My son, what meaneth that cry of despair?"
"See, father, see! the Erl King is there,
With flowing mantle and crown so bright."
"My son, 'tis only a meteor's light."

"Sweet boy, if thou wilt come with me,
Rare sport and pastime I'll show to thee;
On downy benches thou shalt sit and play,
And my mother shall weave thee garlands gay."

"Oh, father, dear father! dost thou nothing hear?
The Erl King's voice murmurs soft in my ear."
"Come close to thy father, my child—
'Tis but the breeze that moans o'er the wild."

"If thou, pretty darling, wilt come with me,
My daughter shall thy companion be;
She shall sing, dance, and play, to afford thee delight,
And rock thee to sleep in thy cradle at night."

"Oh, father, dear father! dost thou nothing see?—
The Erl King's daughter she beck'neth to me."
"Be still, my son: through the twilight so pale
Thou seest the willow that bends to the gale."

"My dwelling is deep in yon mountain's side;
And there, pretty boy, 'tis with me thou must ride."
"Oh, father, dear father! now hold me, I pray,
The Erl King comes nearer—he drags me away."

The father, shudd'ring with fear and alarm,
Around his darling twined closer his arm:
He reached his home—but hope soon fled—
Within his arms the brave boy lay dead.

THE BLUE EYES.

A STORY OF LONDON STREETS.

By Camilla Toulmin.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"I am very late, dear Fanny, but I have twenty things to tell you of, which have detained me to-day," said Walter Bingham to his wife, as she met him in the hall with a smiling face and affectionate welcome. Their house was a small one, in an obscure and fourth-rate street; but Love and Peace were the guardian angels that kept the portal, and shed a fairy lustre throughout the dwelling.

"Nay," replied the wife, "you said that I must not expect you before five, but that you would not be later than six; it has not struck, so I am sure I have no right to complain."

"Ah, Fan, you never scold—but you know very well I meant to be home long ago."

Walter Bingham's history may be briefly told. He had been left an orphan when a mere child, and confided by his father's will to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the child's nearest relative. Mr. Shirley was a thoroughly worldly man. It would have been a compliment to call him "a man of the world," seeing that this phrase, ugly as it is in its most general meaning, nevertheless implies a width—a grasp of mind Walter's uncle never possessed; but he was intensely worldly and selfish in all his aims, narrow as they were, without a sympathy beyond his own hearth, from which indeed in this sense the orphan was excluded. Fortunately, Walter's fortune, amounting to about six thousand pounds, had been so tightly secured in the hands of trustees, that, beyond receiving the appointed allowance for his education, even Mr. Shirley's ingenuity could not make away with it during the boy's minority; but he was not without his plans by which to appropriate it nevertheless. On one dexterous pretext or another he avoided settling Walter in any profession or pursuit until he became of age; taking care meanwhile to make his life glide away so smoothly, that delays and changes of purpose seemed to have arisen from the most fortunate course of events.

His scheme, however, was to make Walter's inheritance the nucleus of a fortune for his own son Charles, a shrewd youth, who added to his father's characteristics a keener intellect, and, if possible, a colder heart. In due time, therefore, a mercantile project was brought forward, and in a few weeks a partnership was formed between the cousins. Charles Shirley was at this time seven or eight and twenty: it was represented that his experience—and circumstances had given him a knowledge of business—should be weighed against Walter's money, and they started on terms of perfect equality. A thriving business, however, once established, the "experienced" partner had no notion of another reaping the fruits of his toil. By turns appalling his dupe—for that is the proper term—by the proposal of daring and unprincipled speculations, and impressing him with a sense of his own unfitness to cope with anxieties so great, or decide on undertakings so important, in less than six years he contrived to dissolve their partnership—leaving Walter, it is true, but a wreck of his property, and yet gaining his end without any violent rupture or wordy quarrel.

The cousins were as opposite as light from darkness. Walter Bingham's was a nature that would not swerve aside from the path of strict integrity for all the temptations of gain which could be offered him. His own high heart had saved him from many of the evils of an imperfect and even corrupt education; but his character had developed rather late, and all which was valuable he had learned since he became his own master, and not a few of his early lessons had he unlearned during the same period. He was *now* a great deal too self-reliant to be made the dupe of any one. He had married, too, and wedded with a gentle, loving woman, whose finely tempered mind responded to all his own highest principles and noblest aspirations. Both were devoid of vulgar ambition, both tested things by their reality and not by their seeming; and, as is ever the case in such unions, each felt from this mutual support firmer of heart for all high purposes than they could have been separately. One or two plans for realising an income without dipping into his diminished capital had been adopted by Walter Bingham, and two or three years had passed in these experiments without any very flattering degree of success; and by the autumn day on which they are introduced to

the reader, the young couple were seriously thinking of emigrating to Australia. All in all to each other, there was no tie in England to make the step a painful one; and they knew that under any sky their own hearts could make Home.

Their simple dinner was soon over, and meanwhile Fanny learned how her husband had been disappointed of seeing one man of business, and had had to wait half an hour for another, and how a stoppage of vehicles in one of the narrow great thoroughfares had impeded the cab he had taken to save time, with half a dozen disasters fully sufficient to account for his coming home just at the dinner hour, instead of in time to take his wife a pleasant walk previously. The evening was chilly, so Fanny proposed a fire; and they drew their chairs cosily near the cheerful blaze. How one enjoys the first fire of the season! (or for that matter one on a *cold* summer's day)—it really has an exhilarating effect, something akin to real sunshine after gloomy weather. And then Walter Bingham recapitulated the day's adventures, and, among other things, said—

"I have been haunted all day by the countenance of a child I saw this morning, and have only this instant remembered of whom it is he reminded me. You have heard me speak of Lucy—poor Lucy."

"You mean the poor servant girl who nursed you so tenderly through the fever when you were a boy?"

"I do. Her who was driven from my uncle's house with fiercest anger and in deepest shame. Vain were all my after efforts to discover her fate, for I was but a powerless youth, and those about me divined that I felt grateful to the outcast, and pitied where they only scorned. Fallen as she was, there must have been much of the Angel left uncorrupted in that poor girl's soul. At the very time when desertion and infamy, and woman's sorest hour of trial, were hanging over her like the gatherings of a thunder-cloud, ready to discharge its death-bolt, she watched beside me with the tenderness of a sister. Yes, though they who were my kindred thought all was done when a doctor was summoned and a hired nurse provided. But it was poor Lucy who in the lonely hours of the long night was always near; who could shake up the pillows to a form and softness like no other; and from whose hand the cooling drink seemed always most refreshing: and then when I used to grieve for the loss of her rest, she would smile sadly and say, 'I cannot sleep—let me stay here and be of use.' And often and often, when I lay between the fitful waking and dozing of sickness, have I seen her Blue Eyes, glistening with the tears which did not flow, raised to heaven as if in silent supplication; while her countenance bore a look of suffering I can never forget. And just that look—just those blue eyes—did I behold int he street to-day."

"But you said it was a child you saw," replied the young wife, looking, perhaps involuntarily, towards a pretty little crib of basket-work and pink silk, where slumbered a rosy little Walter. It was the mention of a child that had first aroused her interest, touching some strange heart-chord, and to it she easily reverted again, even from poor Lucy's well known but tragic story.

"Not an infant, my love," returned Bingham, "but a boy of some twelve or fourteen years of age. I was endeavouring to make a short cut into Holborn, guiding my steps rather by the compass than by any recollection of the map of London, when suddenly I found myself in the midst of a densely populated but evidently most wretched neighbourhood. Lost in reverie"——

"Oh, do break yourself of that habit: I am sure you will be run over one of these days if you don't," interrupted the anxious Fanny, taking her husband's hand; but he continued—

"I believe I was first aroused from my musings by the sensation of a change in the atmosphere to something more disagreeable than I had ever inhaled before. Close and fetid it was to an intolerable degree; and no wonder when I looked on the scene around me. I was in the midst of dilapidated habitations, which yet seemed swarming with tenants, if I might judge from the throngs of half starved, half clad, unwashed creatures of both sexes and of all ages by whom I was surrounded. Men, brutalised I would fain believe by ignorance, with a stolid look unlighted by any gleam of intelligence, save that which to my mind is more revolting than idiotism—low cunning; women of demeanour as coarse, and using language as foul, as their companions, with long and bushy hair matted about their faces, and all—both men and women—more or less idling; some lounging at doors and windows, smoking or quarrelling; and even where there was the pretence of employment, it was conducted in so listless a manner that it could not be associated with Industry.

"The children, mimics as they always are, reflected the scene around them; yet, though equally abject, emaciated, and miserable, there was, on the whole, more activity about them, more human intelligence,—they seemed only undergoing the process of corruption—the seal of utter, irremediable degradation was not yet fixed. Still, even in their play—and how wonderful it is that such children should play at all!—there was the same animal selfishness to be traced as that which seemed written on the adult countenances, the same chuckle at momentary success, and the same absence of all generous sympathy.

"To all this, however, there was one exception. Sitting on a door-step, at a little distance from a ragged, dirty, noisy group of urchins, was the boy to whom I allude. He had evidently been weeping bitterly, but there was a lull after the passion of tears, and his blue eyes were raised to the sky with an expression of hopeless misery I can never forget. It has haunted me all day; and the very intensity with which, at the moment, I tried to recall the likeness to my memory, robbed me of the presence of mind—or instinct rather—which should have prompted me to question the poor child. But I had little time for reflection; almost at the instant, a ruffianly-looking man came forward, and seizing the boy with the authority of a master, began cuffing him with his fist, as he half drove, half dragged him along. Amid the storm of imprecations which accompanied these proceedings, all I could understand was, that the child had lost, or been robbed of, a penny, with which he had been intrusted to pay the postage of a letter. Strange, Fanny, is it not? that I cannot forget that poor boy!"

CHAPTER SECOND.

Winter had passed away; a long, cold winter: yet to the well housed, well clothed, well warmed, well fed many, a season of social, genial, or studious hours profitably passed, and pleasant to remember. In a well curtained, well carpeted chamber, with the cheerful fire acting as the magnet of the room—and the book, or the pencil, music's softening recreation, and the highest and

most inexhaustible resource of all, that rapid and suggestive interchange of thought, for which we want some more definite term than "conversation"—it matters but little what the strife of the elements may be without; how biting the wind, or penetrating the rain, or death-dealing the frost! Far differently the Winter passes in the haunts of penury, or even in the abodes of the labouring poor. The resources which are just equal to meet the wants of summer, sorely fail in the hour of bitterer trial, when physical suffering brings its inevitable train of moral degradations; and the animal instinct of self-preservation asserts its dominion over every nobler faculty.

It had been a winter of great misery to the very poor; and a period of those convulsions in the mercantile world which spread their eddies in many widening circles. Walter Bingham had not escaped their influence; he was still without employment, and poorer than in the autumn, inasmuch, that he had dipped for those months' support still deeper into his capital. But a heavier sorrow than this had fallen on the young couple. Alas! the little crib was empty;—the pallor of death had displaced the roses of health, and the new life, so full of promise and freshness, had died out from the earth, though so many of the old and feeble, and loveless and wretched, still lingered behind. One of the solemn lessons, with which each day is rife, that tell of the vanity of human expectations.

The Binghams had quite decided on emigration, and had completed nearly every preparation. Berths were even secured in a ship which would shortly sail, but Walter had still business to settle with his wily cousin. Though what the calendar calls spring, it was a chilly evening; in fact, much such weather as belonging to opposite seasons, strangely enough, sometimes recalls during one, the other to mind; and so like was it in its character to that day on which we first introduced Walter Bingham to the reader, that he had been more than once irresistibly reminded of it and its events. He had called on his cousin on his return home, hoping finally to arrange the matter between them, in which there was a dispute about two or three hundred pounds. They were in earnest conference in a parlour fronting the street, and had drawn near the window to examine some memorandums scarcely otherwise to be distinguished in the deepening twilight. Suddenly there was a noise in the street—a rabble of men and boys, apparently dragging along some juvenile offender —and then a halt immediately before the house. In a moment, Bingham recognised in the culprit the child who had interested him so much six months before!

To rush into the street, and to rescue the boy from the rough hands which grasped him, promising to listen presently to any accusations, was the work of a few seconds; and a similar act of impulse was to draw him into Mr. Shirley's dwelling. Most poorly clad, dirty, ragged, meagre, miserable looking to the last degree, the boy still retained the *expression* which had touched so deeply in the heart of Walter Bingham. The Blue Eyes, gleaming through tears, from time to time looked upwards as he answered Walter's questioning.

"How came you into this trouble?" he asked.

"I broke a window," said the boy.

"Broke a window—on purpose?" pursued his interrogator.

"Yes; I have no home—I want to be sent to prison."

"No home—no parents?" continued Bingham.

"I never had," sobbed the boy. "I am a workhouse child. I was brought up at M— workhouse."

"But they have not turned you adrift into the streets, surely?"

"No: they put me out to a shoemaker."

"Then why are you homeless?"

"Because I sold a bit of leather for twopense, which I thought master had thrown away—I am sure I did"—and here the boy broke into a torrent of tears.

"Come, tell me all about it," said Bingham, in a kind voice, suspecting there was a story of oppression and temptation to hear.

"He beat me for losing a penny, and said I stole it—but I never did," sobbed the poor unfortunate, "and then—and then—they called me a thief, and the boys laughed at me, and asked me what I stole—as—as—I never had halfpence for play or for cakes—and yet they would not believe me when I said I was not a thief, and so—and so —I took the bit of leather, and I never had twopence before."

"And what did you do with the money?"

"I bought nuts for the boys in the court. But they sent me to prison for a thief, and when I came out I had nowhere to go—master would not let me into his house—and so—and so—I broke the window to go back to prison: for I won't be a thief, and what can I do?"

What can I do? Oh, question so difficult for sages and legislators to answer; and one which can never be satisfactorily solved till Charity walks more bravely abroad in the world—with a hand ready to raise up the fallen,—and Hope shines as God meant it to shine—a light to cheer and lead forward even the most wretched! Absorbed in the child's history, Bingham had not noticed his cousin; but now he looked up, and was almost alarmed to see that he had sunk into a chair, and that his countenance was of a deathlike paleness. Truth to tell, he too had started at the expression of the "blue eyes," and when the boy mentioned the M— workhouse, his guilty conscience told him the rest.

Bingham raised his hand to his brow, as if he would sweep back a host of newer memories, and recall, in all their vividness, the scenes of his boyhood.

"Lucy—poor Lucy!—is it so?" he murmured, appealing to his cousin, who, with the characteristic cowardice of cruelty, dragged him into an adjoining room, and besought him in the most abject manner to keep his secret. Mean, craven souls always judge the nobler ones which they are unable to comprehend by their own low standard, and Shirley was full of dread and suspicion that his cousin would use his newly acquired knowledge as a means of terror and a threat over him.

Charles Shirley had a shrewish wife, with a fortune "settled on herself!"

There was a terrible confession wrung from him by interrogations, and made in fear and trembling.

A false marriage, an awakening to shame, desertion, and maternity, and death in a workhouse!

"Not for your sake, not for yours," exclaimed Bingham, with honest indignation, "but for the memory of that suffering girl, but for the presence of those 'blue eyes' which watched over me in the hours of mortal sickness, I take the charge of your nameless child. To the Southern Hemisphere, away from the land of his birth, I take him—he is not yours to give."

And when Fanny, his dear Fanny, she whose

heart ever beat in unison with his own, heard the tale, she wreathed her arms round her husband's neck in a proud and approving caress, and looking down at her black garments, and pointing to the empty crib, she murmured—"To be a substitute, at least a consolation."

And the three are at this hour crossing the blue ocean! May fair winds speed them on their way, and a bright sky canopy their new home. The heart's promptings more often come straight from Heaven than the cool calculations of the head; and I am dreaming a beautiful dream, of childlike affection, and unutterable gratitude; of an approving conscience, and of fortune's gifts, which seem profuse to them of few wants and simple pleasures!

ERIN. A DIRGE.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Oh, for snow, strange April snow,
Cold and cheap! a shroud of woe
For pale, dead Erin's nakedness!
Snow-clad Broom, oh, drooping Broom,
Hearse of snow, of plumes a plume,
Weep over Erin coffinless!

There are colder things than snow,
Sadder things than death and woe;
Proud Rapine's cold hardheartedness!
And that saddest, patient pain—
Smitten! smiting not again!
Now wordless, lifeless, coffinless.

Insect! that wouldst God enthral!
Earning nought, and taking all!
Seest thou thy country's nothingness?
Man! whom that vile insect's will
Yet may torture, starve, and kill!
Remember Erin coffinless.

How men treat subjected man,
When they may do what they can,
Well knows scourg'd India's wofulness;
Well, Bengal, thy famish'd dead,
(Victim-millions o'er thee spread,)
Forespoke* of Erin coffinless!

Oh, thou snow-clad forest-bough!
In thy sunlit glory now,
Laugh not at death's wide wastefulness;
But lament—while brightly glows
April's noon o'er winter snows—
A nation dead and coffinless!

Food or cerecloth of her own
None had she—and she alone is
Supreme in her vast misery!
Yet shall life, like light on snow,
In her kindled ashes glow,
And bless a long futurity.

Many-childed Heir of Sighs!
When wilt thou unclose thine eyes?
Wake, ye still locks, from lifelessness!
Move, ye wasted fingers, move!
Faintly smile, ye lips of love!
When wilt thou rise, thou coffinless?

Not yet!—But, oh, thou shroudless one,
Cover'd by the heav'ns alone!
A white sheet now shall cover thee:
Help is vain, but help is nigh;
And thy friend, the pitying sky,
Shall throw a cold sheet over thee.

* Bengal had both, and both in vain, if it is true that, in one year, five millions of her people, all victims of calculating avarice, died of want.

ART-EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

By George Wallis,

Late Principal Master of the Manchester School of Design.

No. IV.

THE PRINCIPLES OF FINE ART AS APPLIED TO INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES.

(With Illustrations designed and drawn on wood by the Author.)

If we doubted for a moment the identity of great principles, as applied to every department of Art, this paper would have been entitled—"The reproductive principles of Industrial Art, compared with the Imitative and Ideal of Fine Art;" but, as no such distinction is recognised, our current essay merely involves an attempt to show in what particular the principles of Art, as applied to Industrial Purposes, are *practically* different in their technical uses to those same principles as applied to historic composition, either in painting or in sculpture. In developing principles, the rules, or various modes of applying those principles, cannot necessarily be illustrated in a series of brief essays like the present: these are rather the immediate subject of the intelligent teacher and apt pupil, the professor in his chair, with his chalk and demonstration board, or the author with his special work and careful student-reader.

It would be a mere waste of time and argument to say anything here of the importance of a thorough knowledge of first principles as the only true and efficient means by which any art or science can be properly understood or successfully practised; nor is it to be supposed that any really sincere and disinterested man can be found who, whilst acknowledging this point in the abstract, would in practice so far limit its exercise, as to say that a superficial knowledge of general principles, without caring as to their practical application, is sufficient for even the humblest Art-student. In maintaining the oneness of Art, and the general identity of its first principles, however, it is not to be forgotten that false conclusions have been drawn therefrom; and that it has been erroneously supposed and strenuously argued, that when once a knowledge is attained of those principles which govern productions of an elevated character—which, from their aims, must ever be regarded as the highest developments of imitative and ideal power—the artist may at once deal, without further consideration, in an artistic sense at least, with those more mechanical departments which enter so largely into the productions and embellishments of every-day life, and which, for the sake of distinction, we have

already characterised as the results of Industrial or Ornamental, in contradistinction to Fine Art.

The fallacy of such an assumption is best known, indeed, can only be truly known, to those who have aimed at practising both; for it is by no means an uncommon occurrence, to find that highly intelligent artists in the departments of portrait and landscape, nay, of history itself, are totally unacquainted with the simplest method by which an arabesque or an ornamental accessory to their pictures may be produced. Nor does this arise from any want of talent on their part, but simply from a misconception of the value of the power to do such things, and from a want of a knowledge of those first principles which govern the treatment of NATURE as applied to *ornament*, compared with the treatment of that same NATURE as applied to *pictorial effects*.

It will be our purpose, therefore, to explain in as simple and concise a manner as the subject will permit, this distinctive difference in the practice of Historic and Ornamental Art, and to illustrate, without elaboration of example or multiplicity of verbiage, those *reproductive* principles of Industrial Art which replace, or are combined with, the *imitative* and *ideal* principles of Fine Art when applied to actual practice. Nor can we insist too strongly on this point being clearly and distinctly understood, and constantly borne in mind in the education of youth, or overrate its importance as a primary consideration in the enunciation and working out of any system of Art-Education, whether governmental or otherwise; inasmuch as it lies at the very root of that question of *originality* about which people talk so loudly, for which they affect to be willing to pay so liberally, but which, when it appears, they do not understand, because they test it by obsolete standards instead of natural principles.

Maintaining the necessity for sound education in every department of Art—alike to the artist-painter or sculptor on the one hand, and to the artist-manufacturer of decorated articles on the other—it would be a mere affectation of acquiescence not to denounce as a delusion any plans of Art-Education which did not embrace the study of nature, in its true application to practical purposes, as one of its most important objects, if, indeed, it should not be its very highest aim. By the term *study*, as used here, we do not mean mere copying, but the investigation of those peculiarities of physical construction as developed in external form, the true adaptation of which gives nature its greatest charm, and constitutes its truest beauty.

But it is only by a clear and distinct perception of the true functions of each department of Art, that the artist can expect to arrive at correct results, when called upon to act therein; and nothing appears more strange to any intelligent mind, viewing this question as it were from an elevation, than the confusion of ideas,—the utter absence of true systematic arrangement in the development of the powers of the Art Student, which has hitherto prevailed, and which confusion is still further perpetuated in the notions engendered in the minds of that same student as he progresses. All this arises out of the non-reduction of the true purposes and functions of Art, to clear and definite principles. With some, to *draw* is to *design*. With others, to *design* is to *invent*. With a third party, to *draw* means merely to copy, and to *design* means *dovetailing* together in congruous or incongruous mixture certain things already done by somebody else. Again, Fine Art, *par excellence*, is the "be all, and end all" of student practice with some,—with others, it is only the beginning; whilst it is not infrequently most determinedly insisted upon by another party, that as regards manufactures, Fine Art has nothing at all to do with the matter! And all this "confusion of tongues" comes, as before stated, of the want of a definite idea of the true function of each department of Art, and in the work of education a clear and distinct perception of what it really is which the student ought to learn, how he ought to learn it, and the purpose to which he wants to apply it after he is taught. Let us endeavour, therefore, to ascertain what it really is which the student is required to do, the nature of the knowledge he seeks, and what his aims should be?

The direct mission of Fine Art is to teach, by the vivid representation of great and noble acts, how good men have laboured and battled for humanity. It pictures before us, in all the truth of expression, in all the force of form, and light and shadow, with all the splendour of colouring, the deeds of the worthies of the past whom we are most taught to revere, and we are led upward in imagination to their personal identity, and see them again in their habits as they lived, deservedly held up as exemplars to the rising generation.

It seeks, too, to embody the *ideal* of the poet; and to give palpable form and real expression to his creations. Nay, the painter is himself, in his highest vocation, a poet; expressing by form and colour, that which the writer-poet expresses by words.

Fine Art then, records by *idealised imitation* the glorious works of good men, whilst it holds those of bad men up to our abhorrence—it gives to posterity their images, either on the tinted canvass or the sculptured marble—it imitates the beautiful effects of nature as seen in the glowing landscape or the rising storm, and perpetuates the appearance of those beauteous gems of the seasons—flowers and fruits, which, though fading whilst the painter catches their tints, yet live after decay by and through his genius.

Industrial Art, on the contrary, aims at *the embellishment of the works of man*, by and through that power which is given to the artist for the investigation of the beautiful in nature; and in transferring it to the loom, the printing machine, the potter's wheel, or the metal worker's mould, he *reproduces* nature in a new form, adapting it to his purpose by an intelligence arising out of his knowledge as an artist and as a workman. In short, the adaptation of the natural type to a new material compels him to *reproduce*, almost *create*, as well as *imitate*—*invent* as well as *copy*—design as well as *draw!*

The question very naturally arises, "But how is he to do this?" "Study the antique!" says one. "Study nature!" says another. "Study neither," says a third, "but study my *pattern books!*" We say, "study them all;" but let it not be surface-study!

It should be for the investigation of principles for which the antique should be studied; not for the mere power to copy it. It should be for the discovery of new types nature should be studied; and if possible, as we fully believe it is, for the enunciation of new principles! It should be for the proper understanding of those mechanical difficulties and peculiarities of material so essential to the successful practice of industrial design, that the manufacturer's *pattern book* should be studied; in other words, the adaptation of the material to the purposes of decoration. In Fine Art there is

an analogous process of study, for the artist must learn the use of his materials, oil or water colours, fresco or encaustic, before he can produce a picture, and study the peculiarities of marble working or bronze casting, before he can produce a statue.

Again, the abstract principles of Industrial and Fine Art are the same, and at the outset must be studied in a similar manner. Those laws of form, size, and proportion, of the classification of colours, as also of projection or light and shadow, are identical, and the thorough investigation of these principles are alike necessary to full success in each. There is, however, a very distinctive difference in their actual practice, which it is our purpose to illustrate.

In Fine Art, he who produces the best *ideal imitation* best succeeds. His object is strictly to imitate what he sees, in the first instance; but in doing so he endeavours to *elevate* his subject, and thus to a certain extent acts upon a principle analogous to that of the Industrial artist, and *reproduces* the object in appearance with such an infusion of his own mind as will give it force and originality; but the reproduction is an *æsthetic* not a *material* one. In short, he *idealises* as well as *imitates*. Take a portrait, for example. If the artist has simply the capacity to *imitate* every detailed point of the original, and in doing so aims at nothing but a stark likeness, the result will be anything but satisfactory. If, on the contrary, the mental qualities of the original are aimed at, the painter possessing that perceptive and ideal power so essential to their transfusion into his work, then the portrait becomes something more than a mere likeness—it is an idealised representation, an æsthetic reproduction of the individual represented. A photographic portrait is ever wanting in this latter quality; hence its unsatisfactory aspect.

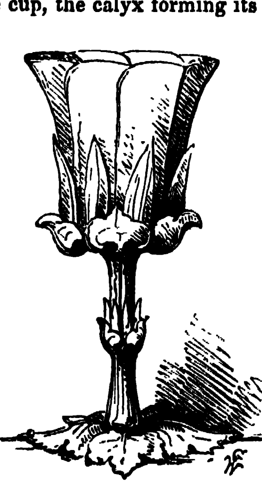
The painter, however, is untrammelled by those peculiar difficulties which beset the industrial application of the original type, for he has simply to contend, so far as the agency of his materials go, with those artistic technicalities which arise out of the representation of his subject in all its peculiarities of form, light and shadow, and colour, upon a plane surface; but the sculptor approaches the Industrial artist more closely, because he has the physical characteristics of his materials to study whilst working out his idea. Thus, in marble, his figure must be posed in such a manner as to permit of its representation on every side, although *the* one point is ever present to the artist, as most expressive of his idea. The arrangement of the details of the form, so as to support each other against the weight of material, is likewise a matter of grave consideration. In metal, the difficulty is increased in one respect, because of the necessity of moulding for the purpose of casting; whilst it is diminished in another, by the greater strength of the material. The friability of the marble being replaced by the ductility of bronze. Thus the sculptor is more of an Industrial artist than the painter.

In Industrial Art, though *imitation* is the basis, yet *reproduction* in a new form and material is the object. Thus, if the artist takes a flower, the *Malope Grandiflora*, for instance, as a painter, he draws the best imitation he can of it in all its forms, proportions, light and shadow, and colour; but for the purposes of Industrial Art he treats it very differently.

Thus, if he is desired to use it for the purposes of the porcelain manufacture, or to treat it as a cup for metal work, though each of these would require certain technical modifications, yet, as a general adaptation of the original type, the treatment would be not unlike the illustration.



The corolla of the flower gives the hint for the body of the cup, the calyx forming its base. The



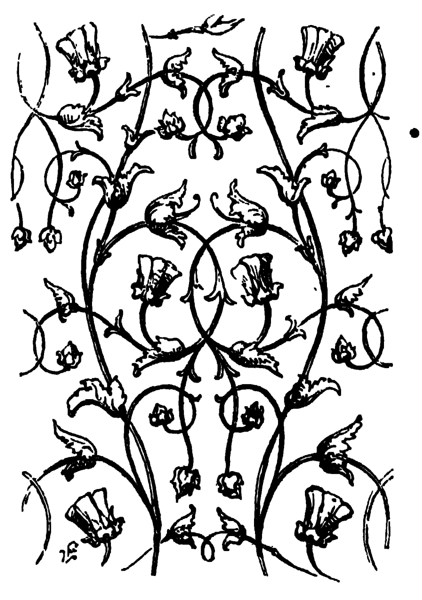
foot is formed by the leaves of the plant arranged geometrically, and the stem is decorated in the middle by an adaptation of the bud of the flower in its partially developed state.

Adapting the same type for another manufacture, the treatment again varies. Thus, if the branch of a chandelier is required, we have two materials to contend with, glass and metal, with certain uses for each, according to their natural qualities: the metal to convey the means of illumination, whilst it supports the glass for the diffusion of the light. The branches of the flower are here converted into spirals, the stem is thickened

and decorated with the leaves and buds of the plant, whilst the corolla and calyx are not unlike, in treatment, to the cup.*



The use of the same type for the decoration of a plane surface requires another kind of re-production. Thus, if it be used for textile fabrics, whether the pattern be woven or printed, the requirements of the design would necessitate some arrangement by which the forms would readily repeat themselves, and these forms would be arbitrarily confined to a given space, technically called a *repeat*. The arrangement here given is a simple one, and might be easily adapted to a variety



of surface decorations. Elaboration has been avoided, so as to give the eye of the uninitiated an insight into the mode by which a series of simple lines are carried over any amount of surface. The original forms are the same as those of all the former illustrations, the treatment being varied to suit the requirements of the material on which, or in which, it is supposed to be wrought. The natural type is strictly kept in view in each case, nor departed from except for adaptation to the requirements of each manufacture.

It must never be forgotten, however, that much depends upon the selection of a fitting type; and in this respect, the same principle would govern the industrial artist in the choice of his type, as would be observed by the historic artist in the selection of *his* model. The painter does not choose as the *sitter* for his hero or heroine any commonplace individual who may present himself or herself; but selects those who possess the marked characteristics which belong to his *beau ideal* of that same hero or heroine. Just so with the Industrial artist—he takes not any plant, flower, or object which he may chance to meet with, but carefully considers the capabilities of each, and how far it is adapted to his uses in a particular way, for a particular purpose in a particuliar manufacture. Forgetting, or not knowing, these principles of selection, adaptation, and reproduction, he is ever aiming at something he cannot attain to, or contents himself with becoming a mere reproducer of hacknied types found in the antique, instead of natural images; a ringer of the changes upon an everlasting acanthus, or an ever-enduring, and never-to-be-used-enough, honeysuckle!

The educational importance of attention to or neglect of these principles must receive future consideration, but we fearlessly affirm as a proposition for intermediate thought, that—

Ornamental Art depends upon the reproductive adaptation of the forms of Nature for its greatest beauties and most sterling qualities, and that true originality can only be arrived at through this source; whilst all ornament not based thereon, is simply the result of slavish copyism, and a mannerism arising out of the study of misunderstood authorities—the fragmentary remains of ages—whose manners and requirements were essentially different to our own.

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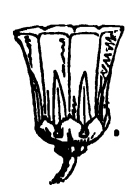
HOW HAS IT BEEN TREATED?—HOW SHOULD IT BE TREATED?

By Lord Nugent.

No. I.

Acquirement of power, and extension of it, by the influences of Force, or Knowledge, or Invention, or by improvement of means already in the hands of rulers, have ever been the objects pursued, for good or evil, by human ambition. Their only just end is to give Protection, and thus a free and unembarassed range to lawful enterprise for the advancement of human happiness. The only lasting security for power, thus directed, is what is given by a conventional arrangement of institutions, and general submission to them. And these institutions, founded on a compromise of particular immunities for the general interests of a commonwealth, are called Law. The science of applying this Law to the general interests is called Jurisprudence. And the purpose and effect of good government, in respect of the public safety, liberty,

* In the hurry of drawing the illustrations, the writer—unfortunately or fortunately, the reader must judge which—committed one of those oversights so common in designing for Industrial Art. The light of the chandelier branch, as drawn, would illuminate the ceiling and walls only of a room. Owing to the calyx of the flower being much too large, the metal of which it would be constructed would obstruct the light in its passage downward. He prefers, therefore, pointing out the error himself, to having it discovered by any one else; and gives the accompanying illustration of a treatment by which the light would be more completely diffused.



A more palpable illustration could scarcely be conceived of the necessity for understanding and considering the purpose and mode of construction of the article designed. A drawing may be in the abstract very beautiful—in practice quite useless.

and order, have been thus described by Tacitus, in a few words, commendatory of a good governor, as having "blended together things aforetime in estrangement, Sovereignty and Freedom." "*Res olim dissociabiles miscuerit, Principatum ac Libertatem*" (Vit. Agric.). We will strive to trace, as in a slight general outline, the advance which the criminal jurisprudence of England has made towards this end, from its earliest and rudest to its present form, and the further amendments of which it may probably be found to be capable.

It has lately been announced to us from high places that the time is come when the great principles of criminal jurisprudence must be fairly laid open, to be examined and systematically applied, and when the treatment of crime must be dealt with as a science. Not the mere lawyer's art alone—that of classifying offences according to character or degree; whether treasons, felonies, or misdemeanours; whether against statute or common law; or whether criminal of their own nature, as acts of violence, larceny, or fraud, or criminal only as being in breach of laws made for the protection of artificial interests, such as are the offences of smuggling, establishing nuisances or obstructions, and the like; things criminal in themselves (*mala in se*), or things rendered criminal by prohibition (*mala prohibita*) only;—nor yet the mere art of so distinguishing truth from falsehood by judicial evidence as to gain acquittal for innocence, and condemnation for guilt, by verdict;—but the knowledge of the principles in accordance with which punishment should be measured and applied, in order best to fulfil its appointed purposes.

Our first endeavour clearly then must be to satisfy ourselves as to what are the proper ends of punishment. This may seem at first sight obvious and simple enough. And yet there is no subject on which men's minds are less in agreement, or on which more crude and grosser fallacies are propounded, on approach towards definition. Locke, in his *Thoughts concerning Education* (p. 187), treats ignorance of the law of the country, as "a thing strange to suppose" —a knowledge which, "whatever station a gentleman is in, is so requisite, that, from a justice of the peace to a minister of state, I know no place he can well fill without it." But Blackstone, in his introductory chapter on the *Study of the Law*, written in times when education began to be more popularly spread, goes much further, averring that not only magistrates, divines, and all whose duty is instruction, but all who may be liable as jurors to administer the law—nay, all who are subject to its obligations and its penalties—are bound to know it; law, not only in what he calls "its most general and comprehensive sense, signifying a rule of action applied indiscriminately, such as the law of Nature or of Revelation by which the Divine Being governs mankind, but as a rule prescribed, whether by compact or command, for particular purposes." And of this study, with regard to criminal law, surely the due purposes of punishment, and the proper application of it to those purposes, are the parts which stand foremost, both in order and importance.

It was announced to the city of London, before the present meeting of Parliament, in a tone perhaps of somewhat more ambitious promise than befitted the measures in view, that the "treatment of the criminal population" was the great "problem" to be dealt with in the session then ensuing. Now in truth the treatment of the criminal population is *not* the problem. It is what is familiarly called a putting of the cart before the horse, to say so. A very common error is this misplacement; and thus far tempting—that it is much easier to propound an analysis of the inanimate machinery which is moved, than of the living principle which gives it motion. The Objects and Purposes of punishment are the problem; the Treatment follows as a mere corollary, or as a practical application of the problem. Problem is a high word. To announce the solution of one, is almost to challenge a level with Fulton, with Telford, with the Stephensons, or La Verrier. Assuredly, the patriarchal days of Discovery in the science of criminal jurisprudence, as relating to its Principles, are past, and have left their records indisputable to these our times. He who works the ship should thoroughly understand, indeed, the Principles which others have long ago discovered, and, with his eyes fixed steadily on the card, apply them to the requirements of his course, and of the weather through which he has to pass. But he is not therein solving a problem. This has been fulfilled already. The principles of penal law, however men may have erred in the application, have been laid down by earlier and somewhat greater spirits, —by Lord Coke in his third institute, by Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning* and in his immortal Essays, and by the French and Italian Jurists since; and presented to familiar acceptance in the compendious and lucid work of Blackstone. It is for those of our time to amend the application of these, with the help of all the experience that has been flowing in upon them through all the generations of men who have thought and acted, until now; to trace the movement and progress, with a view to further advancement. For in this practical part of the science the mistakenly called old times of the world were, in truth, the times of its elementary education; ours are those of its riper age.

The aboriginal, and as it were natural, notions of men respecting punishment were directed, and, probably, limited, to the mere question of Retribution. The measure of *desert* on the part of the criminal; the measure of *retribution*, which is vengeance, on that of the aggrieved party, or of society in his behalf. A better philosophy and experience in the science of legislation have gradually taught a sounder doctrine; that, as Blackstone has well reduced it to an apophthegm, punishment is "not to avenge, but to compel." And the doctrines of Christianity showed the lawful object and limit to this, as administered by human hands. The authority that repealed and denounced the law of Retaliation, thereby restrained the scope of human punishment to Reformation and Example. Of the false notions held of old on this subject we have remarkable proof in the early forms not only of punishment, but also of tryal, in our own country; in which not only the penalty was made to partake as much as possible of the character of the offence that had incurred it, but, in many cases, the mode of tryal itself was founded on the superstitious presumption that the Almighty would by visible judgment take part in furthering the means of statutable or common law vengeance. Take for example the tryal by different forms of Ordeal, and Wager of Battle, which was not repealed till within the very century which is not yet half past. The rude notion of punishment after the same kind with the offence, such as boring through the tongue for Perjury, cutting off the right hand before capital punishment for Murder—this "poetical justice," this "wild justice," as Lord Bacon aptly terms it, without any distinct reference to the only true and

warrantable purpose of any human punishment, namely Protection—this principle of increasing the sufferings of the condemned without any increased advantage to society, is observable in the spirit of all ill considered penal legislation. The more barbarous the age or country, the more manifest is this in its customs. We shall have, in the course of our remarks to observe upon some particulars in which the stain of this fallacy has not been entirel wiped away from our statute book, even in these our days.

We must assume certain postulates, which we apprehend will not be denied us, which might easily be reduced to proof, but which we take as admitted, in order not to consume space and time in demonstrating what we may well conclude no reasonable mind will dispute.

We are not justified in punishing, *only* because the offender *deserves* it, unless we can also show that thereby we probably give protection to society, *either* by reforming him, *or* by deterring others, by the example of his punishment, from committing a like offence. "He deserves it," must therefore not be urged as *alone* justifying *any* punishment.

Further, we must assume that we are not justified, even for the sake of giving protection to society, in inflicting a punishment *beyond* what the nature of the offence morally deserves. As, for example, we should not be justified in punishing with death the offence of robbing an orchard, although we might be satisfied that, by so doing, we might probably prevent the robbing of orchards in future.

Again, even though the offender may morally deserve the punishment, and though the infliction of it may probably tend to protect society from the prevalence of the offence, we are not justified in inflicting it if it appear that society may be equally well protected against the prevalence of the offence at a *cheaper* rate—that is, by the infliction of a less measure of punishment.

And, lastly, to justify the punishment, it must be shown, continually, as education advances, and the same ends of protection become attainable at a less expense, that the necessity of the punishment still remains the same. And, in respect of all these, we assume that the duty of justifying the punishment is fairly cast on the party counselling the continuance, as it would on the party counselling the first adoption of it.

And those persons, if any there be, who refuse us any of these postulates would do well not to proceed further along this subject with us until they be disposed to admit them. For, as we before observed, although we apprehend these truths might be brought to incontrovertible proof, the proceeding to demonstrate what we have every reason to believe will be admitted as self-evident, would be an inexcusable abuse of time and space. But we respectfnlly entreat all those who agree with us in these first principles, and admit them, not to lose sight of them, nor allow themselves to dispute or question them hereafter, whatever be the inferences to which those princioles may fairly appear to lead. For upon them ali that we may hereafter attempt to establish will be founded.

Now, it may be well to observe, also, that the object of punishment must be twofold, in regard to its effect on the protection of society. It should be fitted both for Reformation and Example; admitting as we do that there are, doubtless, cases in which reformation of the offender cannot be reasonably hoped for, and yet where punishment, for the sake of general example, is not the less justifiable or necessary. A statesman of high and well-deserved reputation, in the course of a speech lately delivered in Parliament, on the subject of Transportation, commented with much shrewdness and some severity on an oversight in that admirable report of Captain Maconochie; to which we shall have occasion hereafter to recur, and in which Captain Maconochie has generalised perhaps too much on reformation, as including within itself the whole scope and purpose of punishment. But we think that the statesman to whom we first referred, in commenting on this oversight, himself fell into a much greater error, by limiting the purpose of punishment strictly to that of deterring by terror. For this doctrine would not only exclude all regard to reformation, a very important element of all punishment, but also, what is much more important, all question of whether the person, so to be punished, for example, by terror, have morally *deserved* the measure of punishment. The action of Terror, if that were all, would be fully attainable without any reference to the important element of just desert on the part of the sufferer; as has been the practice and avowed policy under some of the most cruel tyrannies of which history bears record. This shows the hazard of a general dogma on a subject so complicated, and containing within itself so many considerations, as that of the real purpose of Punishment.

It shall be our endeavour to show, first, how the merely vindictive purpose, unsound as it is in principle, has failed in practice. Secondly, how the fallacy of the principle and the failure in the practice have become manifest to lawgivers with the advancement of knowledge and experience. Thirdly, how the reforms introduced by progressive knowledge and experience in these respects have practically tended towards the repression of crime, and towards weakening the motives that lead to crime; and fourthly, we shall strive to show what are the particulars in which, according to our opinion, knowledge and experience have not yet perfected their work, and what, in conformity with the progressive and successful system which has thus far advanced, remains yet capable of being done.

And we earnestly entreat such of our readers as may feel an interest in this question—as may feel that it is one which, only incidentally affecting the criminal, directly affects the welfare of society—and who, in this view, may be disposed to go with us into the discussion—to have patience with us, and not believe our case to be concluded, or our argument complete, until they shall have accompanied us to the conclusion, nor take any one of our papers but as a stage in the course along which we would lead them to a judgment. It is natural for the unreflecting to feel that this is not an inviting topic of inquiry, and of little interest to such as may trust that they can so govern their own conduct by a sense of moral duty, in relation to society, as to be in no wise affected by a question of penal discipline; that others need only to conform themselves to a like sense; and that, if they do not, the manner, or the greater or less measure, of the punishment, so long as it be not manifestly extravagant or scandalously cruel, is not a question of primary importance, particularly when the public attention is actively engaged in providing for the interests of the unoffending and well-deserving of the community. But this is surely the idlest neglect of a great and evident truth, that crime is a moral disease of the greatest danger to the state, and whose infection is very imperfectly dealt with by cutting off those among

the infected ou whom the plague spots have broken forth so manifestly as to baffle every means used on their part to conceal them.

Our next paper will treat of the earliest—the purely expiatory or vindictive—system of penal law.

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.

By the Editor.

Sweet May! they tell me thou art come:
Thou art not come to *me;*
I cannot spare a single hour,
Sweet May! to welcome thee.
God knows how hard I've worked this week,
To earn my children bread;
And see, we have an empty board;
My children are unfed.

And art thou still the same sweet May,
That I did love so well,
When humming like a happy bee,
Along some primrose dell,
I thought, oh! what a lovely world
Is this, dear God has given;
And wondered any one should seek
For any other heaven?

Then hawthorn buds are come again,
And apple blossoms too;
And all the idle happy birds
May sing the long day through.
The old Green Lane awakes once more,
And looks, perhaps, for me;
Alas! Green Lane, one's heart may die—
I cannot come to thee.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

LORD MORPETH'S HEALTH BILL.

(Second Notice.)

Lord Morpeth's "Bill for improving the Health of Towns in England" is now before us, and we hasten to give our readers the promised account of its provisions. It has the merit of being a short bill, a rare quality; which it owes in some degree to the circumstance of its embodying the provisions of two or three important acts of Parliament, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer.

The object of the bill, as set forth in the preamble is to make "further and more effectual provision" "for cleaning and draining the towns and populous places of England, and for furnishing better supplies of water, and improving the health and comfort of the inhabitants of such towns and places." We are glad to find that Lord Morpeth has the sense and courage to bring that very "populous place" the metropolis under the operation of this act. The monster city is to be divided into several districts, each of which is to be treated as a separate town; and the City itself, we presume, as a district. Every one must admire the courage which has nerved the noble lord to this onslaught on the privileges of that very formidable body the Lord Mayor and Common Council of the City of London. It is to the full as remarkable as the pretension of that worshipful body itself, which has a most parochial prejudice against all interference from without, and proclaims itself an exception to all wholesome rules. Lord Lincoln expressed his surprise at the rashness of Lord Morpeth, and foretold the opposition which is beginning to show itself. We rejoice to see it, because it will promote discussion and bring out the real merits of the measure, and because it may direct the attention of the public to the antiquated claim put forward by the city of London to be free from all government interference, supervision, and direction. We cannot long tolerate this *imperium in imperio*—this position of isolation—this policy of obstruction—this un-English separation from the rest of the empire.

The introduction of the phrase "populous places" leads us to hope that large villages are to share in the benefits of the measure, and, at all events, that the word *town* is not intended to bear too narrow and exclusive an interpretation.

The act creates a central board under the title of "The Commissioners of Health and Public Works," consisting of three paid, and two unpaid officers. One of the latter, who is to be the First Commissioner for the time being of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, is to be *ex-officio* President. The board is to appoint, in addition to the usual staff of officers, inspectors, who will constitute the active agents and means of communication between itself and the towns which are brought under the operation of the act. The Central Board is empowered to take the initiative in sanitary improvements by causing "inquiry to be made into the condition of any town or district in England, especially with regard to the supply of water and drainage thereof, and the best means of improving the same, the prevalent causes of disease therein, and any other matters which they shall desire to know for enabling them to report to her Majesty whether or not this act ought to be put in force within such town or district." This inquiry is to be entrusted to an inspector, whose duty it will be to make a report to the board, accompanied by a plan, "on such scale and with such details as shall be directed or approved by the Commissioners, as to the level of the land, the course of the streams and watercourses, drains and sewers, the situation of the springs and wells of water, the situation of the buildings, the municipal, parochial, or other recognised boundaries, and also the several boundaries which, in the opinion of the inspector, may be conveniently adopted for the several purposes of this act." The Central Board, having received the report of the inspector, will embody it in a general report to the Crown; and should it appear expedient to her Majesty, with the advice of the Privy Council, that the act be put in force in the town or district in question, "it shall be lawful for her Majesty, by the advice of her Privy Council, to order that the provisions of this act shall be in force within such town or district on and from a day to be named in such order in council."

We pass over some minute details as to the notice to be given by the inspectors, the power which they are to have of summoning witnesses, and examining them on oath, the penalties to be inflicted for dis-

obeying their summons, the publication of their plans and reports, and the facilities afforded to parties locally interested of objecting to any portion of their plans; and proceed to notice the provisions of the act which refer to its execution.

Lord Morpeth has acted wisely in entrusting the execution of the act in corporate boroughs or towns to the town councils. It is true that corporate bodies are not very remarkable for wisdom or purity, but they are probably as wise and as pure as their neighbours, and about as trustworthy as any new body of local commissioners would be. So that acting under the supervision and with the advice of the central board, and with their powers clearly defined and strictly limited, we may hope for a good average result. And, if they are as eligible for this trust as any new body of commissioners would be, their appointment will save the expense and trouble of a new election, with the risk of continual collisions between the old and the new authorities.

The act further contains a very important provision for extending the boundaries of boroughs, and adding new wards, so as to comprise the whole of an increasing town or district. It also provides for the representation of the new district in the town council by two aldermen and six councillors for each ward. The execution of the act in districts which are not corporate towns is to be entrusted to commissioners not exceeding twenty-seven in number, of whom two-thirds are to be elected by the ratepayers and one-third appointed by the Crown. The qualification of the commissioners to be a "real or personal estate, or both, to the amount of 1000*l*., or a rating to the Poors' Rates, on an annual value of not less than 30*l*."

The act then proceeds to make provision for the metropolis (exclusive of the City). Its limits being first defined, it is to be divided into districts, each of which is to be deemed for the purposes of the act a separate town, the above qualification of commissioners to be raised to 5000*l*. and 50*l*. respectively.

To provide for the proper drainage of the towns or districts thus brought under the provisions of the act, a clause is introduced obliging the commissioners of sewers in lower levels to discharge the sewage of such towns or districts; a provision the importance of which was fully established by the evidence brought before the Health of Towns' Commission. The local authorities under the act are also to have conferred upon them all the powers of the existing commissions of sewers, but as those powers are altogether insufficient for the perfect drainage of our towns, something more will be necessary than a simple transference from the one body to the other. The Central Board is also to have power to appoint "so many physicians or surgeons of skill and experience as they shall think necessary to be officers of health for the several towns in which this act shall be in force." The salaries of such officers of health not to exceed a sum to be fixed in committee. The Central Board is also to appoint auditors. The council or town commissioners are to have the appointment of local surveyors, who shall be qualified engineers.

The Central Board, that is to say, the Commissioners of Health and Public Works, and their surveyors, are to have a right to attend the meetings of the councils and town commissioners, but without having a vote, to inspect all documents and accounts, to visit and examine the state and progress of the local works, to prepare plans and estimates, and to give a formal approval of new works projected by the local authorities.

Existing commissions and trusts for paving, cleansing, sewering, and draining towns or districts in which the act is in force are to be superseded, and all property held in trust by them to be made over to the new commissioners or town council, as well as all liabilities; existing contracts to stand good.

Compensation is to be made to clerks, treasurers, and other paid officers who may be displaced, provided they are not re-appointed to offices of equal value under the new commissioners. The same act of justice ought to be extended to the paid officers of water-companies whose shares the councils or town commissioners are authorised to purchase. Such compensation is not mentioned in the bill, but this omission will, no doubt, be easily and cheerfully supplied.

The local commissioners will be empowered to light the town with gas, and to supply it with water, for which latter purpose they will be authorised to purchase all the shares and interest of any existing company, paying to the shareholders an annuity equal to the average dividend of the preceding seven years, or, if the company have not been established so long as seven years, six per cent. on the capital paid up; the commissioners to have the power of paying off the principal out of a sinking fund set apart from the proceeds of the water-rates.

Such are some of the leading provisions of this bold and comprehensive measure. Many of its minor details are to be sought for in certain bills which have already passed through some of their stages; namely, the "Water-works Clauses Bill," which has passed through the committee of the House of Commons, and is printed as there amended; and the "Towns' Improvement Clauses Bill," which has yet to pass through that ordeal. These model acts, even if Lord Morpeth's bill should not be carried, will be the means of effecting vast improvements in all future local legislation. The "Water-works Clauses Bill" lays down the important principle of a constant supply of water at high pressure, so that the water may reach the top story of the highest houses, be ready to extinguish fires, and be in sufficient quantity to cleanse the sewers and drains, water the streets, and supply public pumps, baths, or wash-houses. The "Towns' Improvement Clauses Bill" appoints an officer of health, and defines his duties, requires the commissioners to make a map of their district, with *contour* lines, and also to set up bench-marks on which to inscribe the exact altitude of every part of it; to prepare plans of alterations of sewers, to make new sewers, to cause the sewers to empty themselves into the sea, or any public river, or water-course, or to apply their contents to agricultural purposes; to trap gully-holes, to construct house-drains, to compel the owners of houses to provide the means of decency and cleanliness, to pave streets, to fix the levels for new streets, to purchase houses and land for improvements, widen streets, take down ruinous or dangerous buildings, to take possession of houses or ground of which the owner cannot be found, to cleanse the streets, remove dust and ashes from the houses, erect public conveniences, water streets, cause dung and filth to be removed, houses to be whitewashed and purified, enforce the consumption of smoke, prohibit cellar dwellings, inspect and regulate lodging-houses and slaughter-houses, provide places for public recreation, and for baths and wash-houses. In a word, the bill embodies almost all the recommendations of the Health of Towns' Commission, as supported and enforced by the Report of the

Health of Towns' Association on Lord-Lincoln's bill.

One subject of the greatest importance to the health of the people is omitted—namely, the compulsory ventilation of workshops and factories. The act makes provision for the ventilation of public buildings, but the purification of these places of work, which is far more important, doubtless presents difficulties which it may be premature to grapple with. We do hope, however, that the attention which the discussions on Lord Morpeth's bill will attract to the subject of the public health, and the increased importance which will attach to the health of individuals, may lead to the voluntary adoption of some methods of ventilation in all crowded shops and workshops. The subject presents difficulties, but they are not insurmountable, and by the cordial co-operation of workmen and masters they may be got over.

We have now redeemed our promise of giving our readers some account of this important measure of Lord Morpeth. They will see that, whatever may be its defects, it is a large, comprehensive, and practical measure. It embraces the whole of England and Wales, and does not suffer even the city of London to escape; it establishes a central supervision and superintendence, without which experience proves that there can be no efficient and economical local action; it leaves the care of the public health in the hands of the town councils where corporations exist, and in unincorporated towns adopts the sound principle of popular representation; it substitutes a central board, responsible to parliament, and represented in the Lower House by a member of the government, for the irresponsibility of local boards; it supersedes the swarm of commissioners and trustees who at present mismanage the paving, lighting, cleansing, and sewerage of our towns; it prescribes to the new authorities a course of action approved by experience and sanctioned by common sense; and, for the first time, creates a really operative and practical machinery for carrying improvements into effect, and suppressing the hydra-headed nuisances of our towns.

But the bill is too comprehensive not to excite an active opposition. Already the Marylebone vestry, who are always awake to every change which threatens to diminish their local importance, or interfere with their snug jobs and petty patronage; and the commissioners of sewers of the self-sufficient and immaculate city of London are on the alert, denouncing the government scheme with all the vehemence of the worshippers of Diana of the Ephesians, appealing to that vulgar prejudice and senseless clamour against government interference and so-called centralisation, which now threatens to reduce the education of the people to a dependence on the tender mercies of the voluntary system, and would with equal cruelty and injustice leave the health of the people to the sleepy system of *laissez faire.* These are they who dignify local license by the lofty name of liberty, stigmatise central superintendence and supervision over local boards and commissions with the odious title of centralisation, and throw the flimsy veil of patriotism over every form of petty and sectarian prejudice, and all the revolting corruption of local jobbery and intrigue. These are the men who are most active at elections, and loudest on the hustings, throwing dust into the eyes of the people, misleading them by all sorts of misnomers, fostering all their idle prejudices in favour of that local tyranny which they would fain persuade them is self-government, and filling our house of representatives with living mirrors of their own deformity.

It is for the honest and enlightened people of England to consider these things; it is for them to determine whether the government of this great country shall be degraded to the low level of a police office, with no higher or nobler function than that of keeping the peace at home and abroad, or whether it shall become a truly paternal government, making the interests of the masses its pride and duty, and establishing an efficient but responsible control over the ignorance, incompetence, and corruption of local boards, thereby insuring liberty without license, and efficiency without extravagance, and conferring on the great mass of the people the inestimable benefits of good health and sound education.*

M. D.

LINES

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

(Translated for the People's Journal.)

Wherefore vain yearnings?
Wherefore heart burnings?
Ah! every tear
That falleth here,
Appealeth for
A brighter sphere.

From smallest flow'r
On earth that sighs,
Stirred by the breeze
Doth incense rise.
A buoyant mind
Quits care-worn earth,
Sports in the wind
With holy mirth.

Ah yes! how my fond heart desires,
And after the unknown aspires!
Though my mind doth onward fly,
Shall I never draw more nigh?
Comes there from the far-off world
No little skiff with sail unfurled,
To bear me to its happy goal?
Alas! stern fetters bind my soul!
Only through my falling tears
The shadowy shore appears.

Yet ah! methinks I see a sign
From friend in human form divine.
Earth keeps me back, and I must stay,
But earth itself shall pass away.

Wherefore vain yearnings?
Wherefore heart burnings?
Ah! every tear
That falleth here
Is asking for
A brighter sphere.

* The petition from the Metropolitan Working Man's Association for improving the Public Health, given in a recent number, which was presented by Lord Morpeth, when he brought in his Sanitary Bill, is now in course of signature by the working classes at 29, Great Marlborough-street. We beg especial attention to this matter.—Ed.



THE PICTURE GALLERIES FOR 1847.

THE HAPPY TIME. BY JOS. J. JENKINS.

FROM THE NEW WATER COLOUR GALLERY.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS FOR 1847.

THE NEW WATER COLOUR GALLERY.

By Andrew Winter.

There is a certain walk, the pleasantest quarter of a mile in all London, which at this season of the year puts on a particularly gay and cheerful appearance—we mean the sunny side of Pall Mall, and its continuation across the upper side of Trafalgar-square. Along the line of this delicious promenade, are situated all the art galleries of the metropolis. With the first golden days of spring, they throw open their various doors to the cultivated public. The Suffolk-street first, then the British Institution, the Old and New Water Colour Galleries, and lastly the Royal Academy—that oak of seventy summers—the most splendid and important of them all. They lie clustered together, these collections of all that is beautiful, like some glorious bank of flowers, which year by year only awaits the sunlight to burst into bloom: truly this is a sunny path in which art loves to bask. In addition to the various picture galleries, is there not Graves's, where everything that is choice from the burine is to be seen—maybe, now and then, some graceful statue, sent home from the eternal city by some promising student? And is there not old Maltini's in Pall Mall, a shop overflowing with everything that is unique: portfolios of Raphaels, whose originals dignify with their serene beauty the rarest spaces of the Vatican; scrap books of Rembrandt's etchings, with their endless varieties of sun and gloom; and, more rare still, books full of the quaint and terrible designs of Albert Durer? Ah, no! we must speak of this pleasant lounge, frequented by all who love the arts, as a thing that has been. Within these few months the familiar old shop has disappeared, and a smart, snug, pert-looking assurance office has started up in its stead; and instead of the white-headed, pleasant, gossipping old gentleman, who dignified its counter, the presiding spirit of the present place is a calculating actuary, cold as a frog, who is continually working ghastly sums from dismal mortality tables. Proceeding further down the street we come to Mr. Vernon's gallery, in which British Art finds a worthy resting place. Every spring, three or four thousand pictures, the works of British artists, leave their various studios, to have their merits attested by public opinion. How busy the painters must have been, for a year before at least, in producing them. Whilst we plodders at desks, counting-houses, and public offices, perched upon high stools, have been chained to our endless round of drudgery, the painters have been pursuing their vocation amid the beauties of nature—realising, in short, one of the apparently most Utopian ideas of that arch-theorist, Fourier—producing happily.

Miserable ones that we are! the country, real country, and not Twickenham or Hampstead, where art has managed to make nature look so horridly genteel, but genuine rural scenery, where one might pick up a hedgehog in one's path, or perchance sit down upon a snake, is without one's reach. The brick Babel and its environs, so slowly and gradually fading away into green fields, extend too far for the stoutest pedestrian to master without the use of seven-league boots. We have a pair of these, it is true, in every steam-car that rushes rocket-wise through the brick and mortar trenches of the metropolis, but the screaming and whistling steam-engine is not the best companion for a quiet stroll into the country. As the mass of us, therefore, cannot escape the doom of town life, let us enjoy reflected nature in the various picture exhibitions, where, in each work of art, we see the mirror of some beautiful scene, selected and faithfully rendered by the priests of Nature—for such in truth are the poet artists.

Critics who go catalogue in hand, with all the slang of trumpery connoisseurship upon their tongues, know not how to enjoy an exhibition. We will look upon each picture as the painter does, with all the associations under which it was produced arising in our mind. We stand for a moment, with Maplestone on the brow of the hill, and see the long plain stretched before us bathed in mellow sunlight; in the distance, the blue smoke, creeping slowly along the landscape, gives a feeling of intense repose to the scene. We throw ourselves down upon the grass, and whilst the long shadows stream eastward from our feet, gaze to our heart's content upon the country. We are speaking now of the pictures in the New Water Colour Exhibition, and the one which we have been especially describing is marked in the catalogue, *Evening* (101).

The full, ripe sunlight effect of *Gleaners returning from the Field* (197), by the same clever painter, is enough to make one stretch up one's arms as though we were tipping the cider bottle to our mouths for the very last thirsty drop. In *The Ferry* (223), Mr. Maplestone has given us a picture after the manner of Varley, cool, grey, and perfect in tone; a contrast such as one would wish, to the brighter phases of the day he has before presented us with. And now, that we have been saturated with sunlight and summer heat, for swiftly running water. Let us linger by the river's brink with Mr. Jenkins, and watch that pretty little episode of two lovers tenderly engaged, whilst their boat, "at its own sweet will," floats with the tide. "True love," says the poet, "never did run smooth:" not so the painter. *Going with the Stream, Brittany* (207), is a more hopeful view of the pleasant season. Never more merrily over the swift waters floated a happy boat's freight than does this little shallop with the two lovers, who seem lost in the contemplation of their own sweet selves. This picture is of the suggestive class which we so much admire. Mr. Jenkins seems fond of love-making; or perhaps he looks upon it as one of those broad sympathies that all classes can understand. He appears to have fallen upon some good examples of the tender passion, in his late artist tours through Brittany, for he gives us another version of his lovers, in his picture, *The Happy Time* (187), in which the couple do their wooing on *terra firma*. Courting is conducted in pretty much the same manner in Brittany as in Britain, so we need not give any explanation to our fair readers of a subject that is understood the wide world through. We have chosen this picture for our engraving this week. *The Mother's Prayer* (190), by the same hand, is one of those subjects that appeal at once to the affections. We criticise the less because we feel the more: not that we have anything to object to the picture on the score of drawing or execution. A young mother bending over her sleeping infant—what youthful matron but will be in love with the subject at a glance?

Absolon has a very carefully executed picture upon a theme which is rather hackneyed—*Prince Charles Edward in the Isle of Skye* (44). The romantic history of this young prince's escape strikes

warmly to an artist's feeling. The painter has represented him as reposing on his bed of heather, watched over by his attendant, Malcolm Macleod. The head of the old Highlander is finely expressive of eager watchfulness and determination, and all the details are finished with much care. The picture, however, cannot be classed in the historical rank; indeed, there is no drawing in the room which at all pretends to high art. Landscape painting seems to be peculiarly the province of water colours. The many "accidents" which arise in the use of this material can here be taken advantage of with effect, but which would be detrimental in many other branches of the art. Wehnert has by far the most ambitious drawing in the room—*The Death of Goujon* (175). Goujon was a celebrated French sculptor, who was shot during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, whilst at work upon his scaffolding, finishing some *bas reliefs*, in one of the courts of the Louvre. The mallet which his genius had directed is just dropping from his hand, and as the agonised artist falls, the angels he has been elaborating upon the marble stand out in calm beauty, as contrasted with the expressions of writhing and pain pictured in the form and features of the dying man. The drawing of this work is very masterly, and the colour sober and grand. Perhaps the picture has too much the look of being executed in coloured chalks; but no one can help being struck with the power displayed in both design and execution by the artist. Let us go from this gloomy drawing, and its gloomy treatment, to a perfect miracle of colour and finish thrown away upon a most uninteresting subject—*Meeting Room of the Brewer's Corporation at Antwerp* (196). And there they are, the worthy members of the corporation, fit representatives of John Barleycorn, so many burghers in antique dresses sitting round a council table. But what care we about the Antwerp brewers or their guild, and why should Mr. Haghe have gone to the trouble of painting with so much careful finish a dozen worthy citizens habited in the best Genoa velvet and point lace? The colouring and drawing of the apartment, and the arrangement of light and shade, are artistic in the extreme: the gradations of light upon the marble floor are nature itself. We only regret that so much admirable skill has been thrown away on so uninteresting a subject. Alfred Taylor has contributed the best single figure in the exhibition. *Hot and Strong!! Hot and Strong!!!* (*Peppermint and ginger drops*) (75). The attitude of the little street merchant shows him to be anything but a good tradesman; for a game of marrow bones or follow my leader, he would willingly sacrifice all the sweets of commerce, abandoning his peppermint tray to its fate, but that he fears a drubbing from his tender parents at home, to whom he must not return until he has effected a transmutation of so many of his drops into so many copper coins of the realm: we rejoice over this bit of London character. Callow has two or three charming sea pieces. He paints evidently from a thorough study of his subject; his ships are real weather-stained, saltwater ships, and his wave forms are all true to nature: there is motion and sound in every picture he paints. Duncan, also, exhibits some glorious sea pieces. *French Fishing Boats running for anchorage, gale breaking up* (240), is particularly fine. The boats tumble and rush through the surf like so many mad porpoises; the whole scene is full of tumultuous power. *Going to the Chase*, by G. Dodgson, is also a charming picture. The hounds struggle in the leashes, the horses champ the bit, and the faire ladies descend the broad steps of the terrace, flushed with the anticipation of the coming sport. Topham comes out with more than usual force. His chief picture is, *St. Patrick's Day, scene in the west of Ireland* (72). The subject is the old one of an Irish merrymaking, and the details, poverty and rags, which we dignify by calling picturesque. The picture is of a large size, and excellent in colour and execution. Warren almost burns up the canvasses hung around him with his fierce and arid deserts. His most imposing picture, or the one which employs the greatest breadth of canvass, is *John the Baptist Preaching* (218), which is feeble in design, execution, and colouring. A thousand times more genuine picture is, *La Prigionieri* (55), the Italian woman in prison welcoming the sunbeams that stream into her cell: it is the same golden light which gilds her native hills; and she is grateful that in his glorious pilgrimage he does not neglect to look down upon such a poor forgotten one as she. We were struck with a little narrow slip of landscape in the upper screen by Vacher, *Sketch in the Campagna of Rome, looking towards the Sabine Hills* (303); a picture of red sunset; the light illuminating the upper portion of an old watch-tower, and a flight of birds proclaiming that

The crow makes wing to the rooky wood.

There is a great deal of feeling in this little picture, which we would not have those of our readers who intend visiting the gallery overlook. On the same screen there is a rapid and cleverly composed sketch, *Evening* (309), by D'Egville, worthy the attention of the artist

The lady exhibitors this year are but few. They mostly content themselves with timidly confining their pencils to groups of flowers. Even in this confined walk, however, observation might have been displayed. Art does not consist in the servile copying of so many flowers placed in a glass. The wood carving machine in Lambeth-road can do as much. The feeling of the true artist shows itself in truthful combinations of form, and of light and shade: the *bouquets* we find pourtrayed in this exhibition are, we are sorry to say, quite deficient in any of these qualities. Miss Fanny and Miss Louisa Corbeaux have combined their talents in the production of a picture (144), which we cannot in honesty commend. It represents, *The Wolf lying down with the Lamb*. It should be remembered, that a fine moral idea is not necessarily a picturesque one. We cannot outrage our appreciation of what is by what might be, as is here done.

CONSOLATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

Selfish consolers are we at the best!
Philosophy, Religion, still we cry,
Hiding too oft beneath each sounding phrase
Our hollowness of heart! we scatter words
As they were seed upon the spirit's waste
And look for sudden fruit! True sorrow's balm
Lies in the moisture of averted eyes;
In love's sweet ministrations worked unseen,
But ah! not long unfelt.

THE FAMINE.

This mystery of mysteries!
Life's eventful histories
Unchronicled in story,
Living in memory,
How wonderful they be!
Who can unfold
The tale so old—
So new—so rife—
Of human life?

Arise, thou Mighty One!
See what is done
Under the sun
Daily—daily!
Oh, agony!
Let it not be:
Oh, free—oh, free
The human race!
Its last disgrace
Is hovering o'er the earth:
Famished men
Plead in vain,
Curse their birth,
And die of hunger's pain!
The remedy—the remedy—
"I die! I die!"
Is the hourly cry.
Is there then no remedy
For this utmost misery?

Money—No!—Money
Will not cure this woe.
What will then?,
The one true God
Of this world below.
Labour—divinest labour—
(Sent us by our Father,)
Working for his neighbour
Without grudge,
A very drudge,
If need be,
Until he free
Humanity.

MANCHESTER:

CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO THE AGE AND TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

By Hepworth Dixon.

Manchester is an enigma in political science—a problem that attracts yet daunts the social investigator. It is the latest phase of human development, and an exposition of the great characteristics and tendencies of the nineteenth century. Yet little is known of it beyond its immediate vicinity; and even there, it is much to be feared that few rightly comprehend the part which they are called upon to sustain in the great drama of civilisation. This ignorance is, however, less general now than it was a few years past. A number of great thinkers have penetrated beneath the smoke that shrouds it up from railway visitors, and have startled the world with their bold conjectures—their striking revelations of what is doing there. Intelligent foreigners, too, have been there, to investigate the mystery of that Manchester which has become the type of a new power in the earth. But it is chiefly recognised because it has *made itself felt*. There was a power in England—an aristocracy, the richest and most powerful in the world: that aristocracy had trampled upon and taxed the people at its will—had usurped the authority of the crown, and controlled the destinies of the Brittannic Islands and their immense dependencies for more than a century and a half, dividing amongst themselves and their connexions the spoils of mighty empires: nay more, this mighty aristocracy rose up against the transcendent genius and colossal power of Bonaparte, and after a tremendous and sanguinary conflict of twenty years duration put him down, and with a high hand disposed of thrones and empires, and imposed new taxes on the industry of nations for their own especial profit. Well, about seven years ago, seven poor men—unknown beyond the walls of their counting-houses—met together in an obscure chamber, to commence a crusade against the overwhelming power of this great aristocracy: they compared notes and resolved on the plan of their campaign; they put forth their manifesto, and the young giant of the north rose up, and armed himself for the conflict: power was generated, and concentrated with perseverance against the enemy: the world was astounded, and laughed at the audacity of the attack; the press had no sympathy for the apostles of that movement; they were mocked and persecuted, but they heeded not; supported by an ever-outwelling power at the source of the movement, they fought on courageously till they convinced the world that they would conquer in the end, and then there were many to rush in, complete the rout, and share the victory; but throughout, it was a struggle of the mind and brain, the wealth and power of Manchester, against the aristocracy; and it is this fact, distinctly recognised in continental Europe, that renders the mystery of the triumph so incomprehensible to foreign courts, and to so many among our own noble and ducal houses. This movement first gives Manchester a place in history, and brings its merchants into contact with the princes of the earth. Manchester, and the system which it represents, is now a power. Let us try to understand it both as a political and social phenomenon; and to discover, so far as we can, its relation to the great future destinies of our race.

Amidst the noise and uproar of this our daily life, the conflict of its petty passions, the clamours of selfish factions, and the thousand antagonisms, personal, political, and social, of our ever tumultuous existence, new powers spring up silently around us, for a time either uncomprehended or unknown, and, while old parties are violently contending for trifles, noiselessly effect revolutions which give a new direction to events, and change for ever the destinies of the world. Such were those important powers—mechanical chiefly in their nature, but calculated to react upon mind and morals with overwhelming effect in the sequel—which grew out of the application of steam as a motive-force; and such is the revolution which has been, and is still being, effected by those powers in the north of England—which must henceforth exercise a potent and increasing influence upon the general affairs of this country, and through it upon the progress of ideas and institutions in the world at large. The northern counties of England, and the great manufacturing districts in particular, are instinct with the spirit of unquiet, of progress, of

revolution. Rest is not there, in any shape. The elements of perpetual movement float over them for ever. They are essentially the districts where work—world-work—is being done; where systems are being tested, where principles are being proved, where power is being generated. Work is never lost; somewhere it will be felt. Work wisely done is wealth. The wealth in process of creation in these districts will soon become a power; and the mental discipline involved in the education necessary to invent, control, and comprehend, the gigantic agencies which man has there called into existence, will lend to that external and material power an irresistible intellectual momentum.

Manchester is the type of these important provinces. Indeed, both physically and geographically, it is their heart; they form a system of which it is the centre—the fountain of life and law to the whole. Twenty years ago this great city was almost unknown. Its influence in the country was a negation. It was unrepresented in parliament; and misrepresented by occasional visitors who understood it not, and who (poor souls!) were frightened at its noise and smoke; forgetting that all great physical labour must be thus accompanied, and refusing to recollect that the thunders of the eternal were forged amid the fire and din of the cyclops. And if *man* aspire to wield the thunder, to command and compel the elements to do his will, he must not fear the noise of the forge, the fumes of the laboratory, the uproar of the cyclops' den.

One of the profoundest writers on social politics of the present age, has justly remarked that few of us are aware of the value of Manchester in the present constitution of things; perhaps still fewer amongst us have an adequate conception of the importance to the future, of those gigantic forces which as yet lie undeveloped in the system of which it is the representative. Manchester is the type of one grand idea—*machinery*—an idea that is new in the world; at least in that large sense in which its vital significance consists. The ancients had no conception of such an idea; and hence, the past can teach us nothing either of warning or of wisdom respecting it. The records of an eternal element of human society, which has begun to influence the affairs of nations, and aspires and promises soon to become the world-ruling power, does not occupy a single page in the history of civilisation. It is a new idea—a new power; and thus, ever and anon, as the human race advances in intelligence, are new powers evoked by the human intellect that give a fresh impetus to the ever-progressive movement. Thus it has ever been. As men have been educated to receive new truths—moral powers, or new inventions—physical powers, they have been given. It is not impossible to detect the time and circumstances of the advent, of many of those motive forces, great principles, and profound moralities, which distinguish our science of life from that of the ancient Hellenes; but this inquiry is not our present purpose.

The fortunes of Manchester, both present and prospective, are bound up with the manufacturing system, of which machinery is the genitive power and source. With it they have risen and will rise; with its decline they would decline; and with its death, were such an event possible, they would expire. Of this, however, there can be no fear. The infant Hercules might have been crushed in the cradle, but having grown up to manhood and vanquished the "Nemean lion," it is now barely possible to resist, much less destroy him. This manufacturing system—so new, so strange, and so suddenly called into maturity of existence—is the social and moral Frankenstein of the nineteenth century. Will it prove, like its intellectual archetype, a curse to its creator? Will it become the master, or the minister, of the genius which evoked it? There are many who do not hesitate to answer these queries despondingly; who shake their heads and smile sardonically when machinery is pointed at in proof of progress. We do not share these fears. That it is endowed with superhuman power cannot be denied; that that power may be employed for good is equally undeniable; but, that it has hereunto falsified the bright promises of its authors —that it has even trampled down humanity, and inflicted a large amount of suffering, ought to be as readily conceded. But the evils which have attended its partial adoption, have been chiefly transition evils, such as are incident to all revolutions. The curative process is more painful than the disease. Time and the continued education of our race will cure them. Violent disorders are not eradicated with enchanting melodies. Revolutions are not effected with rose-water. Pain is the necessary adjunct of improvement. Men should know and feel this vital truth. Change, even for good, and whether in nations or in individuals, is wrought through suffering; but then the suffering, although keen, is transient; while the good that is finally evolved, is everlasting.

The principal value of those great mechanical or manufacturing agencies which the present age has called into operation has been thus far generative, not distributive—commercial, not social, or only very subordinately so. They have created wealth. They have engendered force. They have increased production. They have augmented the capital, or accumulated labour of mankind. But it may be very plausibly urged that production is not the aim and end of human life; that wealth is not the highest good; that capital is only valuable so far as it subserves the interests and the welfare of humanity. Even money may cost too much. The fundamental question still returns—the inquiry is pertinent, it is necessary that the answer be clear and logical:—Is machinery hostile or friendly to the grander and holier objects of life —a purer religion, a nobler morality, a healthier physical condition, than those now obtaining? If our material greatness be acquired at the price of piety, virtue, or health, then is it a curse, nationally and individually. But is it so? We believe not; and it is of the greatest moment to the worker, that he comprehend this problem thoroughly.

If we cast our eyes abroad upon the conflicting elements of our active life, we may discover that the unmistakable tendency of the dominant ideas, intellectual energies, and material resources of the age is mainly in one direction—converging from a large circumference towards a common centre, *physical progress*. The evidence of this is about us on every side. Ours has become distinguished as a mechanical epoch—an age of discovery—of invention—of elemental conquest. We have planted our triumphant feet upon the waters. Time and distance are annihilated before us. Science has been made subservient to our wants. We have turned the elements against each other, as the Romans did their mortal enemies, and from the conflict gathered strength. In short, this is the age of material civilisation; to use a fashionable phrase, its mission in the great cycle of civilisation is to accumulate power, or unconsumed labour. The normal type of this general move-

ment is Manchester; and, therefore, in order to understand it, and the relation it bears to the progress of our race, it will be necessary to indicate the *rationale* of capital, or of work-laid-by.

"Man is the greatest enemy of man," is a proverb which passes current in various stereotyped forms, but like a good deal of proverbial philosophy is only to be received with great caution, and after logical inspection. Man is *not* the enemy of man, and no noble-hearted human being ever entertained the degrading dictum. Human hostilities have, doubtless, been numerous, but at the bottom of all these, one uniform originating cause has lain—the contention has ever been essentially for property. *Poverty has always been the demoraliser.* The battle of existence is less man against man, than man against nature. Amidst all the minor conflicts of life, there has been this giant warfare ever raging. To this belligerency peace has brought no respite, victory no truce. Day by day the contest of *man* against *matter* has been renewed. Whatsoever aspect the accidents of time and place have forced the retarding element in human society to assume, the original source of that hindrance has been the same in all ages—the preponderating power of nature against man. The earth is not the bounteous mother which the fictions of the poets have feigned her to be. Only by a constant struggle can her children wring from her their daily bread—relax that effort, and they die. It is the knowledge of this doom that has kept mind and morals in subjection to the bodily wants. They have demanded to be satisfied first. Everything higher must be subordinated to their gratification. This is the primary helotism to which all are subjected; all other thraldom has been slight compared with this. A powerful instinct in the human heart has constantly protested against this vassalage. Through the clear souls of seers and sages, a bright tradition or prophecy of a golden age of physical emancipation has flowed downwards from the earliest times. Though never witnessed, this happy era has never been denied; although unseen, faith in its possibility has ever been unshaken. Century after century has passed away, but custom has not, and never will, reconcile man to a conviction that the *end* of life is *toil*. The race has never entirely submitted to its apparent destinies. In every age intellect has been taxed to solve the problem of deliverance. Men have toiled, but never willingly. The solution of the enigma has not been offered—the deliverance has not come; but even hope deferred has not daunted expectation; and, at this moment, a conviction that there is a future for our race, of at least comparative freedom from the necessity of wasting work—of leisure for intellectual cultivation and more refined enjoyments, widely pervades the thoughtful class of the hard toilers of society.

In the absence of this great physical amelioration, the progress of humanity, in developing the higher aspects of its condition, is necessarily slow. Without it, art, science, religion, have each essayed, and unsuccessfully, to construct a social system true to the human ideal; and the last has often been brought into disrepute, by being proposed as a remedy for evils with which it had no possible connection. The social, the guiding, science of life has not kept pace with other sciences. Simple sensations have evolved into philosophy; the selfish instincts have grown up into a system of morals; but the condition of the hardworkers has not improved in any adequate proportion. No; with more susceptibility to suffering, with a quicker sense of privation, arising from enlarged knowledge, they have continued in nearly the same state of bondage to the original necessities of nature—food and shelter; slaves with educated feelings and intellectual habits. Many self-styled philosophers, ancient and modern, have endeavoured to convince the world that this state of things is good. They have inculcated the affluence of poverty, which has no wants, the pleasure of conquering pain, and other heroics of the like kind. Wise philosophers! what a pity they did not attempt to realise their own doctrines! Those stoics of antiquity had a magnificent idea of self-abnegation. Cato carried on a famous trade in human beings and in usury; and from his splendid and costly villa at Tusculum, Cicero rebuked the greedy man—"If thou wouldst be rich, study, not to increase thy possessions, but to diminish thy desires"—apparently unconscious of the bitterness of this satire upon his own life. But there have been other men, of large sympathies and profound intellects, who, not satisfied with existing social institutions, and not believing in the ineradicable evils of humanity, have pondered long and earnestly upon the great problem of a more perfect organisation of society. Their labours are before the world. Republics, Utopias, Communities, have been invented or imagined without number; some of them theoretically perfect, in detail beautiful, in aim glorious—but none of them feasible. How is this? The old answer is, that human nature is evil; and therefore perfect institutions are not adapted to it. This is an assumption, and not an answer; nor would it be, though it were a truth. These projects are impracticable, only because the physical conditions necessary to carry them out are not yet distinctly perceived. The framers of these beautiful constitutions were mostly scholars—*thinkers*, not *workers*. They, therefore, mastered but one form of the complex problem. They erected a stately edifice, but the foundations were in sand. The conditions on which a grand social civilisation can alone be permanently based had not then been logically developed and rigorously defined.

With an immense majority of mankind, the primary necessities of the body—of the least noble part of humanity—absorb all their time, thought, energies, life itself; nay, in many instances, it is to be feared, imperiously prescribe the more solemn destinies of the life that is to come. Hunger is the king of the earth; all men bow down to him: he rules them with a rod of iron. He is the true incarnation of despotic will. His smile blisters what it lights on. Virtue melts away, and truth grows into falsehood, at his frown. The very fear of him, even when far away, will drive men mad.

Lofty and pure morality, the graces of intellect, the rapture of love, the exaltation of faith, are lost upon the being whose animal appetites are unappeased, or whose spirit is overcome by wasting work. To him no redemption is possible. An anterior reform is necessary—a vast revolution, the most momentous and significant of all revolutions, must be effected before he is in a condition to be elevated in the nobler capacities of his being. He must be physically enfranchised. He must be set free from the thraldom of the bodily wants; and from the harassing dread of those wants. This is the great problem of society. This is the enigma of our past life: and this mystery is now being practically solved. The world is at work upon it. The progress of society resolves it more and more completely every hour. A positive foundation once obtained, a certain social science

may be rapidly built up. Wealth, or accumulated material power; strength, mentally originated, but physically realised; aided by which the puny arm may overcome the puissant wave—the delicate limb strike through the solid rock—the slow-paced foot outstrip the locomotion of the wind: in fine, all those forces which reverse the primitive order of nature, and confer on man preponderating power against his great antagonists, the resisting elements, must be developed and disciplined ere the work of elevation, social or political, can be effectually commenced. War may be waged, but no results will follow. Intellect may be wasted, and hearts exhausted, yet nothing gained. The great reform must begin at the foundation. Physical emancipation must be the starting point of a perfect social system.

But how can this emancipation be effected? Only in one way. By increasing indefinitely productive capacity, until the excess of production over possible consumption shall put an end to commerce. If food and clothes were as plentiful as light and water, or were as easily made available, they would cease to be bought and sold. They would be in excess to all men; and thus all men might assume that physical equality with his fellow which is the natural right of every human being; the only kind of equality to which he can aspire. This is no idle speculation. It is, indeed, the most momentous question of the coming ages. But can such a preponderance of production over the possibility of consumption be realised? Undoubtedly it can. In all times, from the earliest to the most recent, there has ever been excess; the amount of that excess has gone on increasing in geometrical proportion with the lapse of years, and the progress of invention. That excess has been generally laid by in various shapes—in buildings, roads, ships, machinery, and so forth. All this unconsumed produce becomes available as productive power—nay, so important has this labour-put-by become in the creation of new produce, political economists have laid it down as a cardinal maxim of their science, that capital—*i. e.* unconsumed produce—is necessary to production. At all events, it may be made, by wise direction, to increase a thousand-fold, and it may be, hereafter, a million-fold, the power of merely manual labour. Every fraction added to the amount of accumulated labour, or capital, which the world possesses, adds to the facilities for further production; and thus the world's capital goes on for ever multiplying itself. Perhaps it would not be desirable for mankind to be absolutely released from all necessity for even manual work; but an enormous diminution of that which now falls to the lot of the majority must, and may be, effected. It is evident that the work of life must be done somehow—that the field must be cultivated before it will yield up corn; that the wool must be spun before raiment can be made; that, in short, if bone and muscle are to be redeemed, it can only be through the subjection of some other force; if man must look on, machinery must toil—and so it will. It is an obedient slave. It never rebels. It goes on patiently, and does what it is set to do. With the might of myriads of men, it is docile as living creature never yet was found. This gigantic thing of man's creation, though stronger than a thousand Sampsons, obeys the controlling hand of a child. Wonderful creation!

Machinery must do the drudgery of life for man. It does it now for a portion. It may do it soon for the whole race. Every new invention, every fresh item added to the mass of existing capital, brings us nearer to that great consummation—to that grand starting point of a new cycle of progress. We may estimate the mechanical power of Great Britain at about eight hundred millions of adults. We have a force equal to that enormous number of able-bodied slaves perpetually toiling for us. Much of this force is not directly productive of the necessaries of life, otherwise the state of things before indicated would have long since arrived. No market could have been found for them. They would have become the common property of all. For be it ever remembered, that the labour of one man is equal to the maintenance of three persons. It would be utterly impossible for the people of these islands to consume the produce of such labour. But the greater portion of that mechanical power is consumed in railways, buildings, ships, &c., which although valuable, are not primitive necessities. Very few, however, live now directly upon their immediate labour. The number of non-producers is ever increasing. Only a small minority are engaged in tilling the soil and weaving the cloth. All the rest live upon the produce of the machinery. The whole might live on it. It will come to that in the end. Every new discovery lessens the number of actual producers, and increases the class which falls back, in one form or other, upon the machine. And as there can be no assignable limit to invention, it is quite logical to conclude, that this scientific power may soon be so far multiplied as that human drudgery may be entirely superseded, and the human being set free to cultivate the loftier worlds of intellect and morality that he bears within himself. That is the result to which the present tendencies of society incline. The movement is in that direction. Consciously or unconsciously, the world is working on to that point. With an iron-hard, unmerciful logic, it reasons to that conclusion. Invention, physical progress, discovery, are the war-cries of to-day. Of this great movement, Manchester is the centre. In that lies its especial importance. That work which it seems the destiny of the nineteenth century to accomplish, is there being done; and therefore do those who live at a distance look on with absorbing interest to discover the spirit in which that duty is likely to be discharged.

In this consists the importance of Manchester. It is a type of the time, an exponent of the prevailing powers and tendencies of the age—and a clue, more or less perfect, to the social condition of the future.

THE LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

Urit amor plantas, love consumes the plants, was the singular and appropriate motto with which Linnæus graced the title-page of his essay upon the sexual differences of flowers. The use I am about to make of it is, to bring together under its sanction a short account of some of the more remarkable circumstances attendant upon the process of fertilisation in plants. The ordinary steps of this process, the bursting of the ripe anthers, the scattering of the pollen, the reception of the pollen grains by the opposite apparatus, and the mysterious further progress of the pollen tubes, these are sufficiently familiar to render comment upon them, at any rate here, superfluous. But these are only first principles, subject to countless variations in the manner of their operation, to the

more striking of which, clothed with no other poetic garb than that in which Nature has herself arrayed them, I am desirous of drawing the present attention.

Let us commence with the plants in which the flowers are of distinct sexes; the one male, the other female, as the terms are used by botanists. The question to be answered is how are these two parties to be united; or, in plainer words, how is the pollen of the distant flower of the one kind to be conveyed and applied to the stigma of that of the other? It is effected by intermediate actors: and in the fanning breeze, in the restless insect, and in the glittering humming bird, and more nearly at home, in man himself, they are to be found. Let us speak of man, as the officiator in these floral rites, first. Experience taught the inhabitants of the East, of old, that there actually existed a distinction between the sexes of the flowers of trees with which they were most familiar, which were palms. They found that date and palm trees generally, standing alone, never produced fruit, and probably by accident, as we speak, they were led on to the discovery that by touching the flowers of the date palm with those of a different character, but of the same species, the trees were no longer barren. So remote is the history of this custom, for such it afterwards became, that we find Pliny, in his Natural History, describing the manner in which it was performed by the eastern nations in his time, with as much accuracy as if he had been writing at the present day. Herodotus, also, speaks of the existence of a similar usage among the Arabs. A modern traveller informs us, that the operation, as it is practised at the present day in Egypt and Barbary, is as follows:—"In the months of March or April, when the sheaths which respectively inclose the young clusters of the flowers and the fruit begin to open, they take a sprig or two of one cluster and insert it into the sheath of the other; or else they take a whole cluster of the male tree, and sprinkle the meal or farina (pollen) over several clusters of the female." This is the whole process, the rest is committed to the hands of Nature. If by an accident the operation is omitted, a date famine is the inevitable result. "Such a misfortune," says Delile, "befel the inhabitants of Lower Egypt in the year 1800; the whole of the date trees of that district were barren. This was in consequence of the war then waging between the French and the Turkish armies, which disordered the agriculture of the country generally, and completely prevented the country people from going in search of the pollen-bearing date-flowers, and administering the pollen at its proper season. Some of the Persian flower fables are based upon this curious process; I will relate one which is recounted by the poet Osmai, which runs thus:—"I was possessor of a garden in which was a palm tree, which had every year produced abundance of fruit; but two seasons having passed away without its affording any, I sent for a person well acquainted with the culture of palm trees, to discover for me the cause of the failure. 'An unhappy attachment,' observed the man, after a moment's inspection, 'is the sole cause why this palm tree produces no fruit.' He then climbed up the trunk, and looking around discovered a palm at no great distance, which he recognised as the object of my unhappy tree's affection: and he advised me to procure some of the powder from its blossoms and to scatter it over the branches. This I did; and the consequence was that my date tree, whom unrequited love had kept barren, bore me an abundant harvest."* Decandolle relates a curious experiment made upon the same tree by a German naturalist. A palm had been growing at Berlin for some years, but had never produced any fruit; there happened to be another, a palm of the same species, growing at Leipzic, and at the proper season, some of the pollen from the flowers of the latter was collected and sent in a letter to Berlin, and there applied to the flowers of the former. The result proved completely successful, and the palm was for the first time covered with fruit that year. It is related that a village *fête* in France had its origin in something of a similar kind. A large apple tree, by some freak of nature, always produced monstrous flowers, and for several years it bore no fruit. Some village botanist then probably investigated the nature of the flowers, and immediately suggested the appropriate remedy, which was to gather the blossoms of another apple tree, and sprinkle them over the barren one. The experiment was crowned with success, and the ceremony was thereafter gone through in the presence of the assembled villagers every year. This pretty floral festivity was entitled—*Faire sa pomme*. The Pistachia nut, or Pistachia tree produces flowers which are uni-sexual; the flowers are fertilised by the Sicilian gardeners by gathering a branch producing pollen-bearing flowers, which they keep alive for a few days by thrusting its cut extremity into a pot of damp mould, and in this manner it is suspended over the trees, the pollen showering down upon them from its flowers. With the fertilisation of the melon and cucumber we are more familiar. The flowers of these plants are also unisexual, and the method of obviating the sterility of the flower, among our gardeners, is the following:—A flower is held between the finger and thumb, and inverted over and then gently twirled round the opposite flower: the pollen grains thus become strewed upon the pistil, and the fertilisation of the plant is certain. A more simple method is general in the East. Messrs. Moorcroft and Trebeck, in their travels in the Himalayan provinces, furnish us with an interesting account of the method of fertilisation pursued in the floating cucumber gardens of Kashmir. On these floating beds of matted weeds, sedges, and confervæ, with a superstratum of mud, a series of mounds is produced by twisting the weeds round into cones; at the summit of each a hollow or cup is formed, and lined with soft mud; into this the young plants are placed, three in each, and in this position they thrive with astonishing luxuriance. When the flowers expand, the pollen is prevented from being lost by the peculiar form of the cup in which the plants are situated, and there is an additional precaution in a belt of weeds which is generally placed around the top of each mound. The fecundating process is then entrusted to the winds, and is so successful that, in the season of full bearing, fifteen cucumbers may be bought for about a halfpenny of our currency. The treatment of the musk and other melons was precisely similar.

We shall now see how far the flowers are indebted to insects. The careless or the ignorant cucumber grower of our own country owes a debt of gratitude to the bee, who, in her search for honey, conveys the pollen which he neglects to do, from one flower to the other. It is to her, or to others of the roaming insects, that we are to ascribe also some of the variegations which occasionally break

* Beechy, Capt.. Exp. North Africa.

out in our gardens, especially among the pelargoniums, in which our gardeners have imitated her example with surprising success. The pollen grains are so light as to be readily conveyed by these winged co-adjutants, and the hairy body of the industrious bee is a provision which was manifestly intended principally for this end. The eminent botanist, Willdenow, remarks, that it is by the agency of insects alone that the flowers of the *aristolochia clematitis* can be fertilised, although they are bi-sexual. The throat of the flower is fringed with a pile of delicate hairs, which have a uniform direction downwards—they have been compared to a well-known variety of the mouse-trap—into this snare the insect heedlessly plunges, and having satisfied its appetite it makes the attempt to get out again, but in vain. It thus remains a close prisoner, and buzzes to and fro, rubbing off the pollen from the anthers on to the stigma, and thus completing the object intended by its capture. The flower then seems to relent; the process completed, the hairs shrink, and the captive speedily recovers its liberty again. That mysterious subject, the impregnation of the orchids and asclepiads, is supposed by some eminent botanists to be connected with the intermediate agency of insects; although their co-operation is strenuously negatived by others. The iris flower, so splendid in its appearance, would be barren, were it not for the instrumentality of the humble bee. Sprengel, who has denominated the peculiar yellow spots, in this and other flowers, as honey marks, or *saft maal*, and believes them to be indices to the honey-seeking insects, says that, guided by this mark, the bee forces her way into the flower, although there is a curious delicate membrane stretched across to oppose her entrance. In thrusting herself in, she is pressed against the anthers, and on quitting the flower flies away with the pollen and conveys it to some other flower of the same species, impregnating the stigma of the second with the pollen of the first. The eastern nations had a custom of cutting down branches of the wild fig tree, and applying them to their cultivated trees; the process was called caprification. Many mistakes have been made upon its nature; the truth appears to have been, that a species of *cynips*, a little insect which infests the wild fig, is supposed to pierce the fruit of the cultivated fig, and to hasten its maturation: but it was conceived that the insect assisted in the fertilisation of the flower; this seems to be an error.

The intermediate agency of the wandering wind, and of the humming and other minute birds, require no further detail at our hands. Let us turn to what nature herself does for the flowers in their structure to assist in their fertilisation, and to provide against the chance of a failure. We must regard the vast numbers of the pollen grains as in itself a very obvious precaution against an unsuccessful result. Warren, for example, has made a calculation, that every flower of the splendid *cereus grandiflora* contains, as the produce of its numerous stamens, two hundred and fifty thousand pollen grains. The same flower contains thirty thousand ovules, so that the chances are about as eight to one that *each ovule* will be fertilised. It is easy to conceive how remote is the risk of failure in this instance; but this is an extreme case, no doubt. It is sufficient to observe, that it is not uncommon to find that where, by the uni-sexual character of the flowers, or from other causes, the risk is great, there is a compensation to be found in the production of a large amount of pollen grains. The position of the flower itself too, both its absolute position, and the relative one of its parts, is another contrivance to ensure success. It is worthy of remark, that where the flowers are uni-sexual, but are placed upon the same plant (monœcious), the flowers with pollen-producing anthers are placed at the summit of the stalk; thus, the pollen naturally falls upon the flowers below. Then, again, whoever has admired the drooping fuchsia, has seen an elegant illustration of an altered position for the same end. Here the long stigma, which is such an ornament to the flower, hangs down some way below the extremities of the stamens, and these drop their pollen freely upon it. It is curious, that the flowers of the aloe are bent downwards at the precise period of fecundation, and raised both before and afterwards. These are the least singular of the fertilising expedients. The extraordinary movements of the different portions of the flower exhibit a remarkable departure from ordinary laws for a special end. Mechanical contrivances are also to be found assisting in the operation. The petals of some of the *Fabaceæ*, as the indigo tree and the lucerne flower, are in a remarkable manner connected together by minute hooklets. When the development of the flower is complete, these little hooks give way, and the petals fly back with an elastic force, striking the stamens in such a manner as to shake off the pollen dust from their anthers on to the stigma of the flower. The dull-looking, unlovely flowers of the common nettle are more singularly endowed still. Just before the expansion of the flower, the filaments are made to press with an elastic force against the divisions of the calyx, the flower then suddenly bursts open, and the concussion casts the delicate pollen granules into the air. On a warm, still day, it is said to be very singular to watch this process going on, until the plant is surrounded with a delicate mist, produced by the pollen floating around it. The grains are thus wafted by the air, or simply fall by their own gravity upon those flowers which they could not otherwise have reached. Nature seems to have intended that the course of true vegetable love, at any rate, should run smooth, if we are to judge from the multiplicity of means she adopts to effect its accomplishment. Thus, there is a provision against rain supplied to many flowers, the ardour of whose affection might be seriously damaged by a passing shower; or, to speak botanically, water has a destructive effect upon the pollen of all plants, and the mischief it might cause is averted in many ways. In some cases, the anthers are curiously protected by tiny umbrellas, or underneath splendidly painted canopies, by being placed so as to lie back in the recesses of the corolla, as in the kalmia; or they are sheltered by being under cover of the petals above, as in the fuchsia; or the corolla is reflected back, as in the American cowslip. What can be more admirably adapted than the flower of the heath tribe to defy the beating of the most drenching shower? Then, again, think of the hooded flowers, and the keel-covered flowers, the trumpet flowers, the casque-like flowers, and the purse-shaped flowers, and a score more that might be added to the list, to show us how in little dark nooks, and vegetable cells, and underneath gaily painted domes, the requisite protection is found. The nightly closure, too, of some flowers, and the hygrometric shutting up of others, has a similar end in view. But, it will be asked, what of the aquatic plants? how are they protected against the very element in which they live? And it might be answered, when was the Author of Nature ever at a loss for means to

an end? The fecundation of the seed can only be accomplished out of the water, or in air, and these are the ingenuities by which it is effected. Many aquatic plants simply elongate the flower-stalk, and thus bear the flower up above the surface of the stream. Among such are the water lilies, white and yellow, and even the giant of flowers, known as Victoria Regina. Others spend a roaming existence upon the waters, having no attachment to the mud beneath, and floating from place to place, accomplish the end of their existence in so doing. For others, which cannot rise to the surface, a little air chamber is prepared by the folding up of a leaf in which the flowers are developed; and in this beautiful contrivance, the fertilisation takes place as readily as if it were in the open air above. A more uncommon device still, is that which provides the plant with swimming vesicles. The *trapa natans*, or *marron d'eau*, or water chestnut, said to have furnished food to the ancient Thracians—as the singhara nut to the inhabitants of Kashmir, and the two-horned *trapa* to the Chinese—is one of these plants. When the flowering season approaches, the petiole of the leaves becomes distended with air, and the specific gravity of the plant becomes altered to such a degree in consequence, that it leaves the mud, and rises to the surface, where flowering takes place. When it is finished, the air disappears, and the plant again sinks to the bottom. The butterworts possess little vessels full of a mucus, whose density is greater than that of water: they act like anchors to the plants. As the development goes on, and when the flower is to be completed, the mucus is expelled from these vesicles, and air takes its place: this is like raising the anchor. The plant rises to the bosom of the water, the flower expands, and dies, fresh mucus is secreted, and the wanderer returns to its soft bed once more, there to nourish its seeds (Decandolle). The celebrated *vallisneria*, the favourite of poets, takes the next place. Its curious act is thus related by botanists. The flowers of the one kind are attached to a long spirally-twirled stalk: those of the other, on the contrary, are set on a very short stalk. As the time approaches, the one flower leaves the bottom of the stream and rises to the surface; the other flower is then detached from its stalk, and rises through the water in quest of its mate: their functions are completed, and they wither and float away, while the first flower is again withdrawn, to fulfil its duties as a parent at the bottom of the stream. Mr. Quekett, who has published a memoir upon this plant in the *London Physical Journal*, considers that this account is not altogether correct. There is a curious water-plant, found in the ditches of the south of Europe, the flower of which is related to separate itself from the parent plant, to rise to the surface, expand, and live long enough to complete fecundation and then to die.

The effect of this process on all flowers is very striking: they rapidly lose their beauty and die. Orchids, for example, will remain for some little time in all their splendour, if they are undisturbed, but a blow will often cause them, in a manner which has to some appeared unaccountable, to wither up and perish. It seems probable the determination of the process is effected by the concussion. But without entering more deeply into the subject, without even touching upon some of its most mysterious ramifications, I must leave this curious and interesting subject to the study and consideration of every flower-loving reader.

Our Library.

POEMS, BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

This long promised volume has at length reached us. Are our anticipations realised? or rather, are we disappointed? We must confess our first impression was that of disappointment; but on a more intimate acquaintance with the poems, that feeling has passed away, and given place to one of delight. That Emerson has a true poet's heart and mind, it needed no rhymed stanzas to tell us: his prose essays evinced him a true poet; they were full of poetic feeling—they abounded in poetical ideas; and of these poems we say the same—they abound in imagery—in fine and high thoughts—in passages of exquisite feeling, such as the poet only could create. But in the power to eliminate—to work out harmoniously the idea—*to melodise the truths which give light and warmth to his own mind and heart*—he is deficient. His poems are jewels set in false gold—an uncommon fault, and one we can easily pardon, for the sake of the pure gold he gives us. We extract the following sweet passage from "Each and all:" how often as children have we experienced the same feelings of disappointment, though then unable, perhaps, to realise the wherefore:—

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
  Singing at dawn on the alder bough:
I brought him home in his nest at even,—
  He sings the song, but it pleases not now:
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And fetched my seaborn treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things,
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

Emerson is and ever has been a true and diligent observer of nature and nature's workings, as also her passionate lover. We give two or three passages in illustration of his feeling for the true and beautiful, from a fine poem called "The World-soul:"—

The inevitable morning
  Finds them who in cellars be,
And be sure the all-loving Nature
  Will smile in a factory.
Yon ridge of purple landscape,
  Yon sky between the walls,
Hold all the hidden wonders
  In scanty intervals.

Within, without the idle earth
  Stars weave eternal rings.
The sun himself shines heartily,
  And shares the joy he brings.
And what if trade sows cities
  Like shells along the shore;
And thatch with towns the prairie broad,
  With railways ironed o'er;—
They are but sailing foambells
  Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun-colour
  From him that sends the dream.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
  When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart;
  And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers
  I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow-drift
  The warm rose buds below.

Many, many more such beautiful extracts could

* Chapman Brothers, Newgate-street.

we give, but will content ourselves with transcribing entire "The Snow-storm," which is a most graphic and exquisite descriptive poem:—

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

The volume is prettily bound, and its moderate price, we hope, will induce the majority of our readers to become more intimately acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of one who deserves to be universally known.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES: THEIR NATURE.

By Dr. Beard.

No. I.

Benefit Societies—which are now so numerous that they are found in most parts of England, and may fairly be regarded as a machinery created by the spontaneous efforts of the working classes for their own prospective advantage—offer a noble instance of what the people of this country can effect, and of the great efforts they have made to secure themselves, and those dependant on them, from destitution and the workhouse. Would that these efforts had proved as successful in their results as they have been and are praiseworthy in their aim. A large amount of good, indeed, they must have produced. To many a widow and orphan have they administered relief. Frequently do they procure medical aid and minister nutriment to sick men, worn or crippled by incessant toil. And who can calculate the amount of virtuous effort there has been in the wise forethought and benevolent co-operation which Benefit Societies have called forth? The machinery is in its purpose and working so good, that it deserves to be much better; and we take up our pen in order to point out defects therein, and to suggest something of a superior kind. To this attempt we are led by a knowledge of prevalent abuses, and because the time seems auspicious, since the people themselves are in many parts becoming aware of existing evils and deficiencies, which cannot be too soon or too effectually removed.

The source of these, as of most other evils, is ignorance. The real nature of the transaction represented by the term "Benefit Societies" is not generally known. Hence, both the officers and the subscribers commit serious mistakes. The former often treat the latter with injustice; the latter become parties to proceedings of a nature to frustrate the very objects they propose to themselves in becoming members. It is therefore of primary importance that a correct conception of what these societies are, and of the principles on which their working depends, should be generally diffused.

Benefit Societies are institutions for mutual assurance—institutions by which a number of men collectively can do for themselves in their individual capacity, what each one of the same number cannot perform for himself. They are applications of the great principle of co-operation, the intrinsic excellence and vast power of which are yet but little known.

The advantages secured by mutual assurance have long been enjoyed by the propertied classes. Applied originally, under the name of insurance, to losses by fire or by shipwreck, the principle, in the beginning of the last century, was directed to make provision for future wants incident at death. In the year 1822, it was in France employed in order to afford security against loss arising from storms and floods: more recently in our own country a safeguard against depredation by servants on one side, and the loss of situations from want on the other of means to secure employers against the contingency of being plundered, has on reasonable terms been offered by the establishment of "The Guarantee Society." In its applicability, however, the principle of mutual assurance is almost without limits. Under judicious direction it might, in conjunction with the sterling excellencies of the English character, go far to put an end to a very large portion of the physical ills of life. Poor laws impoverish and pauperise: mutual assurance provides for sickness, age, death; may furnish a parent with the means for apprenticing his son, for giving him a good education; for securing an orphan against want, and preventing a wife being driven to the parish; it may make one's own old age easy, or lay the foundations of a daughter's comfort. These advantages, in part at least, have been reaped by persons of position and substance. The most complete success has attended on mutual assurance societies founded with a view to their benefit. Amidst all the contingencies and perils occasioned by selfishnesss, cupidity, and dishonesty, few comparatively have been the instances of failure. So flourishing have these institutions proved, so ample is the return which they have made for the invested capital, so certain has been the payment in each case of the stipulated sum, that persons of property have come to regard them as means for a profitable employment of their money, and in many cases have insured their lives, not so much from prudential considerations as with a view to gain. And at the present moment, mutual assurance societies stand higher in public estimation than at any previous period of their history. But how is it with Benefit Societies? A well-grounded feeling of their being insecure is beginning to prevail. Many of them—those perhaps that are on the largest scale—are not secure. If we said that they had proved one great failure, it would be true in regard to hundreds and thousands of persons who in connection with them have lamentably suffered in their resources, their old age, their health, and their constitutions. If there is truth in these two statements—namely, that mutual assurance societies have prospered, and Benefit Societies to a great extent failed, then it is natural that friends of the people should wish to see the former substituted for the latter; in

other words, that the principle of mutual assurance in its integrity and unimpaired power should, by a suitable instrumentality, be adapted to meet the circumstances and exigencies of the working class. Nothing less than this is the object which we have here in view.

It occurs at once to ask why mutual assurance for the rich should have been successful, and mutual assurance in the shape of Benefit Societies among the poor should have failed? The answer is, that the former has been under the guidance of knowledge and science. It remains then that the latter should profit by the experience gained, and, so far as practicable, by the method pursued. The first condition of this most desirable result is, that the people well understand what facts and principles are implied in mutual assurance. These are chiefly two—the value of life or health, and the value of money. Every one knows that at forty years of age life is not worth so much as it is at twenty; in other words, that a person at forty has not so long to live as he had when he was only twenty. If we take seventy as the average term of human life, then at twenty life is worth fifty years, and only thirty years at forty. Now in any individual case it may be quite true that a person having reached the age of thirty, instead of living on till he is seventy, may die when he is thirty-one. But take say a thousand lives and you avoid this difficulty. With individual exceptions, there is in nature a great tendency to general uniformity. So great and decided indeed is this tendency, that you have only to make your calculations on a sufficiently large scale, in order to deal with individual lives as safely as with the lives of thousands or myriads. Some persons will, it is true, live many years less than the average; others, however, will live more; the deficit on the one side will be made up by the surplus on the other; and on the whole, you will be perfectly safe, provided your tables and charges for certain advantages are constructed on a knowledge of the facts which in any given age, country, or locality, regulate the duration of life, health and sickness.

By the value of money, we mean the rate of interest, or return for the use of capital, which can be secured. For the sums paid into assurance and Benefit Societies are not allowed to remain idle. If they are unoccupied, they are unproductive, and the society sinks into a mere machinery for accumulation. In connection with such an institution, you may save, and, after expenses are deducted, receive back what you have laid by; but you do not gain, and by hoarding your money, you injure others without benefitting yourself. Set your savings at work, and money will make money, both for those who lend and those who borrow it. The sum given for the loan, however, varies. No matter, for our present purpose. All that we now need mark is, that money in use has its worth. Only it must be carefully observed, that it is in large aggregate sums that money makes money. If a labouring man lays by in a year a pound, and keeps it in his chest, it remains a pound. If he continues to do so for twenty years, he has at the end of the period twenty pounds, and no more. But let him and ninety nine others put their pounds together, and at the termination of the first year of their association, their 100*l.* have become 105*l.* In this fact lies the secret of the success of mutual assurance offices. They have large sums to trade with in the money market, and therefore make large returns; while the same sums distributed back among the several contributors would produce, in the way of interest, little or nothing.

It is now easy to see that if a thousand persons pay into the hands of a trustworthy party a pound each, they benefit themselves thereby. If these persons are all of the same age, and desire to secure each to himself the same advantage, it is equally clear that they must all pay the same sum. Suppose, however, that with a common desire for the same advantage, a hundred of them are forty years of age, and another hundred only twenty. Then, if they all pay alike, the former pay two little, the latter too much; in other words, the young are injured for the benefit of the old. This is practically an important point. Therefore, though the facts are obvious enough, we add a few words. Suppose that both these classes wish to secure, each individual for himself, the sum of 100*l.* payable at the age of seventy. A, the younger hundred, pays say one pound a year from twenty to seventy years; that is, he pays 50*l.* B, the older, pays only from forty to seventy, or 30*l.* If, then, B has paid enough, A has paid too much: and why, if B has paid too little, should A be required to make up his deficiency? In mutual assurance, we have to do, not with charity, but justice: men thereby create rights for themselves, not claims on others. Mutual assurance is, indeed, reciprocal aid, but not on the pauperising ground of pity, but on the high and ennobling assumptions that men have common wants, common interests, and common rights. If I enter a mutual assurance or Benefit Society, the money I pay in has a definite value, determinable by the amount of the separate sums, and the length of time during which they are paid. The society, or the members thereof acting in their aggregate capacity, employ that money, employ, that is, *my* money, gain by my money so much, and in virtue of the contract and the transaction are bound to pay me what my money has made, but not more; for if they pay me more, they must pay some other person less than his money has made, which is an obvious injustice.

The application of these principles will be seen as we proceed.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

By Thornton Hunt.

You speak sneeringly and sceptically of "love at first sight." It is, indeed, not very common in this country, for the two reasons, that our customs tend alike to bring boys and girls early in other's society, and to suppress every passion, at least in its outward manifestations. There is, therefore, neither that novelty in first meetings which is so striking to youth, nor that unreserved exhibition of feeling which, in well-conditioned natures, is so engaging. Yet love at first sight is not so impossible a thing as may be supposed.

You would not think so, if you considered for a moment *what* love is. Love, in its broadest sense, as applied to all the relations of life, is the sense of goodness in another which makes one instinctively desire to keep that other creature united to one's-self; and when that other nature is simple and unreserved, and possesses the loveable qualities in great strength, it takes no great time to perceive them. Love, in its more restricted and emphatic sense, as between man and woman, includes with the one affection, a second—a passion—a mysterious and primordial instinct, accom-

panied by a means for expressing and communicating the emotions of tenderness which are denied to other degrees of affection. And by that union of the two passions in one, each is augmented—the affection for goodness is made more impulsive and intense by the fact of its being endowed with a means of expression; the mere instinct is in itself turned to a more potent spell, rendered more transporting, with a more exquisite sting of delight, by being incorporated with that reverent and yearning sense of goodness. For such a passion, material beauty, when it is the outward type and expression of the beauty of an inward nature, becomes an irresistible attraction. And circumstances may, even in our elaborately artificial and straight-laced condition of society, conduce to so rapid a progress of the passion, that it will be perfect even "at first sight." I will give you an instance.

The person to whom the adventure happened was no boy "green" from school; though a robust and generous disposition had preserved to him much of the earlier simplicity proper to his nature. He was the son of a country gentleman, a Mr. Eldred Thorpe, who joined to much shrewdness a good deal of eccentricity. Mr. Thorpe had begun life as a high Tory, with a very large fortune. His wife, the mother of the younger Eldred, died very young, being killed by an accident. Mr. Thorpe married a second time, and had three more sons; his wife and those three sons killed themselves, and almost ruined him, by their extravagance and dissipation. Domestic bitterness prepared him for a distorted view of the political changes which were going on in the world; he abandoned Toryism because "it was of no use to struggle against fate;" his second wife, who was a lord's daughter, and the sons of that lady, set him against "aristocratic vices." He collected the relics of his fortune, settled once more on his shrunken estate, and resolved that Eldred, whom he boasted free from all admixture of vitiated Norman blood, should conform to the spirit of the times—should have a business in life. Eldred chose the profession of surgery. He studied hard, both science and "life;" obtained his diploma early, and a commission in a ship; cured savages, geologised and botanised in all parts of the world; was summoned home to nurse his father through a premature breaking-up; and found himself, about seven and twenty, his own master, with a moderate independence, and no mean stock of scientific knowledge.

The world was before him. As to conduct, Eldred Thorpe had no definite views; politics had never engaged his attention; science had been his passion, especially as it is studied in untamed nature, among the broken rocks and scattered relics of past ages, or the wild luxuriance of untilled lands. Ardent in all he did, Eldred resolved at once upon a course of action. He let his ancient Saxon estate—the Thorpe; he arranged a series of visits to Paris, Berlin, and Philadelphia, in order to learn what would be the branch of inquiry which a practical anatomist and naturalist could most usefully pursue, with a view to the advancement of cosmology; and then he was to steer his further course by the chart thus acquired. He had concluded everything; it only remained to settle finally with the excellent tenant whom he had obtained for the Thorpe, and to rejoin his friend, George Brookes; a fellow-student who shared in Thorpe's improved fortunes, and was to share his wanderings and labours.

Eldred Thorpe was waiting at the railway station for the starting of the train. There were few passengers, and most of them had taken their seats; his had been secured in an empty carriage. The last bell rang; and Thorpe was about to get in, when his attention was attracted by a young woman who was carrying two boxes—each of them too large for her strength—and yet was hurrying forward to save her place. With ready good-nature, Eldred ran to her, took both her boxes, put them into the carriage he had chosen for himself, hurried her in after them, and took his seat while the train was actually moving. The young woman—or young lady, which ought she to be called?—was emphatic in her acknowledgments; her breathless haste, and the sense of trouble saved to her, making her perhaps less guarded in her expressions than she might otherwise have been. Be that as it may, Eldred felt amply repaid for his trifling goodnature by hearing such kind words from lips which were set in the sweetest countenance he had ever seen. He congratulated himself on the picture which he had thus placed before him.

The tumult of hurry subsiding, his companion became less demonstrative. Possibly she had become aware of her being alone with a young man whose handsome aspect and frank manners bespoke habits of easy conquest. Some redundancy of point, possibly, in his replies to her acknowledgements, alarmed her. She relapsed more into herself. Her heightened colour softened down to a complexion still brilliant, but pale; the roses of her cheeks paled so that they "their places only signified." Her clear brown hair was banded modestly against her brow; her darker eyes were softened by the gentlest of eyelashes and eyelids. She sat forward and looked out of window. Eldred had seen more regular features, but none which combined so much graceful freedom of outline with such exquisite delicacy; and when she spoke, in spite of her growing timidity and reserve, the exuberant kindliness and joyousness of her nature would show itself in a smile which played over her whole cheek in little moving dimples, that appeared and disappeared again like the ripple of a streamlet in the sun. Yet still there was an air of sadness about her eyes. Her condition puzzled him. From her face and manner, she was "a born lady;" every action was exquisitely graceful, though so perfectly unaffected that its beauty surprised as well as charmed. That, thought the anatomist, may be the result of perfect conformation rather than of teaching; and the general outline of her figure, as she sat with her black silk scarf drawn round her—its plump slenderness, its shoulders not shrunken yet not too broad, its rounded chest, and gracefully turned neck,—corroborated his conjecture. Her dress was half a lady's, half a servant's—decent, but yet so homely in some of its materials as to indicate absolute poverty and habitual humbleness. She might be a servant out of place. On her box he read plain "Ellen Wright." He set her down for a lady's maid or nursery governess; for there was too much the manner of good society to suppose that she had not actually lived with gentlefolks. About her real nature, as a woman, there could be no mistake: it was manifestly frank, ingenuous, and loving to the highest degree—joyous yet tender.

Seeing her shrink, though unconsciously and almost imperceptibly, from his too familiar manner, Eldred became more circumspect. He was no coward: he could be free with the free; but never did he willingly cause a flutter of distress to the

heart of any woman in the world; and he could not have borne to increase the sadness round those eyes.

Why was that sadness there? The question having once occurred to him, he could not drive it from his mind. Their eyes met at times, and hers were hastily withdrawn.

But she ceased to look vexed or alarmed; for joining her in the survey out of window, Eldred entered into a conversation—on the view, on the rate of their going, on railway travelling in general, and twenty other subjects—so grave, so easy, so unobtrusive, that all her look of alarm vanished. The conversation turned upon the news of the day—the last murder, of a wife and children by the husband in bitter distress; then it turned upon books, for Eldred discovered that his companion had read, though nothing, she confessed, but English. Every moment served to increase his perplexity. She never uttered an opinion, never used a fine word, never brought up a new topic, avowed ignorance on many points; but, throughout, her words were those of a person who was well informed, who had thought ingenuously if not deeply, who followed in all things the simple and wise rule of kindness. It may be all, he thought, no more than the effect of natural clearness and a symmetrical mind. What a pity that anything should have happened to injure a being of so beautiful and so sweet a countenance!

Suddenly she remembered that she was not in a *second* class carriage, and that she had not paid for a first class. "It was my fault," said Eldred.

The girl looked vexed, distressed: she had taken what did not belong to her. "I will ask the guard," she said, "to let me change at the next station."

Eldred felt a pang at the bare idea; what! lose his companion so soon, perhaps never to see her again. "*Never!*" the saddest word in every tongue. Besides, it was not to be supposed that the guard would let her off; and he said so. She looked still more distressed—quite pale. "It is my fault," repeated Eldred, "and if I were not afraid that—what shall I say? Not that you would be offended, because you look too good for that—but that you—you might think I mean what I did not—I would ask you to let me make good the difference."

"Oh! no, thank you sir; I could not think of such a thing." And she seemed to dismiss the subject.

But Eldred did not. Presently, he said—"You had better not refuse; there is no reason why you should: nobody but ourselves will know it; you will not disbelieve me when I say, that I offer it with as much singleness of purpose as it is possible to do; and, if you are afraid, you need only remember, that after sitting together for a few hours longer in this carriage, as we *have* done, we shall never see each other again." She did not answer, but sat looking out of window, evidently hesitating. "I can see," continued Thorpe, "that you do not mistrust me—I will do anything in the world to prevent that; I will leave the carriage at the next station, if you like—and I can see the mistake has vexed you."

She looked at him with a hasty, timid glance, and turning away said—"You must think me very mean."

"Indeed, I do not;" and after a pause he added—"I will tell you what I do think: I think that you are poor." A flush crossed her cheek; but it did not look like a flush of shame. "I could fancy, too, that you have some reason—some dear friend to care for—which makes money precious." She shook her head. "Or that, perhaps, you may have strict account to render." She started slightly—a shrinking start—as if she were hurt; and she turned more towards the window. She remained without moving for some time; and when she again leaned back in her seat, Eldred could see that she had undergone a violent effort to keep down her emotion.

Eldred, too, leaned back. Never in all his life had he felt so sad. Her sadness oppressed him to a degree that he could hardly have believed possible; he felt a choking sensation in his throat; he could scarcely resist the impulse to speak out more openly, for it was wretched to think that so gentle a creature should be suffering before his very eyes, and he be debarred from offering sympathy and re-assurance.

The train stopped at a station, and the guard went by, calling the name of the place. The young lady remained for a time without motion, and then leaned forward again to look out of window. Eldred started: "You are not going to speak to the guard!" She shook her head, with the unbidden smile of sweetness.

As soon as the train moved on, Eldred pulled out his purse; which he had before delayed doing from the fear of seeming hasty: now he was afraid to suffer his companion to feel uncertainty. He counted out the difference between a first class and second class fare, and held it out between his finger and thumb: the fair, soft hand was extended, and without so much as touching it, Eldred dropped the money into it. The girl held her hand, which trembled a little, and looked down at it while he placed the money there; and then she raised her eyes to his with another smile and a look of thankfulness.

It was Eldred's turn to look out of window. He felt as if he were thinking too fast. The prospect of a separation was becoming very painful—absurdly so. He folded his arms tightly round him as he sat leaning forward against the side of the carriage, and he tried to think of his intended voyage. But he could not. Of all faces that he had seen he never loved one so much as that on the opposite seat; never had a voice sounded so sweet, so gentle, so pellucidly intelligible. "How absurd," he thought, "are our artificial laws, which warp our natures and beget mistrust and alienation." He was conscious that his companion was looking at him; for when his eyes turned towards her, hers moved away. Yet without alarm or shame. She looked very serious. A mournful silence had come over both. Eldred was thinking faster than before.

Another station came, without the exchange of another word. The train seemed to stop an unusually long time at every place; but Eldred remembered how each stage made the remaining journey shorter. When they reached the third station he was struck with a marked change in his companion. he was now certain that at every stage on the line she was becoming paler and sadder: an air of disquiet had been growing in her face; it now amounted to fright.

He could not bear the sight much longer. He had felt a degree of timidity which he had never before experienced; but now sheer desperation made him speak. He did it with a sudden start, at an impulse as sudden—"I am sure that you are uneasy—you have some cause of alarm where you are going?" She started at his vehemence, and then put her hand to her pale brow, as if she felt ill. He thought she was, and asked her. She shook her head. "I *wish* I could serve you," he

said, earnestly. "Perhaps I could. I have done nothing—have I—to make you distrust me? If ever man spoke in sad earnestness I do now. I will do anything that you command—indeed I will. But I cannot leave you as I see you. I will watch you—from a distance, if I must. But I must do something to ease the wretchedness I feel at seeing you suffer." She did not answer. Growing bolder in his earnestness, he asked her to tell him what it was alarmed her. She said that it was nothing—only her own foolishness. He was more urgent, and began with more specific questions; and by degrees he wrung from her her story.

It was simple and soon told. She was the daughter of a shoemaker in Byeford, a town some little distance beyond Thorpe, on a branch of the railway. Her father died when she was about seventeen; her mother married a second husband, a man who was the carriage waggoner at Byeford; a stupid ruffian who had killed her mother with ill treatment, and had driven Ellen out to service. But her fate, she said, was not worse than that of others. She had been in service six years: she had been nursery-maid, nursery-governess, housemaid, and lastly a kind of companion to an old lady. She had tried to fit herself for being a governess; for when her father left her she was very uneducated. Her last mistress was very kind to her; but had died. Ellen was quite unable to find a new place, and was perforce going home to her stepfather's. She had delayed; but he had threatened to fetch her; saying that she must not spend all her earnings idling away in lodgings; and declaring that if she behaved well, she should stay at home and keep house for him. She had no more reason to complain than other girls, she said; only that she was cowardly.

"Is he so very severe, then?" asked Thorpe.

"Dreadful."

"But tell me, *how* is he severe? What does he do?"

Ellen hung her head with shame and dejection, as she answered in a voice audible only because Eldred leaned forward to listen—"He beats me."

Eldred started back as if he himself had been struck; he leaned against the side of the carriage; and looked so pale, that his companion was alarmed. She in turn leaned forward, and looking in his face with undisguised anxiety, she cried—"Are you ill?"

A cold shudder of revulsion passed over his frame, and then a sudden flush came into his cheek, as he looked down upon the gentle face that stooped towards him. "Yes," he said, "I did feel ill, with horror at what you told me!"

"I ought not to have told you then."

"Why not?"

"Because it is only giving you pain without use."

There was a tone of resignation, a sad, gentle monotony in her voice, more touching than all.

Eldred did not answer for a moment. He was thinking faster than ever. In three minutes his whole life seemed to pass before him, with many a social question and doubt. He was growing very seriously interested in a girl whom he had never seen in his life, and who might be "artfully deceiving him." Deceiving him! Could he look upon that face, and think so? He glanced at her. She was watching him with still unconcealed solicitude, but now also with an expression not difficult to construe: in fact, she was reading his character in his ingenuous and speaking countenance; and reading it with such tender, blameless admiration as one feels in scanning the face of a child. Their eyes met; but Ellen did not avert hers as Eldred changed his seat for the one beside her, and took her hand. He began to speak, gravely and solemnly, in a truly business-like way. He rapidly told her who and what he was; and she had no difficulty in recognising his resemblance to the elder Mr. Thorpe, whom she had seen more than once. He rapidly glanced at the fictitious obstacles to a mutual confidence, but adjured her to trust in his faithful service, so long as his behaviour should deserve her trust; and to let him watch over her safety—perhaps, ultimately to secure it. "I dare not," he said, "presume so far on your generous faith, or I would say take me at once, for all I am worth." But, using every art of persuasion that he could muster, he urged her to accept him "as a brother"—no more.

He was scarcely prepared for the tumult of astonishment and agitation into which the proposal threw her. By this time it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world, and he now feared that he had some rival. He asked her. She shook her head. He still held her hand; he passed his arm round her waist, more to support and reassure her than for any ordinary impulse. Her paroxysm of agitation subsided. He pressed for an answer, which seemed as if it would renew her emotion; but she suppressed it, and whispered—"You must think me very ungrateful, sir."

"Ungrateful! how could I? But you refuse then?—I have displeased you?"

It was not that, or she would not have let him continue to hold her hand. She shrank from him, and he removed his encircling arm. She kept his hand, raised it to her lips, and pressed upon it the first kiss that had passed between them; and then put it away from her.

With something like pettishness, Eldred moved to the other window of the carriage, and looked out; and just then, most inopportunely, they came to a station. He gazed forth upon the bustle. A passenger came up and looked into the carriage, as if in search of a seat; but to Eldred's relief, a voice called the intruder to another part of the train; which moved on again. Eldred looked round at his companion. She remained exactly as he had left her.

Hard is the heart when it grows exacting instead of devotional! Cruel is the account which self-love, retreating within itself, demands, by a clamorous silence, from the trembling breast of young tenderness, mistrusting itself. Ellen sat with her back to Eldred, and he discerned no movement. He did not see the eyes that sought in vain out of the carriage window some object to steady the attention, bewildered by dazzling tears; he did not see the changeful colour that dappled the cheeks; nor the tender emotion that rose every now and then in silent sobs to the compressed lips, and almost burst forth. He did not know how his sympathy—how the display of a goodness unwonted in the experience of the helpless girl, but not alien to her own sweet and impulsive nature—had startled and moved her. He did not know that the strangeness of his earnest worship, the very extravagance and madness of his generosity, had moved her to such a tumult of tenderness, that she could scarcely repress it. What made her drive it back to her leaping heart? Was it not the remembrance how her simplicity had sometimes been the lure for base misconstructions which grieved and terrified her, and had forced mistrust upon her trusting nature? Was it not still more the fear lest *he* should think that she was one who would not be so grieved and terrified by what was

base? Chilled by the pride of mortification, Eldred took no pains to learn these things.

He could not long be so unjust to her and to himself. Reflection gave him an insight into her doubts and fears; and he repented. Again he resolved to soothe rather than to startle, and he quietly resumed his first seat, opposite to her. She did not look round immediately, but when she did it was with a timid smile; and she said—"I was so afraid that I had made you angry!" Ashamed of the reproach to which his own conscience turned the words, he made no other answer but kissing her hand.

The train had not gone many yards before it stopped again, and then went backwards. It was now getting dark, and Eldred was conscious that there must have been a long delay in the journey, perhaps caused by the extreme length of the train. Indeed, though the journey had seemed brief in the passage, it seemed a vast time in the retrospect; for in looking back time is often measured by the number of thoughts that have passed through the mind. The new stoppage arrested their conversation, and he looked out. There was a good deal of confusion; everybody was so bent upon hurrying everybody else, that there was no progress. At length the train began to move again. It had scarcely done so, however, before there was a loud shout which made Eldred and his companion look at each other—then a roaring, as if the sound of the engine were redoubled,—then a crash, sudden, but repeated, and repeated—Ellen was dashed into Eldred's arms—the carriage in which they were creaked and strained and splintered under the pressure—there arose a storm of shrieks—all was lulled for an instant—murmurs and groans were heard, and were drowned again in a Babel confusion of tongues. The train was long behind its time, and another had run into it!

"You are not hurt?" whispered Eldred.

Speechless with terror, still clinging to him, Ellen shook her head, and looked up into his face. He pressed her to him, and as her head sank upon his shoulder, again passionately kissed the pale cheek. In an instant, however, he remembered where they were; he opened the door further from them, and got out. All was still by their carriage, and he lifted Ellen from it. He supported her tenderly while they looked around them as well as they could in the dusk. Their part of the train was scarcely injured; but at the other end, where carriage after carriage had been added on the journey, carriage upon carriage was piled in a heap of destruction, and people were busily engaged in disentangling the wounded from the mass of rubbish. "Let us go," said Ellen, "perhaps you can help them."

But instead of taking her with him, Eldred wished her to remain aloof from the confusion. He lifted one of her boxes from the carriage, placed it for her as a seat, and went towards the crowd. His activity and self-possession, and the respect rendered to knowledge, at once brought upon him the direction of that impromptu hospital. He sent the hurt into the tavern of the station. But something more than his professional skill was required. Beyond the platform, in one of the carriages of the second train, an old gentleman was still inextricably buried among the tangled splinters and rags; and those who were busied in trying to release him hindered themselves by unintelligent hurry. Eldred jumped down, and was soon absorbed in a task of exertion and difficulty.

He had not long left her before Ellen began to feel anxious; his absence seemed alarmingly protracted; and gradually drawing near, at last she stood among the spectators who were watching his party at their work. She found it occasionally no easy task to keep her post in the bustle.

Suddenly arose more cries, and looking back towards London, Ellen saw in the gloom a moving mass. A third train was coming rapidly on! The poor old gentleman was nearly freed; but glancing off from their toil, Eldred's companions saw their danger, and skipped away. Eldred himself was too earnestly absorbed, and when he was left alone, he merely redoubled his efforts; speaking a word or two of re-assurance to the half-conscious sufferer.

The lookers-on shouted to him; but he did not heed them. Ellen called; but her voice was drowned. She stepped forward. "Where are you going," cried a man, seizing her—"D——n, girl, you'll be killed." Her black scarf was left in his hand. She could feel the beat of the coming engine pulsate in the air and on the ground: it ceased—the driver saw the lights—but still she was conscious of the smooth vibration of its irresistible rush onward. No hesitation cramped her limbs. She stepped forward, swiftly but steadily—saying, as she put her arms round him, in a voice of entreaty and conscious command, "Eldred!" and thus mastering him against the fatal delay of even one instant's resistance, she dragged him back from his work, and so still further away a few paces; and then her strength failing, she sank, shuddering, upon her knees; covering her face with her hands. On came the train—another crash—and the poor old sufferer was beyond all pain.

Eldred, now understanding what had passed, stooped over his rescuer, and tried to raise her. Beside herself with horror, she remained without motion, except the convulsive shivering that might be heard in every limb. A knot of persons had gathered about them. One wrapped the scarf round her as he said, in a subdued voice of kindness, "You'll not find another girl like her, sir: I told her she would kill herself, poor soul! and I think she has done it, though she wasn't smashed." "Let us carry her in," said another, "she wants warmth, I think." Their voices recalled Eldred to himself, and lifting her in his arms, unassisted, he followed his voluntary guides into the tavern.

The story of his rescue was soon abroad—an interest was already felt in "the doctor"—and the landlady specially discovered for their use a little back parlour which had not been appropriated. Here, laid upon a sofa, left in quiet with Eldred, recalled to life by his passionate whispers, Ellen revived. For some two or three hours after that, Eldred was incessantly engaged among the sufferers; snatching many a moment to see how *the one* went on.

His toil over, released from the superabundant acknowledgments of friends, railway people, and admiring landlady, he was at last seated with Ellen at a late tea. Eldred was too good a doctor to protract the agitation and nervous excitement of the dearest patient he had ever had, and their conversation was staidly quiet. After tea, he sought for a book out of his own carpet bag, and read to her. Had they been married for twenty years, a more calm and unagitated evening could not have been passed—in all conscious bearing. But Eldred could not quite school his eyes and voice, and Ellen knew his forbearance. He saw she knew it. Even the tone of indifference in which they spoke, the matter-of-course way in which he looked after her luggage, arranged with the landlady, and assumed the whole conduct of

their journey—the matter-of-course way in which Ellen suffered him to do so, without resistance or any thanks but what he read in the expression of her face, filled him with indescribable delight. Using his authority as her medical attendant, he sent her early to bed, under the special and willing care of the landlady. He only whispered, the last thing as they parted, "Ellen, we have more to say to each other to-morrow."

He had prepared the breakfast the next morning when she entered the room. It was a new delight to see her in that almost domestic guise. The extreme homeliness of her dress only reminded him the more of that exquisite taste which made no attempt to set off or mitigate its plainness. For a few moments, the weakness consequent upon the events of the evening was increased by a shyness and timidity that made her shrink and subdued her voice. But Eldred's frank and considerate manner soon restored her habitual self-possession; ashamed of seeing him take all the work of the breakfast table, she insisted upon having her share of it; and presently Eldred was watching her as she performed the office of tea-maker.

The railway people had been busy all night, and the line was cleared. Soon after breakfast, therefore, leaving the sufferers in the care of medical men fetched from a short distance, Eldred handed his fellow traveller into a carriage. He had taken the precaution to secure a coupé, determined that they should pass the remainder of the journey alone. The motion, the air, revived her; and Ellen's cheek showed that her strength was restored.

As soon as he was convinced of that, Eldred renewed their conversation, so strangely broken off. He spoke calmly, because he desired to convince her; he moderated the expression of his gratitude for what she had done in rescuing him, because he wished her to feel that he was taking along with him a cool and judicious reasoning; he recalled their really independent position, with no one who had a right to question their conduct; he reminded her how circumstances had compressed into a single day more experience of each other than many can attain in the course of years; and he finished with a voice that was rather more broken and trembling than beseemed pure logic, by entreating that she would spare him the pain of knowing that she was returning to her miserable home, to its unseemly violences, and would marry him at once.

She sat leaning back against the cushion of the carriage. She had suffered him to keep one hand; the other was gently holding her scarf together at the waist. As he, in his earnestness, was bowed down before her, looking up, her face looked down upon his. She listened in fixed silence, and received his worship with an aspect of down-looking elevation in her bearing which a stranger might have taken for pride. It was a pride: she was proud *for* him, as well as of him. A scarcely perceptible smile sat upon her face. In truth, as he spoke, she was contemplating the beauty and simplicity of the character that was thus laying itself before her, and while he talked of her she was thinking of him.

When his voice ceased, for an instant she did not answer; then suddenly the fixity of her regard seemed to unloose itself. She turned away. But when he put his arm round her waist, and looked into her face—when she saw his searching, anxious eye, and knew that he was looking into her thought—when she thought that their journey was well nigh over—she threw herself, drooping and blushing, into his arms; and when he lifted up her face, she returned his kisses with a brief tearful transport. She turned from him—she snatched away her hand.

Puzzled by her wayward conduct, Eldred once more sought an explanation in her countenance. She met him half way. Again turning to him, she held up her hand to shield herself from his caresses, and as it were to claim a parley. He listened. As he had done before, she spoke gravely and earnestly. She said that such unforeseen generosity had totally overpowered her, or, for both their sakes, she should have been more discreet. As for herself, life had been so rude to her, and the future had been so dark, that it mattered little even if she had thrown it away, and she had flown to the sudden burst of light with as wild a joy as a moth to the candle. She could have no fears for herself—she had nothing in the world to lose; but she could not suffer him to be led away by his own warm heart, and to bind his fate to hers in blind haste. He must have time to reflect.

"But," he cried, "I cannot give you up to that ruffian."

He must. She had been able to undergo all before; and she added—"It is not so *very* bad to bear."

"And yet," said Eldred, as soon as he could speak, "you were turning paler and paler with fright, at the mere thought."

She smiled—"I shall have more courage now." He tried to persuade her, but she was obstinate.

"You do not love me!" he cried, in the boldness of desperation.

With a serious look she answered—"You have no right to say that."

Eldred could not resist a will so strong, so sweetly enforced. The utmost he could obtain was a promise that she would see him. She had no fear that her stepfather would prevent his coming; but she obliged Eldred to promise that he would keep their engagement secret for a time—"Until you have thought better of it."

They came to the station where the branch that passed near Byeford turned off. They got out. A man in a smock frock—a giant like a Cornish wrestler in bulk, with a big coarse face—came up and seized her by the arm. She shrank, but suffered him to kiss her. "Well, Nell," he cried, "bean't I glad to see thee!" The welcome was uttered with the voice of a bull, and in the tone of a threat. He dragged her away; but before they went, Eldred gathered that they were to travel to Byeford in one of the man's waggons.

He hurried to take his place in the branch train; and long before the waggon had left that station, Eldred was settled at the Byeford inn, where he was not unknown, and was received with the respect due to a landowner. Five minutes sufficed to establish him in that temporary home; and resolved to watch over Ellen with unceasing vigilance—to guard her, if possible, from a single act of violence, and at all events to snatch her away on its first occurence—he set out to seek her abode. Just outside the town, he found the house of "Jabez Wood, Carrier and Carman." He passed the gate, and repassed it many times. At length he descried a slouching clown of a boy, who was sauntering about, and with whom, by dint of a silver crown-piece, he speedily entered into friendly relations. From the boy he learned that Wood would come round by a circuitous road, stopping on the way, and would not reach home till evening. For a further reward—indeed he

would have thrown it in for the first five shillings—the boy undertook to conceal his new friend in the house whenever he pleased; and before the evening had passed, Eldred was safely lodged in a kind of back room, which had once been a stable, but was now used for keeping harness, whips, horse-pails, and such furniture. The boy too, with a more cunning wit than might have been expected, showed a crack where the panel of the door leading to this back room had shrunk, so that Eldred could obtain a good view of the kitchen-parlour.

Left alone in the dark, what a strange train of thought came over him! He ought at that moment to have been in Paris, perhaps at a gathering of *savans*: how different his actual position!

He had not waited very long before he heard a cart stop at the door, and through the chink which he had been taught to use, he saw Jabez Wood enter with Ellen. She came in first, driven as it were by her stepfather. Eldred's impulse was to run out; but he checked himself, partly for fear of startling her, partly that he might see what passed.

Ellen bore her changed position better than he could have expected. There was deep dejection in her face; but she patiently mitigated the troubles that threatened her by setting herself to the task of the moment. Eldred thought that under that dejection he could discern the firmness and self-possession which mingled so engagingly with the simplicity and guileless impulse of her character. She took off her scarf, and entered at once upon her forced duties with all her singleness of purpose. Having accepted her task, she was not going to perform it by halves. She moved slowly, for she was still weak, but she did not linger or hesitate. Wood must already have directed her; for she at once went to the fire and arranged it, next to a cupboard, took out some bacon, cut slices from it, and laid them on a plate; and then set forth the table for Wood's supper. Eldred watched her with the tenderest interest while she was thus engaged in her old and menial duties. It must have needed two human animals as rude and densely stupid as Wood and the boy, to be unmindful of the superior nature which was among them. Even the great cart-dog, that had come in for a warm, and some supper, looked up at Ellen (as she stooped from time to time near him at the fire) and grinned a friendly recognition. The grave dejection could not extinguish the sweetness which belonged to the very form and set of her fair face; the most menial actions became graceful to view, for they made her move, displaying the grace of her form, the adroitness and collected gentleness of her movements. Never had she formed a sweeter picture than when she placed the things upon the supper-table: the unsubduable smile still discernible in faint traces on her pale sad face; her eyes cast down, as she watched her busy hands in their office.

Wood had sat himself by the fire to dose. He seldom cared to talk; and towards the close of day always grew stupid with beer. But he woke up now and then, to enjoy the satisfaction of goading his newly-recovered slave—flinging at her some brutal taunt or coarse epithet. He had not enjoyed the pleasure for a long time. Bill, the boy, could not feel; which quite spoils the pleasure of tyranny. Now and then Wood even lifted his hand, to have the glory of making Ellen cower. She shrank as she would from a fierce animal; but she had been used to it, and, as she had told Eldred, she could bear it.

As she approached the fire to cook the bacon, the dog lay in her way, and did not move. Wood for once helped her: he gave the creature a brutal kick, which sent it howling to a distance. Ellen drew back with disgust and affright; but Wood did not notice her, and she resumed her work, only stopping for a moment to lay her hand on the dog's rough neck, as he crept back to the warmth.

The supper was cooked, and was set before Wood; who took his seat at the table, sole lord of the board. He tasted the meat—he pushed it from him—he cried, with an oath, that she had smoked it—of course on purpose. "No, indeed, sir, I did not."

"No lies, hussey!" he cried. He raised his hand—it fell heavily on her shoulder. Seeing her cower, the man's half-drunken rage seemed to grow with its own indulgence; and glaring upon her intelligibly enough, he looked round and slowly took a stick. Ellen did not shriek—she did not run; but only laying her hands on the back of a chair for support, she stood, drooping and panting with terror, to endure.

But Wood halted at the sight of Eldred, who now stepped forward. Ellen uttered a little cry of joy; but even at that moment she put a constraint upon herself, and would rather take what Eldred should bestow than snatch it from him by her own eagerness. With the patient submissiveness of her nature, too humble to feel shame that she should be seen in her odious home, she remained leaning upon the chair.

Thinking that nothing is better than straightforwardness, Eldred at once announced who he was, and claimed Ellen; expecting the carrier's willing consent. But Wood laughed in his face: he did not believe a word! This was more than Eldred had looked for. Ellen, a girl of unusual information and intelligence, even for one of a "higher" class, had believed him without hesitation, under much more equivocal circumstances: the step-father was a dull clown, and therefore ought to have been credulous. If interest could have swayed her, interest was no less on the side of belief with the stepfather. Eldred forgot that for anything to be believed, it must come within the scope of experience, knowledge, or imagination; also that Ellen had faith, which the poor untaught brute had not. The story that the clown now heard was really too good for him to believe it. He thought that it was some mad attempt to entrap him.

Eldred stood for a moment irresolute. But not long. Turning to Ellen, he took her hand, and she let him lead her towards the outer door. But she turned back; Wood had stumbled after them, with upraised stick. Ellen had been used to being beaten herself, but not to seeing Eldred struck; she drew in the breath between her teeth, and with eyes fixed on the raised cudgel, unconsciously put herself before her companion. He, however, gently disengaged himself from her, stepped nimbly in, seized the staggering bully, tripped his heel, and threw him with a thundering crash, roaring and swearing, amid the falling chairs and table, plates and fire-irons, upon the clanking fender.

The struggle, the violence which Wood's very strength and weight imparted to his fall, agitated Ellen more than the threats of violence to herself; and putting her arms round Eldred, she drew him quickly out at the door. "Now," cried Eldred, "you will not leave me again, Ellen?"

Another scuffle was heard within, and the boy roared again.

The pair hastened away; and in a few minutes they were lodged in the best room of the inn, and with the best attentions from the landlady; whom Eldred's liberality had prepared for any amount of liberal construction.

Of Wood they saw no more. Probably it never occurred to him to seek his drudging stepdaughter at a great inn; and next morning the pair set off, in a close carriage, to reach the main line of the railway.

"I am glad," said Ellen, as Eldred drew her towards him, "that you have seen me as I used to be."

"Why, sweet?"

"Because I am glad you know the whole of what you rescued me from—the whole of the difference between us."

"There is no difference between us, *to us;* excepting, perhaps, that it was I who 'fell in love at first sight,' as they say; while you were more prudently cautious."

"You have no right, I tell you, to say that."

Two months later, George Brookes was invited to join his lost friend in Paris, in order that he might be introduced to "Mrs. Thorpe."

CLEON AND I.

By Charles Mackay.

Cleon hath a million acres—
 Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
 In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
 Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twain, is
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
 But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbours sloth and dulness—
 Freshening vigour I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
 Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
 Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environ'd,
 Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—
 In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me for ever—
 Earnest listener I:
State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change?—Not I.

NATIONALITY AND COSMOPOLITISM.

By Joseph Mazzini.

We shall often have occasion—more especially now that the "Peoples' International League" has fairly taken wing—to pronounce, in this Journal the word Nationality. It is the ground upon which at the present time is pleaded the cause of all the oppressed Peoples. And it will be well, first of all, to come to an understanding with our readers upon the value which we attach to this word.

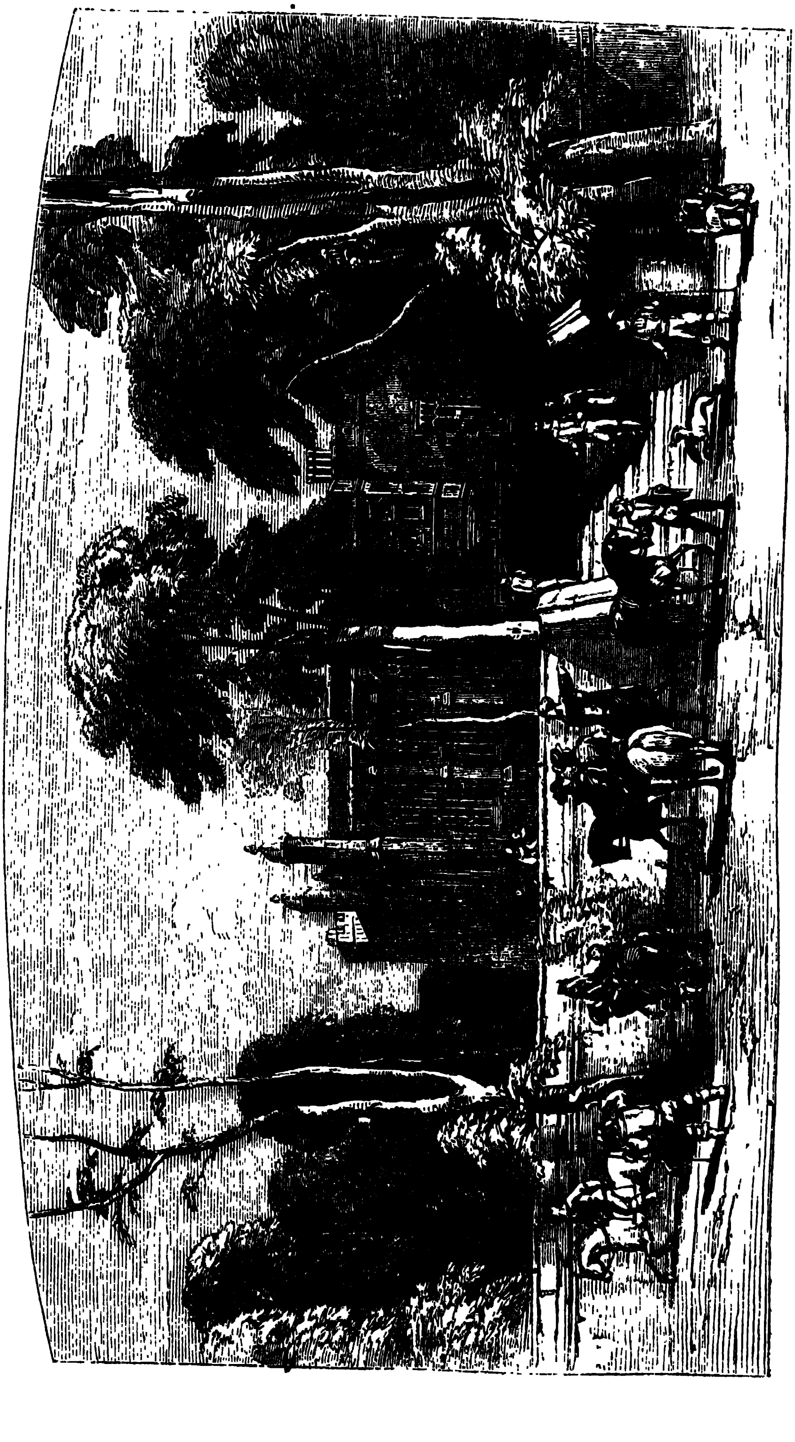
I have heard many estimable men, animated by the best intentions, declare this standard of *Nationality* which we cherish to be dangerous and retrograde. "We are more advanced than you," they proudly said to me; "we believe no longer in the *nation;* we believe in humanity: we are *Cosmopolites.*"

I am not like that voluntary exile from Italy, —interred at Chiswick in 1827, Ugo Foscolo—who, whenever he heard anyone declare himself a Cosmopolite, took up his hat and departed. But I do believe that this word, Cosmopolitism, implies an idea much more behindhand, much more vague and unrealisable, than that of Nationality. I believe that those who adopt it yield to a barren sentiment of reaction against a past for ever dead in our hearts, and draw their definition of Nationality from a state of things which can never more, whatever happens, be reproduced.

We are all Cosmopolites, if by Cosmopolitism is understood, the brotherhood of all, love for all, and the destruction of the barriers which separate the Peoples by giving them opposite interests. But is that all? Is it sufficient to merely proclaim these sacred truths, to secure their triumph over the obstacles which the league of the unlawful powers opposes to them in Europe? Our work is one of *realisation;* we have to *organise*, if I may so express myself, not thought, but action.

Now to every organisation capable of realisation a starting point and a goal are necessary; to every acting lever a fulcrum and an object to be raised or moved. For us, the end is humanity; the fulcrum, or point of support, country. For Cosmopolites, the end, I freely admit, is also humanity; the fulcrum or point of support, is man—the *individual.* There lies almost all the difference between us and the Cosmopolites, but it is a capital difference. It is nearly the same as that which separates the partisans of association from those who admit liberty, alone and unaided, as the only instrument of realisation.

Alone in the centre of the immense circle which extends itself around him, and whose limits are beyond his grasp, having no other aid on which to rely than the consciousness of his unacknowledged rights and of his individual capabilities, which, however powerful they may be, cannot of themselves transfuse with activity the whole sphere of practical application placed before them, the Cosmopolite has but two paths between which he must make a choice: inaction or despotism. Is he consistent? Not being able by himself to emancipate the world, he accustoms himself to believe that the work of emancipation does not belong to him. Not being able, by the mere exercise of his individual rights, to attain the end, nor even to obtain the free exercise of those rights, he accustoms himself to believe that his own individual rights are the means and the end at the same time. Where they do not meet with satisfaction, he does



THE PICTURE GALLERIES FOR 1847.

GOING TO THE CHASE. BY G. DODGSON.

FROM THE NEW WATER COLOUR GALLERY. (See page 242.)

not struggle, he does not die; he does better, he goes away. He stammers out this maxim of the egotists—"*Ubi bene, ibi patria;*"* and he carries his country with him at the sole of his shoe. Presently he begins to put the axiom into practice. Let him have the least suspicion of his inability to conquer, and he resigns himself at once without a struggle; he looks for everything from the course of things, he becomes an optimist, he contents himself with accomplishing, as best he may, his mission as an individual—he exercises *charity*. But I think it is beginning to be felt, that it is not from charity alone that we may expect the solution of the social problems which occupy our attention. The cause of the People, which we plead, is far above all alms-giving.

Is he not consistent? Desiring above all things to realise some amelioration, and having occasion for that purpose of a fulcrum or point of support proportioned to the vastness of his end, he seeks one wherever he can: he endeavours to supply by a borrowed, by an usurped strength, the real power which is wanting. He creates or adopts an Utopia, in which, by the assistance of a system of government and authority deduced and organised by *à priori* reasoning alone, he would immerse and petrify humanity. It is to such an end—to the violation of the liberty of each in the name of the well-being of all—that Saint Simonianism and Communism have arrived. It is to that point, also, that several politico-philosophical French schools of late times have also attained; they commenced by denying the mission of races, by disdainfully shrugging the shoulder at the very name of Nationality or country; they ended as soon as a plan of realisation was demanded from them, by placing the centre of the edifice in *their own* country, and even in *their own* town. Such schools of philosophy do not destroy Nationalities; they condemn all for the sake of a single one—they have each of them a chosen people, a Napoleon-people; and at the root of all their negations broods a Nationality usurping all, if not by arms, which, thank God, is no longer possible, at least by a permanent and exclusive moral and intellectual leadership; and such, indeed, also would be the actual result, could we suppose the Peoples, wrongly directed in their ideas, adopting such theories and prepared to carry them out into realisation.

It is from the past that the adversaries of Nationality draw their definition of this word. It is in the future, in all the signs which indicate it, that they should seek it. All their arguments, all their repugnance would then disappear at once.

When we speak of Nationality, it is of Nationality such as the *Peoples*, free, brotherly, and associated, will conceive it. Now this Nationality of the *Peoples* has never yet had an existence. In the past, we only find Nationality as absolute kings have conceived it, as treaties between governments have systematised it. And these kings have had in view only their own personal interests, not that of the people, who for them did not exist: these treaties have been drawn up by individuals without mission, in the obscurity of cabinets, without the least popular intervention, without the least collective inspiration. What result could be expected?

The *nation*—was to despots their family, their race, their dynasty; their constant end, aggrandisement at the expense of others, encroachment upon the rights of others. Their theory resolved itself into these words—the weakening of all for the ultimate advantage of their own interests. Their treaties were but the concessions of necessity: their peace no more than cessation of hostilities; their *balance of power*, an attempt at equalisation of strength, always with a view to time of war, always under the inspiration of a mistrusting and hostile idea.

Such is the ruling notion which runs through all diplomatic alliances, and which is enthroned in this treaty of Westphalia, which still rules in great measure international right in Europe, and the general idea of which is founded upon the established and guaranteed legitimacy of the royal races. It could not indeed be otherwise. A peaceful organisation of Nationalities was impossible for a system of diplomacy which failed to recognise any principle superior to all partial and secondary interests, and which had no common faith to give as a foundation and guarantee of stability to its transactions. It could only give rise to a parody upon one of the most beautiful sentiments that God has placed in the heart of man—to a *Nationalism* narrow, mean, and jealous of all that surrounded it.

It was, then, and with good reason that Cosmopolitism appeared. It reacted against this state of things; half by its political creed, in preaching the equality of the rights of every man, whatever might be his country; half by its political economy, in preaching freedom of industry and commerce. Then it did that which all reaction does: holy in the beginning, it finished by going beyond its own principle. It looked around, and seeing only royal Nationalities, countries without people, it denied country and Nationality: it saw no more than the earth and the individual. The future nation—which will be the workshop of the labourer for humanity, the sign of the *special* labour vocation of each human family with a view to common work—escaped its vision entirely. The people had not yet transformed its character by reconstructing it.

Now the danger is past. The Nationality of the absolute, and therefore necessarily selfish, powers no longer holds a place in men's belief; it supports itself only upon blind force; and all strength without faith bears within itself the seeds of death. *Nationalism* among the Peoples is rapidly dying out. The alliances contracted by their masters have taught them where lies the secret of power; and the reverses that each one amongst them has had to submit to at every partial enterprise, at every attempted regeneration, conceived in narrow and purely egoistical views, must have served them as a lesson. No longer are any conquests to be apprehended, save those of example and of truth proclaimed before all. Cosmopolitism has then finished its work. Another commences. It is that of the association of Countries; the alliance of Nations to accomplish in peace and love their mission upon earth; the organisation of free and equal Peoples, mutually aiding one another, each profiting by the resources which the others possess in civilisation and in progress, and marching onward free from all fetters to the realisation of that chapter of the providence of God which is inscribed upon the localities of their birth, in their traditions, in their national idioms, upon their brows. And in their progress towards the accomplishment of this special providence, the law of recognised duty will take the place of that policy of encroachment upon the rights of others which has until the present time ruled over all international affairs, and which is in reality but the foresight, the over-

* Where my interest is, there is my country.

cautiousness, of fear. The principle superintending all public or international right will no longer be —*The weakening of all that does not appertain to self*—but, *The amelioration of all through all; the progress of each for the advantage of all.*

But to desire to efface the sentiment of country from the heart of the Peoples, to suppress at once all Nationalities, to confound the special destinies of countries, to bring down to the one uniform level of I do not know what Cosmopolitism, all the beings that God has classed in races, as a ladder by which humanity must mount to him—that cannot be done; and all labour directed towards such an end will be labour in vain. It is impossible to succeed in falsifying the character of the epoch which aims at cherishing again, in the hearts of all, the love of country, and raising it to an accordance with the conception of Humanity: no more can be done than to delay possibly with some Peoples the moment of their regeneration.

It is not *individuals* who must sign the new pact; it is the free Peoples, with a name, a standard, and a conscience of their own. To pretend that they will become such without speaking to them of country, without binding on their brows the sign of their existence, their Nationality, is to pretend that the lever may act without a fulcrum, is to bid the Peoples labour without assigning a part to them, is to exact the work at the same time that *you break the instrument* that must produce it. That which God has written no man can efface. He alone can do so, and by death. But a Nationality can die only after having borne all its fruits—never before. In wishing to suppress it before its time we shall not succeed, but we may delay perhaps for a long time the fraternal and peaceful organisation towards which we aspire.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

By J. C. Prince.

Author of "Hours with the Muses."

Praise unto God! whose single will and might
Upreared the boundless roof of day and night,
With suns, and stars, and gorgeous cloud-wreaths hung;
The 'blazoned veil that hides the Eternal's throne,
The glorious pavement of a world unknown,
By angels trodden, and by mortals sung.
To God! who fixed old ocean's utmost bounds,
And bade the moon, in her harmonious rounds,
Govern its waters with her quiet smiles;
Bade the obedient winds, though seeming free,
Walk the tumultuous surface of the sea,
And place man's daring foot upon a thousand isles!

Praise unto God! who thrust the rifted hills,
With all their golden veins and gushing rills,
Up from the burning centre, long ago;
Who spread the deserts, verdureless and dun,
And those stern realms, forsaken of the sun,
Where Frost hath built his palace-halls of snow!
To God! whose hand hath anchored in the ground
The forest-growth of ages, the profound
Green hearts of solitude, unsought of men!
God! who suspends the avalanche, who dips
The Alpine hollows in a cold eclipse,
And hurls the headlong torrent shivering down the glen!

Praise unto God! who speeds the lightning's wing
To fearful flight, making the thunder spring
Abrupt and awful from its sultry lair,
To rouse some latent function of the earth,
To bring some natural blessing into birth,
And sweep disorder from the troubled air!
To God! who bids the hurricane awake,
The firm rock shudder, and the mountain quake
With deep and inextinguishable fires;
Who urges ghastly pestilence to wrath,
Sends withering famine on his silent path,
The holy purpose hid from our profane desires.

Praise unto God! who fills the fruitful soil
With wealth, awaking to the hand of toil,
With germs of beauty, and abundance, too;
Who bends athwart the footstool of the skies
His braided sunbow of resplendent dyes,
Melting in rain-drops from the shadowy blue!
To God! who sends the seasons, "dark or bright,"
Springs frequent resurrection of delight;
Summer's mature tranquillity of mien;
The generous flush of the autumnal time,
The ever-changing spectacle sublime
Of purgatorial winter, savage or serene!

Praise unto God! whose wisdom placed me here,
A lowly dweller on this lovely sphere—
This temporary home to mortals given;
Which holds its silent and unerring way
Among the innumerable worlds that stray,
Singing and burning, through the halls of heaven!
To God! who sent me hither to prepare,
By wordless worship, and by uttered prayer,
By suffering, humility, and love,
By sympathies and deeds, from self apart,
Nursed in the inmost chambers of the heart,
For that transcendent life of purity and love!

FOURIER AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Paris, Rue de Beaume, April, 1847.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

Sir—My attention has been called to an article entitled, "Thoughts upon Democracy in Europe," by Joseph Mazzini, which appeared in No. 58 of your Journal, bearing the date of Feb. 6, 1847. The greater part of that article is devoted to an appreciation of the social system of Charles Fourier; and, as I think every part of that appreciation is either partially or entirely erroneous, I deem it my duty to claim the right of a very brief reply, and, with your permission, to neutralise, as far as possible the bad effects of what may be deemed an involuntary error, widely circulated with the influence and well-merited authority of the *People's Journal.*

Mr. Mazzini is, as far as I can learn, a man universally respected, and his opinions may have considerable influence on the minds of many persons who have not the means of thoroughly investigating principles and doctrines, for themselves. An error of judgment in such a man, is therefore dangerous, when published to the world with all the weight of his authority.

This is my excuse for answering his article on Fourier's views of social reformation. I will be as

brief as possible, and I hope you will allow me the necessary space in your columns.

There are not less than twenty allegations against Fourier's system, in the article alluded to; and not a single one of them correct, or even proximately so. If Fourier's doctrines were really what Mr. Mazzini believes them to be, his criticisms would be justified; but such is not the case. Let us discuss a few of them.

With him also (Fourier), *happiness* was the end of human life —*pain*, a sign of error—*pleasure*, satisfaction, a sign of truth— *interest*, the great lever of re-organisation.

Here, the word *interest*, is entirely misunderstood. It is true that Fourier has taken great pains to prove that man's material interests, as well as his moral and religious welfare, may be greatly advanced by the system of association, properly applied. It is also true that he had a mean opinion of man's moral nature in the present state of *civilised* duplicity, and that he deemed it necessary to demonstrate thoroughly the possibility of worldly profit in association. The undue stress he lays on worldly interests is, however, but a sort of *precaution oratoire*, addressed to seeming Christians who are real heathens. Riches are undoubtedly the *necessary* basis of society; but moral and religious beauty are the highest aims of life and happiness. Still the question remains of what is really moral and religious in society.

On this head, Fourier may differ from the common notions of theology, without being open to the accusation of irreligion or of immorality.

The idea of a social mission, of the duty of moral progression, and consequently of an authority, is entirely foreign to Fourier.

This is absolutely incorrect. His ideas of a moral authority to supersede that of a mere brutal force, in future ages, may be different from those of other men, but every species of authority is not only acknowledged by Fourier, but strengthened by the power of truth and reason. Religious, social, and political authority are thoroughly respected, even in their present forms, though moral power, according to his views, will be almost exclusively predominant in future ages. He speaks, however, of banishment and other punishments for crime, in his associative system. The individual is only to be free to do to others as he would that they should do unto him.

He has no ideal of virtue to pursue: he tells you that "for politicians and moralists (disciples of the *uncertain* sciences, as he calls them), the last hour has sounded."
What remains, then, for the basis of his society?

When the last hour of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy had been sounded by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, would it have been manly in the partisans of that system to exclaim, "What then remains for the basis of astronomy?" It is a poor argument in logic, though a plausible appeal to prejudice, to confound the principle of religion itself with the abuses of the church, as Voltaire did; and Mr. Mazzini's error of mixing up the *principles* of politics and morals with the *erroneous views* of politicians and of moralists, is not less really sophistic, though, perhaps, without intention. It is, at least, a crude and hasty judgment: and a fault against the interests of truth, of progress. In fact, such is the character of the whole article.

He knows no religion.

Fourier professed himself a Christian, and most of his disciples do the same. In his *Nouveau Monde Industriel*, he quotes largely from the gospel to confirm his principles. It is not a new religion that is wanted, but a new practical philosophy of Christianity; a better understanding and a better practice of the principles of revealed religion; and that is all Fourier has pretended to. Is it right, or is it fair then, to infer that "he knew no religion?"

From step to step, from consequence to consequence, Fourier, fascinated, blinded by his thirst for happiness, the only end which he recognises in our earthly career—and by the worship of his idol, liberty, the only instrument that he knows by which man may attain it—arrives at *discoveries*, at rules of social management which his disciples, less bold, endeavour to make us forget; which I have not read without a blush upon my brow, and which I could not transcribe here without pollution.

This is a very strong appeal to prejudice. Are there not many parts of Revelation which Mr. Mazzini could not repeat without a blush upon his brow, and which he could not transcribe without pollution? Are there not many things in works of medicine, which will not bear the light of popular publicity? There are many sorts of wholesale depravity in the present state of civilised society, which moralists and statesmen leave untouched for want of courage to investigate their causes and apply a remedy. Fourier has spoken of such things, and of the duty of society to neutralise such evils by a system of free truthfulness and moral dignity. It is not for men who blush at remedies in theory, while they live in the midst of practical pollution, without courage to investigate their causes and effects; it is not for such faint-hearted mortals to complain of those who wish to do away with such corruption. "Whom God has joined, let no man put asunder." God is love, and whom love joins no man has a right to sever in the name of arbitrary law and custom. That is the principle of the gospel, and of Fourier's philosophy. He admits, nevertheless, the present laws of marriage, subject to divorce, in cases of necessity.

He will reduce by artificial means, two-thirds of women to sterility.

In discussing the fearful consequences of an unlimited population, Fourier maintains that Providence has pre-ordained the laws of equilibrium in nature, and that no such fear as that of universal over-population can be rationally entertained. He affirms that the earth will easily support by proper cultivation, five times its present number of inhabitants, and that, when by ages of refined development it is completely populated, nature will step in to regulate the order of child-bearing. He proves from known statistics, that the richer and the healthier classes of society are less prolific than the poor; and he argues from this fact, that when all the human race has attained to a higher degree of health and affluence, sterility will be *naturally* and not *artificially* more common than it is at present.

Destitute of the religious sentiment, and not believing in the progression of our being, except here below, Fourier has only this earth in which to accomplish human destiny, and attain to happiness.

This constrains me to believe that Mr. Mazzini has not read Fourier's works at all, but extracts only in mere criticisms and reviews.

Fourier is so far from denying "the progression of our being, except here below," that he has written much to prove the immortality of the soul, and the continuous progression of refinement in this world and in the next. He has even put forth a theory of metempsychosis or periodical migration of souls from this world to the next, and *vice versâ*.

I conclude by affirming that Mr. Mazzini has totally misunderstood Fourier's philosophy. His opinions therefore on this system of associaton, are devoid of all rational authority. He must study the subject more maturely before he can reasonably claim the right of giving an opinion. A man may be very learned and very good without being qualified to venture an opinion on a subject which he does not understand sufficiently.

It would be folly to suppose that any human system can be free from imperfection; and Fourier's science of association may be very incomplete, and more or less defective, but unsound appreciations are as dangerous to truth as true criticisms are favourable to it. I should not otherwise have noticed Mr. Mazzini's article, for I am more in love with God's truth, than with the systems of my fellow man. I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor, your obedient humble servant,

HUGH DOHERTY.

A DIRGE.

"Sweets to the Sweet."

Nightingale! sing o'er her tomb;
Forest-flowers! bend o'er her:
Song to song, and bloom to bloom:
God's wide universe the dome
Wherein we adore her.

Let our lives sing o'er her tomb,
True thoughts blossom o'er her!
Song to song, and bloom to bloom:
God smiles through the narrow room,
White wings float before her.

Soul of song! thou hast no tomb;
God's own bosom wore her:
Song of song, and Bloom of bloom!—
Weep not! in the Blessed Doom
God's love watcheth o'er her.

W. J. LINTON.

PORTUGAL.

BY WM. H. G. KINGSTON.

MANY years ago, while I was yet a young boy, I was residing for some time in Oporto, the second city of Portugal, built upon the northern bank of the river Douro, and about three miles distant from the sea. No country in the world enjoys a more delicious, and at the same time health-inspiring, climate than the fair land of Lusitania, the name by which Portugal was anciently known, and in few can scenery more beautiful and varied be found; not perhaps so majestic as in Switzerland or Italy, but mountains and glittering waterfalls, green meadows and sparkling streams, wild rocks and waving forests, combine in many forms to create pictures as romantic as the poet or painter could wish to pourtray. Its fields rejoice in abundant harvests of wheat, barley, and Indian corn; its groves are full of fruit-bearing trees, the orange and lime, the olive, the chestnut, and almond; the side of every hill is clothed with the luxuriant vine, and before every cottage-door do its graceful tendrils form a shady arbour. It is truly a land flowing with milk, wine, and oil. Its peasantry are honest, sober, and industrious, warm-hearted, patient under suffering, susceptible of kindness, and though quickly excited, easily led. Indeed, in no part of the world can a people be found with more amiable qualities, and more ready to enjoy with a deep sense of gratitude to their beneficent Maker all the blessings which heaven has showered down upon them, if their rulers would but let them. But, alas! far different is the character of the class who ought to be their guides and instructors for good. Ambitious, scheming, selfish, seeking place and posts of trust solely for the emoluments attached to them, destitute alike of honour, patriotism, or religion, they have for years past, by conduct accursed in the sight of God and man, plunged their country into all the horrors of civil war. It is they who by their pride and ignorance, their haughtiness and indolence, gained for their countrymen the character with which the Portuguese are now stigmatised in every part of the world; and which, instead of the high rank they once held among the nations of Europe, when their ships sailed over oceans unploughed by any other keels, when they were the lords of vast possessions in India, and their armies were marching over the wide plains of South America, has now reduced them to the condition of the poorest and most contemptible. So must they remain, till religion and moral education, the true principles of civilisation, are understood among them; or else, like Poland, utterly erased from the map of Europe as a nation, they become a mere province of their more powerful neighbours, Spain and France. Such are the inevitable and just results of civil strife.

But to return to the times of which I was first speaking. Oporto, as I said, stands on the northern bank of the Douro. It is built on several hills, elevated considerably above the stream; from the houses in the higher parts a beautiful view being enjoyed of the far extending Atlantic Ocean on one side, with the river below full of shipping, and confined between high, rocky, and picturesque banks, till it finds an outlet to the sea; while on the other are the distant mountains of the Minho and Beira Alta, rising ridge beyond ridge, each more blue and indistinct, till lost in the distance. The streets are somewhat irregularly built up and down the sides of the hills, but though they are destitute of drains, their inclined position keeps them cleaner than in any other place in Portugal. The houses are of every form and height, neatly whitewashed or tinted yellow, with roofs and balconies gaily painted, giving them altogether a neat and pretty appearance, however little claim they may have to architectural beauty. The city is surrounded by a wall built in the early days of the Lusitanian monarchy, but great part of it, being perfectly useless in the present system of the dark trade of war, has been allowed to fall into decay, and the streets now extend considerably beyond it. On the banks of the river, in every sheltered nook or level space, were *quintas*, or country houses, surrounded by groves of orange trees; or else some convent or church, dedicated to the guardian saint of mariners, that they might have their donations as they proceeded on their outward-bound voyage. Opposite Oporto, on the southern bank, is the town of Villa Nova, composed chiefly of the stores where the wine of the merchants is kept ready for exportation, and just above it, there is a lofty and rocky hill, looking down upon the city, one face of it rising perpendicularly from the river, which here rushes through a narrow gorge,

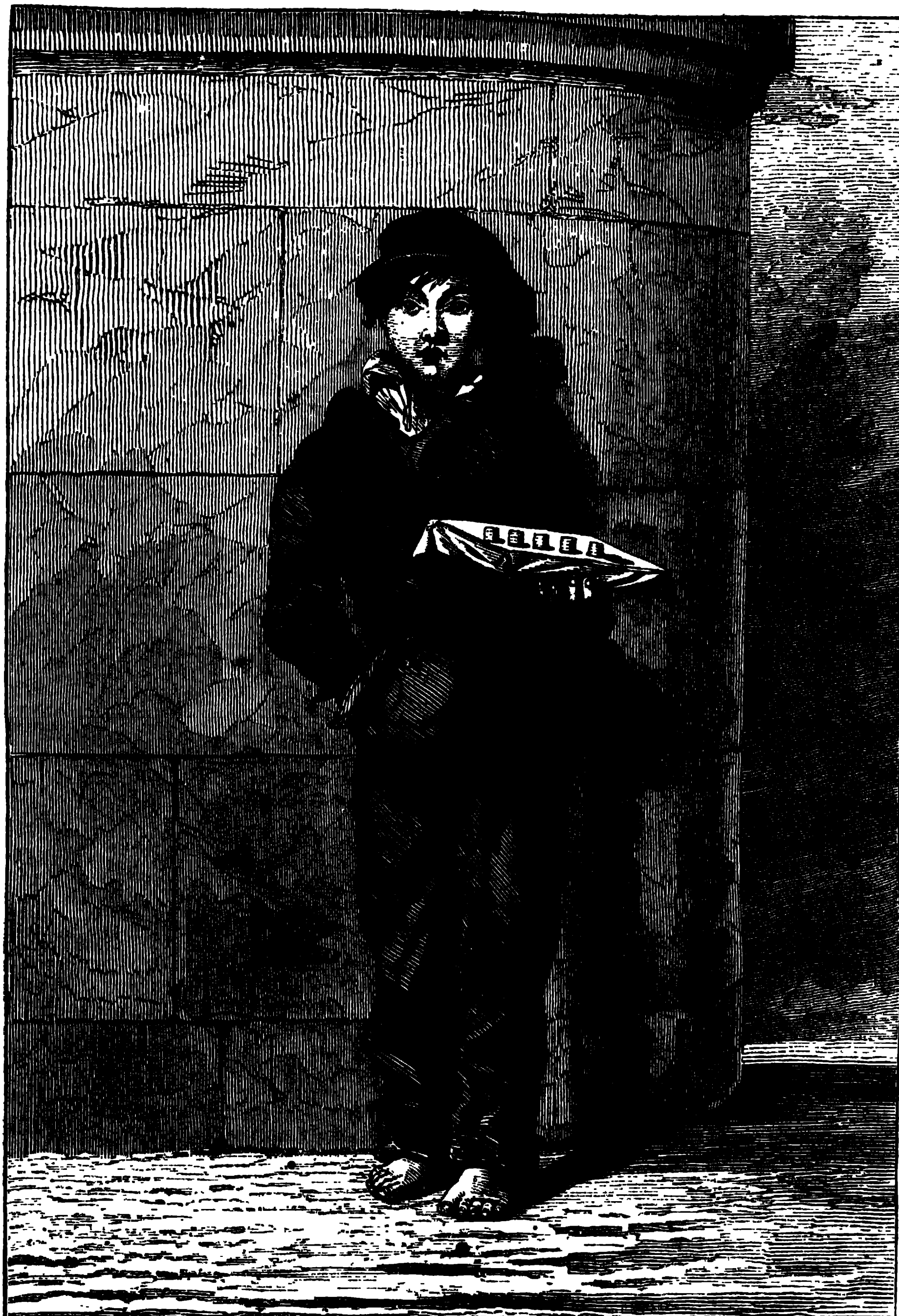
formed by it and the opposite bank. On the summit of this hill, then stood a large convent and handsome church, belonging to the most wealthy brotherhood in that part of the country. The whole building was surrounded by groves of fine trees, and had a large garden attached to it, full of beautiful flowers, fountains, and statues; altogether forming a retreat more fitting for young and graceful maidens than the burly friars who possessed it. In a sheltered spot directly opposite to it was the bishop's quinta, which I remember, well filled with orange trees, whose fruit was of surpassing flavour; and a little further up the stream was another garden with many hundred orange trees in it, covered for the greater part of the year either with their sweet-scented blossoms or their yellow gems; for the orange tree exhibits at the same time the produce of the past year and the promise of the present. Down the river again, on the south bank, were the gardens of the convent of San Antonio, composed of terraces rising one above the other up the hill, and between its lines of orange trees played numerous fountains, and on either side of the steps which led to the summit were ranged a collection of statues, for whom it would have puzzled an antiquary to have found proper names without offending the worthy monks, their constituted guardians. These gardens were the favourite resort of the inhabitants of the city on saints' days, as they were shady and cool, even in the hottest weather. The whole city was also surrounded on all sides with groves of the tall and slender pine, and numerous other trees, which added much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, besides affording pleasant walks to the people during the summer heats. War, with its frightful attendants, was unhappily not a stranger in its streets; for it was stormed by the French under Soult, when numbers of its inhabitants perished miserably, and it was kept by the enemy till they in their turn were driven out by the British army under Wellington. Yet it had for many years enjoyed the blessings of peace, and most traces of that dreadful infliction had disappeared. The city was increasing in size and importance, the inhabitants were prosperous, and all classes appeared to be contented and happy. At that time the old king Dom Ioao (pronounced Jo-ong) sat on the throne of Portugal. He was a good, kind-hearted man, though very far from enlightened, and unhappily paid not the slightest attention to the education of his children; the consequences of which neglect were most lamentable and frightful. On the death of the king, Dom Pedro, his eldest son, who inherited both the crowns of Portugal and of the Brazils, abdicated that of Portugal in favour of his infant daughter, Donna Maria, appointing his younger brother, Dom Miguel, regent during her minority. Dom Miguel, however, not content with the real power, instigated by his wicked mother, or rather by the Jesuit priests who held complete influence over her, usurped the crown, and declared himself absolute. During his reign he committed every sort of atrocity without remorse, butchering all those persons who he knew, from their liberal principles, were opposed to him; filling with his victims every prison in the country. He hoped by these means to secure himself on his throne, but as injustice and tyranny cannot at the present day be long successful, so was it not in his case. Dom Pedro having been compelled to quit his Brazilian dominions came to Europe, and collecting all those whom his brother's misrule had driven from Portugal, and aided by a body of mercenaries, he landed near Oporto, into which city he threw himself with his little army. Dom Pedro aware that a large portion of his countrymen had imbibed liberal principles, knew that by professing to advocate the same he could alone hope to succeed in his project. Indeed, to do him justice, I believe that by that time such principles had become his own: for although a perfectly uneducated man, he appears to have been possessed of a liberal mind, and a kind disposition he certainly had.

He had, therefore, declared in favour of freedom, framing a constitution for the Portuguese, and had struck a severe blow at the Romish system of church government by abolishing all the monastic institutions throughout the realm. Consequently, on the side of his brother were arrayed all the monkish orders, the secret Jesuits, and the greater part of the old nobility, who were afraid of losing their privileges. They, of course, brought into the field their own tenants and followers, so that with the regular troops who still adhered to him, the usurper had a large force to support him. For many months the constitutionalists remained shut up in Oporto, which was exposed to all the horrors of a siege, and afflicted by a severe famine, added to which the cholera breaking out, carried off numbers of the inhabitants. Dom Pedro had been able to throw up strong entrenchments round the city before his brother attacked him; the besieging army likewise forming lines in a yet wider circle, so that the city was thus completely shut in from the country beyond. Night and day were showers of shot and shell thrown into it, killing people in their beds, as they sat at table, or as they walked in the streets. No one was safe for a moment; thousands of innocent people, women and children, died of famine, many more from the ravages of the cholera. The Portuguese soldiers were generally a superior class of men, and behaved very well, as indeed did the mercenaries, considering that they were composed of every European nation, chiefly of the very scum of society; the English and Irish portion of them being the mere sweepings of the streets; but still many frightful outrages were committed, as is always the case with men so situated, the miserable inhabitants being the sufferers. Of these mercenaries, always ready to rush into danger, the greater number were killed; a miserable remnant alone returning, broken down in health, maimed and wounded were long seen wandering about our streets in abject misery; a sad, though I trust a useful, warning to those who rather than gain their livelihood by honest industry, live on the price of blood and by defacing the image of their maker, risking their own lives and destroying those of others in a cause the justice of which is indifferent to them, even if they are able to comprehend it. At length the usurper's fleet fell into the hands of a squadron under the constitutional flag, manned, however, and commanded chiefly by Englishmen. Lisbon, the capital of the kingdom, was soon after taken by the young queen's general, the Duke of Terceira, who, making forced marches from the south, where he had been conveyed by water, surprised it; and when I landed at Oporto, in November, 1833, the greater part of Dom Miguel's army had marched southward to attempt to regain the capital, but a considerable force still remained in the neighbourhood, between whom and the constitutionalists skirmishes were constantly taking place.

I had been absent some years. I had grown from a child to manhood; but still I remembered every locality perfectly: and alas, what a sad change I saw. The pine trees surrounding the city

had been cut down to form the palisades for the lines, the orange trees in the bishop's quinta, as well as many others, had been laid low, because they afforded shelter to the enemy when approaching the city to assault it. Of the convent of San Antonio scarcely a vestige remained; the Serra Convent, on the height above Villa Nova, was a heap of ruins, its groves had disappeared, its gardens were turned up, not a flower nor shrub remained; its tanks were broken, its fountains no longer played, its once jovial, though idle and useless, inhabitants had departed, and the halls where once they feasted knew them no more. The fields round the city lay uncultivated, though the grass, which grew rank and plentiful in them, told too plainly how they had been fertilised by the gore of the human beings who had bled upon them, cut down during the numerous assaults made during the siege; and although their bodies had been removed and thrown into deep pits (their common sepulchre), often as I walked over the plain I trod upon the bones of horses and broken weapons which thickly strewed it. Everywhere as far as the eye could reach from the lines, the country houses were either totally destroyed or bore too clear marks of the fierce contest carried on around them, most of them being roofless, with walls blackened by fire, or full of holes made by the shot and shells discharged against them—their vineyards, their olive groves, and orchards laid low; while a broken statue, perhaps, shadowed by a struggling rose-bush, or the remains of a water tank alone showed the site of the pleasure gardens of the estate. Within a mile of the city were the military roads and works thrown up by the usurper's army, beyond which it was considered imprudent to venture on account of the remaining bands of those who still adhered to his cause; while the whole city was surrounded with lines and batteries, within which every house gave fearful evidence of the tremendous bombardment to which the unfortunate inhabitants had been subject. Every hospital was crowded with the wounded, the maimed, and the dying; not only soldiers, but women and children. And as one walked through the streets it was melancholy to meet many young girls and boys deprived of some limb, or otherwise mutilated by the shot of the enemy. I was doomed to witness yet further the effects of war; for scarcely had I been a week on shore, when on Sunday, while the British residents were assembled at their chapel, the drums beat to arms, and as soon as divine service was brought to a conclusion, I, with a few others, hurried out to the lines. We there found the armed citizens and troops collected, while a considerable body were on their march towards a pine grove to the east of the city, near which the enemy had appeared in force. We accordingly proceeded to some rising ground in the same direction, from which we could see what was going forward. On a sudden, as a party of the constitutional force was in advance, a body of the Miguelite cavalry galloped out from behind the pine grove, and charging them fiercely, cut and hewed to pieces the foremost rank, then wheeling round, again retreated, followed by a heavy fire which laid many of them low. The main body of the queen's troops then came up with their commanding officer, Colonel Pacheco, considerably in advance. He was a good and brave officer, and had gone through the whole war without injury. We saw him with his staff ride forward when some of the enemy's sharp-shooters who had been concealed behind a wall starting up, fired a volley; at the same instant the brave colonel was seen to fall into the arms of the officer nearest to him, and, this deed being perpetrated, the Miguelite trumpet sounded a retreat. As we descended from our post we soon afterwards met a bier carried by some soldiers, and guarded by others with their arms reversed; on it was stretched the form of Colonel Pacheco, who two days after breathed his last. Next came a number of men with ghastly countenances, the blood streaming from dreadful gashes in their heads and shoulders, supported by their comrades or their wives, who had hurried out to meet them. Others beyond all help were, like their commander, carried on biers towards the city. I gazed at the sad spectacle with grief and horror —my heart turned sick, and as I leant against a wall I mentally exclaimed, "Are such thy effects, oh war! is it at such a cost that man so madly seeks for that false phantom glory?" Such was the only battle I ever witnessed, and may it never be my fate to behold another!

Thus fell several human beings in a skirmish which was not only aimless, but utterly useless in forwarding the cause in which either party was engaged. Again are they plunged in all the horrors of fratricidal strife which must ultimately prove their destruction. A few words will serve to explain the present deplorable state of Portugal. Three great political parties exist in the country: —the Constitutional or *Cartista* party, who support the Queen Donna Maria II.—the Absolute party, who wish to restore Don Miguel, and are instigated by the Jesuits, the Monastic Orders, and some of the old Fidalgos or aristocracy, all of whom hope to get back their several privileges of which the charter deprived them:—and, lastly, the Republicans, some of whom wish to combine with Spain and form an Iberian Republic. The late minister of the queen, Costa Cabral, a man who rose from among the people by his own talents and energy, succeeded, while he was true to himself, in keeping the other parties in subjection; but at length his avarice and pride caused his overthrow. He amassed a large fortune from the public monies, he sold places and titles, and treated the aristocracy as well as the people with contempt. This behaviour created him enemies among all classes, and when, in order to carry on the necessary improvements in the country, the peasantry were taxed, they were easily persuaded by their landlords to fly to arms. So firmly indeed had he secured himself in power by a vast majority in the senate, that by force alone could he have been overthrown. Serious insurrections occurring in the north of the country, the queen at last dismissed him, and called some of the leaders of the ultra-liberal party to her councils, but they proving themselves as destitute of true patriotism as their predecessors, were compelled to retire, and the *Cartista* chiefs were again called into power. This was the signal for a general revolt all over the country; the *Septembristas*, or ultra-liberals, took up arms because they saw their hopes frustrated of enjoying the loaves and fishes which their friends promised to distribute; the Absolutists, with the prospect of expelling the queen, and of restoring Dom Miguel to the throne. The greater part of the regular army remained faithful to the queen, and her generals were successful in quelling the rebellion wherever they appeared; but as they were fighting their way from Lisbon to Oporto, the Miguelites and Republicans combining their forces threw themselves into the latter city, which they so strongly fortified that they have been able to bid defiance to their opponents. Never has a struggle less excited the sympathies of the rest of Europe.



THE PICTURE GALLERIES FOR 1847.

HOT AND STRONG!! HOT AND STRONG!!! (PEPPERMINT AND GINGER DROPS.)

BY ALFRED TAYLOR.

FROM THE NEW WATER COLOUR GALLERY. (See page 242.)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

By Paul Progress.

No. IV.

HOW IS THE REFUSE OF OUR TOWNS TO BE APPLIED TO THE LAND?

This is neither the least interesting nor the least important of the questions which have grown out of the first anxious problem—How are the people to be fed? We have collected the fertilising liquid of our towns, pumped it by steam power into iron mains, branching out into smaller pipes through all the roads and bye-roads of the surrounding country; it is, we will suppose, under a pressure of some 150 feet or so, kept up by stand-pipe or air vessel, and ready to burst out in a strong jet through any opening that may be made for it. How are we to apply it to the land? The easiest and cheapest method will at once suggest itself to our readers. The hose is obviously the instrument to be employed. Screw it on to a stand-pipe, turn a cock, and the liquid will flow in a rapid and continuous jet from the other extremity of the hose, the jet varying in length with the pressure in the stand-pipe or air-vessel; but, as has been abundantly proved by experiment, sufficient at the end of half a mile of hose to water every portion of an area of two acres of land. A man and a boy in two hours of time, and at a cost of a shilling, will apply all the liquid necessary to produce a high state of fertility in a field of this extent. It is impossible to imagine a more perfect or more economical mode of application than this; and it will evidently be much less injurious to the soil than the distribution of solid manure by horse and cart.

Such, there is no reason to doubt, will be the mode of application of the liquid refuse of our towns to portions of meadow and arable land lying immediately contiguous to the road. In the case, however, of land so situated as not to be reached by the hose, the method of application must depend upon the more or less practical character, and greater or less command of capital, of the farmer. Practical men, possessed of capital, will find it to their interest to map out their land, and intersect it with iron pipes, with openings at convenient distances to which to attach the hose. Others, who are more short-sighted, or who are obliged to substitute an increased annual outlay for a judicious immediate expenditure of capital, will use the water-cart, deriving their supplies directly from the mains, or receiving them in a covered tank constructed for the purpose. In the case of garden ground, covered tanks, like the cisterns in our houses in town, will receive the liquid, which will be distributed, as required, by the watering pot.

When this method of conveying the liquid refuse of our towns to the land comes into vogue, there is little doubt that science and experience will suggest many different modes of using and applying it. One very obvious use to which it will be put will be that of serving as a sort of mother-liquor, if we may use the expression, to form the basis of manures adapted to particular plants and crops. Containing, as it does, the essential elements of all plants, it will be necessary merely to increase one or other of those elements in which the ashes of the required plant abound. Take, for instance, the most important of all crops—the wheat crop—the sewer-water contains all the elements of that crop, and all in sufficient quantity, except only the flint, which is a constituent of the unconsumed straw. The ashes, therefore, of the straw, or the straw itself, or the silicate of potash which those ashes contain, and in which the sewer water is deficient, must be added to that liquid, in order that it may become a perfect manure for wheat land.

But, in addition to this use of sewer-water as a mother-liquor of liquid manures, it will play a very important part in improving the quality of the solid manure of the stable or farm-yard. Farmers are beginning to find out that they have been guilty of great waste of manure, both liquid and solid, suffering the liquid from their farm-yards to drain into ditches and be lost; and the solid manure to part with some of its most valuable elements by evaporation. The sewer-water, then, may be most advantageously used to prevent this desiccation of solid manure, and to promote that complete decay and destruction of the straw which is essential to its prompt appropriation by the roots of plants.

The hose, the water-cart, and the covered tank, then, will be brought into speedy requisition, to retain and distribute the valuable refuse of our towns; which will also play its part in the formation of artificial manures and composts; and thus, as we confidently anticipate, will the whole science and art of farming in the neighbourhood of our large towns be revolutionised and improved; and town and country be bound together by a reciprocation of benefits.

It is true that there is much of speculation in what we have now put forth. The experiment is yet to be made on the grand scale. But if a farm of 300 acres in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, with its steam-engine, its iron pipes, and its hose, may be regarded as a trial on a sufficiently large scale, the question of the practicability of the proposed plan may be held to be decided. That experiment has answered completely, both as regards the machinery itself, and the results of the application of the liquid manure; and we can see no good reason for doubting the success of a larger scheme, where the expenses of the machinery shall be divided among a large number of consumers, and the methods of application be rendered as economical as possible by enlarged experience and the command of capital.

But if this method of conveying and applying the refuse of towns come into universal operation, must it not have the effect of so augmenting the produce of the surrounding country, and lowering the price of provisions, as to make the cultivation of lands remote from towns a profitless undertaking? This is a highly probable result in the case of very poor lands; and it is difficult to imagine any other remedy but the creation of a town. May not this, too, become a matter of speculation? And might not the government assist in bringing it about? Home colonisation will not always be a dream. It will, assuredly some day become a reality: when Poor Laws shall belong to the past, as well as Corn Laws, and Protection to Native Idleness share the fate of Protection to Native Industry. May not this too happen? A manufacturer, finding land dear in the centre of a large town, looks about for a cheaper and more wholesome *locale*. He finds such a spot in the shape of a barren waste in the hands of a skilful and enterprising agriculturist, not of the old school of farmers, but of the new school which is springing up, and he says, "I can bring you a colony of 1000 men, women, and children, who shall be the means of conferring on your land that which it wants to bring it into a productive state. I will pay you no rent for the ground on which my factory stands, and you shall at your own cost build good houses for my people, which

they shall inhabit rent free. Your remuneration shall be the drainage of my colony." Paul Progress can imagine such a proposal, and a ready answer in the affirmative; but the time is not yet. Before such things can come to pass, many changes must happen, of which perchance some hints hereafter.

But our readers must not be allowed to view the anonymous writer of these essays as the author or inventor of these plans for conveying and distributing the refuse of our towns. Justice requires that we should trace these happy suggestions to their true source. Their author is one of the most remarkable artists of this, or any other, age or country—the painter of *Belshazzar's Feast.* To him belongs the merit of having, for several years past, kept steadily before the public the threefold object of saving the refuse of the metropolis, purifying the waters of the Thames, and embanking and embellishing its flat and unsightly banks. His scheme has been too grand and comprehensive to admit of being carried out as a whole, but there is every reason to believe that its several constituent parts will be accomplished one by one, and piece by piece. His first conceptions relative to the application of the refuse of towns were crude and impracticable, and it is probably only by slow degrees, and the unconscious adoption of the suggestions of practical men, that they have at length assumed something of the character which we have attempted roughly to sketch out. Still, whatever the precise degree of merit which attaches to this part of his great scheme, all honour to John Martin, for continuing year by year to remind the thoughtless and forgetful metropolitans, that they are wasting immense resources, polluting the pure water of their noble river, and suffering its banks to remain in a state of most disgraceful neglect, and most unpicturesque irregularity, reeking with the discharge of sewers, and covered with a foul, black, offensive mud. If the refuse of our towns be ever applied to its proper use, the name of John Martin must not be forgotten as the first to advocate that wholesome measure; if the water of the Thames be ever restored to such a state of purity as to be really fit for the supply of the inhabitants of the metropolis, we must remember that we owe something to him for the boon; and, if at length our eyes shall be gladdened by the sight of a line of stately terraces, stretching along its banks, and worthy of the chief city of England and the world, we shall owe that pleasant spectacle to the same imagination which conceived the long and gorgeous perspective of Belshazzar's feast.

The problem of problems—how are the people to be fed? and the three subordinate questions which have grown out of it, having been thus discussed, and, as we flatter ourselves, satisfactorily answered for all ordinary and popular purposes, we now propose to enter upon a subject closely allied to these, and naturally suggesting itself for consideration, namely—the proper construction and arrangement of our towns, in reference especially to water-supply, drainage, and ventilation, and the general convenience and well-being of the inhabitants. These subjects, as our readers are aware, form constituent parts of the same great question with which the proper application of the refuse of our towns is so closely united—the Health-Question, or, as it termed (men differ about the orthography), the SANITARY or SANATORY question—a question which is rich in the element of progress, and fruitful of consequences in which the people are deeply interested. Be it our task to display it in its full dimensions, and to solve the problems of which it is compounded.

One word more, however, before we dismiss this subject of the application of the refuse of our towns. The people of this country were commanded to observe the 24th of March last as a solemn fast, and to repent themselves of those sins which had brought down upon Ireland and parts of Scotland the fearful visitation of famine and pestilence, and on themselves the inconvenience and embarrassment of providing a most insufficient palliative for these giant evils. We do not propose to discuss any of the questions to which the special command of her Majesty gave rise. We know that the fast was observed by thousands and tens of thousands who thronged our churches to overflowing, and we cannot doubt that of these a large proportion were sincere in attributing the present dearth to their own and the nation's sins. We would merely express a hope that our confession of past offences was accompanied by a sincere desire of future and prompt amendment. If not, all the solemn proceedings of that day were no better than a miserable mockery. The spendthrift mourning over his extravagance to-day, and squandering thousands to-morrow, is reasonable compared to a nation that fasts in order to avert the curse of famine, but takes no practical step by which its recurrence may be averted. Yearly tenancy, game laws, extreme subdivision of land, the wasted manure of our towns, the interested opposition to measures tending to increase our supply of food, and even individual indifference to the great measures of improvement which are being offered to our acceptance—all these are, and will be, as long as they shall continue, standing proofs of the insincerity which lurked at the bottom of all our prayers and humiliations. But if the fast day shall have served as a reminder to owners of property, to legislators, and to the public at large, of their past indifference and negligence, then will the end of its appointment have been really answered; for God helps those who help themselves, but laughs to scorn the idle mockery of prayers which are not accompanied by action. Though all the knees of Ireland were bent in humble adoration, but the hands of Irishmen hang idle at their sides, famine and disease will still continue to be their portion; nor will all the fasts and humiliations of the people of England succeed in turning the wrath of God away, if in their actions they continue to evince the same indifference, negligence, and extravagance which have been instrumental in bringing upon us our present sufferings and embarrassments.

THE HARP.

Translated from the German of Theodor Körner.

The secretary lived with his young wife still in the spring time of the honeymoon. Neither worldly considerations nor transient affection had united them: an ardent and long-tried love was the bond of their union. They had known each other in early youth, but the delay which Sellner had experienced in obtaining an appointment had hitherto compelled him to postpone the accomplishment of his wishes. On the very Sunday, however, after he found himself securely fixed in his office, he led the beloved girl, as his wife, into their new home.

After the customary days of constraint, devoted to visits of congratulation, and to family festivities,

Sellner and Josephine were enabled to enjoy their evenings in solitude, undisturbed by the presence of any intruder. These hours, which flew but too swiftly for the lovers, were passed in forming plans for their life, with Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp; and the deep unison of their tones was a sweet presage to them of the harmony and union of their future days.

One evening, after they had long been beguiling themselves with music, Josephine began to complain of headache. She had concealed from her anxious husband an indisposition, accompanied by a slight fever, with which she had been attacked that morning, and the fever was increased by the excitement of the music, which from her youth was somewhat apt to exhaust a frame naturally delicate. She now no longer concealed her feelings from her husband, and Sellner, being uneasy, sent for a physician, who treated the matter as a trifle, and promised perfect recovery on the morrow.

After a most restless night, however, during the whole of which she had been delirious, the physician found his patient in a state which bore all the symptoms of a violent nervous fever. He applied every remedy, but in vain. Josephine grew daily worse: Sellner was in despair.

On the ninth day, Josephine herself felt that she could no longer sustain this illness: the physician had already told Sellner so. Josephine felt that her last hour was come, and with calm resignation she awaited her fate. "Dear Edward," said she to her husband, pressing him for the last time to her bosom, "with deep regret do I leave this beautiful earth, where I have found thee and the blessedness of thy love; but though I may no longer be happy with thee, yet shall thy Josephine's love hover over thee like a faithful genius, till we meet again above." Having said this she sank back, and gently breathed her last. It was evening, and the ninth hour.

Sellner's sufferings were beyond all expresion. Grief destroyed his health; he was confined many weeks to a sick bed, and even when he arose from it, the strength of youth had forsaken him: deep melancholy succeeded to despair, and silent sorrow hallowed every remembrance of the beloved one. He had left Josephine's room exactly as it was before her death. Upon the work-table still lay her work, and her harp stood silent and neglected in a corner. Every evening, Sellner wandered into this sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute with him, he would lean, as in the days of his happiness, against the window, whilst in the saddest tones he breathed forth his longing for his beloved one.

Once, while standing thus in Josephine's room; lost in phantasies, a bright moon pouring in upon him her soft light through the open window, and the watchman from a neighbouring tower calling the ninth hour, suddenly the harp, as if touched by the light breath of a spirit, responded to the tones of his flute. Deeply moved, he ceased to play upon his flute; but with the silence of his own instrument, the sounds of the harp were instantly hushed. Trembling violently, he now began to play Josephine's favourite air, and then, ever louder and more powerfully resounded the chords of the harp to his own melody, the tones mingling in the softest, sweetest harmony. At length, sinking upon the ground in joyful emotion, and stretching out his arms to embrace the beloved spirit, he felt as if breathed upon by the warm air of spring, and he distinctly saw a pale silvery light floating before him. With glowing enthusiasm, he cried, "I recognise thee, holy shade of my glorified Josephine; thou didst promise to hover over me with thy love: thou hast kept thy word. I feel thy breath, I feel thy kisses on my lips, I feel myself encompassed—embraced—by thy glorified spirit!" With ecstacy he again seized his flute, and instantly again the harp sounded, but now ever softly and more softly, until its murmurs died away as if melting into air.

Sellner's whole being was powerfully excited by this solemn and joyful communion with the spirit of his beloved. Greatly agitated, he threw himself upon his bed; and in all the feverish dreams that visited him him throughout the night, the heavenly sound of the harp mingled and predominated. He awoke late, and greatly exhausted: he felt his whole frame strangely affected, and he heard a voice within him, which seemed to him as a foreboding of his own speedy dissolution, and which betokened the triumph of the soul over the body. With indescribable impatience he awaited the evening, which he spent in Josephine's room, in earnest hope and undoubting faith. By the aid of his flute, he had succeeded in passing the time in peaceful dreams, until the ninth hour returned. Scarcely had the last stroke of the clock vibrated on his ear, when the tones of the harp again became audible—faint, low, hardly perceptible at first, but at length bursting into full power and harmony. The moment his flute was silent, the phantom tones of the harp were also mute, and he saw again passing before him the pale silvery light. In his rapture he could only utter the words, "Josephine, Josephine, take me to thy faithful arms." Again the harp took leave of him with faint low notes, as if melting into air.

Still more affected by the events of this than of the former evening, Sellner was now so much changed that his servant, terrified at the appearance of his master, sent for his physician, who was, at the same time, his chosen friend.

The physician found the invalid labouring under a violent attack of fever, with the very same symptoms that he had formerly witnessed in Josephine, only much more severe. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during the whole of which he talked incessantly in his delirium of Josephine and her harp. In the morning he was calmer, for in truth, the struggle was over, and he felt that his release was at hand, though the physician gave no encouragement to this impression.

The sick man disclosed to his friend the events of the two last evenings, and no representations of the physician could alter the opinion of his patient. As evening approached, Sellner became weaker and weaker, and begged, in a trembling voice, to be taken to Josephine's room. This was done. With inconceivable serenity he looked around, greeted each dear object once more with silent tears, and spoke collectedly, but with firm conviction of the ninth hour as that of his death. The decisive moment approached; he made every one leave the room, after having taken leave of them, with the exception of his friend and physician, who insisted on remaining. At length the tower clock with a hollow sound struck the ninth hour. Sellner's countenance became transfigured, a deep emotion glowed upon the pale cheeks. "Josephine," cried he, as if inspired, "Josephine, salute me once more at the moment of my departure, that I may know that thou art near, and that I may overcome death by thy love."

At that moment the chords of the harp burst out miraculously into loud heavenly harmony, like a song of triumph, and around the dying man there hovered a pale silvery light. "I come! I come!"

cried he, sinking back, and breathing hurriedly and violently, as if struggling with death. More and more softly sounded the tones of the harp—more and more violent became the convulsive struggles of the dying man; and, as he expired, the chords of the harp suddenly snapped asunder, as if broken by the hand of a spirit. The physician, in deep emotion, with a trembling hand closed the eyes of the deceased, who, notwithstanding the violence of the last struggle, now lay as if in a sweet sleep.

Never did the physician lose the remembrance of this hour. It was a long time before he could prevail upon himself to speak of the last moments of his friend; but at length he communicated the events of that evening to some friends, and at the same time showed the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy of the deceased.

THE POACHER.

By Elizabeth W. Treacy.

"How soon you have returned!" said a low sweet voice, accosting Dermot O'Conor as he entered his little cabin.

"Ay, and I might have been here sooner," was the reply, "for all the speed I came. It was a long journey, and a fruitless one," he continued, flinging himself into a seat by the hearth. "But Mary, where have you been?"

"Nowhere, dear Dermot," said his sister, blushing deeply, and betraying considerable confusion: "I have not been out of the door to-day."

"I know you would not tell me a falsehood, acushla," exclaimed Dermot. "Never since the hour you were born did a lie stain your lips. Now tell me, aroon! where were you going to? you did not put on your cloak to sit in the house with."

The young girl burst into tears, and throwing her arms about her brother's neck, wept convulsively. "Oh, I cannot bear it!" she exclaimed: "I cannot bear to look in your face and see what the black want has done! You're not what you were, mavourneen, and the trouble has reached your heart."

"We are all changed," he remarked mildly, "and poverty has indeed almost crushed us to the earth. But God's will be done: it's all for the best. Tell me, alanna! where were you going to?"

She still hesitated to answer him; but perceiving that her silence perplexed and distressed him, she whispered with a faint voice, whilst her cheek burned with shame, "Forgive me, brother: I was going to beg some charity—something to keep the life in my bosom—for I am starving to death."

"Oh God, have mercy upon us!" cried Dermot: "to think that the sister of my heart should stand at the door of plenty craving for alms! Oh Mary! you are changed *indeed.*" Spreading his skeleton hands over his face, he wept tears of silent agony—tears that had their source in the deepest fount of misery. If the offering of the broken heart be acceptable in heaven, surely the prayer that rose from that crushed and broken heart was heard at the throne of God.

For some time the silence was unbroken. Mary clung still closer to her brother, as if he could rescue her from the awful fate that seemed to await her. Never did a scene of greater misery meet the eye than that lonely cabin presented. There were the bare walls, covered with damp and soot, the cold deserted hearth, and the heap of wet straw spread in one corner, the only bed the wretched place contained; and the brother and sister, so young and so beautiful, struck down by poverty's cruel blow, robbed of the light and strength of youth, the warm feeling of their hearts destroyed by suffering, all save the love they bore each other, and that affection lived undimmed through every trial. At this time the surrounding country was covered with snow; and, as Dermot chanced to look through the half-open door, a momentary gleam of pleasure seemed to light up his pale face. He arose, and stood for some moments gazing out on the desolate landscape, and taking down an old fowling-piece which hung above the hearth, prepared to leave the cabin. Mary, pale, trembling, rushed to the door to prevent his quitting the house.

"Dermot! for God's sake, where are you going?" she exclaimed. "Not to commit a crime, I hope."

"Not to commit a crime in the eyes of God," he replied; "nor shall I break one of his laws. Fear not, ahagur! no guilt shall ever redden my hand. Oh, you go and gather some branches and light a fire, for I shall bring you home a brave dinner. So keep up your heart; though they refused to give me employment to-day, yet when the snow's gone I'll try again." So saying, he left the cabin. When he was out of sight, Mary gave way to the grief that she had striven so long to conceal; and wringing her hands wildly, she flung herself on the heap of straw, overwhelmed with sorrow. The thoughts of their dreadful situation almost distracted her; but when memory brought her back the past, it was more than she could bear. The most trifling events of her early life recurred to her remembrance. The home where she had passed her first years rose before her: she saw around the household hearth the brothers and sisters who had dropped away one by one, until none remained but her beloved Dermot, the companion of her misery, and the parents, who now were angels in heaven, looked on her with the quiet loving smile she missed so often. She remained for some time conjuring up these buried joys, until her face wore something of the happiness and contentment of other days; but remembering her brother's parting words, her thoughts returned to him, and the bitterness of their situation effaced every recollection of the past. Gradually the faintness caused by hunger came over her, and she remained for some time in a state almost of insensibility: but soon recovering herself, she arose from her uneasy rest and proceeded to rekindle the fire which was by this time nearly extinguished.

In the meanwhile Dermot hastened on his bleak way, stupified with cold and hunger. The snow had commenced falling heavily, and he was about to seek some shelter from the storm, when a hare suddenly started past him. Knowing that it would be easily tracked in the snow, he rapidly pursued it. After following over hedges and ditches until his strength was well nigh exhausted, he lost the track, when suddenly it again started a short distance from him, and ran into a clump of evergreens. Stealthily advancing, he peered into every tree and shrub, and at length perceived it squatting close to the root of a large laurel. Looking round cautiously lest any observer were in sight, and being satisfied that he was unseen, he presented the gun and fired into the tree. Hastily springing forward, he found to his great joy that he had taken correct aim, for among the withered

and scorched leaves lay the mangled form of the hare. In a moment he had possession of it, and was about to leave the place, when a heavy hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Drop that and come along with me," said an angry voice addressing him: "we'll have you fined for poaching; so come along."

"Stop one moment, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed poor Dermot. "If there is one spark of pity in your breast, hear and spare me for mercy's sake—for the sake of common justice!"

"Oh, never fear but we'll get you justice," sneered the man: "justice, indeed, for the like of you, as if the laws were made to be broken!"

"If there was more justice shown to such as I am," replied Dermot, "there would be fewer laws broken. Of what value can that animal be to you?" he continued, pointing to the hare which he still retained; and yet, as GOD is my witness, I declare to you it might be the means of saving two lives."

"Leave it with you, indeed!" exclaimed the gamekeeper; "it would be rather too dainty a dish for starving beggars!"

"I am no beggar," said the young man proudly; "and if my arm had the strength it once possessed, you should rue those words."

"No doubt," was the reply, "it seems you are thirsty for blood to-day. But if you are no beggar, why do you stand craving for the hare you shot? You want to borrow it, perhaps," he added, laughing fiercely; "but you may as well give it up at once."

"Listen to me yet one moment," said Dermot, falling on his knees. "I whom no poverty could tame nor sorrow subdue, I crouch on my knees before you, and beseech of you, for the sake of the God who created us, to spare me this small means of relief. It is not for myself I plead, but for one dearer to me than life. Oh! think what your feelings would be, if those you love best were pining from want, and dying of hunger before your very eyes: think of this, and do not refuse my prayer."

The gamekeeper, regardless of his entreaties, strove to snatch the prey from him; and Dermot, still imploring mercy, persisted in retaining it; till at length, in the altercation, the loaded gun which the gamekeeper held in his grasp went off, and Dermot O'Conor fell to the earth without uttering a groan.

A cheerful fire burned on the poor hearth, and Mary sat enjoying the grateful warmth, for her limbs were nearly frozen. A patient smile rested on her pale face, and, as she leaned her chin on her hand, she pictured to herself the delight their expected meal would afford them. Her emaciated appearance seemed more the result of constitutional delicacy than the effects of want. That she might appear as happy as possible to her brother on his return, she strove with a faint voice to sing one of the ballads he loved so much to hear; and as she breathed forth that beautiful "most Irish ballad in existence"—*Soggarth aroon**—her spirits rose rapidly; not but the song is mournful enough, for it seems to us almost heartbreaking; but with her it had been the favourite of happier days, and these things are either melancholy or the contrary, according to the associations connected with them. Mary, with her dark hair flung back from her clear brow, continued singing. The melody came from her very soul. Suddenly she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and above the raging of the storm arose the glorious strain—

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon!
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon!
Came to my cabin door,
And, on the earthen floor,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon!

The door was flung rudely open; and Mary, rising to find out the cause of the intrusion, saw borne between two men the lifeless body of her brother. She did not know that he was dead; and believing that he had fainted from exhaustion, hastened to render every assistance in her power, and to use whatever means she could to restore life and animation. She poured water on his temples and chafed his cold hands, the men not daring to break the truth to her: they had thrown a coat over his rags which prevented her seeing the clotted blood with which they were saturated. In spite of all her efforts, no breath came from the parted lips; and with a dreadful foreboding she placed her hand over the heart that had ceased to beat: hastily withdrawing it, she saw the crimson blood streaming down her fingers. A frightful shriek burst from her lips, and she fell to the earth beside her murdered brother.

The winter day had nearly past, but still the beams of the setting sun fell on the lonely scene, and the red and purple clouds cast their burning hues over the dreary waste. The snow had disappeared, and the fields again wore their emerald hue—all except one; and on it not a blade of grass, not a trace of vegetation remained. This was the burying-ground; and the ploughshare that turned up the red heaps was the sexton's spade. It looked like a plague-spot lying among the unbroken pasturage; and let the eye roam ever so, it still returned and rested on that bleak spot. Oh, what cruel policy had changed that once beautiful inclosure into a scene of terror! It was not like the peaceful burying-grounds that we love to loiter among in the calm summer evenings, pondering on the memories of those who sleep below, and, perhaps, envying their repose. Those who rested here had been cut down in the very bloom of youth—untimely blossoms blighted by poverty and suffering. The old who slumbered here had not died of a venerable old age, as in other times; they were swept from the earth by famine's deadly scourge. Countless were the processions that entered this melancholy place; and the loud wail or lament of the sorrowing survivers sounded almost incessantly.

On this evening the remains of Dermot O'Conor were to be committed to the earth. A few loiterers still lingered by the newly-dug grave, waiting to join in the last sad rites. As the funeral entered the burying-ground, the cry arose still louder, and the lamentations continued until the corpse was deposited beside the grave. And now the voice of Mary alone was heard: for with that respect for sorrow so natural to the Irish, every one remained silent that she might speak her grief. Taking the cold hand in hers, she looked up to heaven, and a whispered prayer arose from her lips. In a moment every knee was bent and every head uncovered. There was no curse invoked on the destroyers of her happiness—no muttered threat, or hope of vengeance—no word of repining against the will of heaven.

"You're lying low, acushla!" she exclaimed, "and the burning tears that are falling on you

* Priest dear.

cannot restore the life for which I lived. Pulse of my heart! your trials are over, and your bed is prepared in heaven. Oh! don't forget me there, your own Mary, but look down on my woes, and implore of God to end them. I am alone in the world, Dermot! in the wide, wide world a wanderer now; for even the cold home that once was ours can be mine no longer. Don't tell the loved and lost ones of my heart how bitter is my lot; for no tears may dim the eyes of angels. Tell them I'll soon go home to them. And now Dermot, avillish machree! my last farewell must be spoken, for the red sun's waiting to deck your grave with his beams. Oh, mavrone! but it's hard to part with those we love, to resign God's precious gifts; and yet it must, it must be done. Here, take him," she said, addressing the bystanders, "and lay him in his grave." She imprinted a kiss on the deathless lips, and tracing the symbol of the cross on his breast and brow, resigned her brother to their hands.

Crouching down by the open grave, she shrouded her face with the folds of her cloak, and waited in patient silence until the body should be lowered. As they prepared to throw the clay over him, she advanced to take another look. O, God! the agony of that moment; years of suffering could not have wrung her soul with such torments. The expression of her face was that of the most intense despair. She seemed to endure excruciating torture, and the look of pious resignation had given place to a glance of madness. She gazed down into the dark grave, and there lay her brother in his white shroud, stretched on the bare earth with his face uncovered. His hands were folded on his breast, and so tranquil was his face, that he seemed to be under the influence of some bright dream. His dark brown hair clustered around his open brow, and even the mouth betrayed no sign of death; and though the eyes were hollow there was nothing ghastly in his countenance. A strange contrast the two faces presented. The face of the dead so free from every trace of pain and sorrow, so beautiful in its solemn and awful repose, so undisturbed in its calm expression; and the face of the living, with its bright bewildered eyes glaring into the cold grave—the look of mute terror depicted on the parted lips and quivering forehead. The men, anxious to complete their task, prepared to shovel the earth over the prostrate body, Mary still standing immovable as a statue, seemingly without thought or power of speech. They strove to remove her from the spot, but as the earth fell on the upturned face, staining and disfiguring the features of one so loved, her grief burst out afresh: "O, Dermot! seven times as dear as the soul within me! must the red worm feed on that cheek, and on the true and faithful heart that never changed, the strong brave heart that never quailed nor shrunk before the world's cruel blow. Oh, avourneen! this is the cold bed for your weary limbs, and the hard rest after the toils of life; and see, the wet clay matted among your bright hair. Why don't you look up and see the face of her you loved so well, the face of her whose hopes and joys are buried in your early grave?" She sunk on the ground insensible, and the work was soon finished.

The beams of the next sunset fell upon another grave, and again the wail rung out its dread tones, awakening the wild echoes; no kindred eyes shed tears above *that* grave, for Mary O'Conor was the last of her family, and strangers sung her dirge. The fate she feared and dreaded came too true; she perished from want and starvation, but perhaps the broken heart aided the work.

THE GEM OF THE CEMETERY.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, close beside a little mound, a child's grave, is a larger one, bearing simply this inscription —"His poor mother!—she could not live without him!"

Frail record of two hearts, by love
In life and death made one;
Has earth no other voice to speak
Of these, the early gone?

No darkened spot to mark where once
That love's rich sunlight fell?
No lute-like echo, bearing yet
The breath of its farewell?

If such there be, in some lone home
Securely hid they keep,
Where the world claims no fellowship
With them that watch and weep.

Or, to that mother's heart, this love
Made of life's wealth the sum;
Waking, with wondrous power, sweet tones
That else had all been dumb.

What was the number of thy years,
Fair child! if years were thine?
Wouldst *thou* have missed the love whose light
Made all thy pathway shine?

Forgotten atom! "dust to dust"
Obliviously resigned;
Sole, priceless treasure, unto one
Immortal human mind;

How idly once beside thee showed
The vaunted pomps of earth!
How closely death the test applied
To things of little worth!

Oh! who could this memorial read,
Nor pause awhile, to think
How many now, unconsciously,
May tread like sorrow's brink?

We, too, live in a love-girt world,
Apart from that around,
And closely draw the links wherewith
Our mortal hope is bound.

Few are the hearts that make our home,
The eyes that make our light;
Bereft of these—lo! what remains?—
The desert and the night!

If this be fearful thought, 'tis far
More fearful, day by day
To trifle with the earnest love
That cheers us on our way:

To let cold look or taunting word
The heart's true faith belie,
Shadowing with hourly death whom God
Hath destined *once* to die.

Oh love, whate'er of bitter grief
Thy earthly partings share,
Remorse alone can move thy hope,
And fix it in—despair!

A NEW REFORMATION:

HOW THE MASSES CAN BE EDUCATED.

By Hepworth Dixon.

A new reformation! exclaims the reader. Exactly. This is the age of reforms. Another plan to educate the masses! Yes, gentle reader; but at least this *is* a new plan, and professes to be of a larger and more comprehensive character than most of those set forth in the thousand and one pamphlets which have recently inundated the pastry-cooks. The reformation of which we are about to speak has no connection with morals, politics, or religion, although it may have most important bearings upon each of these great manifestations of the human spirit. It is not a movement likely to excite violent passions or engender personal hostilities. It is not an iconoclastic work, but one of supersedure. It is a work of love and intelligence, and requires to be done in a loving and intelligent spirit. The *phonetic* movement is the one of which we speak. It is a reform in the means of education. Hitherto, the problem of perpetual progression has been complicated by the apparent impossibility, with the existing implements, of, to any important extent, elevating the general character of the masses. Theorists have wrought only in vicious circles. With them education has been considered the beginning and the end of the question. Give us that, and all the rest will follow. An instructed people, they say, must be a virtuous and free people. Let us educate the masses, says the politician, and a corrupt, intolerant, and tyrannical government will be impossible. Give instruction to the people, says the moralist, and you arm them against the temptations of vice and the incentives to crime. Elevate the man, says the religionist, by sound teaching, and you make him more spiritual and true. We do not wish to impeach the validity of these conclusions; on the contrary, we think them substantially just; but there is an evident want of eclecticism in this process of reasoning, which leaves it pointless. None tell us *how* the education is to be compassed. That is the point to be considered, and on which a revelation is needed. Unhappily, those awful arguments, criminal statistics, have been so numerous as to settle the question of the relation of crime and ignorance: what the world wishes to be informed of is—*how* that ignorance can be removed.

Education is a very expensive luxury. At present the poor cannot afford it. It costs too much in time and money—neither of which the labourer has to spare. But of course it will be said that the state ought to provide the elements of an education for all its members, the expense to be borne by the nation. That the government should provide the schools, masters, and materials, may be conceded; but who is to find the *time?* Time is a requisite, not less than means. As the labourer is now posited, it is quite impossible that he can. He has hardly the leisure necessary to recover in eating and repose the daily wear and tear of life; nor, under the existing order of things, would he be permitted to lessen his hours of labour without a corresponding diminution of his already scanty wages, which diminution would reduce him below the starving point. On the other hand, the wildest enthusiast has not dreamt of the government *paying* the peasant to be instructed. How idle then it is, to think of the masses being gradually prepared by education for the exercise of political rights, to the fulfilment of the higher class of social duties and functions!—how wicked, to make the concession of a right contingent upon a thing in its very nature next to impossible! This problem of education must be dealt with in a different manner—must find another sort of solution altogether.

While politicians were squabbling about it, science undertook to settle the question in her own way. She simplified the means of education; she rendered it a possibility to the masses, and indicated the process by which it may be universally effected. In amending the mode of teaching, science did that for knowledge which she had already done for communication, by railways. The movement on the road is accelerated. The same distance is travelled, all the ground is actually gone over, but the destination is more rapidly compassed. The *distance* of years is now reduced to months; and so, in the case of education, the *teaching* of years, on the old and complicated methods and inefficient means, is made the work of a few weeks. This is very important, and we must make it plain.

The period now set aside for schooling varies from five to five and twenty years. The first period—of course without previous preparation—is only sufficient to acquire the most simple elements of information. In fact, it is expended in mastering the key to knowledge—the mother tongue. And a very imperfect knowledge five years' study of it, commencing with the alphabet, would give. Universal experience proves the truth of this remark, and philology furnishes the reason for it. English is a language without *law*. It consists of seventy thousands of words, the spelling and pronunciation of each of which is a separate study. In only a very few instances is the spelling a clue to the pronunciation, or *vice versa*. Not quite one word in a thousand is spoken in accordance with the normal powers of the letters of which it is composed—not quite sixty in the whole language; all the rest are lawless, eccentric, arbitrary; and can only become known by an especial experience for each individual word. At the rate of thirty per day—an enormous number, and such as ordinary memories will not retain—the acquisition of the whole would take six or seven years! The real fact is, there is hardly a person in existence who can spell and pronounce every word in the English tongue; and there are very few, even of those who write for the press regularly, who have not frequently to refer to their lexicographies for the correct spelling. And no wonder, considering the character of our letters, the indefiniteness of their functions, the variety of the powers they assume, and the utter absence of any rule to regulate the changes which they undergo! Yet a large portion of these words must be acquired, whatever length of time it takes, before a person can read. This difficulty lies at the root of all the hindrances of a better and more general education of the masses. Is it possible to remove it? Let us see. What is the source of the difficulty? A defective alphabet. The roman letters which we have adopted do not represent *all* the sounds of the English tongue, and therefore cannot truthfully symbolise them on paper. Many persons can speak tolerably well, who cannot spell at all: the reason being, that our letters change their functions in the most unexpected and ludicrous manner. No kind of uniformity is maintained. Many amusing instances of these curious transformations might be given: for example, some letters have the prerogative of altering the sounds of other letters, or even of

other words, with which they happen to come in contact; and like some other prerogatives which might be named, this is often exercised very ludicrously. *E* is one of these privileged types: if you place it behind a *stag*, you convert it into a *stage*; by a similar process a *ton* becomes a *tone*, a *star* is made to *stare*, and a *ray* is put into a *rage*. *W* is a curious personage too, and retains some singular privileges: if he meets with an *omen*, he converts it into *women*, he makes *so* into a *sow*, and a *hat* into—*what!* Some letters have personal animosities, and scorn to mix in certain societies: even the humble word *lumber* has a type of this kind in it; add a *p* to it, and the *b* will turn up its nose and begone. Then there are others which have a sort of alchemist faculty—they elevate and transmute whatever they touch. *N* is one of these: throw it at your *ma*, and she is instantly a *man*; and by adding it to your *crows*, you may have as many *crowns*. What a clever type is *Y!* it makes *to* into a *toy*, *man* into *many*, and shows that the household plague, *Mar*, is nothing else than the servant *Mary*. *C* is the veritable harlequin of the alphabet. It gets into all sorts of impossible places. It usurps the position of *k* in *October*, of *s* in *December*, of *tsh* in *March*—in fact, it will assume anything: it turns *lose* into *close*, and transforms a *lover* into *clover*. Then *S*—the wicked rogue!—converts a labourer's *hoe* into a *shoe*, turns *how* into a *show*, and changes *having* an audience into *shaving* an audience. These examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are most instructive. It will be noticed that the impinging of one of these letters upon the words already complete, does not only add a new element to the pronunciation, but actually alters the sound of the other letters! Not only have our single types no normal sound invariably attached to them: combinations of two, three, or more letters are equally eccentric—as for instance, ear, ear*th*, *p*ear, *heart*; now, *k*now, *k*nowledge; ague, *pl*ague; wom*an*, wom*en*; *m*ould, *w*ould; *l*ove, *m*ove, *dr*ove; and so forth. Our alphabet is altogether defective. We have *five* vowel signs in it,—in the language we have *thirteen* vowels requiring typical exponents,—and even these are made bad use of. If a language were especially created to daunt the student by its difficulty, and to prevent ordinary men from using it on account of its complexity, it could scarcely be contrived to answer those ends with more fatal effect than English does. There is no order even in its disorder. Not only have we thirteen sounds and only five types; but, with ludicrous inconsistency, we use compounds to express many *simple* sounds for which we *have* types in the roman alphabet—as *e a u* for *o* in beau; *e i g h* for *a*, in *neigh*, &c. The consonants are little more fixed in their mutual relations than the vowels. Indeed, so uncertain is the relation betwixt the spoken and the printed English, it has become impossible to determine one by the other. Even proper names of persons and places, which of all words it is most desirable to give a correct pronunciation of, cannot be given without oral instruction. Few of our readers could guess the pronunciation of the following, if they had only the spelling to direct them. Let them try upon such as they never *heard*, and compare their attempts with the actual sounds:—*Alne, Alnwick; Beauchamp, Bosanquet; Cadogan, Cholmondely; Denbigh, Dulwich; Exmouth; Fitzmaurice; Gloucester, Grosvenor; Holborn, Howley; Jocelyn; Knowles, Knollis; Lee, Lea, Legh, Leigh, Leveson; Malmsbury, Mahon; Napier; Pontefract, Pole; St. John, Somers; Thames, Towcester; Wednesbury, Warwick, Wemyss.* This list would be a dreadful puzzle to foreigners, and to not a few natives. We would defy any stranger to these names to construct the sounds from the spellings, or *vice versa*; but how should a stranger, when even the owners of some names disagree in their modes of spelling. The family of the Earl of Dysart have recently changed the form of their name from *Tallmash* to *Tollemache*, but without altering the pronunciation: the Duke of Somerset has discontinued the form *Seymour*, and adopted, or as he says revived, that of *St. Maur*. The best known, most household, names in the language are subject to variations:—Shakspeare has four spellings; Byron, three; Shelly, two; Burleigh, fifteen; Leicester, eight; Villiers, fourteen; Percy, fifteen. These enormities seem incredible to those not familiar with them. The royal Elizabeth—the mistress of eight languages—has spelled one word, which assuredly was never long absent from her thoughts—the word *sovereign*—in seven different ways; and often three and four variations appear in the same letter. When the high and classic names in a country's history and literature are subject to such transformations, what can be expected of the vulgar and common-place words?

Any attempt to communicate so difficult a piece of learning to the great masses—who have little time and capacity, and who have not the habit of continued mental tension—as the English language, must be surrounded with almost insuperable obstacles; and no improvement in the methods of teaching can ever obviate the imperfections of the instrument. To make education universally available, we must reform the representation of our language, so as to render its acquisition a rapid and pleasant task. It is not so at present. Even with many who are comparatively favoured, the whole of the period set aside for early training is exhausted in acquiring the mere key to education—the passport to the country through which they wished to travel. By the time they are ready to set out upon their journey, the period of probation ends. The radical vice in this, is the complexity and defectiveness of our present alphabetic representations of speech. It is quite as great a difficulty for a child to learn to *read* as to learn to *speak*. In the first case there ought to be no difficulty whatever: with a really scientific alphabet there would be none, or at least comparatively none. Walker has laid down a series of laws for the regulation of pronunciation, but which are still far from embracing all the particular modes which custom has rendered fashionable. These laws, recondite and incomplete as they are, amount to no less than five hundred and fifty-nine! The exceptions are numerous in proportion. Is not this monstrous? Phonetically written, not a single rule would be necessary: whoever could *speak* the language would, with a few hours teaching, be able to *read* and pronounce it with the unerring certainty of the rhetorician.

Few of our readers, we should suppose, now hear of the phonetic reform for the first time; but to show its bearing upon the educational question, we will briefly give its *rationale*. The theory is very simple. The whole tribe of European languages is professedly phonetic—the alphabet of each pretends to symbolise all the spoken sounds of the people. At one time, perhaps, they did so; at least such is the theory of their construction—that the simple letters of their alphabets represent the elementary sounds of language. They are, however, no longer true to the original theory. Not one language of modern Europe maintains a perfect harmony between the spelling and pronun-

ciation. And this is the great barrier to the education of the people all over the world. The original and simple sounds in any language are extremely few—in English they are only *twenty* in number; and the whole art, mystery, and difficulty of learning to read ought to be, and might be, reduced to the task of learning to connect types with these few primary sounds.

The phonetic movement is an attempt to effect this great and momentous reform. A new alphabet has been made, in which every sound has a typical exponent. For the sake of convenience, some few double and even treble letters are represented by a single, though complex, character; yet the whole alphabet consists of only forty letters. A person of moderate capacity may learn these forty letters and their sounds in a few hours, and then he can read with perfect precision. The labour of years is commuted to a few hours. To the educationist this consideration is all-important. The ignorance of our country is fearful to contemplate. The number of persons, even in this great, enlightened, wealthy country, and of this highly-endowed and energetic Saxon race, to whom their glorious literature is a blank, to whom the press is sealed, who have no personal communication with the word of truth, no contact with the master-spirits of their age and race, is enormous—yet not wonderfully so, for it is an almost Herculean task to win the key to the treasures of their mother tongue. There is not, in the whole category of the sciences, a subject so recondite, so full of difficulty, which so severely tests the memory and intellect, as *learning to spell.* The mind which has mastered English orthography need fear nothing—it is equal to anything. On the other hand, with a phonetic alphabet, there would be *no* spelling. The types would be pronounced from the paper, just as music is sung from it. The only trouble would be the learning of forty letters of definite and invariable name and power: the learner could then read at once; and all the years now wasted in mastering orthography might be employed in that real education to which a knowledge of language is only the passport.

This is the way in which science has undertaken to resolve this problem of education for the people. On this system, the ignorant peasant may be taught to read his bible in a few easy lessons, and without much loss of time—two conditions of vital importance to the poor of every class in society. We would earnestly recommend the attention of all persons interested in the present educational movements, and of the government in particular, to the facilities offered by the phonetic plan of printing for the furtherance of the noble cause in which they are interested. A project which plausibly offers such advantages ought to command the instant consideration of every lover of his kind.

THE PICTURE EXHIBITIONS FOR 1847.

THE OLD WATER COLOUR GALLERY.

By Andrew Winter.

The art of painting in water colours, for a thing, so to speak, of yesterday, is attaining to a respectable age. This is the forty-third yearly exhibition of pictures executed in this manner. The pre-eminence which English artists have attained in landscape might perhaps be mainly attributed to our discovery of this art; for it was in England that drawing in water colours was first practised, and our painters have ever pursued it with more success than any of their continental brethren. To the facilities of execution with this material, doubtless we owe our great triumphs as colourists in this particular branch of painting. The artist trusts nothing to memory: if any fine cloud passage strikes him whilst upon his sketching expedition, he fixes it for ever in his folio by a few rapid washes of his brush: does any particular harmony of colour delight him in the sunset, the rapidity with which he can arrange the mechanical portion of his art, enables him to seize its fleeting beauty ere it is gone for ever. With the aid of his water colour box, he is swift enough for nature in her most changeable and capricious moods. If the artist had to trust to his memory to fill up with living colour, and animate with breathing, palpitating air, the hard, vague outlines of his pencil sketch, we might have despaired of ever seeing the productions of a Turner, Copley Fielding, or a Cox.

We scarcely remember to have seen a better exhibition than the present one. Copley Fielding, of course, is the most prominent contributor, both for the number and merit of his works. The picture which most strikingly displays his power of expressing vast stretches of down scenery is *Arundel Castle from the upper part of the park, Sussex* (150). One feels when looking at this picture all the sensations which accompany a walk in a lonely hill country. There is the solitude, and the expression of simple grandeur which dwells in the vast ground-swells, if so we might call them, of naked downs. From the light heath-bells that tremble in the foreground, past the herd of deer which looks but a speck in the middle distance, to the utmost limit of the scene, we can feel the atmosphere filling every inch of the picture. In the precious quality of air, with the exception of Turner, no painter equals Copley Fielding. Turn from the picture we have just been contemplating, to the roseate sunshine bathing the crown of old *Ben Nevis* (134). We are looking at this effect through a dozen miles of serene atmosphere at least! Perhaps the finest picture in the room, however, by his pencil is *The Isle of Staffa* (31), in which the sea is rushing against ragged crags, and sending its silvery spray over the dark rocks. He has expressed the light feathery showers by a few rough scratches of a knife in a most marvellous manner. The whole mass of the sea, driven by the wind, rages towards the cliffs with all the impetuosity of life. This is indeed a fine study of water. Copley Fielding is often accused of mannerism. You hear people in the gallery, as they pass by his pictures, complain that if you have seen one, you have seen them all. Now this we consider an exceedingly unfair charge. If mannerism means the prevalence of a certain tone of thought, feeling, and expression in many different subjects, why then every great man is more or less a mannerist. Tennyson and Browning are mannerists; so were Raphael and Flaxman. If it be said he can paint but one class of subjects, and treat that class in but one manner, the variety exhibited in his pictures in the present exhibition is sufficient to refute the assertion. After Copley Fielding comes breezy Cox, showing us the tender white undersides of willow leaves denoting the coming storm. This artist must have been born on St. Swithin's day, as he seems to love nothing in nature so much as a passing shower. There is a perfect specimen of his best manner on the first

screen—*Near Atherstone, Warwickshire* (227). A reedy foreground, very simple but very true—coot and moorfowl would delight in such a quarter—and an intensely blue distance, such as we only see terminating the long level moorlands of England, make up this charming little picture. *East Cliffs, Hastings* (117), is another delightful sketch from the same pencil. If Copley Fielding is the Tennyson, Cox is the Bloomfield, of painters. The one deals in sweetly flowing lines and the melody of colour; the other paints detached passages, harmonious, fresh, and literal, as if cut out of the great panorama of nature herself. George Fripp paints, we perceive, upon grey paper, putting in his high lights with permanent white, and there is a consequent want of transparency in all his landscapes. Nothing can compensate for the brilliancy given by the white paper showing through thin colour. The low pitch of tone which his material forces him to adopt is anything but pleasant. Let us instance *The Lake of Geneva from Clarens, looking towards the Valley of the Rhone* (7). As far as execution goes, and feeling for nature, there is not a more beautiful drawing in the room than this one, but its *eclipsey* tone spoils all. We trust this excellent painter will eschew for the future all tinted papers.

Alfred Fripp is another of those able artists that much abused Bristol has sent forth; his pictures are all of them marked with the most unmistakeable ability, we know not why we should not say genius. Like Topham, Ireland affords him the mass of his subjects; his largest and most ambitious picture is *The Hallowed Relic* (172). A girl is kneeling in an attitude of devotion before an old stone cross in a churchyard, a red sunset pervades the scene, and gives a tone well suited to the sentiment of the subject. It is not always, however, that this effect of light is entirely pleasing to the mind. It is one of the theatrical moods of nature which requires the most delicate rendering, or else it degenerates into the red fire effects of the Victoria Theatre. The shadows in the picture are rather cold, and this, perhaps, is the reason that the colour is not quite so impressive as it should be. We have no other words than those of praise for a smaller picture, *Absent Thoughts* (266), which is one of the gems of the exhibition. An Irish girl spinning, her thoughts evidently far away from her work, and mournful enough, if we may judge from the heart-broken expression of her countenance. The face of the girl is painted with great power, and is deeply imbued with the poetical feeling to be found in the higher class of Irish female heads. *The Visionary* (107) is a beautifully drawn figure, but the face is of far too high a character for an Irish cotter girl; if not, O'Connell's boast about "the finest pisantry" is but sober earnest after all; but we are afraid we see the genuine truth too often in the groups of hardfeatured, poor, houseless wanderers who crouch about our thoroughfares, against doors and walls, more like beaten and cowed animals than human beings. Mr. Fripp has several sketches of Irish figures, all executed in a masterly manner. The fashion seems to have set in for subjects from the sister Isle, but we question if Ireland affords so good a field for the pencil of the artist as many suppose. We hear much of its costume, but it is the costume of accident rather than that of a nation; its picturesqueness results from squalor and patches rather than from those brilliant combinations of colour and fashion, such as in Brittany or Bohemia seem so perfectly in keeping with the national character. Mr. Fripp's execution is one of the best points of his pictures; he paints with dry solid colour, and lays on with a freedom and decision which remind us of his lamented townsman, W. Müller.

We regret De Wint has not conquered a certain spottiness of execution, and staccatoed style of colouring, not altogether true to nature or pleasing to the eye. He is, however, full of vigour, and with a firm reliance upon the general comeliness of nature, he very wisely "composes" his landscapes as little as possible, consequently there is an air of truth about everything that he does which is very charming. *View in Epping Forest, near High Beech, Essex* (41), is one of his best pictures; full of agricultural life, and as true a portrait of nature as if she had sat for it to Mr. Beard himself.

Richardson has a very fine picture in the exhibition, *The Necker from the Konigstuhl Heidelberg* (97), which reminds one of Turner's best manner. It is full of atmosphere, and changeful misty effects.

Hunt, our great realist, and head master of a new Anglo-Dutch school about to rise amongst us —for a genius such as his never strikes out into a new path, but it directs the minds of less original men into its own channel—has several very good drawings. *A Tramper* (160), is undoubtedly the best picture he has painted for a long time. The expression of fatigue in the woman's face, as she rests her chin upon her hand and looks out of the picture at you, is truthful in the extreme. We do not care for his *Hermit* (69), or his *Monk* (298); but for bits of still life, commend us to two pictures, *Birds' Nests* (211), and *Hedge Sparrow's and Robin's Nests* (285). It is extraordinary how interesting he has made these subjects by the fidelity of his pencil. One dreams again of schoolboy days, and the delight it gave us to espy such soft little tenements amid the green twilight of the hawthorn bush. For a bit of capital colour, again, *Drawing by two Lights* (267) is admirable. A servant girl is drawing beer in the cellar; a lantern sheds its dim red rays upon the floor and lower portion of the room, and through a window,

Grape-thickened from the light,

the clear beams of the sun come streaming in, tinctured in their passage through the transparent emerald of the leaves. We are glad to see less of Mr. Hunt's celebrated boy: we hear that the model from whom he has produced so many pictures has grown too big to be of any further use, and lost in the dignity of the man that charming clod-like simplicity which distinguished his adolescence. We repeat, in the best possible spirit towards Mr. Hunt, that we rejoice the youth has sprouted without his grasp. He has been put to such different uses, has been made to act in so many little episodes of the artist's invention, that our weariness has grown into an antipathy for him, and we never now go by a print shop and see a new version of his little Dick, but we put up a prayer that he might incontinently choke one fine day upon the pudding he is dispatching with so much delight in one of his pictures.

What has Cattermole been about? There is not a single picture from his easel in the room. Bentley comes out in full force; after Copley Fielding, he contributes the greatest number of pictures. *Elizabeth Castle, Jersey,—sunset* (280), is his most effective drawing in the room. *Ferry Boats—Storm clearing off* (146) is a very picturesque subject, and treated with great spirit. Bentley is not very happy in his delineation of water; it does not

possess that inherent motion which is so requisite.

Frederic Taylor has a great many pictures, good in colour but executed in too loose and washy a manner. *Stag at bay* (251) gives him an opportunity of displaying his vigour in animal painting. The stag has got upon a rock in the middle of a stream, and appears to have the best of it over the dogs. We cannot, however, understand the meaning of the hunter leading his pony through the water towards the enraged animal. It seems a sacrifice of truth to obtain a good picturesque effect. Perhaps the best picture he hangs is *The Blind Piper*. A little child is leading the old man across a narrow plank which crosses a chasm. The expression of utter helplessness, mingled with a look of trust, in his old weather-beaten countenance, is admirably contrasted with the carefulness of the child that directs his footsteps.

We must not omit to notice some capital studies of Italian boys by Oakley. *Prosperity* (100) is a group of three handsome children of the south: one of them displays a shilling that he has by some good luck collected, and the other two grin satisfaction at his fortune. We have selected this picture for one of our illustrations, and, by the kind permission of the respective artists, we have also chosen Mr. Hunt's *Tramper*, Mr. Fripp's *Absent Thought*, and Mr. Taylor's *Blind Piper*, which will appear as speedily as possible.

MINOR SOCIAL REFORMS.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

Dear Mr. Editor—In days of old, as everybody knows, whenever people were troubled with scruples of conscience or spiritual difficulties, great or small, they did not stay fretting and worrying over them at home, but packed them up at once and carried them to the priest. Very curious were the grievances that were sometimes poured into the sympathising bosom of the "director;" indeed still are, for an instance has lately come to our own knowledge of an Irish cook applying for advice to the priest, because the tom-cats would come into her pantry. But since we have broken loose from the apron-string of that good, but rather obstinate and self-willed old lady, our dear and venerable grandmother of Rome, the present generation, we apprehend, often finds itself in need of such a resource.

The press, however, as it is generally admitted, has succeeded to much of the influence formerly possessed by the church, and it seems therefore that it must be also bound to take on itself such of her smaller duties as appear to have fallen into abeyance.

In the youthful days of light periodical literature—the days of the *Spectators* and *Tatlers* and *Guardians*—it apparently did so, and occupied in some degree the place of the confessional, in being the depositary of many secrets, and the spiritual guide and director in all minor and even many major moralities. You can therefore, I hope, have no objection to follow in the footsteps of your great predecessors, and undertake to give "advice gratis" to all who may think proper to consult you on matters not falling within the province of any other adviser; to help us, as you best may, over any stumbling-blocks that may lie in the way of our social progress.

I have said this much, by way of apology for applying to you for advice and assistance in the framing of a certain domestic reform bill which I have in contemplation for the ensuing session, to be entitled, "A Bill for the better regulation of Evening Parties among the middle classes, and for the adoption of measures calculated to promote the mental health of persons of both sexes employed in them," or some such title—perhaps you can suggest a better.

A *short* time since, a "learned friend" and contemporary published a very elaborate and striking statement of the deplorable condition of such persons, under the title of the *Physiology of an Evening Party*; but though this statement was generally read, and excited in all thoughtful minds the feelings of sorrow and sympathy which it was so well calculated to call forth, we have not heard that it has yet led to the proposal of any practical measure of reform, and has in fact been not much more attended to than if it had been a sermon. Under these circumstances, therefore, and being deeply convinced of the importance and necessity of the sanitary regulatious above alluded to, I beg to propose a few subjects of inquiry to those who may be like ourselves interested in the great warfare which we all have to carry on with the extensive empire of folly—bordering on that of darkness and of Satan.

When we consider the frightful ravages of the disease long prevalent among us, but only lately known by the name of "Snobbishness," you will agree with me, I hope, that some decisive measures are necessary to stop its progress; and that the evils I shall have occasion to allude to do proceed from this source, I think no person who has given the subject the serious attention it deserves, will be likely to deny.

I propose, therefore, to subject the so called social meetings above mentioned to certain regulations, and to have Inspectors duly appointed to see that they are carried into effect; and I shall take care that these regulations may not be liable to various interpretations, or expressed with as little precision as those of a mere ordinary act of parliament.

In the meantime, I should be glad to be favoured with your opinion on the following points:—First, whether it is absolutely necessary that a lady going to an evening party, should wear any other kind of dress than what "in the course of nature" she would wear in the rank of society to which she may happen to belong, were she to pass the evening at home?

Secondly, whether an unusual costume does not exercise some strange influence in rendering a lady less lively, and unaffected, and intelligent than she is in her everyday habiliments; and whether a large circle of people, in "full puff," do not possess some mysterious—probably mesmeric—power to strike one another stupid?

Thirdly, whether there is not reason to fear that the expenses attendant on this practice, have acted injuriously as a tax on social intercourse—a kind of tax as much to be deprecated as any of the "taxes on knowledge," taxes on prudence, or others of a class now under sentence of general condemnation by an enlightened public.

Fourthly, whether if this be not the case, and a lady declares that she spends no more on these things than a mere trifle; that she has never been known to refrain from making a present to a poor relation, or to drive a hard bargain with a governess, or to decline buying the best books for the children because she "really couldn't afford" to do otherwise—then, whether in such a case it would not be

better to lay out the money in some additional elegance of everyday attire, than in this kind of masquerade habit, which must originally have been assumed with a view of deceiving the unwary into a mistaken estimate of the wealth of the party in question—a purpose which it will be sufficiently evident it no longer answers.

Fifthly, whether it be not inexpedient and inhospitable to invite a larger number of persons than by the customary arrangements of our family we can comfortably accommodate, without the assistance of the "green-grocer," or the pastry-cook's men —or other temporary supernumeraries? Whether it be not using an old friend ill, who has come perhaps with the hope of an hour or two's enlivening conversation with half a dozen kind-tempered, intelligent people, and to have tea made for him by the lady of the house or her daughter, to show him into an uncomfortable looking room with the door open, where he is turned over to the housemaid in grand toilette, who insults him with the question, "whether he will take tea or coffee?" when perhaps he can get neither, properly so called—where there are perhaps twenty people whom he has never seen, looking awkwardly at each other, like those the poet sings of—

A party in a parlour all silent and all ——

we need not finish the quotation;—where he catches a glimpse of apartments once familiar, now metamorphosed into "something new and strange," and of the abhorred phantom of the green-grocer, with his white gloves, hovering near?

I could suggest other grievances, but I fear awakening painful recollections in the minds of your readers, and I will therefore merely hint at the nature of some of the clauses in my proposed bill. It will provide—

That except in the case of those high solemnities and solemn sacrifices denominated grand balls, and so forth, which are of comparatively rare occurrence, and to which the victims come duly prepared, no party shall be so large that a few hours' preparation may not suffice for its reception.

That a family keeping only two or three servants, and having—say fifty—friends whom they wish to invite, shall not attempt to kill those fifty birds with one stone, but in parties of ten at a time on five successive evenings.

That every feminine guest shall declare, upon her honour as a lady, that she will on such occasion wear the dress which she would have worn had she remained at home.

That the ladies of the house shall justify and confirm their title to that appellation, which, as everybody knows, meant originally "giver of bread," by reviving the good old-fashioned custom of assisting in the attendance on guests; that the tea, for instance, shall be made, if not actually by them, at least under their immediate superintendence and in their presence.

That the supper shall not be such as every person present knows for a positive fact the family would never take when alone, but at most such as would be had perhaps on a family birthday, or other unpretending holiday, or as would be offered to a relation or old friend who "dropped in."

That the lights shall be no more than are really desirable to make the room cheerful (but in this particular we need not be very strict for light is exhilarating), but there must be none for mere show or fashion's sake.

If any one should be inclined to urge that these regulations would make evening parties less attractive, and should be willing to make a declaration to this effect, that "We, the undersigned, do not seek society, for the sake of enlarging our sympathies and our knowledge beyond the narrow bounds of the domestic circle, or that the fogs and vapours that will gather around us in hours of business may be cleared away in the sunshine of social gaiety, but because we have a vague notion that it is advantageous to make connections, or because we fear to have it said that we know nobody, or because we are so poor of soul that we cannot make our homes attractive, and that we are glad of any means of escaping from our own wearisome company,"—then such persons, sueing in *forma pauperis* of heart and intellect, shall be permitted to distinguish themselves with all the finery they can possibly muster, and shall do what may seem good to them—seeing that the best that can be hoped for is, if possible, to keep them out of mischief.

With regard to such as go into company, with no purpose at all, but only from a general wish to get rid of time, it might become subject of grave consideration, how far it would be desirable to place such persons under proper guardianship; for since it is well known that an excessive propensity to waste money—throwing a few shillings, for instance, wilfully out of the window—would excite such suspicion of a person's sanity as would very probably deprive him of the control of his shillings for the future—whether this insane desire to get rid on any terms of a far more valuable possession, should not be treated in a similar manner.

It was my purpose to offer some proposals for the relief of the unhappy persons at evening parties condemned to a state of do-nothingness, or to the hard labour of talking when they have nothing to say—or no inclination to say what they have—but I fear to occupy too much of your space. I would ask whether it would be possible to revive the old plan of ladies bringing their work, such work as they would really think worth doing at home? There is an instance on record, for instance, of a lady in the backwoods of America bringing a goose to pluck,—but a difficulty occurs with respect to the gentlemen. A young man who could not talk might perhaps be allowed a knife and a stick, and *whittle*, as somebody says, "like a member of congress," or he might, as somebody else said, "put his hands in his breeches pockets like a crocodile;" but all this may be left for future consideration. It will be sufficient for me if I can hope that I may have suggested this great reform to some who may be far better qualified than myself to carry it out.

If nobody takes any notice of my suggestions—a case just conceivable—why then, as the indignant fairy says in the story book, "I solemnly swear to burn my crutch;" a threat which is very awful from the mystery surrounding it, for no mortal can ever make out why she shouldn't burn her crutch.

I trust that no person will be so unreflecting as to suppose that the evils in question are of little consequence. After we have seen what events have proceeded, and are still to proceed, out of a minute speck in a tuber,* we can hardly say that a canker that is eating into the fairest blossoms of what was once best and soundest in our social life, is not worthy of our notice.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,
A Small Unknown.

* The potato.



THE PICTURE GALLERIES FOR 1847.

PROSPERITY. BY OAKLEY.

FROM THE OLD WATER COLOUR GALLERY. (*See page* 279.)

DEFENCE OF COMMUNISM,

ON RELIGION, FAMILY, COUNTRY, PROPERTY, AND GOVERNMENT:

IN ANSWER TO JOSEPH MAZZINI.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Joseph Mazzini having attacked Communism in the *People's Journal*, it is due to myself to defend it. Before doing this I will remark, that Communism is distinct from the systems of Socialism promulged by St. Simon, Fourier, and Owen, and must be judged accordingly. Communism, properly so called, may be divided into two sections—the English and the French. English Communism is represented by the Communist Church, the Leeds Redemption Society, and probably by the Co-operative League, in England. The Church of England Self-supporting Village Society is also one of its manifestations, and differs little from its compeers, except in prescribing the supremacy or entire control of the established Anglican Church in its communities. In Ireland, likewise, it is represented by the Community of White Friends, and in Scotland by the Alva Associative Society, and various isolated groups in different parts of the country. In America, also, it has given birth to many communitive attempts. French Communism, on its side, has penetrated into Germany, Switzerland, and Poland, through the means of the press and of secret societies; and the difference between English and French Communism is simply this, that while one is religiously political, the other is politically religious: the former has religious inspiration and a political end; the latter has political inspiration and a religious end.

This point brings us to M. Mazzini's first charge, that Communists have no religious faith. He writes, that "*between* the last convulsions of Paganism, and the first Christian hymn, Communist tendencies directed the young social ideas of the new believers." More than this is the truth. The first Christian Church "had all things in common, and none lacked:" and when the Communist Church separates itself from the Papal, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian communions, it is only to unite itself more closely to the original model Church of Christ at Jerusalem. The Communion with God is the very first point of its creed, as the Communion of Goods is the last. The Communist church ordains religious worship; and adminsters baptism, the communion table, the confessional, the sabbath, and other rites, in the way it deems most accordant with pure religion and just reason. Nor are the French communists in opposition to this view. From their peculiar position, they are not, indeed, organised like ourselves as a religious society; but my worthy fellow-labourer, M. Cabêt, in his late work on True Christianity, has shown the identity of Religion and Communism, in a manner that approximates to our own views. For the rest I would ask, which is the most religious, the most Christian, the most faithful—the struggle after political illusions, or the attention to social duties by the organisation of a just distribution of wealth and of work, as dictated by the trusting, confiding, believing spirits of Universal Love and Human Brotherhood?

But the second charge against us is, that communists would abolish the Family. This charge is untrue, as is the preceding one. As the communist church venerates God and his Apostles, as it feels a sacred love for the sweet mild face of Jesus, so also does it see a religion in the Madonna and the Child. It is only the private family, the isolated competitive family, "the selfish family, which establishes the well-being of its own members upon an antagonism with the well-being or even upon an indifference to the well-being of others," that Communism would abolish, by uniting various divided families in a common interest. But in effecting this, which would be the result of associative education and property, Communism would have no occasion to destroy any of those family ties which are natural and sacred. It would only abolish those antagonistic positions in which private families are placed by a competitive state of society. It would not destroy the union of hearts in marriage, nor the sweet cares of parentage, nor the pure delights of familial affection. It would rather endow them with advantages which they do not now possess; for it would greatly ensure the continuance of the members of families together, and by the superior productiveness of co-operative industry, also guarantee families from those commercial distresses and circumstances of possessional position, which now separate and divide them. Thus, instead of destroying the family, Communism, on the contrary, would, by the union of families in associative interest, so harmonise their mutual positions, that instead of the antagonism now prevailing among them, they would become melodious portions of the one great family of Man.

Not content, however, with charging Communism as being desirous to abolish family, M. Mazzini charges it with the desire of abolishing country also. That which is natural in country, as in family, Communism can never abolish. Pseudo-patriotism would, however, deify its very national names. From various aspects it exults in the titles of Englishman, Italian, Frenchman, American. These names, ever and anon, swell to war cries, and crimson the streams with blood. We have had enough of this insane nationality, of this pseudo-patriotism, from M. Michelet, without M. Mazzini joining in the chorus. The world is the good man's country. The promise of peace is in the union of the nations. The cry of the country may be raised when a nation is under the iron hoof of tyranny, but let it not swell on the pure breeze of heaven as a shout of war, nor let it be raised to prevent the union of the peoples, and the peaceful confederation of nations. Those national characteristics which are good, Communism would not abolish, but would necessarily diffuse them in all countries; but that pseudo-patriotism which is puffed up with geographical pride, and whose music is the tocsin and the war trump, is decidedly opposed to Communism, and will ultimately fall before the blessed influences of religion, peace, and fraternity.

M. Mazzini's next point of attack is the views of Communism upon property. He supposes that we are at the point of arriving at "the grand principle that property ought to be the sign of human labour," and that communists say, "You are pursuing a useless study, property must soon cease to exist." All this is error—confusion of thought. In the first place, when political economists are only at the point of arriving at the conclusion that wealth should represent labour, that principle has been beforehand enunciated by the advocates of Community; although, unlike M. Mazzini, they have tempered its logic of justice with the religion of love, when they have declared that their blind and their lame, their sick and their aged, who

could not labour, should yet share according to their wants and their means, in the common feast. In the second place, communists only declare that *isolated private* property should cease. They undoubtedly hold certain abstract theories upon property; such as that property—land, for instance—is divine, not human, and cannot therefore be privately appropriated; but at the same time they declare that the usufruct of land, which is available property, may be shared in common. Thus its possessional tenure is associative. It does not declare that property should cease, which would be absurd, if we consider property to be the use of the fruits of the earth, but it holds that the usufruct of property should be held and used in association. This point is then cleared from misapprehension. M. Mazzini, however, tilts at the distribution of wealth by Communism, according to wants. His political economists are about discovering that wealth should represent labour. He forgets that there are those who cannot labour, and yet should not be starved. He would leave them, of course, to be provided for by their families, or by a poor-law union. Communism, however, offers them a better guarantee by an association of families, and by a religious ordinance, such as the distribution according to wants. But how are these wants to be regulated? asks our critic. They must of course be regulated by means, and these must be determined by individual wisdom, or administered by collective control. How could it be otherwise with any individual, or in any society? Without the means the wants cannot have play. This is a necessity which bounds all things. But with the means, why should not the wants be the measure of the supplies? With the public garden rich with bloom, who would say aught to the bouquet in one's bedroom? For it is not the purpose of Communism, as M. Mazzini implies, to destroy individuality: it could not do so, as we exist as individuals. Nevertheless, as individuals we have analogous existences. Competition and isolation place these in discord, although they are fitted and predestined for harmony; and Communism and Association are the spheres in which best, if not only, this harmony can be developed, and the concert of humanity attuned. Let those who are not convinced of this produce me other or better spheres in which this is possible.

The government of Communism, according to M. Mazzini, would be tyranny! How so? Whatever abstract notions Communism may possess of the wrong of private property, its authorities have never declared in favour of spoliation. The Communist Church advocates religious voluntary association. M. Cabêt, in France, promulges a pacific propagand. But supposing that Communism was the will of the majority, and that this will should express itself by a political law; that law would be but the operation of the democratic principle, and can M. Mazzini consistently call democracy—tyranny? In voluntary associations, again, how could there be tyranny? Their members would have joined them according to their own will; they would enter them to render voluntary obedience to their institutions. Those who were able, would be compelled to labour or to depart: but is this tyranny, when our sages are just discovering the principle that wealth should be the sign of industry? And is that state liberty, in which a compulsory over-labour is forced by a pecuniary necessity upon the many, while the few tyrannise in idleness? But "authorised power," charged with the direction of these matters, is the most frightful tyranny M. Mazzini can imagine. What! has he forgotten that unauthorised power, such as now reigns in so many governments, is the most frightful tyranny; and that authorised power is the grand doctrine of democracy? M. Mazzini's democracy is indeed a strange affair. If his logic was as vigorous as his epithets, he would know that his doctrines would lead not to democracy, but to nomadism. Upon his own system that wealth is the sign of labour, a distribution of works and goods according to a rigorous equality would be the logical deduction. This carried out individually or associatively would indeed be tyranny; but the system of Communism which declares that the common wants of an association should be regulated by their common means of supply is not tyranny, but love and justice.

In conclusion, I again return to the subject of religion. M. Mazzini writes—"How can we call upon men to recognise their fraternity, without going back to a Common Father? How make an appeal to a superior law without referring to the lawgiver?" I have reiterated this in sermons, in publications, in conversations, in England, in France, in Ireland, over and over again. It is the very first point of our faith; and yet M. Mazzini now adduces it against us. He adds, we must come to them for education. I reply, that the theory of Communism is education itself. He says, that we have no religious faith. I answer, that Communism was the practice of the early Christian Church; and I have shown our belief in that universal family, country, possession, and government, which was prophesied of by the inspired bards of the bible. How, then, can he say that we have no historical tradition—no religious faith? For that doctrine of self-sacrifice which he has borrowed from us, we have a rational purpose: his is not yet manifested. I have thus answered briefly and simply the main points of attack by M. Mazzini upon Communism. I could have said more, but I am satisfied with this. Sparta was the least eloquent, but the best governed, polity of Greece.

THE HAWTHORN BOUGH:

OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERFULNESS.

By Mary Cowden Clarke.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—*Shakespeare.*

In a small upper room in one of those off-streets in Paddington, where a decent poverty seems to struggle with the dingy squalor of a really "poor neighbourhood," sat a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, busily plying her needle at some "plain work," from which she ever and anon cast a cheerful loving look towards an elderly woman, who was seated near her, and in whose face there was a careworn expression, made more glaringly conspicuous by the heavy eyes, sunken cheeks, drawn lips, and extreme whiteness of ill-health. After a few vain attempts to return a smile in reply to the bright glances of her child, the mother said:—

"I wish I could be more gay, and make you a better companion than I do, May, to cheer you through your task; but I can't help feeling sad to see you sitting there hour after hour, stitching away, this fine afternoon, instead of being out and

enjoying the air; or if work must be done, as too surely it must—else how are we to get bread?—still, it's hard I must sit here with my hands before me, doing nothing to help you all these long hours, since six o'clock this morning, when you were up, like a dear bird as you are, to get me my breakfast, and then to sit down to earn our dinner."

"Mind and get well and strong soon, dear mother, and then you can work as much as you like, but till then be good and sit still, and help me as you do now, for when you chat to me and amuse me, you help me on ever so much; and then, when you read to me this morning some of that lovely "Story of a Feather," in the old numbers of *Punch*, which neighbour Johnson lent us, you cannot think how you helped me—the needle seemed to fly!"

The mother smiled and sighed. "To listen to you, May," said she, "one would think it was rather a good thing that I should have had a bad fever, and be unable to hold a needle, or do anything but talk or read—but you're young and hopeful, and see everything in a cheerful light, and,"—

"Well, mother, and that's a happy thing, isn't it? That's one excellent piece of comfort to think of—to be young and strong, and able to work for you, dear; for you mother," said she, getting up to kiss the pale face, which brightened as it touched the glowing round cheek of youth, "I must steal one little moment to give you a hug now and then, mustn't I? if it's only to tell you how happy I am to have you to work for; not like poor bereaved Patty, the feather-dresser." added she, with a shade crossing her face, "but I have you, you who have so many a tedious hour, all day and all night too, for many a long year worked and slaved for me when I was a bit of a child, and could do nothing to help you all that while—eh, mother?—all that while—you forget that, mother; for a little useless child, mother?"

Her mother smiled—a real smile this time—and murmured, "Thank God, I had you, darling, to work for!"

"That's just what I say—thank God we have each other to work for; no one need be very miserable who has somebody to love them, somebody to love, and somebody to work for," said stout-hearted May, as she tripped back to her needle again, after having drawn her mother's chair a little nearer to the window that she might amuse herself with looking out into the street. "Tell me what you see, as I work, mother," said May, "and then it will be as good as if I were looking out myself, and better."

"There is Charlotte Dickson going out again, as she did yesterday afternoon, and the day before, and the day before that, dressed so smartly; it seems rather hard that she should be enjoying so much of this fine weather, while my poor May is obliged to sit at home every day, for I hear that Charlotte gives her mother a great deal of trouble, and,"—

"Well then, I'm sure I would not change places with her," said May laughing, "for all her holidays; nor would you have me do so, mother, would you?"

Her mother had been looking at Charlotte, and following her with her eyes down the street, and what she saw of the girl's flaunting, careless, free manners, made her answer in a fervent voice, "God forbid!" Two young men lounged by, and as they passed Charlotte she uttered a heartless laugh which struck chill to the mother's heart, and made her repeat shudderingly yet thankfully, "God forbid, May!"

"Now what do you see, mother?" asked May; and then, without waiting for an answer, she added, "I'm like the poor lady in the story of *Bluebeard*, ain't I, mother? asking her sister to look out for her, and saying, 'Sister Anne, sister Anne, what do you see now?' By the bye, that's one of the beauties of needlework, poor needlework that you are always abusing for my sake, mother; it always lets you amuse yourself with thinking over all the pretty stories you have ever read."

"Well, and I'm something like sister Anne," said her mother, "for I see a flock of sheep coming along; and the dog goes yelping round and round them; and the poor man who is driving them looks hot and tired, but not at all like the knight on horseback, sister Anne's brother."

"And I should think the poor sheep don't enjoy their walk much with the dog biting and worrying at them, and the man with his red dusty face of course is not very comfortable," said May; "so you see, mother, walking out is not always the pleasantest thing in the world, though the weather be fine and bright."

The mother and daughter smiled at each other, as the former shook her head, saying, "Ah, May!"

"Well, now, mother, at last you really will have your wish that I should go out and get a little fresh air," said May, "for I've just finished my work, and I promised to take it home this evening: see here, this set of linen for Mrs. Mornington, and these frilled wrappers for Mrs. Beauchamp—both at Bayswater, so it will be a delightful walk for me, and I shall enjoy it all the more this fine evening for having been in the house all day. If I were like you, naughty mother, I should regret that you can't go with me; but I won't, for you are staying at home to get well soon, ready to go out with your own May happily together, in the nice long summer evenings when we can't see to work. Besides," added she, "in honour of this evening (when I knew—at least I hoped—I should finish my two pieces of work), I have got some rice and some milk, that we may have a nice little supper together when I come home; and Betty Simpson has promised me she will come up and set on the saucepan for you; and then, if you were to have gone out walking with me, who would have watched the rice-milk to see that it did not boil over, I should like to know?" And thus cheerily ran on the little sempstress, as she tied on her bonnet, and packed up her work, and kissed her mother fondly, and tripped off on her errand, leaving an atmosphere of hope and blithe courage behind to keep the mother's heart warm with comfortable thoughts of her till her return. May walked quickly that she might be the sooner home; so quickly, that when she arrived at Mrs. Mornington's, she was very glad to sit down in the hall, where she was bid to wait till the lady of the house could see her.

It was a pleasant place, this hall, at least so it seemed to the little sempstress, who had been shut up in a close room in a narrow street all day. It was spacious and airy, and the white stone floor contrasted well with the rich dark red tints of some parti-coloured India matting; there were stands of greenhouse plants ranged around, and there was a glass door that stood open at the farther end of the hall, giving a view of the brilliant flower-beds in the garden, and admitting their pleasant fragrance, which was wafted in on the soft spring

evening air, and brought sweet and balmy refreshment to the young workwoman. She, with her keen sense of enjoyment, gave herself up to the voluptuous influence, and leaning back in the stiff wooden hall chair, luxuriated in the innocent gratification with as entire a relish as the most pampered fine lady could have found when lolling on the silken cushions of her boudoir sofa. "It must be pleasant too," thought May, "to live always in such a place; it must certainly be much pleasanter than living in a small street like ours—though of course we *try* to make the best of it—yet, no garden; no flowers; no—or scarcely any—air; no"——

She was interrupted in her course of thought by voices which seemed to proceed from a door opposite, which partly opened, and then was held ajar, as if the person opening it was arrested in his progress. "Well, what do you say?" said a gentleman's voice.

"Why, I say," answered that of a lady, and yet it was sharp and querulous, "I say, I hope you're not going to stay out so late, Frederick, as you did last night; it's shameful to keep the servants up so late every night, and"—

"Not every night," answered the other voice; "besides, I don't want them to sit up; send them to bed; I'll take the key."

"But you know, Frederick, that terrifies me out of my life. I'll sit up myself—and yet, I'm fit for nothing without my night's rest;" said the sharp voice in a wailing key; then, as the door was pulled open with an impatient hand, it exclaimed, "Frederick, Frederick! stay! promise me that"—

But Frederick seemed determined to listen no longer to shrewish remonstrance; for, bursting forth angrily, muttering, and passing straight across the hall to the street door, he went out, slamming it after him with a violence that made all the flower-pots dance on the green stands, as if they rejoiced and jumped for joy at his departure.

The lady, who had approached the parlour door in her eagerness to detain her husband, now perceiving May, beckoned her to come into the room.

"So, you've brought the work home at last, child," said she with snappish emphasis, "I thought you promised to let me have it home yesterday evening. You said Tuesday, didn't you?"

"Tuesday or Wednesday, ma'am," answered May; "I said I would try and let you have it on the Tuesday, but I feared it would be Wednesday."

"Try and let me have it; try!" echoed the lady, with cross tart voice, and ill temper dragging every line of her face into a sour expression that had the sole merit of being in strict keeping with her voice; "*try!* I wonder what that means, girl?"

"That I would try and get it finished for you, ma'am," said May simply.

"Don't be pert, minx," said the peppery lady, ready to fire up at the least supposition of an insult: but glancing at the steady countenance of May, and seeing nothing in its extreme composure which could warrant the idea of intended impertinence, she paid her the stipulated sum for the linen, and rung the bell to have the sempstress dismissed.

"Such an unhappy temper would make life miserable in even a prettier place than this," thought May, as she followed the servant through the bright and scented hall she had so lately admired. "It seems almost a relief to get away from it," continued she to herself, as she stepped across the threshold, and took her way to the other house at which she had to call."

It was a small cottage, prettily situated in the midst of a large garden, and here, on a sloping lawn, sat the master and mistress of the house, surrounded by their children; some gambolling and frolicking about, tumbling each other over and over on the grass; some, more soberly seated near their mother's feet, making nosegays of buttercups and daisies; while one little blue-eyed girl was climbing on her father's knee, and coaxingly begging him to tell her a story.

As May approached the merry group at a sign from the lady, who took the bundle of work, and began to examine it, the little ones all crowding round to have a peep at the contents, she thought she had never seen so perfect a picture of happiness as this family presented. The lady having approved of the manner in which the needlework was done, paid May the money, and then asking her to sit down on one of the garden-seats, to rest herself after her walk, she cut a slice from a home-made cake that was on the table in an arbour near, and told one of the children to offer it to May.

"Do take it—you can't think how nice it is," said the little fellow, holding the plate towards her; "there are plums in it, and orange and lemon peel!"

May kissed his fresh rosy cheeks, as she took the cake, and thanked him, while she thought, "Surely, if there is perfect happiness on earth, it must be here, with such kind, good hearts!"

But when May had eaten her cake, and was preparing to make her farewell thanks and curtsey, a nursery-maid came running from the house, saying to her mistress—"Oh! pray come in ma'am, pray come directly to poor baby. He's much worse, I'm sure he's much worse, than you fancied when you left him; and I can't help thinking it's the hooping-cough he's got, instead of a slight cold, as we thought at first."

The mother anxiously hurried away, the father took his little girl up in his arms and followed her, the children dispersed, and amid the general confusion, May took her leave, and went out of the garden-gate with a heart full of sympathy for the distress of the amiable family.

On one side of the lane in which the cottage stood, there grew a hawthorn hedge, and May lingered for a moment to gather a branch of the scented May blossoms to take home to her mother; then, quickening her step, she walked on fast, and, with fluttering breath and beating heart, she thought over the agitating question of life, its struggles, its endurance, its hopes, its mingled suffering and happiness. "As well might I uselessly stop to regret leaving this beautiful light," said May, as she turned for an instant towards the western sky, which glowed with a last flood of pale glory over the green masses of the Kensington-garden trees, "as well might I shrink from turning to enter the dark city," said she, proceeding again on her way towards home, "as flinch from entering life with hope and a stout heart, because some drawbacks exist in my lot, as well as in that of all other beings, more or less, it seems. If I can but earn enough to support my dear mother, and cheerfully help her to see things in as happy a light as possible, who knows but we may be able to strew our way with spots as bright as those glorious stars yonder." She raised her young hopeful face to the blue eastern heavens, now deepening with the shades of evening, and just beginning to disclose a twinkling star or two; and as May gazed on their

benign radiance, and inhaled the pure scent of the hawthorn buds on the bough in her hand, she felt strengthened and elevated by the gentle presence of Nature.

"My dear May," said her mother, as they sat enjoying their little feast of rice-milk, after May had told her all she had heard and seen during her absence at Bayswater, "it is but too true. In the most enviable lot in life, there is always something to destroy its perfection, and make us feel that our own is not so very hard in proportion as we had perhaps imagined it. Courage and constancy will do much towards making even a sempstress's life a contented one."

"And cheerfulness and hope, dear mother; do not forget cheerfulness and hope!" May had placed the branch of hawthorn in a glass of fair water on the supper-table; she drew it towards her as she spoke, and hanging fondly over its delicate clusters, she repeated—"cheerfulness and hope! Those two make us look at life as at this hawthorn-bough: it has its thorns, sharp and deep-wounding, but it has its glossy green leaves, and its bright pure blossoms of lustrous white, yielding their delicious perfume; and more, mother, those two bid us remember that the thorns, piercing though they be, are yet far, far outnumbered by the leaves and blossoms!"

THE SUBJECT OF "ABORIGINES"

APPLIED TO THE BRITISH ISLANDS, AND PARTICULARLY TO IRELAND:

A PAPER READ AT A LATE MEETING OF THE NEWINGTON GREEN CONVERSATION SOCIETY.

By the Rev. Dr. Cromwell, F.S.A.

(Communicated by the Secretary.)

Pure "aborigines," perhaps, hardly now exist in any country under heaven, owing to the influx of newer peoples; yet, by comparison, they are to be found in great numerical strength in some countries, while they are wholly extinct in others. Thus we may lay it down as a tolerably certain truth, that there are few or no remains of their aboriginal inhabitants in England and Lowland Scotland; and yet that the Celts of the Highlands and of the Western (Scottish) Isles, with seven-eighths of the Irish, and ninety-nine hundredths of the Welsh, are descendants, with hardly any subsequent admixture, from the first settlers in the British Islands:—the reason for this state of things being that these islands were at first wholly occupied by a *Celtic* population, which was superseded, except as to the Highlands, Wales, and Ireland, by a secondary race (whose most generic appellation is *Scythic*), coming from Belgic Gaul, Germany, Denmark, and Norway.

It would be useful if this great difference of RACE were borne in mind much more than it is, since it might lead to a sounder mode of treatment of the one race by the other. Nearly all over the world, where the primary race is located, it yields to the secondary on coming in contact with it; and, as a general rule, requires, for its own good, to be wisely governed by it. A strong instance occurs in India, where the natives may be said to be peaceful and happy only in the proportion that they are in subjection to the English: and if Ireland had but been as wisely governed as Hindostan, it would not at this day have been the disgrace of the British empire. This is not saying that a nation of the primary race, if sufficiently large or otherwise well-conditioned to maintain its independence—as the French, for example—will not acquire the art of self-government, and, stimulated by rivalry, very nearly, if not quite, equal in all points another nation of the secondary race. It is only saying that a people of the primary race, coming under the power of one of the secondary, should be governed *as* one of the primary peoples, and so allowed to develop its resources in talent and character after its own manner, the government being felt by it only where it is indispensable that it should be felt. This has been the policy in India, and the exact opposite to it the policy in Ireland. In Ireland, the natives have been at one time coerced as slaves—denied the exercise of their religion, the freedom of commerce, the natural results of individual and collective industry, and even as far as possible a national idea—at another prematurely crammed with English laws and institutions—at another subjected to the simultaneous operation of the two systems, however opposed. Hence the Irish have grown up, in the course of centuries, into a nation which has neither attained to the civilisation it might have well reached if let alone, nor become a whit more English than it was in the time of Henry the Second. And to this extent political agencies must be taken into the account, in endeavouring to ascertain the causes of the existing state of the sister island. Still it should be remembered that political agencies are not *wholly* to blame—that there *is* a difference of race which lies at the root of the evil—and that, under the happiest circumstances of freedom, the Irish would never have exhibited the *physical power and endurance*, or the *mental energy and perseverance*, which constitute the actual foundation of the greatness and the wealth of England. They would at the very best have been what the French—the *élite*, as they may be justly considered of the Celts—are; comparatively without trade, manufactures, and commerce, which they are less naturally adapted to cultivate; comparatively unsuccessful as agriculturists; and, though brave in battle, wanting in the cool determination, fortitude, and stern inflexibility in the maintenance of a position, or improvement of an advantage or a victory, which have won all the military triumphs of Englishmen.

It shows the utility of a little antiquarian knowledge of this matter, when, for the want of it, men so justly to be respected for their talents and eloquence as the Rev. James Martineau, fall into the error of stating it as a "fact that the Scottish people are of the very same race" with the Irish, and then, theorising upon their mistake, attribute the "contrast of condition" exhibited by England and Scotland on the one hand, and Ireland on the other, *solely* to a difference in "social agencies." The "fact" is, that "the Scottish people" (meaning thereby the mass of the nation, the Lowlanders) "are of the very same race" with the *English*, and for that reason are so similar in national character; while the *Highlanders alone* (in Scotland) "are of the very same race" with the Irish, and consequently bear so unhappy a resemblance to them in their modes of living, and in the destitution which results therefrom when a season of dearth overtakes them from any cause. "Ireland and her Famine" are so far erroneously treated in the able discourse preached, printed, and published by the Rev. James Martineau. "Social agencies" have, no doubt, done much towards

making Ireland what she is, but they have not done *all*. Her sons must emerge from their Celticism, and emulate "the Saxon" in industry, perseverance, and self-reliance, before they will cease to be afflicted with periodical "famines." And England must govern Ireland in the manner that she governs many other of her dependencies —the little "Channel Islands," for example—by doing all in her power to foster *self-government*, and by assuming the *mistress* only when the occasion imperatively demands it—before the "Gem of the Sea" will shine with the degree of brightness of which it is inherently capable.

THE PERSONNEL OF GOVERNMENT.

By Silhouette.

No. II.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

You would like to know, good reader, something about the man who is now at the head of the government—whose name you see daily in the newspapers, and whose influence you feel, more or less directly, in the laws of the country, but with whom you never come into personal contact—whom you seldom or never see at meetings, like Mr. Wakley or the Bishop of London, or in the streets, like the Duke of Wellington—who is one of the most powerful and influential, yet at the same time one of the most modest and retiring, men in the empire. Come with me. We will go where we are likely to catch a glimpse of him, when he is not aware that he is observed.

Let us lounge a few minutes about Whitehall. About this time the chief men in parliament are making their way down to the two Houses, more especially towards the lower House, where public business begins at half-past four. There is a constant stream of people; but, even if there were not that source of amusement, there is enough to engage the attention in the historical associations of the place—the wondrous contrasts every time-honoured spot presents between its past and its present existence. But we have enough of living objects to arrest our notice. Can you pick out, from the numerous pedestrians who pass, those who are members of the legislature? can you distinguish them from the crowd of loungers, lawyers, parliamentary agents, witnesses, and country cousins, who are accustomed, about this hour of the day, to frequent this highway of British celebrities? No: *he* is not an M.P.; he is a newly-made Queen's counsel: but you have made a very fair guess, for his honours are yet blushing on him, and he walks with quite as much pomposity and consciousness of importance as if he were a real veritable member of parliament. You may know an M.P. in London, as you may know an Englishman in Paris—by his lofty bearing. See the proud, haughty Briton, stalking along the Boulevard! He seems to think the country and all it contains is his by right of conquest, or that he is one of the natural lords of the earth. So with an M.P. going down to the House. With crest erect and chest expanded he stalks along; with eyes not deigning to look down, he sniffs the air, and holds himself aloof, like some superior being. The only human creature he will condescend to notice is some other M.P., as proud and consequential as himself. But who is he that has so wondrously unbent this stiff automaton? A rather shabby looking man, and none of the cleanest. Positively, the M.P. bends to him—speaks to him—bows to him at parting! It is a constituent; and a general election is at hand.

But let us leave our general speculations. There comes one along the pavement, who walks not proudly, yet has a "presence" upon him not to be passed over. Small, even diminutive as he is, what a dignity there is in his carriage! It seems the dignity not so much of pride as of extreme modesty or reserve. And yet, if you look again, there is much self-reliance in that firm though rather precise and measured step. What composure! what gravity! what quiet self-absorption! How plain, unpretending, his black frock coat and loose trowsers, made in no fashion of the hour, yet fitting well, and unprofaned by even a grain of dust! And how dazzlingly white the linen is, contrasted with the jet-black silk neck-tie! Upon the whole, what a perfect air of unstudied neatness! Look again, and you will observe that although so small in stature, and formed, in face, hands, and feet, on so *petite* a scale, he grows on you the more you regard him. He occupies in your vision the whole of that broad pavement, as Edmund Kean used to "fill" the stage. Observe well his countenance. It is pale with much thinking and long vigils. It has a character of gravity and wisdom. It looks like the Memnon's head at the British Museum seen through the wrong end of a telescope. It is as an heroic head dwarfed. The brow, how wide—the eyebrows, how boldly, strongly drawn. You cannot see the depth of the forehead, it is so overshadowed by that rather sombre broad-brimmed hat. But the nose, how beautifully formed, how straight and delicate; the mouth, clearly marked and well defined; the lips, how finely chiselled; and on all the countenance what benevolence! He raises his eyes as he passes on: they are clear, deep, mild. As the glance rests for a moment, it reveals a thoughtful, regulated mind. He is gone; and you observe, as he pursues his way down Parliament-street with firm, but slow and cautious step, with what instinctive respect he is treated, even by those who do not know that he is Lord John Russell, now Prime Minister of England.

Prime Minister of England! Think of the combination of qualities—the knowledge, the self-command, the tact, the unceasing labour required in order to fill that proud position! And to fill it, too, as it has been filled for the last ten or fifteen years, when, not the favour of the Sovereign, or the sinister influence of an aristocracy usurping popular rights, and bolstering up some subservient nominee, but the deliberate approval of the whole people—of the enlightened, many-minded people of England—has been the test of fitness. And what a history does not the phrase itself unfold! what a series of struggles, what an eventful life of toil, of ambition, of triumphs, of disappointments, must not a man endure who in this country, whatever may have been his original station, rises by his talents alone to the highest political position in the kingdom, and rules by the universal consent of the most gifted of his contemporaries. We Englishmen allow ourselves much license in speaking of our political governors; but however we may attack and abuse them in the heat of party passions, we are never backward in doing justice to their personal merits. Tory, whig, and radical, are all alike in that respect.

But this Lord John Russell has been one of the most unlucky men in her Majesty's dominions. Entitled, by his policy and position, long since to

hold the highest place, he has ever been disappointed. Tantalised for years with the glittering cup held up to his grasp, it has been his doom ever to see it seized by the hand of a rival. He has always prepared the way for another's triumph. And now he deserves a better fate than to be a stop-gap Premier—forced into office almost against his will, and obliged to seem the author of contradictory, and possibly unpopular, measures. But he struggles nobly against his fate. No man could have made more than he has of so untoward a position. However, we do not deal with politics, except by way of illustration: let us content ourselves with a very brief enumeration of the main facts of his early career, with which those who have only regarded him as a party leader may not be acquainted; and then we will sketch a few points of his character. He is the third and youngest son of the late Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, a daughter of Viscount Torrington. He was born on the 19th August, 1792, and first went to school at Sandwich. From thence he went to Cambridge, where, however, he did not particularly distinguish himself. In 1814, he entered Parliament as member for Tavistock, and made his maiden speech in the July of that year, on the Alien Act Repeal Bill. To follow him minutely in his parliamentary career is unnecessary, and would be unprofitable. In 1819 he began that parliamentary agitation of the question of reform which he continued during a series of years, and which ended in his being selected to bring in the great Reform Bill itself. In 1820 he was returned for Huntingdonshire, but in 1826 he lost his seat (owing to his advocacy of catholic emancipation), and sat for Bandon Bridge. He then again represented Tavistock. In 1831 he was returned for the county of Devon; but in 1835 he was rejected on account of his support of the appropriation clause, on the occasion afforded by his resuming office with the Melbourne cabinet, on the resignation of Sir Robert Peel. He was then elected for Stroud, for which borough he sat till the general election of 1841, when he was returned for London. His subsequent public life has been a series of struggles with Sir Robert Peel for power, in which he has regularly laid down principles which have been accepted by the public, while his rival has, by favour of circumstances, and a most opportune plasticity of character, as regularly succeeded in standing before the world as the minister who has carried them out. In this respect Lord John Russell suffers a double disadvantage—not merely in the deprivation of present power, but also in possible exclusion from future fame; for history, which seeks for, and seizes on, strong and prominent events and characters, may overlook his silent services, in recording the more grand and attractive triumphs of Sir Robert Peel.

While we have been indulging in these retrospections and reflections, Lord John Russell has made his way down to the House of Commons. Let us follow him there. Up all sorts of matted staircases, through all sorts of winding passages, with doors on each side, mysteriously numbered, from which issue now and then, as we pass, plain, ill-dressed, very tired-looking persons (M.P.'s who have been all day serving on committees), and you find yourself at the lower end of that long, plain, chapel-like building, the temporary House of Commons. You are in what is called the speaker's gallery—a row of exclusive seats, sliced off from the front of the strangers' gallery, and used to accommodate the private friends of the members. Run your eye along the front bench on the left-hand side. It accommodates many men whose names are bruited abroad, some of world-wide reputation. One of the nearest—mark well—that small, pale, debilitated-looking man, with head of Roman mould, and finely outlined features, but with a restless, dissatisfied aspect. It is Mr. Roebuck—a politician of unimpeached virtue, sternly devoted to the public good, and a speaker of no mean pretensions, but unfortunate in having an incorrigible acerbity of temper. He last night made a very severe attack on Lord John Russell, and pointed the attention of the country to Sir Robert Peel as being more fit to govern than he. Perhaps Lord John may take some notice of him to-night; so that we shall hear him speak under favourable circumstances. A little farther on than he is Mr. Macaulay, the portly man with a pale, bilious complexion, but round, full face, as if the sun of Hindostan had had power to steal his colour, but not to sap his constitution. I need not remind you of his brilliant triumphs in literature and oratory. The little, fragile, pale, small-faced man, with massive forehead and gleaming eyes, is Mr. Sheil. Next him sits Lord Palmerston, a debater, when he chooses, of first-rate powers, and a foreign minister of universal information, remarkable insight, and grand views, but fettered by circumstances. That tall thin person, with handsome expressive features, and who seems pale more from hard work than illness, is Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary—a man of developing talents, and an excellent minister; and next him is Mr. Labouchere, the descendant of a Huguenot, and preserving in face, voice, and character, all the marks of a French origin. He is the Irish Secretary, and a first-rate man of business. He with the silvery hair, florid complexion, youthful air, almost boyish face, and projecting nether lip, is Lord Morpeth, the most *popular* of the Whig ministers—a man of unaffected manners, frank nature, good debating talents, extensive information, business habits, and unflinching honesty of purpose. And if you run your eye along the serried ranks that fill the benches up to the wall, you will see many a face denoting high intellectual powers, many a favourite of the people, many a successful lawyer, many a *millionaire*. They form a powerful and compact party—one which any man, however great his fame, might well be proud to lead.

But why do I draw your attention to these distinguished men—but a few of those who constitute the Liberal party? It is that you may the better estimate the value and importance of him in whom they place so much confidence as to have made him their leader.

Silent, abstracted, with his face overshadowed by his hat, one leg crossed over the knee of the other, and deeply absorbed in reading some dispatches that have just been brought to him in the red box, the key of which dangles from his eye-glass chain, sits Lord John Russell, the diminutive but imposing man who passed us so modestly in the street, but who here is able to give the law to, and take the lead of, some of the *élite* of his contemporaries. He is about to go through half-an-hour of ministerial purgatory; he is going, according to the jocular phrase current in the House, to say his "catechism." From about a quarter to five to a quarter past, the ministers are always down in their places in either House of parliament, in order to answer any questions that may be put to them on the general policy of the country, or on the business of their particular department, either by the leader of the opposition, or by any private members of parliament. The Prime Minister, of course, usually comes in for a very large

share of this nightly torture; but no man bears it better than Lord John Russell. Sir James Graham used to be one of the most happy artists in the way of getting rid of troublesome questioners; but he always did it at the expense of the feelings of the questioner, leaving him and the house under an unsatisfactory impression. Sir R. Peel was also remarkably expert in the same way. Questions used to shower on him, and fall off again, like drops of water from an oilskin. Yet even he used too transparent a cajolery. But Lord John Russell is quite as successful as either, and his triumphs are not so costly. He generally contrives to give satisfaction, even when he cannot always afford information.

See! A burly man, with florid face and flaxen hair, and a good-humoured smile, has risen on the opposition side, and put a question, in which, cleverly enough, he has contrived to insinuate a sarcastic speech. He is quizzing the government for their want of any fixed policy; or he has discovered some new poor law grievance; or—anything, in short, out of which he can make a good hit for the electors of Finsbury. It is Mr. Wakley! one of the most honest and hardworking members of the House. He and Lord John Russell are old political allies; but Mr. Wakley does not think the noble lord has gone either fast enough or far enough; and now and then they have had little tiffs—mere lovers' quarrels, however; for they generally "make it up" again very soon. On this occasion, Lord John has confined himself to answering his question. Perhaps he does not wish to weaken the effect of the great ministerial statement he has to make to-night, by drawing attention to any mere personal matter. And the members generally appear equally anxious; for although they generally prefer to ask their questions when there is a crowded House, because they are more universally listened to, they have asked fewer than ever to-night.

Ay! now there seems a stir of attention all through the House; the members all settle themselves in the best positions for hearing; and those in the back rows crane their necks forward. The little statesman in black has long since laid aside his papers and locked his red box. He rises, says something confidentially to the Speaker, and sits down again; and now you hear the sonorous voice from the chair say aloud "that the order of the day be now read." Whereupon Lord John Russell rises once more, stretches out his arm, steps up to the table, then back again, as if he had not quite made up his mind to begin; then turns round and looks at the Speaker, then turns round the other way and looks at the House, and at last comes out with a "Sar! hevin—ar—given notice—ar—that I should take this opportoonity—ar"—— and so on. "Well! Is that what they call oratory in the House of Commons? Why, we can show you a better specimen at our borough meetings?" Softly, good stranger; wait a little. No doubt the manner is affected; no doubt there is too much of that semi-aristocratic drawl; no doubt the style is slovenly; the language rather commonplace at present; no doubt the voice seems strangely strained; as though a very little man were trying to talk like a very big one. But listen again. You will find something better soon. Do you hear that sentiment? Did you ever hear political wisdom for the people put before in much fewer words, or more portable by the meanest understanding? Perhaps you do not well understand the subject he has risen to speak upon? No. Well, I'll engage that by the time you have heard the whole of his speech, you shall not only thoroughly know all the facts and figures that need be known, but that you shall also get a clear insight into all the moral and political considerations that bear on it—in fact, that you shall know about it as much as the greatest statesman in the country. How exquisitely clear is the whole discourse! From the first small beginnings down to the broad, grand peroration, where he sums up all, how it bears the subject on its bosom, how it fertilises the minds of the audience. Like some river stream, clear and pellucid at its source, that winds its devious course through various tracks, now pausing on its pebbly bed, now shooting arrow-like along, now widening and swelling into deep lake-like pools, now bearing down all obstacles, till at last it pours its full volume at its outlet. If some sentences are laboured and involved, how terse and epigrammatic are others! Mark the simplicity of the diction: the powerful Saxon words! How happy the illustrations—never strained or sought after, yet always ready at the opportune moment. He no longer hems! and has! He is on the full tide of his philosophic spirit. How finely he inculcates his noble maxims of public conduct—how naturally and unaffectedly he draws the mind to contemplate the right and the just, not despising even the expedient! Observe how animated and interested the House have become. He holds them all in a chain, to which he adds new links at each new argument, each new development of his well-regulated and statesmanlike mind. Review all he has been saying, and you will confess how he has impressed you with his self-possession, his coolness, his generalship, his extensive information, his insight, his wonderful faculty of making the philosophy of politics easy to the meanest understandings.

But this is only one phase of his parliamentary character. A party leader is not merely required to make expositions of policy, or to give the word of command and mark out manœuvres: he is sometimes obliged to stand forward in single combat. And he must also be able to handle his weapons as well as the bravest or most skilful of his host; or men will not be content to follow his lead, or even to allow him to fight their battles. Now Lord John Russell does not make much pretence, but he is very brave and skilful nevertheless. Like David, with only his courage and his poor sling, he has many times stood up against fearful odds and yet has prevailed. It is quite a treat to see him ridiculing or demolishing anybody: his proceedings are so quiet and unassuming, yet so masterly. If it be a mere answer to an argument, it is put so simply and forcibly; if it be an anecdote or an illustration, it is introduced so aptly and humourously; if it be necessary to quiz an opponent or to set him down, it is done so effectually, yet with so much dignity. The grave, small, sedate face becomes illumined by sly humour (never ill-natured), the mouth relaxes, and heralds by a smile the irony in which the rebuke is to be conveyed; and the whole object is effected by a few simple artistic touches, which leave irresistibly the impression on your mind of latent power. Nay even the object of the rebuke seems to feel its force and necessity, and to sit down quietly under it. Lord John is very impartial in administering these castigations. Sometimes, if he has been very hard run, for instance, by Lord George Bentinck, about Irish railways, he will read that aspiring leader such a lesson as will make him heartily wish himself back into the ranks, and that he had never taken on himself those arduous

duties. At other times the noble lord will quiz Sir Robert Peel; at others, Mr. Bright or Mr. Wakley. But when we entered the House, we anticipated he might retort on Mr. Roebuck for some of the severe things he had been saying against the government, and his open propitiation of Sir R. Peel. By degrees he approaches that part of his discourse which bears on the honourable member, who sits as usual in triumphant unconsciousness. But now he hears his name—he pricks up his ears! And what an iron pencil is etching his character in his own *aqua fortis!* How true the sketch—how strong the points of censure selected! He who is always the censor of his fellow-men—who imputes sordid motives to all—who sees only the bleak, dark side of men and things—how gently, yet how powerfully, is he rebuked! How delicate, yet how severe, is the satire! Nay, he seems himself almost conscious of its truth: he does not attempt a reply, as he would to a more rude or malevolent antagonist. And even his admirers are not angry with the satirist; for they see so many noble and useful qualities in that stern little Tribune, the member for Bath, that they would fain see them no longer shadowed by infirmity of temper or obliquity of moral vision.

And now, you have seen Lord John Russell in almost every aspect he wears in public. But that is not half his usefulness. His integrity is a proverb. He has more *personal* friends than Sir R. Peel; because he has been a more steady and consistent friend, though not so successful, of liberal principles. Had not Lord John prepared the way, Sir Robert could never have carried his great measures. As a statesman and party leader, Lord John sways by firmness and quiet dignity: Sir Robert Peel by dictatorship and cold reserve. In general knowledge they are nearly equal; but Lord John Russell has been what Sir R. Peel has never been—an author, both as a historian and a poet. But it will not be in this capacity that he will go down to posterity: it will be as having been the champion of human freedom, the advocate of popular rights, in years when such questions were unpopular, and above all as having been the man who was trusted to propose the Reform Bill.

CONFESSIONS OF LITERATURE.

By Joseph Gostick.

To a Friend.

So, you have been writing poems, and are now beginning a story. Well, go on!—I do not know how you can spend your leisure in a better way. I am pleased with your literary devotion; but there is one part of your letter which calls from me a few warning words, though I have no great fears for you. You say you are not discontented with your situation, but you see no hope of advancement in your present employment: you would like to have two strings to your bow; and you think you may be preparing yourself now to do something in literature. Happiness and success attend your endeavour!—but I have a fear that you are inclined to suppose that literature may, some day, be to you the means of *living*. On this hint I speak. Dear Harry—throw away this notion at once, if you have for a moment entertained it. I do not underrate your abilities; I rather express my esteem for them when I say they are too good to be thrown away in the struggle to live by literature. You may point to my own case. Why may not you succeed as well as I have done? I will answer that question soon: at present I may just say that I hardly reckon my present mode of existence worthy of the name of *living*. If you long to rush into the literary world, there will certainly be a place left for you some day (and soon, I hope); for I am waiting for the first opportunity of making my escape.

I need not repeat that I would not discourage your progress in literature: this is all I wish to say—that your *living* and your *literature* are two things, and the more distinct you keep them the better. I would recommend a young attorney whom I knew as a good example for you. Tom was brought up in very easy circumstances, and only touched the law with the tips of his fingers, but was devoted to music, and aspired to the first excellence on the violin. Meanwhile, as Tom was trying to rival De Beriot, a law-suit was rapidly consuming his father's money. What did Tom do? Did he break the neck of that sweet Cremona, which seemed to grow better and better every time the bow was drawn across it? He was not such a fool. But he locked up his fiddle, and laid aside (secure from damp) all his music—Mozart, Beethoven, Mayseder, Reissiger, and Spohr—then buckled to the office-desk for ten hours every day—and all for the love of music! And now difficulties are overcome; and when Tom leaves his office in the evening, he comes down stairs at three prodigious leaps, to tea, his sister's piano, and his violin that seems to have gladness enough in it to dispel all the cares under a counsellor's wig. There he goes, beautifully in tune—"*tweedle, tweedle, tweedle-dee!*"—and away up to a charming trill at the top of the first string; and now where are all the cares and puzzles of law, but with the Old Gentleman, their original patentee?

Let me commend to you, also, the example of Jacob. Remember all the pastoral drudgery to which he submitted—for Laban? no—for Rachel! This makes his fourteen years' apprenticeship a sublime fact. Let literature be your Rachel.

Seriously, never wish to devote all your time to literature. A little time really *your own* will be worth more than a more extensive leisure disturbed with cares about tailors' bills. What a miserable thing is an author's desk, where lie, jumbled together, the first chapter of a *new* story, beginning—"It was a most glorious morning in Spring," and a third edition of the *old* story—"Sir, I beg you will pay me, without more delay, the amount due!"

Not only for your own comfort, but for your progress in study, I give this counsel. Think of writing a chapter in a love story—for a dinner! True, a man requires *some* stimulus; and our lords and ladies who have written both prose and verse without any fear of famine, have, generally, rested contented in an easy mediocrity, leaving Apollo's starvelings to climb the loftier peaks of Parnassus. But I must maintain that hunger is not the proper stimulus towards literary excellence. It will not allow a man time to refine his thoughts, or put them into the best form; but hurries him to the press, and before the public, though all his best friends, the nine muses, exhort him to wait nine years—"For a dinner!" he exclaims. This *sacra fames*, which made Virgil's sailors eat their tables, is not the true poetic stimulus.

Read the biographies of literary men, and be warned. Look at Goëthe, one of the most fortunate of authors. What does he say of his early productions? "I wrote them purely for my own im-

provement and satisfaction, and, therefore, could patiently wait ten or twelve years, until they found an entrance into the world, and produced their results."

Look at Wordsworth, who was once so poor that he thought of doing what Milton really did for a livelihood—taking pupils. If, when his first published poems failed, he had turned to win popular favour in some more current style, where would have been his most original poems? Lost amid a confusion of transitory essays springing out of external fashions instead of native impulse.

Remember Charles Lamb. Read his letter addressed to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. Charles had a right to give advice, for he practised his own philosophy. For eight hours *per diem*, and for forty years, he sat on his high stool at the India House; and yet his lot was happier than that of many literary men, though he endured sad visitations from that dark power of melancholy which loves to haunt genius, and sometimes sheds over the brightest minds the lurid gloom of an eclipse. Was he not happier than his greater friend, Coleridge? I would not pretend to judge this man of capacious but ill-determined intellect—I am rather inclined to blame the country which cannot find a right place and a right employment for such a man, when God sends him into the world; but at present I wish to censure neither the man of genius nor his country, but to draw from his life a lesson for you. Read his letters, complaining that his time was frittered away in "writing nonsense" ("the greater the better," says he) for the magazines. Coleridge doing *that!*

But, perhaps, you would refer to Southey as an instance of success. Stay. Is one literary man in a thousand prepared to live *his* life, and go through *his* toils? He was a prisoner in his study at Greta Hall. Though attracted to the north by the beauty of its lake scenery, he was no more of a tourist than many cockneys so scorned by our quondam romantic and rambling critic—Christopher North. One season he would spend in his study, forgetting all the lakes and mountains about him, while writing *The Curse of Kehama*, surrounded with the mythological shadows of Old India; or he would let a fine, blue summer shine vainly over him, while plunged amid the antique gloom of ecclesiastical history. And then remember the sad close of an over-studious life—think of the gloom of that well-stored library from which the light of intellect had passed away for ever!

But Sir Walter Scott! Here, indeed, the exception proves the rule. His genius, with even its failings on the side of popularity—the circumstances of his times—his singularly happy temper: all prove that he is no fair instance of a literary life. But hear his own words—"Literature may be a handy walking-stick, but it is no *crutch*: you must not lean upon it." And yet, though he was prouder of the Abbotsford plantations than of his romances, he leaned too much upon his "walking-stick;" and hence the sore drudgery of his later days, of which we have such a melancholy record in his journal.

And now, dear Harry, I will suppose you refer to my own history. It has been a mistake. It is rich in nothing but warnings for you; and I will give you a short chapter of it to prove what I say. I have, like other unfortunate men, the excuse of an early *afflatus*—

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I meditated great works before I was fourteen years old, and offered a volume of neatly written poems to the publishers before I had reached sixteen. I faintly remember now the enthusiasm of those early days. In imagination I flourished a pen over a subdued and admiring world! I mused on future comparisons between Milton's poems and *mine!* I spared not the penknife, but erased and amended lines industriously, remembering—"I am writing for immortality!" All thoughts of *life* were subordinated to my dreams of *literature*. I had a heaven in view—and what was it? A modest one—a neat study and library, with *my works*, in twenty volumes, neatly bound and gilt: perhaps I sometimes added to this ideal picture the portrait of a pretty little wife sitting by the fire, and reading to me some chapters from *my* last romance in manuscript.

Well—but to give you an episode from my biography—after receiving so many refusals of offered poems and stories that I began to think all editors and booksellers the dullest or wickedest of mankind, I found a situation as teacher in a school; but left it in disgust at the end of a quarter. This led to further unpleasantness in my circumstances, and the consequence was I determined, at last, to walk straight into the world, and ask for a place as a literary man! My resolution was soon formed and as hastily carried into effect. I packed up my papers and set out to try the world on foot. Of all the literary characters with whom my reading had made me acquainted, I had the greatest partiality for the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In my enthusiasm and hurry I could think of no plan but going at once to this gentleman. "He is a brother spirit, surely," said I, "and will, no doubt, be both able and willing to help me." * I determined therefore to go to Edinburgh, and accordingly began my journey by walking, about twenty miles, to Manchester. That evening I paid my fare to Edinburgh, and in the morning took my seat on the coach-box under a dull, leaden sky, threatening rain. Alas! in my hurry to pack my invaluable manuscripts, I had forgotten my great-coat! Wordsworth has given us some blank verse lines illustrating a curious phenomenon of our mind when its attention is increased by some excitement. How indelible are the impressions then made upon it! I experienced this during my journey to Edinburgh. Since then I have taken many journeys of which I hardly remember anything; but of *that* journey how fresh are all the features in my memory! I can still see the faces of all my fellow-travellers—the Scotchman, with sandy hair, who took such a monstrous breakfast at Preston; the French-looking youth, with blue spectacles, who smoked his cigar with such an assumed air of quietude when one of our leaders fell down just beyond Kendal; and the young commercial traveller, who talked of "our governor," "our house," and the state of trade, almost from Lancaster to Penrith;—I can see them now. The conversation of my fellow-passengers did not tend to cheer me: to judge by its tone, there seemed to be no taste for literature in the world. But in a few hours the sky cleared and my courage rose. I passed Lowther Castle and thought how easily the Earl of Lonsdale might enable me to carry out my best ideas. At the hotel at Carlisle I was so much cheered by the conversation of two young gentlemen, who seemed to have some literary taste, that I boldly called for supper. I said to myself, "There is a market in the world for my commodities!"

* It may add to to the reader's amusement to learn, that the incidents of the following expedition to Edinburgh are *not* imaginary.

The next morning a gentleman took his seat beside me who spoke with warm admiration of Scott's novels and Scotch breakfasts. We became communicative—but when I threw out a hint that I had chosen literature as my profession he cast a suspicious glance over my coat which was a little past middle age. The said gentleman wore a first-rate olive-coloured great coat, and I resolved to procure one exactly like it as soon as my first volume of poems should be out and sold. I had a good dinner at Hawick. As I passed by Abbotsford my feelings suggested a sonnet, which proved a melancholy one, partly because the rhymes would have it so, and partly because conversation had ceased, evening was coming on, and I was *very cold*. I was glad when I saw the old castle and the Salisbury Crags in the evening sky, and still more so when the coach stopped at the Crown hotel in Princes-street. "Now," said I, "let me shake off this chill and then go to try my fortune." As soon as I had taken tea and my teeth had ceased chattering, I took up the directory and found the address of Professor W. Thither I hastened, without any note of introduction, and sent in my request for an audience. How it came to pass I cannot say; but in a few moments I found myself in the study of the Professor, who begged me to be seated in his easy chair. My story was an absurd one, and yet Professor W. listened to it with a kind aspect which bore no trace of a sense of the ridiculous. I was delighted to find in him quite my ideal of a man of genius, with a noble brow, a sparkling eye, and a handsome figure. He inquired of my intentions: I told him I had resolved to devote myself to literature, and was quite willing to help him in the magazine with the best of my ability. (!)

"Then you have no friends in Edinburgh?" said the Professor.

"None: I hardly know a name here, sir, except your own and the publisher's of the magazine."

He then inquired concerning my budget of manuscript. I mentioned my poems.

"There is no demand for poetry. We hardly dare print it even when it is good."

I assured the Professor that I was not restricted to verse: I had written several stories in prose.

"We have hardly any spare room among our contributors," said the editor. "This evening I am engaged; but if you will send me a few of your papers I will look at them, and shall be glad to see you again to-morrow evening."

The next morning I wrote out the sonnet I had made during my journey, and sent it, with the other poems, to the Professor. Here is the sonnet:—

I pass'd by places I had longed to view;
  Yet felt no pleasure: Abbotsford I saw,
  But gazed not on it with poetic awe:
The Eildon hills into the heavenly blue
  Uprear'd their peaks; but from them I could draw
Nor thought nor feeling: Tweed and Ettrick too
Married their waters in the vale below,
  And to their mother ocean wandered forth.

  My heart was sad, and all the varied earth
Seem'd gloomy as a prison, and the flow
  Of rivers, and the sounds of human mirth,
And songs of birds to me were sounds of woe.
  At last I saw the Minstrel's place of birth—
"Be glad my heart!" I said; but my heart answered—"No!"

Edinburgh, 1835.

Well; I only tell this story for the sake of a rather uncommon fact which was the result of my adventure; so I will very briefly explain how my expedition ended. I stayed at the Crown hotel until my bill threatened to be too long for my purse. The Professor told me he dare not advance any sum on my proposed story for the magazine. I returned to my friends and finished the tale; but did not send it. Instead of it, I sent a letter to Professor W., thanking him for his advice, and assuring him that I had resolved not to pen another stanza until I had secured some station in society. And here comes the remarkable point in my tale. With scarcely an exception, I *kept* my promise for *six years*. I would not advise you to make such a resolution. Had I regarded literature in a proper light—as a solace amid the cares necessary to life in this world, and not as a means of support—I should never have known the wild hopes which ended in severe disappointment, and the bitter chagrin which made me abandon that which had certainly been the greatest and purest pleasure of my youthful days. I will tell you more of my story at another time. Meanwhile, let me hope that you may be led in a brighter path than mine.

I have warned you of the mistake of embracing literature, or any other idol, as a substitute for LIFE, for the true, social, reasonable, and happy life for which human beings were created. Nothing less than a development of the whole man in a reasonable and harmonious course of action can make him happy. I have lost, through some years of my life, the beauty and the brightness of the whole, in devoting myself unwisely to one part—the cultivation of the intellect. And not even in this one part have I succeeded well—how could I?—how can a part be independent of the health of the whole man? For my fond imaginations of literary honours, I have sacrificed the common privileges of a social being. For a considerable part of my time, I have not *lived*—I have only mused and scribbled. How many hours have I spent in dull dejection, gazing listlessly at my study-fire, as if I could draw inspiration from its embers, rather than from the cheerful intercourse and suggestive occurrences of human life!

Literature has been my Delilah, and has betrayed me into the hands of the Philistines—poverty and dejection. Yet I will not forsake literature. I may do some little good. I will try. I will think of Wordsworth's *Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor*. The lesson which our meditative poet had docility enough to learn from that poor old man, many a young aspirant in literature, when he is sorely vexed with the discord between the real and the ideal, may profitably lay to heart. The poet says—

My whole life have I spent in pleasant thought,
  As if life's business were a summer-mood,
As if all needful things would come, unsought,
  To genial faith, still rich in genial good.

Then his meditation takes a darker hue, from some earth-born cloud floating between his mind and the mind's sun—truth.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
  The sleepless soul who perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
  Following his plough upon the mountain's side.—
We poets, in our youth, begin in gladness;
But in the end oft come despondency and madness.

In this vexed mood of mind, he encounters, upon the lonely moor, the aged, infirm, and solitary leech-gatherer; and, clothing this poor object in the hues of his own mind, he sees nothing but a picture of most forlorn wretchedness and utter destitution. He asks the old man—

How is it that you do? by what means do you live?

Then the old man, leaning upon his staff, by the moorland pool in which he had been poking about for leeches, confesses that his small gains have decreased lately, as the leeches become scarce. But he complains not—no!—says he,

I find them as I can!

So the lowliest may, sometimes, teach the highest natures. Says the poet—

I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that infirm old man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure—
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

So the desponding man may look out of himself and learn his duty from the least favoured of his fellow-creatures—from poor men who work all day, from dawn till dark, for seven shillings a week, or from poor widows left with large families, whom they support by miserable drudgery in washing and

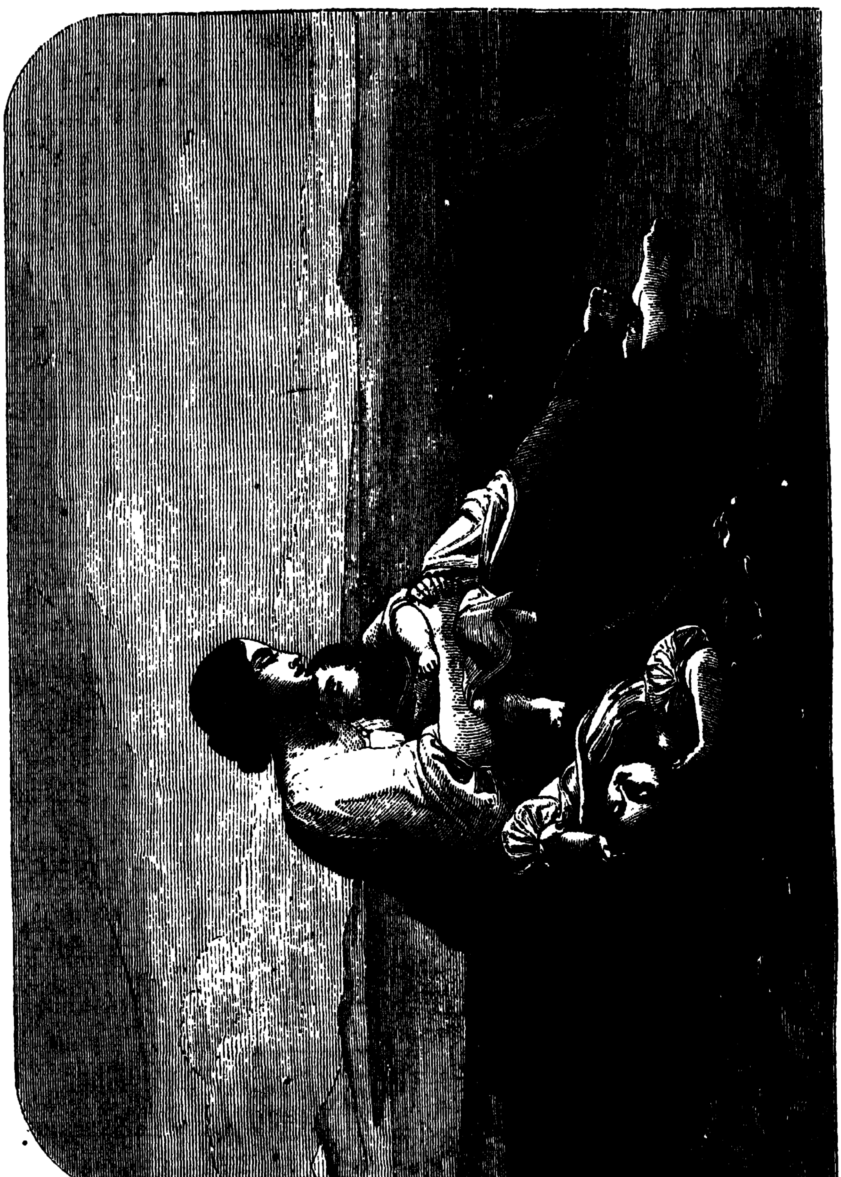
Doing the meanest chars.

I have heard our friend Gray tell a story of his early practice, which has a good moral. He commenced practice, almost without money, in a gloomy little village down in the north—a place with a soil of coal-dust and an atmosphere of smoke. Often he walked along the black lanes in that neighbourhood, not knowing what to do, and hardly caring whether or not some train of coal-waggons on the railways should run over him. He felt *alone*. At last he found "a word in season." He had been out late one night to set the broken limb of a poor collier lad. As he returned, he called upon another patient in the village, and, while talking with him, remarked how frequently he had seen, very late at night, lights in the window of an opposite chamber. His patient told him that the said chamber was tenanted by two poor girls, dressmakers, who had been respectably educated, but were reduced to poverty by their father's misconduct. "And now," said the patient, "they are working day and night, to make their way against misfortune *as well as they can.*" These last five words did Gray more good than all the words he had heard for a year. They followed him home, and lodged with him, and have often corrected him when disposed to indulge in unprofitable complaints.

The world is full of reproof for the indolent and despondent man. See, while the man endowed with superior abilities, and favoured by education—the man of genius and imagination, who can call up the visions of the past and of the future, to cheer the solitude of the present—the man of reading who has the world of books to range over, and can think with Shakspeare—the man of expanded mind, who can overlook the dulness of a part of human existence, by transporting himself, in thought, through many distant lands, and contemplating the movement and the interest of the whole of that life to which he belongs: while such a man droops his head, and feels that nothing remains to be hoped for or done in the world—see, the poor lacemaker wearies hands and eyes ten hours every day, monotonously twirling her bobbins—for threepence! The cobbler, sticking to his last as patiently as if his soul and body were put together for no purpose but to mend old boots—the sailor, hanging on the rigging in the storm—the collier, toiling amid poisonous air—the peasant, with earth-coloured garments, turning up the clods as if he were but a part of the soil: all teach good lessons to the desponding mind. Be these my teachers. I am but a coward in comparison with them. I owe something to them. I will contribute something to cheer their labours. My advantages shall not be used as a selfish luxury, but shall tend towards an equalisation of the advantages of humanity. It is an unsocial, ungenerous pursuit of literature which has cast such a dulness over my studies. Pursued with a good, catholic purpose, how much more animated would my endeavours have been! It is true I can plead that these endeavours have not been encouraged, that the world has seemed deaf to me; but then I never worked with sufficient courage. And might not all the useful labourers in the field of humanity urge the same plea for despondency? Might they not complain, justly, that while the mere idlers—*fruges consumere nati*—eat up all the admiration of the world, due honour is not paid to labour, though every idle man feels some shame in its presence. The sailor is left to fulfil his hard and stormy duty as a missionary of humanity, and, accounted a vagabond, treats himself as one, knowing nothing of the true nobility of his calling; yet he wrestles with the tempest on the deep, and holds the sea-severed portions of humanity together with his laborious hand. And the blackened miner is left with no intellectual and moral radiance to dispel the gloom of his toil; yet he wrests from the depths of the earth the dark wealth which is to cheer the hearths of many who never think of honouring the labourer's hand.

Then why should the literary labourer complain of that part of the general error of society which falls to his burden? If he is more keenly conscious of it than others, let him make the best use of this feeling for the benefit of others as well as himself, by exposing the error, and doing something towards the coming of that better time when men shall honour each other, and shed the light of sympathy, respect, and encouragement, instead of the darkness of neglect and contempt, upon those various paths of toil through which we must all walk to the grave, "where the weary are at rest." The world is, to a certain extent, in the hands of men: they can make it a prison, a battle-field, or a pleasant home, as they please.

Literature can never be for me what once I dreamed it would be. I can never again feel the wonder, the ardour, the enthusiastic delight, with which I first read Shakspeare, Milton, and Scott; or enjoy the gay visions of future happiness in congenial society for which I once meditated my literary schemes. But could I contribute one little mite of good influence to cheer, or direct one mind to shed one glimpse of radiance upon, any of the paths of human toil, to dispel one of the social errors that make men unhappy, to prepare the way for some who may do better and brighter things: for this I would live. The meanest faculty must not be wasted. The part I can contribute may be something serviceable when connected with the whole, and so I will give it, though it seem lost like a drop of water cast into the sea. I do not dream of literary fame. Surely, 'tis not a mere name, with a note of admiration after it, that one would leave to posterity? One good thought would be better than that; and if I can, in any degree, contribute something towards ameliorating and refining general opinions, there is still a work to be done in the world. Let us strive to do with the pen what Napoleon absurdly professed to attempt with the sword—to win for every man the free use of his best faculties, and the honour belonging to them!



NEAPOLITANS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

By the German Painter, Reidel.

NEAPOLITANS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

We scarcely know how in words to do justice to this beautiful drawing. Reidel, the painter, though a German, has caught the spirit of the scene, and given us a genuine Neapolitan picture. How can we wonder that such mighty schools of painters sprung up in Italy, when its women presented such enchanting models of grace and dignity? Nothing can exceed the felicity of the grouping of the mother and children. Look at the young girl lying at full length along the ground! How, to the life, we see the indolent voluptuousness of her race developing in her form. A true child of the south, she cares not for the bronzing sun, but gazes far out into the lustrous ocean, and watches the white-sailed feluccas, small as the curved wings of sea-birds; or still farther stretches her idle gaze to where the shadows of the clouds thwart with long lines of most delicate gray the silver, shining sea. The mother bends her head down over her younger child, whilst she clasps her beads and utters a prayer for the bark which is far away. The sad and gentle music of the sea, spreading its thin tide upon the sand, then singing in its retreat amid shells and agate pebbles, murmurs a fitting undertone to her thoughts. The sentiment of the scene is given with true German skill: would that our own painters knew how to bring human feeling and external nature into such perfect accord!

A. W.

THE NIGHT WIND.

The Night Wind murmurs soft and low
A blessing o'er the sleeping earth,
Where hushed is now each cry of woe,
And stilled the song of childhood's mirth:—
With strange unearthly sound 'tis heard
Upstealing through the forest green,
As if to greet the pensive Minstrel Bird,
Who there is sweetly hymning Night's pale Queen.

And all around a whispering floats
Of voices from far-distant spheres—
Now like some seraph's gladsome notes,
Now like the wail of one in tears.
Low-murmuring Wind! much do I love
Thy gentle breath to fan my cheek—
To dream thou com'st from yon bright worlds above,
Where kindred souls with ours communion seek.

G. T. K.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

(Third Notice.)

LORD MORPETH'S HEALTH-BILL AND THE REPORT OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

The rumours which have been for some time past afloat respecting Lord Morpeth's intention of abandoning the Bill for improving the Health of Towns in England, are happily proved to be without foundation. The Bill is not to be altogether abandoned. The corporate towns are to enjoy the great blessing which had been promised to all the swarming population of England and Wales; but the Metropolis is, for the present, to be shut out from the benefits which a small but active fraction of its local authorities have most unwisely refused. In thus restricting the operation of this great measure to the corporate towns, and to such other country towns as may petition by half the number of their ratepayers to be brought under its wholesome operation, the government is understood to be influenced not by an unworthy fear of parochial opposition, but by want of time to carry through the present session of parliament so large a measure as that originally proposed. In coming to this resolution, they have acted wisely. By adopting an opposite course, they might have sacrificed the health of some millions of people to their own consistency.

But our object is not to discuss the conduct of the government in thus abandoning for a time a part of their great measure, but to prepare the way for the extension of sanitary reform to the inhabitants of the Metropolis at an early period of the next session of parliament, by showing from the most undoubted authority the great need which London has of an efficient Health-Bill, and the unstable foundation on which the city of London, the parish of Marylebone, and their aiders and abettors from Brighton, have endeavoured to build up a title to exemption. The undoubted authority to which we allude is the Report of the Registrar-General for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1847, than which a more important document has not yet issued from Somerset House. For the pleasant and flattering fictions which the too partial imaginations of the Corporation of the city of London, the select vestry of Marylebone, and the Brighton commissioners have conjured up, it substitutes the simple and unadorned truths of an arithmetic of which the units are deaths. Let us place these figures in juxtaposition with the fictions which they so effectually destroy.

The vestry of Marylebone have occupied a very prominent position in the agitation against Lord Morpeth's Bill; and it is due to them to first notice their claims to exemption from government supervision and control. Now, it appears that in seven years the deaths in Marylebone have been 21,585, but if the sanitary state of this self-satisfied parish had been on a par with that of Lewisham (one of the metropolitan districts), the deaths would have been only 16,552; so that it has suffered a loss of upwards of 5000 lives, or more than 700 a-year. This is paying very dearly, in every way, for the principle of local self-government and non-centralisation. The poor ask for life, and the parochial authorities give them a heartless jargon of fine-sounding words.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence, that the city of London without the walls has also sacrificed in the same seven years about 5000 lives. This is the answer of the Registrar-General to the "deliberate conviction" of the Commissioners of Sewers, that the "city of London, for health, cleanliness, effective drainage, lighting, and for supply of water to its inhabitants, *cannot be surpassed.*"

Let us now turn to the fellow-labourers of the City Corporation and the Marylebone Vestry—the busybodies of Brighton. This fashionable watering-place is all unconscious of its wants, and thinks that it stands in as little need of sanitary measures as the metropolis. The Registrar-General does not overlook their claims to notice. He brings their fictions, too, face to face with his facts, and with what result? Why, that while in a group of three districts (East Grinstead, Horsham, and

Cuckfield), out of 1000 males living under 5 years of age only 42 die every year, 84 die in Brighton, and 100 in Marylebone; under 10 and above 5 years, the figures for the three places range respectively at 5, 11, and 13; from 35 to 45 years, 8, 17, and 17: and at all ages, 17, 25, and 25 respectively. So that from 35 years of age, the mortality of Brighton is as high as that of Marylebone. These facts ought to be known to the inhabitants of London who visit Brighton for their health. If the knowledge should chance to turn the steps of the invalid or fashionable visitor in some other direction, the inhabitants of Brighton may thank the bustling ignorance of those by whom the condition of their town has been misrepresented.

But we have a still wider and larger field of inquiry opened out to us by this Report of the Registrar-General. The mortality of the great metropolis itself, with its two millions of inhabitants, is displayed in all its vast proportions. The sacrifice of life is swelled to tens of thousands, and is shown to exceed any previous estimate.

The Health of Towns' Association, in one of their publications, estimate the waste of life in the metropolis at 10,000 a year. The Registrar-General tells us that in the seven years from 1838-44, there was an excess over the comparatively healthy standard of Lewisham of 97,872 deaths, or 13,982 a year; and that the excess of deaths in childhood, that is to say under five years of age, was, in the same seven years, 58,961, or 8,423 a year. The same high authority adds, that 38 persons die daily in London in excess of the rate of mortality which actually prevails in the immediate neighbourhood. This is at the rate of more than *three* deaths in *two* hours.

Then with regard to the quarter which terminated on the 31st of March last—it appears that 15,289 deaths were registered in that period, being a greater number than has been registered in any previous winter since the weekly table began; so that the necessity for a sound sanitary measure was never more urgent than it is now. We would especially invite the attention of the working classes, and of all those who depend on their own exertions for support, to this further statement of the numbers on the sick list. The numbers constantly sick in London were, we are told, 122,000, and the annual attacks of sickness more than 1,220,000. The number of annual attacks would have been at least 350,000 less, and the number *constantly sick* 35,000 less, if the health of London had been as good even as that of Lewisham, one of the districts within its own limits.

The excessive mortality of the past quarter in London has been shared by all the large towns of England; which have suffered a loss of upwards of 6000 above the corrected average. The deaths in the quarter in England and Wales are estimated at the unprecedented number of 120,000.

Are not these facts worth a host of mere assertions? Place side by side with them the self-congratulations of the City, of Marylebone, or of Brighton, the abstract theories of local self-government, and the senseless outcry against centralisation, and how utterly insignificant do they all appear. These facts speak trumpet-tongued in favour of a large sanitary measure for the metropolis. They afford the materials of an invincible agitation. Let the inhabitants of London take care how they use them. If they fold their arms while death is doing its work, sickness and death will be their punishment. But if they bestir themselves, then health and long life, diminishing burdens, and increasing comforts, intellectual advancement, moral and religious improvement, and all that constitutes true civilisation, will be their rich reward.

M. D.

Our Library.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SKIN, AS A MEANS OF PROMOTING HEALTH. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.*

This is a valuable contribution to that series of interesting and instructive works, which we rejoice to find are in constantly increasing demand, whose tendency is to promote the physical as well as the moral health of the community. The subject treated of in the volume before us is of immense importance to the preservation of health. The membrane which invests and wraps the organisation of man, is of itself a highly organised structure, and the instrument of functions upon the uninterrupted fulfilment of which the health of the general system greatly depends. An active sympathy exists between this external organ and the organs of digestion, respiration, the liver, and the kidneys—the too common neglect, therefore, of the extended membrane which wraps the body must produce serious derangement of the organic functions carried on within. This is the great truth which Mr. Wilson demonstrates in his present work. It is essentially a Book for the People, as well as the profession. The technicalities of science are set aside, and the subject treated in a style which cannot fail to deeply interest the general reader. Take, for instance, the following *rationale* of the effects produced by the inhalation of ether:—

> This powerful vapour, received into the stream of blood during respiration, is quickly diffused through the entire system, and rolling, like a somniferous cloud, on the brain and nerves, wraps them in a mantle of total insensibility. The condition of the patient while in this state is one of deep sleep. As the vapour clears away, the faculties awaken; first, those of the mind, creating dreams of repose and pleasure; then the senses of sight and hearing: and lastly, common sensation, or the perception of pain.

The porosity of the skin, with its secreting glands and excreting tubes, are thus adverted to:—

> On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2,268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. *Now, the number of square inches of surface* in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly 28 miles.†

The work contains many useful *recipes* for the removal of the minor ailments of the skin, and the causes which impair the beauty of its complexion.

THE MOORISH VENUS.

By R. R. Philp.

Of all the physical sciences, human physiology claims our highest regard. Geology, botany, astronomy—all important in relation to man, and offering a rich repast to his intellectual capacities—must nevertheless take inferior rank as compared

* Second Edition. London: John Churchill.

† This calculation includes the "sebaceous system."

with that which treats of man's organic structure, functions, and requirements, and opens to his mental view a just conception of the power of God, as displayed in the chief work of his hands. Hence we adopt the sentiment that "the proper study of mankind is man." For, in the train of this study follows every high and ennobling theme: it includes his relation to the spiritual and the material; to the past, the present, and the future. It is the sum of all science, the foundation of natural religion, and the handmaid of revelation.

The "Moorish Venus" is the name given to the anatomical model of a Moorish female, the work of the late Signor Serantoni, now exhibiting at the Cosmorama, Regent-street, by Signor Sarti, who has already conferred great benefits upon the public by his exhibition of the Florentine Venus and Adonis, which for some years past have excited public attention and admiration. Signor Sarti has been a great instructor of the public upon the allied sciences of anatomy and physiology; and, like all who are engaged in good works, he cannot be stationary, but must progress with the spirit and tendencies of the age in which he lives. Hence he has made an effort to surpass what he has hitherto done, and to set before the public a work of art, so complete and true to nature, that human eyes never before beheld so wonderful an imitation of the most wonderful of living beings.

And in this attempt he has triumphed. The model of the Moorish Venus is, without exception, the finest work of mechanical art it has ever been our lot to see. The excellence of its execution is equal to the greatness of its subject; and we would place this model of the human frame in as high a degree above its kindred works of art, as living man may rank above the animate beings moving around him.

On entering the room, the spectator sees reclining upon a couch, in an attitude of perfect grace and ease, the beautiful form of a Moorish female. The expression of her countenance is truly natural—an air of modest timidity, but of perfect good temper and lively intelligence, speaks through her looks. She almost seems conscious that the wonders of her being are to be unravelled, and although her features indicate a timorous anxiety, yet they bear the aspect of generous passive submission.

The model is subject to no less than seventy-five sections. The outlines are the perfect ideal of female beauty, and the attitude of the figure admirably throws out the graceful lines peculiar to the female form. The demonstrator advances, and, in a few seconds has stripped the body of its outer membrane, and the superficial muscles, vessels, and nerves are brought to view. The veil which wraps and hides the wondrous mechanism thus being removed what curious and astonishing objects crowd upon the view! Everywhere, trailing like the tender rootlets of a tree, the dark veins pursue their tortuous course; beside and beneath them run the more delicate arteries; and crowding upon the surface and about the vessels are multitudes of tiny nerves, fine as the web the spider spins, yet the wonderful agents of sensation, the myriad servants of the brain.

The mammary glands are shown and explained, the intercostal muscles and the ribs—these are removed, and we look upon the viscera. The arms are so disposed as to allow of various views of their muscular and tendinous structure; and the superficial layers being removed, the deep muscles, the bones, vessels, and nerves, from the shoulder-joint to the finger-ends, are all brought to view. And oh! how sight after sight fills the mind with wonder at contemplation of the perfection and harmony of the whole.

Now the lungs are displaced, and we see the bronchial tubes, and trace the air cells in which they terminate, and the great pulmonary veins and arteries which communicate between the seat of respiration and the centre of circulation; and next the demonstrator takes up that wonderful piece of mechanism, the heart, with the aorta and vena cava attached; he turns and explains it, speaks of its auricles and ventricles, and even opens little apertures, that the spectator may see the chambers of the heart, their muscular walls, and curiously constructed valves—every one of which may be distinctly perceived. Next, he points out the diaphragm, explains its influence upon breathing, and shows the phrenic nerves which regulate its actions. The diaphragm removed, the liver and the stomach appear; the former is raised up, its ligaments, and portal, and hepatic vessels, and its gall-bladder, the reservoir for bile, are shown; and next, the œsophagus, and the stomach, with its cardiac orifice and pyloric valve—the stomach opens, and the delicate and beautiful structure of its mucous coat are pointed out; and next, the spleen, and pancreas, and duodenum. And here the demonstrator justly remarks upon the semi-barbarous habit of tight-lacing, by which so many thousands of our fair sisters are yearly sent prematurely to the grave. Who can look upon these organs, and understand their important functions, without at once recognising it as a truth that undue pressure about the chest and abdomen must produce imperfect respiration, irregular circulation, indigestion, spinal weakness, deformity, and other grievous ills? Oh! thou model of Moorish beauty, whose form hath known none of the distortions imposed upon thy white sister by the mistaken rites of imperfect civilisation, speak with thy silent eloquence to that lovely one bending over thee, with pallid countenance and sunken eye, and tell her what hath blighted her beauty, and stolen the rose-tint from her cheek; and by thy teaching even she may smile again!

Out of the many, the very many, other dissections to which this splendid piece of workmanship is subject, we have only space to enumerate a few more.

The viscera removed, and portions of the vertebra being raised, we see the great nervous trunk, the spinal cord, from the base of the brain to its division into the *cauda equina*, or the great bunch of nerves, the chief of which penetrate to the lower extremities. Truly, while we look upon this telegraphic apparatus of the body, and regard these multitudinous cords as they penetrate and ramify into every substance, as the electric wires of a wonderful estate, along whose tiny lines fly off the mandates of a potent will, commanding this to rise and that to fall; now grasping with firm hold, now hurling far away; now treading at a leisure pace, or hurrying at highest speed; at one time prompting the sudden blush and the impulsive tear, or, at another, rousing the echoing laugh or the ecstatic dance—we are lost in a bewildering delight, and exclaim with the psalmist—"Man is a creature fearfully and wonderfully made!"

Lastly, the brain, in its several divisions, internal and external, and the nerves of special sense, are brought to view: and we reluctantly learn that the revelation of this wonderful copy from nature is at an end.

None can see this exhibition without becoming wiser and better. And this should be the great end of all our gratifications. The knowledge which a sight of this model cannot fail to impart has too

long been culpably neglected. Man has studied the physiology of the horse and the dog—himself he hath not known. The busy head, industrious hand, and unerring eye, by whose united energies this model has been executed, have conferred a greater boon upon mankind than all its boasted warriors, from the first to the last.

If so much beauty attach to this model of the human frame—this copy from a sublime original—how infinitely greater the wonder and the beauty of *that original*, a living, breathing, moving, sympathising creature! How stupendous in its complications that which hourly wastes and repairs itself; in whose substance the vital essence flows in millions of narrow tubes; through whose frame, the vital emotions and impulses thrill along myriads of silk-like cords; whose heart beats with energy through tens of years, by night and by day, never wearying or seeking rest; and whose illuminated mind is like the radiance of brightest sunshine, sublime in itself, and invigorating and inspiring to all around it! And how infinite the wisdom, and vast the majesty, of Him who designed, perfected, and sustains it all!

SONNET ON THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Who sighs not for thy life, wild Chatterton?
Who droops not at thy death? and sees thee not,
With inward quiver, hurrying to blot
Thy fair creation? Outcast and alone—
Poor, houseless, helpless, homeless, hopeless boy—
Cold was thy welcome with the sons of men!
Not one o'erbeaming eye to waken joy,
Or watch thy strong young heart with wistful ken;
Not one redeeming hand—but there was Death.
Was it for thee to ponder how and when—
Starving upon the pittance of the pen?
For thee to beg thy birthright—bread and breath—
When all the world was but a heated fen?
Oh, brother, brother, without brethren!

PEOPLE ABOUT ONE.

By Angus B. Reach.

CHAP. IV.—TRAVELLED AND TRAVELLING PEOPLE.

My friend Wrigglestone is a travelling man. Every autumn sees him sailing on some continental river, or scaling some continental mountain. Wrigglestone is a useful knowledge devourer. He goes abroad for information, but unhappily picks up none which a tolerable work on geography and topography would not furnish him with by his own fireside. Wrigglestone is a great man for facts. He crams himself with facts, as he does his carpet bag with shirts. Both are full: but the one makes no more use of the information than the other of the linen. He holds them; that is all. I met Wrigglestone a season or two ago, on the Moselle. The steamer, on the deck of which we stood, went whirling down that glorious, turret-crowned, vine-festooned river. Wrigglestone was labouring as for dear life, with a guide book. The stream is rapid, so was the steamer; and Wrigglestone, read as hard, and turn over the leaves as fast, as he could, was always a page or two behind. Thus, when we were all in raptures at a glorious peep of Saurkrautstein Castle, Wrigglestone was toiling through the statistical account of the village of Snaggerheimer, which we had left a couple of miles in the rear, and endeavouring to impress upon his mind that the population thereof was neither more nor less than 769, and that the principal market day was Friday, and not Saturday, as erroneously stated in many guide books. Wrigglestone lost the glimpse of the feudal castle, but he considered that he had quite turned the laugh against us, when he discovered, in about ten minutes, that the pile was supposed to have been founded in the year 1113, by Rudolph Wolfganger, first Baron of Beerywesel—an interesting fact, of which I was not ashamed to avow a dense degree of ignorance. However, it was a fact, and, as Wrigglestone triumphantly observed, facts are stubborn things.

Ask Wriggleston whether a cloud of historic fancies did not come thick upon him, as he stood before the grave of Charlemagne. He will reply—"No: but the length of the nave of the cathedral of Aix is 170 feet 6 inches—I checked the guide book myself." Inquire whether his heart did not jump into his mouth when, on emerging from some filthy little back street of Cologne, he came for the first time upon the broad Rhine. Answer:—"Not exactly: but it's very curious—Murray says there are thirty-seven barges in the bridge of boats; now I counted them myself, and I pledge you my reputation there are thirty-eight."

Now nineteen out of every twenty ladies and gentlemen who publish very well spelt, and not ungrammatical, books of travel every year, have exactly the same notions of what constitutes information as Mr. Wrigglestone.

A different man is Captain Shaft. I never found out the captain's regiment, and I am inclined to think that if it was ever gazetted, it was not in the army. But, however that may be, Shaft looks, as the phrase goes, every inch a soldier—or rather, an officer; not a British one exactly, but something military—something in the moustache and sabretache line. He must be of course unattached, as his regiment could not be so frequently quartered at Paris, Brussels, and Hombourg, as one is apt to meet the Captain in those pleasant cities. Wherever he goes, he is eminently at home. He seems to speak all languages in the same easy, *nonchalant* drawl. He never bothers about sights. If you lumped all the cathedrals in Europe into one, the Captain would not deign to stick his glass in his eye for a single peep. He appears to know nothing of the lions of a city, but he is immensely well up in all the scandal. Meet him and Wrigglestone some pleasant evening before the Rotonde in the Palais Royal. Wrigglestone will answer every inquiry about the height of the pillar in the Place Vendôme; Shaft will give you a most *piquante* history of the row the night before in the *salon* of Madame de Fanfaron, when the noted Jules Blague hinted that the success at *lansquenet* of Madlle. Lorette (of the Gymnase) was to be attributed more to ingenuity than luck; or he will recount with edifying minuteness the particulars of the ancient scandal which makes a marked house of No. 10, Rue Comvouplait. Everybody knows what a man on town is. Captain Shaft is a man on Europe. He is in every city at the right time. He occupies the most fashionable rooms, in the most fashionable hotel, in the most fashionable quarter. He does not appear to be an Englishman, nor an American, nor a Frenchman, nor a German, nor a Spaniard. He seems to be a little of each. All countries are alike to him. He talks of going to St. Petersburg one day, and alters his mind, and proceeds to Madrid the next. He appears always to have money. No one knows exactly where

it comes from. I have my suspicions. He is kind to young Englishmen of fortune in their first tour. He enlightens them on many subjects. His card playing is exquisite, and I never saw a man except the Captain who could rattle dice so as to make them play a sort of tune in the box. Further—he once offered to bet that he knew every billiard marker in Europe, and could find no taker. For my own part, I think I should be inclined to cut the Captain.

Not so Mr. Jonas Chump, Mrs. Chump, the Misses Chump, and the Master Chump. Not a more respectable family in all Islington than the Chumps. The tax-gatherer has never to call twice at Chump Villa. The butcher's bill is never ordered to lie under the table. The name of Chump is good in the City; and holders of bills accepted by him, inwardly smile at the signature. Mr. Chump knows no language but his own, cares for no country but his own, likes no fashions but his own. He travels though, for all that, as regularly as the corn ripens in the autumn time. Mrs. Chump rather partakes her husband's notions. Her figure is not sylphide. She gets sick at the sight of a steam-boat, and her sufferings in *diligences* have been superhuman. Nevertheless, Mrs. Chump travels with the rest. She has fanned herself in leafy vineyards, and wondered at the benighted creatures kneeling before southern shrines. The Chump mainspring is, in fact, the two eldest Misses Chump and Tom—the son and heir. They set all the family in motion. They map out the plan of the autumnal voyages and travels; they draw up the estimate of the expense—which is generally about one-third of the actual amount. The young ladies are the French interpreters; and Tom prides himself on some scanty knowledge of the tongue of the Teuton.

There are hundreds of Chumps to be met with every autumn, sunning themselves at Pau, or cooling themselves in the Alps. Each family keeps—at first at least—religiously together. They expend a prodigious sum of money, and get over a prodigiously small expanse of ground. Hotel keepers, couriers, and *valets de place*, honour and love the tribe of the Chumps. They always keep to the beaten track. They never discover unheard-of villages in Germany, or trace unknown tributaries of the Rhine. They are encumbered with sufficient itineraries to freight a waggon. They are pleased or displeased, as the guide book tells them it is right to be. They draw out lists of the lions upon their arrival in every city they visit, and make the rounds with great gravity, and as performing a solemn duty not to be neglected. When two papa Chumps meet, they get wonderfully confidential, and each informs the other that it is the last time that the young people will ever get *them* away from Camberwell, Hackney, or Clapham, as the case may be. When two mamma Chumps foregather, they carry on secret conversations about flannel, servants, and the price of butchers' meat at home—describing any bit of scenery to which their attention may be directed, to the interruption of the council, as "rubbage." If they notice anything about them, it is the head-dress of the peasant women on the road, which they consider terribly odd and bold.

Paris is haunted by swarms of old and young Chumps. The papas are on view every morning at Galignani's, where they read the London morning papers, and think what a blessing it is to see good honest English type in a foreign and a distant land. They are also apt to patronise English taverns, and dine on steaks and stout.

The young Chumps, on the contrary, after a continental trip or two, are apt to become wonderfully Germanised or Gallicised, as the case may be. They take to a foreign cut in their pantaloons, smoke cigars after breakfast, become knowing in the difference between the *grisette* and the *lorette*, affect to read slangy Paris papers, and not unfrequently make the acquaintance of the agreeable and accommodating Captain Shaft. For this friendship old Chump in due time pays the inevitable price. The young ladies are also, and frequently to no inconsiderable degree, smitten, through the agency of foreign travel, with a very tolerable contempt for their own land. I know a Miss Chump who, after spending a winter at Nice—the first, by the way, she had ever passed from home—actually asked me, on the occasion of a snow-storm the following Christmas—"Whether winters in England were often so severe?" To do the ladies justice, however, these little absurdities pass off in due season, and leave the wholesome English heart of oak, all the sounder for a rub of foreign polish.

The thoroughly aristocratic English family abroad forms a great contrast. The luggage they carry is beyond belief. One would think they were going to found a colony. Of course they travel in their own carriage—windows up, silk blinds often down (no vulgar curiosity), courier in front, John and lady's maid in the rumble. At hotels they demand suites of rooms. They dispatch their cards to the English diplomatic agent, ambassador, consul, or *chargé d'affaires*. They travel with Foreign-office passports, and take possession of the best accommodation on board steamers, because it seems to come naturally to them. The Chumpses stand in awe of them; and Captain Shaft, donning his most faultless coat, hangs on their outskirts, and plots an introduction. But it is difficult. The great folks "keep themselves to themselves," and the Captain's elaborate politeness meets with but a bare recognition of freezing indifference. The "carriage people" seldom dine at *tables d'hôte*, and always monopolise exclusive carriages on railways. Sometimes, however, the head of the family relaxes, as thus. Last season, toiling up a hill in Normandy, I saw an English equipage, a coronet on the panel, at a stop on the summit. A group of peasantry stood by the wayside; and as I came up, I found a grey-headed, ricketty looking old gentleman putting pompous questions to them, aided by the polyglotical powers of a courier. The comfortable looking person so engaged I saw at a glance was the master of the carriage—through the window of which a delicate, but haughty looking, beauty was gazing with evident impatience at the delay. He appeared to have no particular facility in comprehending the replies made by the country people to his questions—a fact which he was evidently anxious, as he stood with his hand applied trumpet fashion to his ear, to have attributed to deafness. The courier, however, translated; and I observed that the gentleman was only deaf in his French ear. Presently he hobbled to his carriage, the courier assisted him to mount; and as the glittering, flashing equipage rolled away, I said to myself—"So, that is the way in which his grace the Duke of Fitzfoodle gets up the foreign statistics and facts by which he proves, at least twice every session in the House of Lords, and once at the Farmers' Club Dinner in his own county, that the English labourer is the finest, healthiest, happiest peasant in the world—with seven shillings a week for his prime, and the Union for his age."

THE LITTLE MOLES.

By Charles Mackay.

When grasping tyranny offends,
Or angry bigots frown;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down;
When statesmen form unholy league
To drive the world to war;
When knaves in palaces intrigue
For ribbons or a star:
We raise our heads, survey their deeds,
And cheerily reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a free man's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting naught;
When round their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom:
We think of Heaven's eternal love,
And strong in hope reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town—
Depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown;
Pander to prejudice unclean,
Apologise for crime,
And daub the vices of the mean
With flattery like slime:
For Milton's craft, for Shakspeare's tongue
We blush, but yet reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

When smug philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn—poor sagelings of a day—
Its too prolific birth;
And prove, by figure, rule, and plan,
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its ball:
We view the vineyards on the hills,
And corn-fields waving high—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

When men complain of human kind,
In misanthropic mood,
And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good;
When, walled in prejudices strong,
They urge that evermore
The world is fated to go wrong,
For going wrong before:
We feel the truths they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply—
Grub, little moles, grub under ground;
There's sunshine in the sky.

CRIME:

HOW HAS IT BEEN TREATED?—HOW SHOULD IT BE TREATED?

By Lord Nugent.

No. II.

In the foregoing Paper we assumed thatthe first rude and natural impulse under which Punishment was inflicted and justified was that of Retaliation, or Vengeance. But we must distinguish between these two. Mere Retaliation is, manifestly, a very imperfect measure of Vengeance. So imperfect, that the two may be said to differ almost in principle; certainly in effect. Retaliation, in criminal matters, is, with reference to the offence, but what restitution is in a civil action of recovery;—the exactly assessed and restored equivalent of the loss or damage sustained by the aggrieved party. It is but paying back, in the same measure and to an equal extent with the injury inflicted;—no more. But natural justice seems to require more. As he who has robbed another of a thing of a certain value should not be held quit of the offence on repayment of only the just worth of that thing, so he who by violence or fraud has inflicted an injury for which he cannot make compensation to the injured should not be held quit with society by having been made to undergo only the same or an equal amount of suffering with that which he has inflicted. Something beyond the mere measure assessed by valuation should be paid back in the way of punishment for the criminality of the act. Many an excited spirit would be found willing to risk, in the enterprise, the being obliged, if brought to justice, to undergo as much as shall have been endured by the victim who has been assailed for the gratification of a bad and malicious passion. Besides (and this must always be taken into account in measuring punishment), the assailant has acted under the confident hope of escaping all punishment, by dexterity, by force, or by those accidents which are called good luck. The man who, under the excitement of a strong passion, commits a crime against the laws, like every other gambler for a high stake, always makes a very unreasonable calculation of chances in his own favour. For, otherwise, nobody would be a gambler.

Mere retaliation, therefore, is plainly a very imperfect measure of retribution. A blow returned to him who has struck a blow, in wrath or in malice *prepense*, is not enough. For many a man would compound for this exchange with the enemy he hates, even though he were certain of being condemned to it, and there were no chance of escape. But he who inflicts the injury has in truth many chances of entire impunity on which he may reasonably calculate; even without that sanguine exaggeration in which he is sure to indulge his hopes. Nor need that be pointed out which is of itself so manifest, the obvious impracticability, in most cases, of any attempt to apply retaliation in the same measure and kind with the offence. And, if not applied in the same measure and kind, it ceases to be retaliation. Punishment, therefore, if considered as an act merely of Retribution, or Vengeance, or Expiation, should go far beyond the measure of the injury that has incurred it; and must, of necessity, in many cases, bear no apparent analogy to it.

But *how* far beyond the measure of the injury should the punishment go? The greater or less extent to which the punishment may justifiably be made to exceed the offence in the amount of suffer-

ing it inflicts can surely be adjusted only according to the requirements of the case,—or, in other words, according to the extent of Protection that society needs, but in no case *exceeding* the *moral desert* of the offence. To this question we must come at last. But this again takes it out of the category of mere Vengeance, or Expiation; and would surely be enough of itself to show, if it were necessary to show it, that mere Vengeance, or Expiation, *cannot* be the justifiable or reasonable purpose of human punishment.

It is fit, however, now to meet *this* question. How happens it that the Divine Law, as revealed in the Old Testament, prescribes, in sundry places, punishments of Retribution or Expiation, leaving the execution of that law in the hands of man? Nay, further than this, how happens it that in the New Testament a construction to the same effect seems to be sanctioned in a solitary, but often quoted, doctrine laid down by the Great Apostle of the Gentiles? Let us examine this; for it is an objection much too important to be neglected.

The Divine Law, even in the Old Testament, can in no case (but a doubtful one in the Book of Genesis, which shall in its proper place be taken notice of) be cited as countenancing the principle of Retaliation, strictly defined. And in the New it seems to be utterly forbidden, not only by the general spirit of the Christian Morality, but also in express terms by the words of our Lord, repealing what "hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" (Matthew v. 38), and by the words reserving to the Almighty alone the prerogative of Vengeance also. (Hebrews x. 30). The words of inspiration can nowhere be at variance with each other. God cannot contradict himself.

But, first, as to the Code of Ordinances given, under the Theocracy, to the children of Israel. We apprehend that, even if many of the penal parts of that code had not, formally and by the highest Authority, been repealed, it might still be safely held that the retributive or expiatory part could not have been meant, any more than the ceremonial, to be a law for human observance or imitation in any other state of society. For this simple reason—that it *was* administered under a Theocracy, in which the Deity was declared to be the Visible Ruler, and his judgments were revealed and executed, either by his own immediate injunction, or through his anointed prophets, or kings set by his prophets to rule over his Chosen People. In strict harmony, thus, with the injunction given by Jehoshaphat (II. Chronicles xix.) for the "judgment of the Lord," "who is with you in the judgment;" and in strict harmony also with the declaration concerning the prerogative of Vengeance (Deuteronomy xxxii. 36) repeated in the epistle to the Hebrews x. 30, with this addition in both places—"The Lord shall judge his people."

We have written this, not in forgetfulness of a passage, often quoted in what appears to us to be a somewhat mistaken sense,—a passage which might perhaps appear, at first sight, hard to reconcile in spirit with the Christian Doctrine enforced in so many parts of the New Testament, and which might seem to carry with it into *that* Dispensation also the authority for vesting a power of vindictive and expiatory punishment in the hands of men bearing office as civil rulers. "For *he*" (the Ruler, as the context is usually interpreted) "is the minister of God; a *Revenger*, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil" (Epistle to the Romans xiii. 4).

We will venture to submit for consideration that these words may appear to refer, not to the Civil Ruler, but to the Power of God—to the Supreme Powers having dominion over the Soul, as in contradistinction to human authority—"*the powers that be.*" It is fit to be remarked that the words "*he is* the minister, &c.," can hardly with propriety be held to refer to the *plural* antecedent "Rulers." For this would confuse the sense by a false concord in grammar. Let us shortly examine the whole of this passage, so often cited in support not only of the Vindictive Authority given to magistrates, but also of the Doctrine of a Divine Right delegated to them. For, be it observed, if it can truly be taken in support of the one, we cannot escape from taking it as also asserting the other, and impeaching the lawfulness of the original title under which the sovereign of these realms now fills the throne. "Let every *soul* be subject to the *higher powers.*" The word thus used in the first verse, (in the original Greek ὑπερεχουσαις,) and which is rendered "higher," we venture to suggest is never found but as signifying dominion *over the thing or person specified in the context*—as, for example, in 1st Epistle Peter, xi. 13, where it is applied distinctly to the sovereign power as supreme *in as far as regards the "ordinances of man;*"—and that the word ψυχη, (soul) is nowhere in the sacred writings used to signify man in the mere civil or social sense, but his immortal and spiritual part; and that the passage must therefore be taken in the plain and simple construction of the words, "Let every Soul be subject to the Powers which have dominion over it"—*i. e.*, the Powers of God. We proceed. "For there is no power but of God. *The powers that be* are *ordained* of God." Now the word here rendered "*ordained*" will, on reference to the original Greek, be found to be the *very same* compound word (only divided here by what the grammarians call a Tmesis) which, *in the former part of the same verse*, is properly translated "*subject to.*" "Αι δυσαι εξουσιαι υπό του θεου τεταγμέναι εἰσίν." And, in the former part of the same verse, the word is "ὑποτασσέσθω." We would then venture to suggest that, if in the former part the word be properly rendered,—and of this there is no dispute,—it should in the latter part also bear the same sense. It would then run, "For the powers *that be* are *subject to* those of God." In perfect accordance with the doctrine contained in the first part of the verse.

We now proceed to the third verse. "*Rulers* are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the *power?*" &c. For "*he is* the minister of God to thee for good," &c., and "*he beareth* not the sword in vain" . . . . . "a revenger," &c. Here is a manifest false concord, *if* this prerogative of Vengeance be construed as delegated by the Almighty to the "*Rulers,*" who are mentioned in the plural number; whereas the verb is, in both cases, in the singular. We seek then in the context, and we find "*the Power*" to be the immediate antecedent. And the sentence is perfect, if thus rendered, as is warranted by the construction of the Greek version. "For *it*" (*i. e.*, in reference to the former verse, the Power of God) "is the Minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

We deeply feel with what diffidence and humility it is that any suggestion touching the construction of a doctrinal passage in Holy Writ should be offered. Yet we *do* offer this, as appearing to us to reconcile the passage with grammar, with the ordinary sense which the words elsewhere bear, and, above all, to be in precise accordance, again, with the declaration, which cannot be at variance with any other passage of the inspired writings, "Vengeance belongeth to *me*, saith the Lord."

Nor are we the less disposed to think that the construction cannot well be otherwise, when we observe that the Ruler, then in temporal authority over the people to whom St. Paul was addressing himself, was Nero. It would be hard to believe that St. Paul was describing Nero as "ordained of God," and the "minister of God for good;" that he was denouncing those who should resist Nero "as resisting the ordinance of God;" or that Nero's was the sword he was speaking of, as not being "borne in vain;"—that sword with which Nero ripped up the body of his own mother—that sword for whose blow Nero avowed the wish that his country had but one neck—and under which, be it observed, St. Paul himself afterwards suffered martyrdom for resisting the ordinances of Nero, not to violence, but in obedience to the service of his higher Master, (ταις εξουσιαις ὑπερεχουσαις,) in preaching the doctrines of salvation through Christ. Again we say, although acknowledging the great diffidence with which always such subjects should be approached, we have approached this, as we trust, not irreverently, nor in a spirit of freedom beyond what is warranted by the importance of the matter in hand; a matter which must not be left half argued.

Let us now return to consider why it is that the principle of retaliative or expiative punishment—for we have shown that they are not the same—has failed, and must ever fail, in mere human hands. For the first, the Retaliative. It was clear to men, from very early times, that the principle of repayment by equivalent, and in the same kind,—the principle as it were of barter—a certain amount of suffering lawfully repaid for an equal amount unlawfully inflicted—could in very few cases, even supposing the principle to be a just one, be carried into effect. Mark how the sense of this is expressed by that Poet to whom every avenue was known through which Truth and Nature pour in their influences on the human heart. Macduff speaks from the fullness of a heart new charged to bursting with the tidings, suddenly received, of a wife and children savagely murdered.

> *Malcolm.* Be comforted.
> Let us make med'cines of our great revenge.
> *Macduff.* He has no children!

Still, the natural thirst for vengeance, though atonement there can be none, is unappeased while yet the murderer lives. He seeks him, him only, through the fight.

> Tyrant, shew thy face.
> If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
> My wife's and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

He slays him;—the man already wearied of life—of a life "fallen into the sear and yellow leaf,"—the man "a-weary of the sun." He slays the murderer of his whole household, the "untitled, bloody sceptred," under whose crimes "each day new widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows strike heaven in the face." Here was no Retaliation. And Vengeance—that "great Revenge" of which Malcolm spoke,—more imperfect still. The punishment could not be made even to reach the measure of the offence. Who, with the Ambition of Macbeth, or rather the Ambition of his Wife (for Superstition, the belief in "juggling fiends," appears to be the master motive and moral, though "not without ambition," of Macbeth's character,—Ambition the master motive and moral of his wife's), who, we ask, with the ambition to "wade through slaughter to a throne," would pause to weigh the mere retribution that, perchance, might follow? nay, what single or vulgar murderer would? And where the atonement, the expiation to Society? In truth, no coin can be found to represent or repay justly an injury, in kind or in amount. The Scales were but an imperfect figure whereby to express the functions of deliberative Justice. But in her other hand, as the symbol of her penal power, the still imperfect Roman Allegory (for the purer taste of the Athenians whenever *they* adopted allegory left it not incomplete,) placed the sword of Retribution. There was neither the Wing to overtake the guilty, nor the broad and wakeful Eye to search out Truth. The Goddess sat, motionless and blinded, unable to watch the balance or correct the bias, and with penal power to strike only at short arm's length, and at hazard. This was in no respect an image of impartial Judgment (for Blindness is not Impartiality), nor of just Retribution.

But, in evidence of how utterly hopeless is the attempt at Retribution where the offence is the most heinous and therefore seems to require it most, we will bring the testimony of him who amongst ancient lawgivers is the one proverbial for having tried it the most unsparingly. "The smallest crimes deserve Death," said the Spartan Draco, "and I can find no heavier punishment for the greatest." This surely was an acknowledgment that the penalty should always go beyond the measure of the offence; but an admission also of the utter hopelessness of applying means to fulfil the real purposes of retribution against such crimes as inflict the sorest wound upon Society, but can be visited by no punishment of greater amount than what at most will but just balance them. Nay, it is an acknowledgment that crimes may be supposed of such atrocity, that no punishment, however cruel, can ever countervail them in the suffering it inflicts. This then shows the very purpose of human retribution to be, even if warranted and justified, in some cases as impracticable, for one reason, as retaliation is in other cases for other reasons. Even on the mind of Draco, whose laws were described as "written in blood," it appears that the conviction *must* have forced itself that, due retribution being often impracticable, his punishments, however ferocious, must have some *other* purpose and object. That purpose and object being, of their very nature, not reformatory, (at least of the sufferer,) must have been meant as simply protective of society by Example.

We shall endeavour, next, to show how this purpose and object of protection by Example became, in course of time, more clearly visible to other and wiser lawgivers, and more clearly acknowledged by them. How this purpose and object were occasionally lost sight of, and what was the effect upon crime, whenever and wherever they were lost sight of or neglected.

BLIGHTED HOMES.

A TALE.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

"For heaven's sake do not grumble!" were words uttered in a tone which expressed a sorely oppressed heart. The speaker was a young man, dressed in a fustian suit of working clothes, which though coarse were clean, and could not disguise a fine form. His countenance was mild, grave, and open; his voice deep and touching, possessing

those inflexions which belong to strong feeling and a certain degree of cultivation. The woman beside him was a little compact creature, with a pretty face, and piercing black eyes; particularly neat in her attire, and quick in her movements, by which she was every now and then in advance of her companion, whose steady equal pace knew no deviation.

These people were husband and wife, and were returning home together in discourse more earnest than agreeable—one of those events which, in the fluctuations of trade, from time to time occur—a reduction of wages—had tried the temper of the one, and touched the feelings of the other. George and Martha Robinson had been six years married. Their union had been a rare combination of love and prudence; her early thriftiness had enabled her to bring many substantial comforts to their home, and George, if less provident, had obtained a character for integrity and skill which secured him a preference among employers. They had one child, nearly three years old, and to superficial observation presented a domestic compact of peculiar comfort and enjoyment. But we must lift the veil. The sources of happiness lie not with externals: it needs no moralist to tell us how inadequate is wealth to its production—how little the glitter of the diamond enlivens the breast on which it glows. In the home of George Robinson, those moral gems, order and cleanliness, had a setting; they were so predominant as to be apparent at a glance, and a stricter observation would have disclosed an admirable system of economy and habits of industry. These were Martha's great requisites, and it is scarcely possible to overrate them; but she deteriorated their value, often nullified their power, by moral deficiencies, —deficiencies of those qualities which, though taking rank among the minor essentials of character, are daily items in the account of life that sway the balance to enjoyment or misery. She wanted gentleness of spirit, kindliness of temper, and amenity of manner. In the days of her petted childhood, in the brief courtship which had preceded her early marriage, her pertness had been regarded as wit, her youth and prettiness giving a passport to much that was reprehensible and repulsive. It was thought that her exuberance of spirit and acidity of humour would become subdued and softened by the sobering cares and soothing duties of domestic life. Such did not prove to be the case. The disposition to perceive deformity rather than beauty; to censure sooner than praise; to find out the faulty instead of the fair side of everything, and to extract bitters rather than sweets, which had once been exercised in a wide circle of family, friends, and neighbours, gained strength in the concentration it experienced after her marriage. Every little mole-hill annoyance grew, from her manner of viewing it, into a mountain grievance, nor when passed away was it forgotten. No moment was so calm in which her caprice might not raise a storm or revive one; no entreaties to let "bygones be bygones" would avail, and often had George Robinson occasion to exclaim with Solomon—"Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices and strife."

On learning the abridgment which their means had experienced, she had instantly launched into a flow of words which tortured her husband's mind, and urged him to utter the adjuration just quoted, but she continued her painful and fruitless expatiation till they reached home. With a slow and sad step, George entered: had the inner man possessed resignation to the present and hope for the future, which a complacent companion might have easily infused, how might he have shut the door of his dwelling upon the angry world and realised a little Goshen of his own, for the scene was all neatness, brightness, and sweetness; but without the moral charms of cheerful, tender lovingness, it was but the naked trellice wanting the flowers it was fitted to sustain.

The fire had been carefully made up; a gentle stir, and it threw about the room a blaze which glanced upon the well kept furniture, the quiet carpet, and the curtained windows, while the open door of the adjoining apartment gave a glimpse of the bed with its nice hangings, the child's cot with its white coverlet; turn his eye where he might, the order essential to comfort was apparent, but did not dissipate the desolate feelings planted in his heart. He sat down by the fire, leaned his elbow on his knee and his head on his hand. His attitude expressed thoughtful melancholy; Martha looked at him, felt a conviction that he was unhappy, and was not insensible to a sympathetic regret; had she gone to his side, put her arm about him, and said—"Dear George, look up, this will pass away and soon," he was the very man to have responded to such cheer, to have seen sunshine behind the cloud; but it was her unhappy habit to rouse him with a sting. Gentleness of manner she was apt to characterise as affectation; expressions of tenderness and attachment as hypocrisy, and thus habituated herself to the reverse.

"I don't see," she exclaimed with a harsh, cutting tone, "the use of your sitting moping there —putting your dirty feet on the fender—you'd take better care had you the keeping of it bright."

With that she untied her bonnet strings with a twitch and turned into the next room. The sharp sound of shaking the dust from her shawl ere it was folded; the abrupt push given to the box in which her bonnet was replaced, were all unnecessary discords, spoiling the moral harmony of her best habits. She returned to the pretty parlour tying on a clean white apron; her cheek was rosy, her hair smoothly braided, her cap, an effort of unexpensive ingenuity, all freshness, and thus, the very type of niceness, she threw a snowy cloth upon the table, on which she made arrangements for supper worthy of a home of higher pretensions; but her movements were ungentle, her aspect ungracious, and thus all these pleasant proprieties were robbed of the atmosphere that could alone give them brightness and warmth.

George, under the effect of the homeward scolding, had not spoken since he came in; he merely looked up on her briefly telling him if he wanted beer to go and fetch it, and rising he took his hat and went out. He had not proceeded many steps before he overtook and fell into talk with a fellow-workman. The latter was in a state of great excitement; he had just left his home under the influence of strong disgust and excessive annoyance from his wife, a slatternly woman, and he sought relief by indulging in violent invective against her, declaring, with an impetuous oath, his determination to spend half the night at the public-house.

"I'll just show her," he continued, "that if she won't make comfort for me at home, I'll make it for myself abroad."

"No, no," expostulated Robinson, "you will only make bad worse—you'll take too much and spend too much, Walker!" He added, putting his hand on the shoulder of his companion—"Bessie is a soft, gentle creature—a woman full of kind-

ness; and, oh, God! what a blessing must that be! Take my advice, Walker, and go home."

"Home!" he repeated. "What have I to go home to? There's no fire; the children are all up and squalling; everything at sixes and sevens—in fact, the whole place in an uproar. No, if *she* likes to live in a den I don't, and what's more I won't. She'll drive me to something desperate—an untidy, slipshod hussey!"

From this brief interview Robinson returned home with new feelings; the excitement and interest that Walker had created had roused him from the condition of morbid feeling to which he had yielded. He placed the bright pot, with its head of foam, upon the table, and with a fresh eye, as if he then scanned them for the first time, looked upon the appliances to comfort that surrounded him. The room was at the moment vacant, his survey was therefore uninterrupted. His face brightened as he gazed upon the little panorama. During his absence, his slippers had been put before the fire; his house jacket hung on the back of his chair; on another, his clean linen for the next day airing—all spoke the kindness of a woman who yet could rarely utter a kind word. His heart, at the moment full of her merits, from the contrast that had been forced upon his consideration, would, had he obeyed the impulse of his natural character, have led him to seek her and given warm expression to his feelings, but they had been so often checked by her coldness or reversed by her contradiction, that a second nature had supervened, producing habits of reserve and self-restraint. Yet under the existing stimulus he could not quite restrain himself, but going towards the next room, he leaned against the side of the doorway, and said cheerfully—"Come, Patty, *I* am ready for supper."

"Are you?" she replied. "Then you'll have it when its ready for *you*—so just wait till you get it."

Thus repelled, for her voice was more harsh than her words, he stepped back, but, try as he would, he again felt his spirits ebb. He stirred the fire, drew the table closer to it, and strove to feel indifference. In the midst of this she appeared, seated herself at the table, helped her husband, but forebore to partake of anything herself. She had a sullen satisfaction in nursing her wayward humour, and knew from experience that it was apt to fly off under the social influence of a repast.

Robinson looked at her clouded face and felt exasperated. He put down his knife and fork, pushed back his chair, and exclaimed—"Now what is the matter with you?"

It must be recollected that Robinson was not only angry but hungry, and the state of physical sensation has no small influence upon the moral feelings; perhaps his wife was not without sharing this uneasy state of stomach; be that as it may, his tones struck jarringly on the quivering chords of her excitable temper; she replied with her usual petulance and flippancy. Words are a generative family—one begot another—and to bring the quarrel to a close, Robinson seized his hat, resolved to leave the house. Determined to prevent his egress, Martha threw herself between him and the door; a struggle ensued; he pushed her from him; she stumbled back, and falling over a footstool came violently to the ground, striking her head as she fell against the fender.

In an instant, terror and tenderness supplanted rage in his breast. He raised her; the colour had forsaken her face, and some drops of blood were trickling from her forehead. After hurried efforts to revive her, he laid her again gently on the floor, and flew to alarm his neighbours. These, with medical aid and the police, were soon in the place, and the night closed with the wounded woman in a fevered bed, and her husband in the cell of a station house.

It was an agonising night to both. Robinson, though aggrieved, felt now as if he had been the aggressor, and with the generosity that often belongs to strength, he blamed himself for the rash violence he had exerted towards so delicate a creature, and made a thousand resolves to let her have all her own way for the future. Martha, on the contrary (really less hurt than was apprehended), bewailed her injuries, vituperated her husband and his sex till she learned that he had been taken charge of by the police. Any *real* danger to him ever turned the whole current of her feelings in his favour, and absolute force was necessary to prevent her seeking in person to obtain, by self-accusation, his immediate release.

This event terminated, like many of a more aggravated character that disgrace the history of some classes of our people; George was liberated on bail, and afterwards, on the candid acknowledgments of his wife, acquitted. But indignant at the public degradation to which, for the first time in his life, he had been exposed, the circumstance made a deep impression on him. The slightness of the injury to Martha removed all his deeper feelings of regret, and her unchanged habits effectually stemmed the flow of his returning tenderness. Affliction has its freemasonry: Robinson and Walker became confederates under the sympathetic influence of a common grievance—unhappiness at home. The neglected wives grew into gossips upon those fertile topics—the faults of each other and of their respective husbands; for each acutely felt her peculiar griefs and distinctly discerned her neighbour's error. Bessie Walker, while bewailing her own domestic misery, would exclaim—"No one can wonder at the change in George Robinson—such a vixen as Martha would drive any man mad!" While Mrs. Robinson, amid a resentful sense of injury from neglect, was florid in reflection on the bad management and disgusting carelessness of poor Bessie. It was the old story of the mote and the beam, the miserable effect of want of self-examination and reflection.

But every moment bears the seed of change—the present is passing away, the future unfolding. Where there is not moral progress, there is moral deterioration; there is no safety but in an unceasing endeavour at improvement. The woman who does not help to build a husband's fortune, assists to pull it down; the union that is not marked by moral progress proceeds and closes in moral misery. The arrears of the domestic duties make a dread account, and Heaven help the moral bankrupt before whom they are laid!

On a summer evening, somewhat more than twelvemonths after the little incident of the station house, Martha was seated at her window busy at her needle, when the sound of the drum and fife, and the tramp of feet, induced her to drop her work into her lap and look out. She saw the recruiting serjeant, who had been for some time located in the neighbourhood, passing with a band of recruits. Among the usual crowd on such occasions, one group arrested her attention; it was a staggering, haggard-looking man, with a shrieking woman clinging to him—three or four little children were hanging about her, and adding by their cries to the clamour. A glance sufficed to show Martha that this was the unhappy family of the Walkers,

and a shiver of instinctive sympathy attested her strong feeling at the spectacle they presented. The passionate tenderness and touching tones that gushed from the lips of the distracted Bessie every now and then fell distinctly on her ear, till the efforts of the gathering neighbours prevailed, and the exhausted wife and her weeping little ones were removed. The band again fell into order, the music grew louder and merrier, and Martha looked at the men to see if among the serjeant's prey she might discover any other of her neighbours, when, bringing up the rear, she beheld Robinson. With a slow, sad step, a pale cheek, but a melancholy resolution in his bearing, George came on; as he passed his own dwelling, he raised his dejected eyes and met those of his wife—a momentary and expressive gesture with his hand seemed to say—"It is all over; better cut the knot I cannot disentangle; I have done it and farewell!"

When she recovered from the stunning effects of the sight, she rushed to the bed of her sleeping child, and wrapping it up, went forth with it in her arms, conscious that it could plead for her in a manner that she could not plead for herself. Thoughts like lightning passed through her brain as she hurried along to the place where the military party had halted. The hour of parting, like the power of death, yields a back ground, upon which the object about to be lost stands forth in peculiar brightness. All the hitherto unestimated qualities of George Robinson blazed upon the perception of his wife, and her own faults and deficiencies took a dark array beside them. Charities uncultivated die out, or fall into abeyance, often lying so dormant that the stir of strong events is necessary to revive them. Why, why will any leave the heart thus fallow, for the harrow of death or sorrow to quicken it into only unavailing fruitfulness!

George and Martha met and parted, with deep and tender feeling, with renewed consciousness of the early love that had first brought them together, and of the individual merits by which each were distinguished. At that moment, Martha (for with her our moral mostly rests) saw the errors that had marked her course, the faults that had deformed her character and spoiled her happiness. Had the considerations condensed into that brief space been spread through her previous life, allotting to each day some little portion of appreciation of the present and reflection for the future, how different had been its course and its now probable close!

George had folded her and his child to his heart; he had blessed them, and left the larger portion of the bounty money that had helped to bribe him to the trade of blood—for it was at a period when the wild work of war was rife;* and with such solace as these could yield, she returned home.

Home! what was it to her now? A desert, from which the stir of life, the spring of action, had departed. She sat down amid that scene—so changed, yet still the same—and wept over the bitter review which it suggested. Oh, how to hear that approach which she had so often met with indifference or unkindness! Her child woke—woke with her sobs and the falling of her tears upon its face. It looked up with the bland, open expression which it derived from its father, and, kneeling in her lap, clasped its little arms about her neck. What a lesson! Nature, that gentle teacher, uttered no reproach. It said, "Come back, thou erring one; consider thy ways and be wiser."

New scenes and trials opened upon the unhappy men who had rashly abandoned their homes and social duties. They joined their regiment, and soon trod the shores where the genius of war was shaping the different destinies of Wellington and Napoleon: for the one, laurels and longevity—for the other, exile and the double canker that devoured mind and body. Sorrows at home had made Robinson and Walker companions; hardships abroad made them friends. Mutual sympathies, common recollections, and struggles, drew them together: when the weary day, which had seen them plunging into passes or tangled coverts—toiling through deep ravines or over rugged mountains, harassed, worn, and wasted, came to a close, they cowered over the bivouack fire together, and were more often in communion on the the past than engaged upon the present; for, with the clingings of a failing man, Walker would continually revert to home. Long before he had left it, he had yielded to habits of intemperance, which now told against his constitution, and Robinson was called upon for much exertion in his behalf, which, with his characteristic generosity, he kindly made. They were among the gallant band that covered the retreat of Sir John Moore, and in the march from Lugo to Bezantos suffered severely. In twelve days they had traversed eighty miles of road in two marches; passed several nights under arms in the snow of the mountains; and were seven times engaged with the enemy. Walker had day by day lost strength: the want of shoes and the bad weather had aggravated the difficulties of the way, and on the evening of their reaching Bezantos he declared he could do no more—could go no further. The rain that day had fallen for six successive hours, and in a splashy spot, with his head resting on a stone, he lay down. All the troops passed on—but one. Robinson remained beside his broken-down comrade, heard his last prayers, his last wishes, as in that final hour his thoughts flew to the home he should behold no more! The struggle was brief: he called on God and died! The weather had calmed—the sky cleared—the moon broke forth, and, covered with her light, Robinson left the cold remains, with a sad satisfaction that the poor fellow had laid his burden down and was at rest.

After the battle of Coruna, in which Robinson was wounded, he was among those who contrived to escape to Portugal, and there joined the remnants of regiments which were afterwards embodied and fought at Oporto and Talavera.

Martha's life, from the day of her husband's departure, had been one continued praiseworthy struggle against the infirmities of her nature and the assaults of fortune. By means of industry, frugality, and some aid from early family connections, she managed to preserve her home undeteriorated, and to rear her child worthily. Poor Bessie, with less energy of character and elevation of purpose, sunk into successive stages of degradation; the scarlet fever robbed, or, perhaps it might better be said, relieved her of her wretched children, and she was received into the workhouse. But even there the redeeming power of good at last asserted itself: her patience and kindliness of nature made her a good nurse, and the blessing of the very old, the young, and the sick were with her.

Little Matty Robinson was eleven years old when the sad news came that her father had fallen at Talavera. It came upon her mother like a blight. The morning and the midnight prayer had been breathed for *his* return; the chief object

of her daily toils—her self-denial—her self-discipline—to build up happiness for *his* latter days.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "can it be! Is it possible that we are to meet no more—that he will never see what I have made his child—what I purposed to make his home? Have I sorrowed for him—have I loved him in vain?"

Among the motives for resignation presented to her, was the probability that he might have returned a wreck, which she could not have borne to behold.

"No, no!" she said; "lame, blind, a beggar, he would be welcome to *me*—dearer to me than in his brightest days!"

Beautifully is it said, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!" and truly that, "the darkest hour is just before dawn." Even while Martha's passionate words were being uttered, a broken-down and disbanded soldier was making towards the town; and before the morning had ripened to mid-day, George Robinson was once more in his bridal home—had clasped to his heart the wife of his first affection—had wept with proud joy over his child.

The moral of our sketch is sufficiently evident: we are all unapt to place a sufficient value on the good in possession, or sufficiently to use or economise the means of happiness. Did we look into ourselves and our position, each would find much lying dormant that might be available for enjoying and dispensing good: to none does this remark apply more than to wives and mothers. The woman who holds in her own right, moral worth, gentleness, and kindness, is an heiress endowed by God; hers is the holy power to sustain the good man, restrain the aberrating, and reclaim the bad. As a MOTHER, who may place limits to her power, or to the range which the spirit of good which *she* implants may take? "The life of every being is the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course or destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern."

SONNET.

By William Guthrie.

[It is said that a breath of wind cannot blow on the ocean, nor a wave ruffle its surface, without the movement—though imperceptible to our senses—being transmitted to every part of the mass of waters on the globe. So it might doubtless be said of the great family of man: could the ramifications be followed, we should find that no event occurred to any portion of its children which did not influence in some way the destinies of all.—*Mrs. Wentworth in the People's Journal.*]

Thou tiny wavelet, that a moment rear'st
Thy bright crest to the glittering sun's embrace,
And then—by others followed in the rippling race—
Lost in the ocean's vastness, disappear'st,—
Thou'rt lost but to our erring sense; thou hast,
Unseen, to vibrate to remotest zones:
Thy puny help the mountain billow owns;
Thy scarce heard whisper aids the roaring blast:
So, moral ripples, little as thine own,
Make up the heavings of the human tide.
But man hath Reason's (thou but Nature's) guide,
To shun the tempest, court the calm alone;
And, if himself to govern each had striven,
This stormy earth had reached the calm of heaven!

A FEW WORDS TO THE PUBLIC.

I appealed to the "Press and the Public" against Mr. Howitt's conduct: the pages of our "Annals" for the present week will show how the "Press" has answered my Appeal.

I have sought diligently for the writings of all who—*since the controversy was closed*, by the publication of my Second Statement, on the 23rd of March in the present year—have expressed an opinion, favourable or unfavourable to me, on the differences involved. I here give extracts from, or examples of, *all* that I have discovered. Copies of the Notices, *entire*, may be obtained on application at the office.* It will be seen that there is, in effect, but *one opinion.*

The feelings which such a result inspire in me, I will not attempt to describe. I will only say that I knew the great disadvantages under which I laboured in venturing into such a warfare; but I had faith in my cause—I had faith in my brethren of the press: I was but just to both.

I am not inclined to make a public parade of the unceasing toil, anxiety, and suffering that Mr. Howitt's connection with the *Journal* has caused me, or of the—to us—immense expenditure to which my partner and myself have been unexpectedly subjected, by the necessity of repelling, at any cost, the attacks made upon us.

But still, I think the time has arrived when I am entitled to look for an answer from the "Public" to my Appeal, equally decisive and equally appropriate to that given by the "Press." The one has spoken; it is now for the other to *act.*

This day Mr. Howitt ceases to be a Partner in the "People's Journal."

Systematic efforts will now be made for the constant and rapid increase of the circulation and usefulness of the Journal. *Let every individual subscriber who desires to co-operate with us in these efforts communicate by letter direct to the office. We shall be able to point out how* ALL *may aid.*

A Stamped Edition will be immediately issued. This can be transmitted by post, free, to any part of the three kingdoms, and to the whole of the British Colonies. And as the weekly number will be forwarded directly after it leaves the machine, and in time to reach every part of Great Britain by the Saturday previous to the Saturday of publication, subscribers to the stamped edition will find probably in that circumstance an equivalent for the slight additional expense.

And now, dismissing for ever all farther notice of the unhappy quarrel into which I have been dragged, I await calmly and hopefully the final judgment of the Public upon the Appeal I have made to it.

John Saunders.

69, Fleet-street, May 17, 1847.

* If required by post, two stamps must be enclosed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

By W. B. Bateman.

No. III.

THE MORGUE.

In these gleanings from Parisian life, we omit many tempting subjects; not that their features are too familiar, but because fancy leads us into the less explored tracks, where we feel more fresh and free than on the beaten highway of travel. Yet there are scenes which dissolve with such kaleidoscopic celerity, that every beholder finds a different phase. The hotel dinner, for instance: observe the arrivals as they bustle to their seats. Yon "painted old cockatoo," with the scarlet top-knot, is a managing mamma. She flutters into the saloon, with a daughter on each arm, (she hath two more up-stairs, but they never show all at once,) and the young ladies are placed next eligible-looking young men, in consideration of a five-franc piece wherewith the waiter hath been propitiated. Lower down the table is a widow, who lurks under cover of her weeds as warily as a pike; and Captain Gammon sits opposite, pondering whether her income in conjunction with his half-pay would render matrimony endurable. There is the rich old baronet, too, in a blue coat and brass buttons; his wife, whose costly silk dress rustles like a bank note; and their son, a flaxen-haired youth of nineteen, who is enraptured with the civilities of his neighbour the billiard playing marquis. After dinner, these two latter adjourn to the *café* together, where the marquis even offers to teach the young heir his favourite game—noblemen are *so* affable on the continent!

We might invoke many other scenes of a similar nature: it is not, however, the path we have marked out. Nor do we doubt that the reader will follow us willingly while we leave them to enter "fresh fields and pastures new," every turn in which discovers novelty and romance.

At the foot of the Pont St. Michael, on the right bank of the Seine, rises a small low building of gloomy architecture, that has witnessed the consummation of many a tragedy—it is the Morgue! A hundred places in Paris could breathe dread secrets to the shuddering air—a thousand kennels have been clogged ere now with human blood; but these were mid-day deeds; not such the guilt which leaves its evidence within *that* lowering tenement. The gashed victim of the robber's knife finds his way *there;* the corpse, belched up by the river, as if it sickened over its burden, is there exposed for recognition; the crimes that night hath hidden and day revealed, may all be seen on the copper tables of the Morgue. Among the pages of its dark experience, *one* passage haunts us like a dream with the knowledge of its truth. Altering nothing but a name, we record it here under the title of

ATONEMENT.

It was midnight—a night of tempestuous convulsion. Oh, how the wind howled and shrieked through the desolate streets, now raving like a loosened fiend, anon bursting in fitful gusts, as if spirits were combatting in the air, and this were the echo of their unseen artillery. The very houses rocked as it sailed down the deserted thoroughfares. The lamps gave forth an intermittent and gasping light, which trembled at intervals on the verge of extinction, and then leaped up again unconquered, only to subside once more. In slanted torrents fell the rain, splashing angrily on the pavement, hurrying in impetuous streams along the kennels, and reflecting the unsteady flame of the gas in lightning-like flashes. No one was abroad: in the air and on the earth the tempest reigned alone.

But all was not hushed in the good city of Paris. Though the watch had given his drowsy call, and the church of St. Roch had tolled the last stroke of twelve, there were still noisy voices to be heard from a stately mansion in the Boulevard des Italiens; and the sounds of music and the flash of festal lamps showed that the revellers within cared little for the passage of old time. There was a peculiar character about this house that distinguished it alike from the hotel and the private dwelling. The windows were strongly laced with iron bars; the blinds were studiously closed in every room; and the entrance, instead of being in front, was in a side street. To this secret-looking portal a carriage now rolled up, and two men, muffled in cloaks, stepped out. While one discharged the conveyance, the other knocked lightly at the door. It was opened a few inches only, by the porter, and a short dialogue ensued in under tones, after which they were admitted, and the door was secured again. Passing up a flight of stairs they encountered another door, with sliding wings, which were covered with green baize. As they approached, it flew back without sound or visible agency, opening to their view a saloon furnished with every object of luxury and convenience. Scattered at different tables were groups of men, some lost in the fever of play, others conversing in low whispers. Down the centre of the apartment were three *rouge et noir* tables, lighted from above by shaded lamps; and beside these stood the mass of the company, revealing in their haggard features every variety of the gamester, from the flash billiard marker to some of the noblest scions of the aristocracy of France.

The two new comers did not linger here, but passed through the saloon into a private apartment, which was indicated by the footman in attendance. Their arrival seemed to have been anticipated, for a pile of faggots blazed cheerily upon the hearth, and waxen bougies were burning in branches from the mantelpiece. Casting off their reeking cloaks, they each drew a seat towards the glowing embers; a bottle of Burgundy was ordered and placed before them, and the waiter withdrew.

"So you have heard nothing!" said one who appeared the elder of the two.

"Nothing, Signor Lioni," replied the other, addressing his companion in Italian: "he never escaped my vigilance from the mother's death until now; but here, in Paris, all trace has been lost."

"Poor Andrea!" murmured Lioni; "my poor boy! his childhood haunted me when I was penniless; and *now*, when I am wealthy—when my weary spirit needs his love, and his career might be brightened by my gold—he is gone! Is there no hope?" he continued.

None!" said his friend, "unless you could recognise the boy of ten years ago in the man of twenty-five, for that must be his present age."

"It is hopeless!" sighed Lioni; and he bent his head between his hands with an acute expression of sorrow. His dark hair, grizzled with the passage of some fifty winters, fell heavily over his brow, and for one weak moment his whole frame trembled. It passed however as it came; he raised

his head loftily, and turned his eyes upon the fire with the look of scornful pride that was habitual to them.

Giacomo Lioni had passed his youth amid all the riotous license in which Italy is so fertile. The moderate patrimony inherited at his father's death soon vanished before the pursuits of one whose hand turned to nothing but the dice-box. Nights spent in gaming and debauch, and days in continual brawl, rendered him at last so infamously notorious, that even his friends became distant, his enemies noisy in his condemnation, and the authorities themselves grew more implacable, as the wealth, which had purchased impunity, gradually dwindled away. To fly the scene of his follies was at length his only resource; and he would have resorted to this long before, had not a tie of a tenderer nature bound him to his native home. He had formed a connection, scarcely judged criminal in the lenient South, with a beautiful Florentine named Beatrice, and a son was the offspring of their love. The possession of this child, whom he christened Andrea Lioni, had a softening influence upon his wild spirit; and as the infant sprung into the boy he made many a vow of reformation, which, unfortunately for the example it conveyed to Andrea, was as quickly broken. Still he loved the mother, and watched over her welfare, and the advancement of their son might have arrested his wayward mode of life, had not an event occurred that was fatal to all. A midnight debauch led to a quarrel in the streets of Florence, during which Lioni stabbed his companion to the heart. The friends of the dead gamester were powerful, and the murderer was compelled to fly that very night, leaving his mistress and son unprotected. As soon as he had crossed the frontier he paused in his flight, to wait tidings of those whom he had left behind. Upwards of three months elapsed in beggary and famine, ere the news reached him which rendered distress doubly bitter. Beatrice had died brokenhearted, the boy Andrea was fled, none knew whither! From that time years passed over Lioni marked with the chequered vicissitudes of the gambler's fate, until suddenly the death of a rich relation once more elevated him to luxurious independence. The efforts he had hitherto made to recover his deserted son were then redoubled, but in vain. Whether they were baffled by the object of his search having changed his name, or whether he still survived, was never known, but the link between Lioni and Andrea seemed snapt for ever.

So here, ten years after his flight, sat in an apartment of the famous ——, in the Boulevard des Italiens, the wanderer Giacomo Lioni. Manhood had confirmed his youthful thirst for play, and the vice that had first been his ruin and then his support, was now a necessary excitement. While he gazed upon the fire in a mood unusually pensive, the door re-opened, and fresh arrivals were announced. His brow immediately cleared, and he entered into conversation on the light topics of the day with the consummate tact of a man of the world. It was not long before the real object of the meeting became evident. Fresh wine was ordered, the tables were drawn out, and a box of unused cards having been placed before them, they were speedily immersed in the fierce delight of gaming.

Loudly roared the storm without, but what was that to the hazard of the die? In angry floods fell the rain,—the lightning crossed their casement in vivid sheets; yet hour after hour sat the players unmoved by all save the *one* devouring passion. Night waned, and their cheeks grew wan, their hands feverish, but still wine spurred on their flagging powers, and the gold chinked, the dice rattled, and their eyes glared hotly with suspense and fear.

Lioni's opponent was a stranger named De Nerval, whose olive complexion and raven-coloured moustache would have appeared to indicate a southern origin, had not his faultless pronunciation marked him to be a Frenchman.

At first fortune wavered between them in an impartial balance, but as they continued to play, a bewildering surprise dawned upon the mind of Lioni, and he soon after turned it to a stream of success. Their game was one of skill, in which the wily Italian by dint of long study had formed a secret method of his own. To his astonishment De Nerval attempted the very same *ruses de guerre!* Concealing his wonder at a *contretemps* that had never occurred before, Lioni altered his tactics, and met the unexpected weapon with a foil. The result soon proved that De Nerval was unable to cope with his subtle adversary. He grew excited and doubled the stakes, while Lioni, artful and unimpassioned, baffled him at every turn, until the two piles of gold which had risen on opposite sides of the table, were merged into a single heap beside the Italian. De Nerval then rose declaring he would play no more.

As the rest of the players had relinquished their tables, they now began to separate in different directions. Considerable sums had changed hands that night, and the winners and losers were easily distinguishable by the varied expressions which their faces wore. This was not the case, however, with De Nerval, who had lost more than any one else present. His countenance indeed was deadly pale, but a ghastly smile played round the mouth, the character of which it was difficult to define. He asked Lioni which way he was going, regretted that his hotel lay in an opposite *quartier*, and having demanded his revenge for the following night, they parted on the Boulevards.

Owing to the violence of the storm there was no conveyance in sight, so Lioni was obliged to proceed on foot to his lodging in the Faubourg St. Germain. Folding his cloak tightly around him, and slouching his hat over his eyes to shade off the dazzling glare of the lightning, he hurried through the conflicting elements towards the Pont Neuf. Not a human being was visible in his forsaken path, yet he carefully kept the middle of the road in order to guard against surprise. Nothing, however, seemed abroad save the tempest and the shivering gamester. He had now threaded the intricate streets which led to the river, before him loomed the bridge, beneath rolled the dark waters of the Seine, and the elements raged with double fury in the open space. The rain beat upon him like the blows of a hammer, the wind howled through his garments as if to warn him back, but still he bore on with dogged perseverance. Two-thirds of the bridge were passed, when suddenly a heavy blow struck him from behind—he turned and found himself in the arms of an assassin.

A sudden movement had averted in some degree the weight of the stroke, which would otherwise have felled him to the ground, and he immediately closed with his adversary in the instinctive knowledge of despair. Grappling him like a vice Lioni pinioned his rival's arms, and thus they swayed to and fro like one solid mass, now hovering on the verge of the pavement, anon in terrible proximity to the parapet.

While the desperate struggle proceeded, a dark

figure appeared from a sheltered nook, and crept stealthily towards them. It was one of those wretched beings who haunt the Parisian bridges at night, and whose life is sustained by robbery, or the casual reward gained by rescuing a corpse from the river. He slunk closer and closer, until within a few yards, and then crouched again into shadow.

The combatants were both men of gigantic personal strength, and the struggle of life and death was one that called forth all their powers. As they writhed and twisted "in inextricable fight," the wind lulled an instant, and a broad sheet of flame lit up the heavens, revealing to Lioni the features of De Nerval in his antagonist.

"What would you?" gasped the former in terror and surprise.

"Money!" said De Nerval, and his dark eye flashed even through the midnight darkness; "*my* money—it was not won fairly—the devil must have aided you, or the dice were false; I will wring it back!"

"Liar and cut-throat!" exclaimed Lioni, "unloose your grasp—leave me, I say, and your losses shall be relieved!"

"Money!" cried De Nerval again, and, as he spoke, the lurking figure glided nearer to the scene of strife; "cast down your purse at my feet or perish."

"Never! we will die together first!" shouted Lioni with deadly rage.

Throwing his whole strength into one supernatural exertion, he drove his enemy headlong against the parapet. Part of the blow fell on himself, but the brunt of it fell on De Nerval. Slightly relaxing his gripe, he gasped out the exclamation, "Ah Christi!" and the blood spirted from his nose and eyes in blinding drops. Lioni was about to release his tottering foe, when De Nerval, summoning up his expiring energies, darted in upon him once more. They leaned over the masonry of the bridge, they hung balanced so nearly that a feather might turn the scale, when another flash of lightning shone upon their struggle. De Nerval's dress was loosened, and from the torn folds of his shirt hung a small amulet entwined with hair. Lioni's eye fell upon it for an instant, and the heavens echoed with a wild shriek of "Andrea!"

It was too late. De Nerval, who was almost insensible, did not catch the words, but dizzy in sight and sense, continued to press on.

"Andrea!" shrieked Lioni again in agonising tones, "do you not know me, for the sake of God, for the memory of Beatrice—hold!"

"Beatrice!" echoed De Nerval, "then it is *he*, oh heaven, *my father!*" A long loud cry of unutterable despair escaped him, he strove to recover his balance, but in vain. Before another minute their struggling forms, clasped in a last embrace, were flying through the air, and the man who had silently beheld their contest, then hurried with the fleetness of a deer to the foot of the bridge. Cutting the rope that fastened a small skiff, he pursued the drowning gamesters down the stream.

There was a loud splash as they parted the waves, a wild convulsive scream, then the bubbling sounds grew fainter and fainter, and all was still—all save the dirge of the funeral wind, or the distant call of the watch.

"Three o'clock,—rain falls,—all is tranquil,—Parisians slumber on!"

Next morning the corpses of Giacomo Lioni and his ill-fated son Andrea, lay side by side on the reddened tables of the Morgue!

MEMOIR OF MR. O'CONNELL.

In the slight sketch which we propose giving of the illustrious individual who has just departed from among us, it will not be considered amiss, perhaps, if we commence by referring to the antiquity and respectability of the race from which he sprung, a point which his friends and opponents have by no means agreed upon. Without pushing into that far distance in which some assert his ancestors appear a shadowy race of kings of Kerry, it will be sufficient to state that the family of O'Connell can be distinctly traced as far back as Queen Elizabeth's time, when Richard O'Connell, the then chief, made submission of his lands to the crown. A descendant of this Richard, a warm partisan of the house of Stuart, supported James the Second with a regiment of foot raised among his own retainers, and was present at the siege of Derry, and the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim. The triumph of the Orange party forced the family to seek those distinctions abroad which were denied them at home; and among those who entered into foreign service we find Daniel Count O'Connell, who distinguished himself previous to and after the French Revolution as a royalist soldier. Daniel O'Connell, the object of the present memoir, was the eldest son of Morgan O'Connell, one of twenty-two children, one half of whom lived to upwards of eighty years. This Morgan O'Connell, or Morgan O'Connell, Esq., as he was called, as he grew prosperous in the world, in the early portion of his life combined the occupations of a farmer and that of a shopkeeper at Cahirciveen, and having amassed a competency, he retired to a little estate he purchased at Carhen, about a mile distant from the scene of his early labours; and here Daniel was born on the 6th of August, 1775, the very date in which hostilities were commenced against our American colonies. The education of the future agitator was not much attended to in his early years; his first instructor being a poor hedge-schoolmaster, one David Mahony, who, happening to call at Carhen House in one of his rounds in quest of charitable assistance, took young Dan, then four years old, upon his lap, and was playing with him, when perceiving that the child's hair, which was long, had got much entangled, he took out a box-comb and combed it thoroughly without hurting him; in gratitude for which the child readily consented to learn his letters from the old man, and perfectly and permanently mastered the whole alphabet in an hour and a half. His father's eldest brother, Maurice O'Connell, of Derrynane, being childless, he adopted Daniel and his brother Maurice, and when of a proper age their education was intrusted to the Rev. Mr. Harrington, one of the first priests who set up a school after the repeal of the penal laws. At fourteen years of age their uncle sent them to the continent to finish their studies. They first proceeded to Liege; but finding there that they had passed the age when boys could be admitted as students, they were obliged to return to Louvain, to await fresh orders from home.

In that age railroads and steamboats were not —it then took six weeks, instead of as many days, as now it would, to communicate with their home on the remote western shore of Ireland. In the meantime, Maurice gave himself up to enjoyment, as most boys of his age would; but Daniel showed his power of application at that early period, by entering as a volunteer in one of the halls of Louvain, and by the time letters had arrived from Derrynane, he had risen to a high place in a class

of 120 boys. From Louvain they proceeded to St. Omer, where Daniel rose to the first place in all the classes. Dr. Stapylton, president of the college there, made the following almost prophetic remarks in answer to a communication of his uncle respecting his abilities:—"I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is—that I never was so much mistaken in all my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society." After staying a year at St. Omer's, they were transferred to the English college of Douay, were they remained some months. On the 21st of December, 1793, they set out on their way homewards. It was the very day on which Louis perished on the scaffold. They were obliged, for safety sake, to mount the revolutionary cockade during their journey to Calais; but so horrified were they at the atrocities committed at that time by the Jacobins in the name of liberty, that immediately upon their getting aboard the English packet boat, they tore the colours from their hats, and threw them in the water. As the tide bore them away, they were caught up by some French fishermen, who vented their impotent rage in curses against them for thus dishonouring the emblem of their so-called liberty. Mr. O'Connell has often remarked that at that moment he was quite a Tory at heart; and, indeed, he remained so for some time after; for having entered as a law-student in Lincoln's-Inn, in 1794, he attended Hardy's trial, sympathising with the government, and, as an upholder of social order, trusting to see the vindictiveness of Eldon triumphant against the patriots. During the course of the proceedings, however, he saw so much tyranny employed against the prisoners, and such an evident abuse of power, that he became completely converted, and from that time to his death he advocated what he believed to be the cause of the people. His entrance upon the profession of the law, as a barrister, took place in 1798, the year of the rebellion, when he joined the "lawyers' corps;" and many anecdotes are told, showing the part he played in mitigating the atrocities of that period. Early in life, he took to those athletic sports which he continued almost up to his death; and at this period he nearly fell a victim to his imprudence. In one of his hunting expeditions, he remained at a peasant's hut in wet clothes, and contracted a typhus fever. During his delirium he was often heard to repeat the following lines from the tragedy of *Douglas*:—

> Unknown I die—no tongue shall think of me.
> Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
> May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
> And think life only wanting to my fame.

Mr. O'Connell might be said to have made his first appearance in politics in 1809, when the Catholic Committee held their first meeting at the Exhibition Room, William-street, Dublin. The tone of the speeches delivered upon this occasion was much bolder than the oppressed party had ever held before; and the pitch O'Connell then struck, he maintained until Emancipation was carried.

The impression that Mr. O'Connell created upon his first appearance was so great, that he immediately was allowed to place himself among the leaders of the movement. Had the designers of this association taken the advice of O'Connell, it might have been worked in defiance of the government; but it made itself obnoxious to the law by assuming a representative character, and Lord Killeen and others of the leaders were in consequence subjected to a government prosecution. Mr. O'Connell defended them; and achieved his first great forensic triumph by procuring their acquittal. The acquittal of Catholic agitators by a Protestant jury!—a thing before unprecedented. The Catholic Committee, however, soon dropped, and was succeeded by the Catholic Board, which passed away as speedily. At this time Mr. O'Connell was in the full swing of professional business, and his activity must have been almost superhuman, to have accomplished the gigantic tasks he set himself, both at the bar and in the political arena. Mr. Sheil, who is generally supposed to be the author of the delightful sketches of the Irish bar published some years since in the *New Monthly Magazine*, gives this picture of the youthful agitator:—

> If any of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, as you return on a winter's morning from one of the "small and early" parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion-square, you will not fail to observe that, among those splendid mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbours. The half-opened parlour shutter, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun's. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be, that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the bookcases clogged with tomes in plain calf-skin binding, the blue covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amidst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets.

If by accident, says the same writer, you should afterwards look in at the Four Courts, you would have seen the same individual transferred from the severe recluse of the morning to the joyous, bustling lawyer environed by clients and attornies. You would hear him in the midst of some eloquent harangue, addressed to the jury with that winning sweetness and assurance of success which he so well knew how to assume, burst forth into an exordium upon the beauty of Green Erin, and proclaim that the hour of her redemption was at hand. The thought of Ireland liberated seemed never absent from his thoughts; it was as a religion, and he mixed it up with every thought and action of his life. After the fatigues of the law courts, he would speak at one, two, sometimes three political dinners, and then retire to rest, to begin before the coming of the sun the same indefatigable labours. How could such a man fail? In 1813 an event occurred which might be considered to have formed an epoch in his life. The Dublin Corporation was the very centre and focus at that period of the Orange ascendancy party, and, at the same time, they were a shamefully corrupt body. O'Connell, in attacking them, was consequently killing two birds with one stone—exposing moral turpitude and religious bigotry. In the course of one of his attacks upon that body he spoke of them as a beggarly lot. They at once determined to fix a quarrel upon him, and for that purpose Alderman D'Esterre, a dead shot, paraded the streets with a thick stick, threatening to inflict personal chastisement upon him if he should meet him. A duel was the consequence, and the practised duellist, contrary to all expectation, fell before the fire of the peaceful lawyer. It was not on this occasion that he registered his vow never again to fight a duel; for in the next year he was only pre-

vented by the officers of justice from meeting Mr. Peel, then secretary for Ireland, in a similar conflict. It was made shortly after this misunderstanding, however, and all men applauded his resolution, at the same time that they condemned his use of personal and insulting language, when he had denied himself the ordinary means among gentlemen of giving satisfaction.

Upon the accession of George the Fourth a very general opinion obtained that emancipation stood within the grasp of those patriots who had so long laboured to obtain it. In 1821 the royal visit to Ireland filled the whole people with loyalty. O'Connell received the monarch on his bended knee when he first touched the shore of Ireland, and upon his departure he presented him with a laurel crown, which was graciously received. When, however, the Irish people found nothing came of the royal progress but a compliment to all parties on their not having disturbed him by their complaints, the disappointment of the Catholics roused them to indignant energy.

In 1823 O'Connell conceived the idea of the Catholic Association. He consulted Sheil, who hesitated and said it would not work. "But I will make it work," said O'Connell. The Association was formed. By means of this organisation they determined to rouse the whole Catholic population to action. The foundation was soon laid, and they agreed to meet in the parlour of a bookseller in Dublin. Ten members were considered sufficient to found the Association. Four meetings were held, but, notwithstanding the most pressing invitations, the ten members could not be found. The last day they were eight, and after waiting two hours they were about to separate, when O'Connell heard voices in the bookseller's shop. They were those of three students in divinity who came to purchase books.

According to the statutes of the Association in *embryo*, every ecclesiastic was *ipso facto* a member. Mr. O'Connell invited the students to take their places—they hesitated. He forced them into the room, and closing the door, he exclaimed with a thundering voice—"We are constituted—Mr. Sheil, I call on you to speak." From this moment the Association began to send its agitating waves outward, like a stone dropped suddenly into still water: In a short time all the priests became members. These levers of Irish society secured, the passions and energies of the nation were lifted with ease. The Rent was instituted, and the sinews of war poured in so rapidly, that the Association became a powerful engine both for offensive and defensive warfare. An energetic press supported the exertions of the New National Party, and a host of talent rushed into the ranks. The government of the day became alarmed, and in 1825 they brought in a bill for the suppression of the Association. This measure had the effect of causing the Association to dissolve itself; but, like the fabled monster of old, no sooner was the head cut off than a thousand others sprung from its blood. Every provincial town now had its Association, ostensibly for the purposes of charity, but really to carry out the agitation which the metropolitan institution had been suppressed for beginning. This year Mr. O'Connell succeeded to the Derrynane estate on the death of his uncle.

At the general election of 1826, Mr. O'Connell brought the influence of the new organisation to bear in forwarding the concession of the Catholic claims. Popular candidates were proposed everywhere. Orange candidates were beaten in their own strongholds. It was not, however, until 1828 that the grand move was made which secured Emancipation. A vacancy having occurred for the county of Clare, a Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, with a sudden impulse, proposed Mr. O'Connell as a candidate. The proposition came at a moment when the whole population was ripe for action. O'Connell for Clare! was the watchword throughout Ireland with all good Catholics. His opponent was Mr. Fitzgerald, a member of the ministry, a supporter of the Catholic claims, and a resident landlord. His exertions and the whole exertions of the government were, however, wholly and signally unsuccessful. During three days the Irish electors, escorted by a multitude of peasants, repaired to the hustings and openly voted for O'Connell. No act of disorder, no sign of intemperance disturbed this immense re-union.

A solemn circumstance, says a writer in the French *National*, imparted a dramatic colour to the event. At nightfall, when the result of the poll was about to be proclaimed, a Catholic clergyman made his way through the crowd, ascended the hustings, and commanding silence with his hand, slowly pronounced these words:—"Irishmen, brethren! an impious Catholic had the misfortune to vote for Fitzgerald. ('Shame, shame!' exclaimed the indignant people) Silence!" replied the speaker in a severe tone; "the indignation of man is feeble compared with the wrath of God! The hand of the Almighty has punished him. I inform you that he has just been struck with apoplexy. A prayer for his soul!" And in an instant the whole multitude fell upon its knees, only to be aroused from them by the shout—"O'Connell is returned." We give the anecdote, not that we admire its good taste, but to show the excited state into which the Irish people were thrown just at this moment. The spirit this triumph gave to the Irish party, and, above all, some significant indications of a sympathy between the Irish regiments and the people, were the real cause of the concession of Catholic Emancipation, which was announced in a speech from the throne at the commencement of the session of 1829.

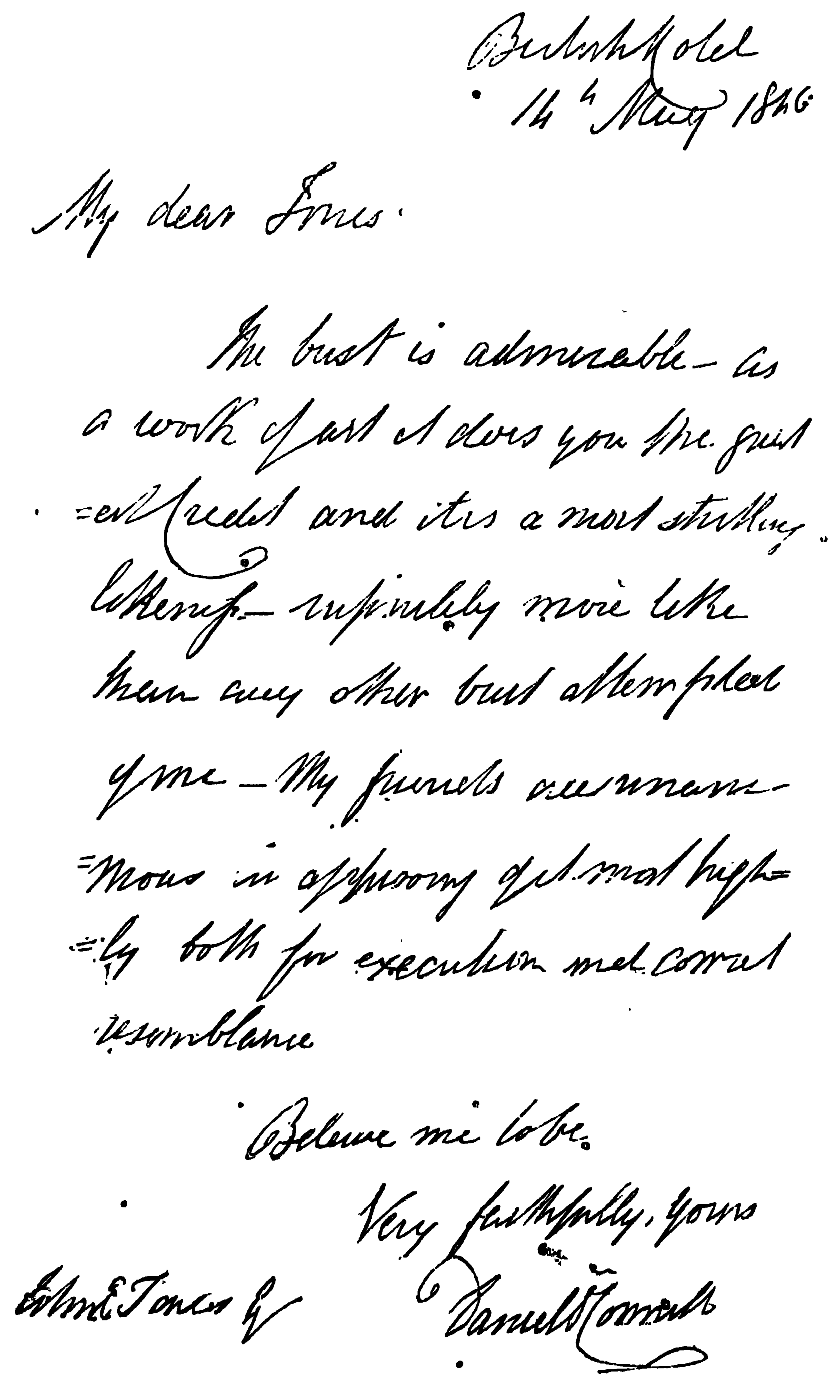
In the year 1830, Mr. O'Connell first commenced the agitation for the Repeal of the Union. In January, 1831, however, Mr. O'Connell was indicted by Earl Grey's government for a breach of the provisions of the act passed in 1829 for suppressing the Catholic Association. After many legal quibbles, he at last pleaded guilty; but before he could be brought up for punishment, the temporary act on which he had been indicted expired, and the discussion on the Reform Bill shortly after coming on, Mr. O'Connell's influence was too valuable a support to the government to permit it to enforce the verdict against him.

At the general election in 1832, the repeal pledge was exacted from every possible Irish candidate. O'Connell consequently found himself in the Reformed House at the head of a body of at least forty members, whose alleged subserviency to his will caused them to be nicknamed the "tail."

At the commencement of this session the Coercion bill was passed, against which O'Connell exerted himself to the uttermost of his powers; and in 1834, the question of repeal was for the first and last time brought under the consideration of the House. A debate of seven nights terminated in a division in which repeal was decided against by a majority of 523 to 38. Only one British member voted for repeal.

Mr. O'Connell supported the Melbourne administration with great earnestness, not dropping for a moment, however, his agitation in Ireland.

In 1836 he formed a general National Association; in 1838 the Precursors' Society, which afterwards made way for the Repeal Association. When Sir R. Peel came into power in 1841, O'Connell commenced this agitation with the fierceness which he always exhibited towards the Tory party. He roused the whole population; and during the summers of 1843 and '44, Ireland witnessed a scene


British Hotel
14th May 1846

My dear Jones:

The bust is admirable – as a work of art it does you the great=est credit and it is a most striking likeness – infinitely more like than any other bust attempted of me – My friends are unani=mous in approving of it most high=ly both for execution and correct resemblance

Believe me to be
Very faithfully yours
Daniel O'Connell

John E. Jones Esq

such as it never did before, and perhaps never will again—assemblies of men counted by the hundred thousands, swayed by the will of one man, and meeting and dispersing without the slightest violence. The Peel ministry, however, became frightened at their increasing numbers, and with the simple display of the artillery and dragoons upon the meeting-place of Clontarf, put an end for ever to



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

FROM A BUST BY J. E. JONES.

(See the Fac-simile Letter, Page 314.)

these demonstrations. The trial of O'Connell and his fellow conspirators, as they were called, is so fresh in the memory of the public that we need not here allude to it. The split between the Old and Young Irelanders seems to have been the first event which shook the confidence of O'Connell in his own powers. He saw with dismay the young and most vigorous of his partisans, headed by Smith O'Brien, who stood high with the Irish Liberals, arrayed against him, and the guiding principle of his life, the doctrine of non-physical force, derided and laughed at. The Famine then came and paralysed the Rent; disease fell upon him; and, broken down and debilitated, he retired to die, far away from the active scenes of his youth, and that mountain home where the merry cry of his beagles had resounded for so many long eventful years.

He died at Genoa on the 15th of the last month, May.*

AN ENIGMA.

By Lord Nugent.

The Moon rose high in her majesty,
Over glittering earth, and through deep blue sky,
Reigning in bright tranquillity.
One soft beam looked on a woodland glade—
Two lovers strayed
Down it's close arcade;
And 'twas thus that the Youth bespoke the Maid.
" Dearest, I give my heart to Thee,
Truth, Love, and changeless Constancy,
All, all ;—Yet more Thou shalt give to me.
Oh, give me what never yet was thine,
Nor is ;—Yet 'tis Thou who must make it mine.
No woman hath that which from Thee I crave,
Or had; No, nor ever could wish to have.
Nor, when given, albeit I pledge Thee now
A true and an everlasting Vow,
Life, Fortunes, all, with Thee, whate'er
Is, or ever henceforth may be mine to share,
Canst Thou ever or have or share with me
That which now I am craving and claiming from Thee."

SOLUTION

They were words of the fondest and firmest Truth—
And 'twas thus that the Maiden bespoke the Youth—
" Yes. I take thy true heart and its fealty,
Thy Love, and its changeless constancy :—
And yet Thou demandest more from me?
Then take it. I give what I do not crave,
Nor e'er had—no, nor ever could wish to have—
I give thee, unshared, and ungrudged, through life,
A Wife."

JENNY LIND.

There is one sad annoyance attendant upon having seen Jenny Lind—that of being worried to death on every side with questions as to what she is like. As though one could translate to every intelligence one's appreciation of something eminently delicate and refined in its beauty by a few set phrases or stereotyped methods of expression. You may run your finger up the divisions upon a chemist's measuring phial, and weigh out *aqua pura* to the fraction of a grain, or you may calculate by so many figures the power of a steam-boiler; but to give at a word the breadth and depth of genius is quite another matter. As well might he who moves a mother o' pearl shell in the light be expected off hand to describe its myriad changeful hues. Besides, one feels ashamed to talk common-places — such as common-place people only can understand—about a thing which has driven one half mad with delight; and enthusiasm, like arrow root, is none the better for being warmed up.

Jenny Lind, like all other great ideas, has her martyrs — we were one — on the first night of her appearance. We went in with the rush. Imagine the Atlantic trying to get through the neck of a quart bottle, and then, good reader, you will form some idea of the gentle squeeze at the pit door of her Majesty's Theatre on that occasion. The wonder to us is, that the mass of people shot through the aperture by the pressure of the crowd behind, like a pellet from a pop-gun, ever got separated again into their different humanities. We had the misfortune to be propelled forward by a stockbroker-looking individual, with a stomach like a sea bottle, over which depended a huge bunch of seals, a deeply sunk impression of which might have been found in our back a full week afterwards. And after all we were too late for a seat, having dropped our ticket, and the flood rushed past us; so we were forced to stand out the opera on one leg, shifting it when possible, like a roosting stork; for to find room for two feet upon the narrow ledge to which we clung was quite impossible. Having suffered thus much in her cause, we think we have some right to speak our mind about her.

Ah! Jenny, how have they maligned thee, those portrait painters, with their feeble brushes. The Swedish Nightingale of the printsellers' windows is not our Jenny Lind: she, as Browning says,—

> Whom we, to furnish lilies for her hair,
> Would pour our veins forth to enrich the ground.

How can they, with their rotten lithographs, give us the blue depths of thy eyes, so earnest, so fair—or realise to us the golden beauty of thy Scandinavian hair, woven, Greek-wise, backward from thy brow? Forgive us this burst, good reader, and we will promise to depart no more from the paths of soberness. In Jenny Lind we see realised our ideal of the Teutonic maid. She is the loving, earnest creature, German authors so delight in depicting; the embodiment, in short, of the creations of De la Motte Fouqué or Auërbach, the last mentioned of whom, in his *Tales of the Black Forest*, pictures many a Jenny Lind, singing in the greenwood in all the fresh simplicity of nature. She is not one of your regular beauties, whom novelists have such a facility in painting; indeed, according to the general acceptation of the term, she is no beauty at all; nevertheless, she is the most enchanting creature imaginable—" In that we all agree." What is it, then, that fascinates the whole house, and makes it rise, as one man, with loud acclamations directly she appears? It is the mixture of earnestness, simplicity, and genius we see stamped upon her features, lighting them up with an expression a thousand times more ravishing than the most Cleopatra-like beauty. Like a little child, she makes friends with the great company at once. She sits in no car, like the fairy in the pantomime, surrounded by golden beams; but from her, as from some exquisitely tuned nervous centre, invisibly ray out, the trem-

* Recollections of Daniel O'Connell, by Silhouette, will appear in our next.

bling chords of sympathy to every human heart by whom she is surrounded. Great as is her singing, pure the flute-like tones of her voice, swelling with all the delicious sweetness of the Æolian harp, still to us her acting is the great attraction, and this for the reason, that although we have many fine voices, we have no singer who, in the highest sense of the term, has any very great conception of character. Indeed there appears to be a tacit agreement in the public mind that acting in an opera is not only quite a secondary matter, but that it might be of a perfectly conventional character, and many of our greatest singers seem to think that their arms are only necessary as vocal air pump handles with which to fetch up the deeper chest notes; and one is often annoyed by seeing, in the midst of scene of intense passion, the arms of the *prima donna* swinging mechanically in the air. In Jenny Lind, on the contrary, every utterance of her transcendant voice is accompanied by an emotional rather than a volitional action; in other words, by an involuntary instead of a voluntary working of the muscles: and this is the great reason of the utter absence of effort which distinguishes all her performances.

The character of her acting partakes of all the qualities which mark the differences between the northern and southern races. Simple, pure, and earnest, her passions assume not the vehement tone of Grisi, but they are none the less intense. German opera undoubtedly more accords with the whole feeling and expression of her singing: but in *La Sonambula* she vanquished at once the last remnant of doubt that she was not universal in her powers. Not that the German impress was invisible in this essentially Italian opera; on the contrary, Amina, as she played it, seemed written for her, so completely did she identify herself with it. It was a new idea, her conception of the character, and yet so natural a one, that the wonder seemed to be that it could have ever been played otherwise. In the first scene with the count, Amina is generally played as a coquette, whose decided approbation of the gentleman makes her fidelity to the peasant quite speculative enough to warrant the suspicions which fall upon her. Jenny Lind, however, managed to throw so much purity into the character, and so to dilute the coquettishness with an Audrey-like simplicity, that her innocence cannot be suspected for a moment. In the sleep-walking scene, her wide-open eyes, apparently impervious to the effects of light, simulate the condition of the organs during somnambulism, and are proofs of the carefulness with which she studies nature in the smallest particulars. Grand as is her vocalisation in this opera, however, and charming her idea of the wronged innocent young girl, we believe she would be incomparably greater in a thoroughly German opera, in which the supernatural should give play to the deeper and more intense feelings of her nature. There were instances in her Alice, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, which convinced us that her greatest power lies in the interpretation of the supernatural, and in the rendering of agonising mental conflict, rather than in the vehement exhibition of frantic passion. Never will those who heard her forget the intensity of feeling she threw into the words "*Nulla! nulla!*"* when her lover, who is in the toils of the demon, asks her if she knows of his retreat. It expressed a whole world of horrible suspense. The scene of the cross is so celebrated, that we need scarcely touch upon it. The perfect faith her countenance displays in the protection the holy emblem will afford her against the advances of the demon, is touching in the extreme. Jenny Lind was so nervous at the thoughts of appearing before a London audience, that had it not been for Lablache, who ever kindly encouraged her, she would scarcely have ventured to have appeared, so high were the expectations raised respecting her. It may be conceived, then, her delight at the burst upon burst of acclamation which greeted her upon the fall of the curtain. Her Majesty immediately sent for her to the royal box, and complimented her in the kindest manner upon her eminent success, which so delighted her, that upon her return behind the scenes, she could scarcely contain herself for joy. She laughed, jumped, and danced about the stage like a wild young girl of twelve, and wound up by shaking hands with every member of the *corps de ballet* who came within her reach. So child-like, simple, and natural, great and true artists ever appear.

A. W.

* No! no!

THE LETHEON.

It was perhaps well to abide the test of a few months in the new process of Etherisation, before attempting any account of it in our pages. The result of the test has been completely successful. From the mass of facts which have accumulated during this period, we are now able to wind out a short narrative of this most important discovery, more connected and more satisfactory than could have been possible, had the attempt been made at an earlier period.

The originality of the invention has several claimants, and it is still an undecided point; so that we are glad to relinquish the discussion almost entirely. It appears, however, that, as in the history of so many other discoveries, the idea, and even the principle, are not the offspring of the present day. On the contrary, it is a striking fact, that the root of the matter, which has now shot up and borne such blessed and abundant fruit, lay for years neglected and forgotten in the writings of the immortal Davy. The following are the precise words in which it is found:—"As nitrous oxide" (or laughing gas) "in its extensive operation appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations." And, as if to comment afresh, and for the thousandth time, upon the Wise man's saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," it has been ascertained that other philosophers, preceding Davy, have recommended and appear to have publicly practised, in a few cases, "inhalations," with the view of obviating physical suffering during the operations of surgery. Somewhat like the seed of an arctic plant, locked up for the dreary polar winter, bursts into full vigour with the first return of summer, so has this invaluable boon to mankind lain dormant in the pages of a chemical philosopher until, under the expansive influence of our time, it has sprung into life and activity, and has already shed its priceless blessings upon hundreds of our fellow-sufferers.

Etherisation may be said to have diffused itself almost instantaneously after the moment of its announcement, almost throughout the whole civilised world. And that it did so, is an evidence of the avidity with which mankind had been searching after an agent promising any immunity from the sufferings incidental to every surgical operation.

Not that the search was altogether in vain; various mechanical plans and medicinal agents have been employed, and to a small extent proved successful, but their use so generally entailed such disagreeable after consequences, as to cause the practice to be confined to a few solitary cases, where the physical energies were absolutely unequal to the endurance of protracted and unmitigated suffering. It remained for the present age to discover, and for the present process to bestow upon the human sufferer, that temporary oblivion, during those awful moments, after which the learned of centuries had been seeking almost in vain.

The apparatus in use for this process has multiplied to an astonishing extent since the first simple instrument was made public. A flood of bottles, tins, bladders, valves, and flexible tubes has inundated the medical world. Teapots, meerschaum pipes, and soda water apparatus have their respective representatives in this array of instruments; but in all the principle remains the same—to insure a sufficient evaporating surface for the oblivious liquid employed; to this must be added, also, the necessity of some simple valve-work, to obviate the return of the expired air into the apparatus, and the ingenious contrivance, the two-way cock, by which, in the easiest manner conceivable, the dose of ether is diluted, or increased, by a regulated admission of atmospheric air. Could these features be preserved, a tea-kettle, or a wide-mouthed bottle, are co-efficient with the most complicated inventions of the day. The patient is seated in a semi-recumbent posture; inhalation commences. If the vapour is carefully administered, coughing may generally be prevented. Gradually the etherial dose is increased, the patient drinks it in slowly at first, and with reluctance; but he soon becomes animated with an intense desire for deeper and stronger draughts, and inspires the intoxicating air with an insatiable eagerness. In a few minutes the inspirations become less vehement, the ether is telling upon the system, and shortly after they degenerate into a gentle, rhythmical, panting movement, quite unlike ordinary respiration. Complete relaxation of the muscular power supervenes, and the inebriate sinks back in a state of utter insensibility. Occasionally, considerable excitement occurs soon after the first few inspirations, and various indications of a warlike, oratorical, or comical character make their appearance, and to a degree frequently more curious than pleasant to all bystanders. As the draught deepens, these generally subside, and the full sedative power of the ether is manifest in the almost deathlike condition of the patient.

It is customary to wait for this period before commencing the operation. In this condition, the patient may be sustained for a period of time amply sufficient for the performance of the most dreadful operations the surgeon is called upon to execute, by simply continuing, in moderate doses, the inhalation as before. In protracted cases, it has been customary to sustain the strength of the patient by administering small quantities of wine, or other alcoholic stimuli. Behold the patient now ready to endure the otherwise most agonising proceedings, not only with an ultra stoical indifference, but in many cases with a large amount of the most pleasurable and delightful sensations. In this condition, many hundreds have undergone as well the most formidable, as the most trivial of the operations of surgery. Whether it was a limb or a tumour, a calculus or a tooth, that was to be removed, or any other excruciating proceeding that was to be undertaken, the result has been the same; and thus, during the very babyhood of etherisation, an aggregate of human suffering has been annihilated, more than equal to all the alleviations modern medical science has bestowed upon mankind during the last quarter of a century.

On awaking from the inebriation, the personal experiences of the etherised are most interesting. A gentle *aura*, of the most curious and thrilling character, steals over the entire frame; and a sensation of the most perfect well-being possesses the mind. Then comes a gradual loss of consciousness; sight, hearing, and tactile sensation disappear. The mind appears perplexed what to make of its new condition, and feeling as if the chains which bind it to the earthly tenement were burst, it is in a state of the most downright apathy with regard to the body. The soul then seems to bathe in an atmosphere of light, and revels in the happiness of apparently another world, while frequently a dream of transcendent glories passes before it. If the inhalation is discontinued, this blissful state is of short duration, and the stern, cold realities of our unspiritual world force themselves back once more upon the recollection. The baseless fabric of the vision and the glories fade away, and some casual movement in the apartment summons the patient at length out of his beatific condition. But the same glorious things are not vouchsafed to every one. Some, on the contrary, are troubled with ideal contests with fiends; some are violently altercating with their relations; some are tumbling down bottomless abysms; and horrors of all sorts crowd in upon the minds of others. In these cases, it is frequent that during the process violent struggles, contortions of the features, and other tokens of uneasiness, betray the troubled state of the dreamer's mind. A lady undergoing this process at our hands, during the removal of a tumour, was the whole time violently struggling and crying out to her child, with whom she believed herself to be violently contending. Where this state exists, the termination of the process is an inexpressible relief to the etherised, but it is an almost universal experience that no actual pain was felt: "It was a frightful dream," or "I thought a fiend had hold of me," or "I felt I would have given worlds to be out of it," are the expressions often made use of on awaking. In some cases these gloomy impressions are the result of imperfect inhalation; but in others it is a question whether the impurity of the ether employed is not the cause. Mr. Squire relates a case, in which the same individual in the same evening breathed alternately the vapour of pure ether and of impure; the effect of the first was exalting and delightful to a degree; while during the inhalation of the impure or unwashed ether-vapour he was plunged in the most unutterable horrors. He thus at will oscillated, by alternating the vapour employed, between the summit of etherial enjoyment, and the depths of the profoundest despair. If we would therefore, in some measure, secure to the patient the former and most desirable state, among other things, it is necessary to be well assured of the perfect purity of the inebriator.

Let us, however, rather turn to the curiosities of the Letheonising process, than dwell upon its occasional dismal accompaniments. Excitement and great desire for muscular exertion are not uncommon after-consequences, making their appearance just when the dethroned faculties are again claiming their seat and powers. The ruling passion

often comes out in a ludicrous manner at these moments. A learned solicitor, forgetting the gravity of the law, started up, just after having had a tooth removed, and issued a general invitation to all and sundry for a dance, beginning himself to lead off the ball, in the funniest mood imaginable. The sot will cry out for his one glass more, and then he will go home; addressing an imaginary Xantippe come to fetch him. The pugilist will doff his coat and waistcoat, and awake to his utter amazement in the very act of squaring at the innocent operator. A dismissed footman will gravely sit up, and harangue the surgeon as a noble lord in whose service he formerly lived, solemnly assuring his lordship that it was the steward's envy which produced his dismissal, and protesting his profound regard and respect for his lordship and her ladyship. Many other instances are enumerable, in which the previous habits, events, or temper of mind, gave a directive force to the phenomena. A very remarkable variety of these phenomena is that in which nothing seems lost but the sensation of suffering. A lady of our acquaintance applied to a dentist for the removal of her tooth, and inhaled for a long time without the slightest apparent effect. After considering a little while with the operator, upon the expediency or otherwise of having the tooth extracted without further delay, she decided on having it out at once; the tooth was accordingly removed, and in a few minutes afterwards, to the astonishment of both, she solemnly declared she had not experienced the slightest pain, although perfectly conscious of all that had taken place. This is by no means a solitary case. One patient completed sums in arithmetic, and wrote them down, while being operated on. Others have sat watching, with the coolest deliberation in the world, every step of the operation, quietly observing the glittering knife of the surgeon bury itself in their limbs, while never a single wince or expression of pain has passed over their features. While others appear in the merriest humour all the time, smiling in the most benignant manner, as muscles, nerves, skin, and bone are cut through, taking it for the most majestic fun in the world. This, however, must be regarded as a class of exceptions to the general rule of unconscious impassiveness.

Some alarm has been excited by the possibility of several dangers assumed to attend the process. The wonder is, that it is as free from risk as it has been found to be, when we reflect upon the almost deathlike condition to which it reduces the human frame. A Parisian journal first suggested the risk of an explosion taking place, and pictured in frightful terms the awful result of such a disaster to the human machine; some one was bold enough to make the experiment, and a taper was actually held in the mouth of a person under the etherial influence—but no explosion followed. *The apparatus*, however, is explosible, and should be used with great caution at night. Again, the few opponents of the practice tell us, that several deaths have resulted from its employment; and it is true fatal cases have occurred in which ether was used; but it must not be forgotten, that death very frequently follows some of the major operations, where ether has not been used at all, and that the element of pain, which the ether removes, is itself not unfrequently conducive to a fatal result. On the whole, it may be safely averred, that the fatality of operations will probably be actually lessened, instead of increased, by this discovery; while if it even remained the same, the vast amount of alleviation the process confers entitles it to adoption in every case where no contra indication presents itself. The discovery, indeed, bids fair to prove of immense value in other departments of medical science besides surgery, and has already been practically adopted in difficult cases by the accoucheur, and by the physician and medical jurist; while the veterinary surgeon has also called it to his aid with success. It has been a suggestion that, as the condition produced by ether-vapour bears an analogy to asphyxia, a few inhalations of pure oxygen gas will probably facilitate the recovery, if it should appear to be protracted; and the suggestion has been practically adopted by several "Letheonising" operators. Cold water, dashed on the head and chest, proves also an excellent restorative. Generally, the effect of the ether is just what was to be desired, very transient, and productive of very rare ill results; while it is an easy thing to prolong, if requisite, its benumbing powers, by gently continuing the inhalations.

That the Letheon should have become so suddenly popular, is a fact without a parallel in the history of science. We are not disposed to think, with some, that this is altogether due to the advancement of our age, though part of it may be ascribed to that cause; but we believe the true cause is to be found in that ardent desire for immunity from pain which forms one of the deepest longings of the soul of every human creature. That at length such a discovery should have been permitted to a creation groaning and travailing together in pain, is surely a matter of our deepest thankfulness to Him who has no pleasure either in the death or misery of his erring creatures.*

SHERWOOD FOREST.

By George S. Phillips.

Nottinghamshire is one of the most beautiful counties in England. It has a great variety of woodland scenery; and its landscapes are dotted all over with clustering villages, old halls, and farm houses. There is a deep, picture-like repose about them, which in the sunshiny days of spring and summer steals over one's senses like the memory of dreams. Even the high roads are full of interest: with their ancient monumental crosses, umbraceous hedges, and tall trees; the old green lanes which run far down into the meadows on either hand, or conduct you to the wild moors amongst the golden gorse and the purple heather. Then there are fine undulating slopes of hill and dale, and many glorious streams flashing in the vallies.

But of all the delightful scenery which abounds in this county, there is nothing to equal that of Sherwood Forest. Indeed there is nothing like it, so far as I have seen or read, in any part of the world. You pass through it on the high road between Newark and Worksop, and just beyond Ollerton you get a glimpse of its character from the gray, gnarled, and knotted oaks, which guard the forest skirts on either side. But it would be impossible to conceive from this slight view how strange, wild, and wonderful are the revelations of beauty and sublimity which unfold themselves—like an apocalypse—in the primeval sanctuary of the

* We would recommend those who wish to pursue their inquiries on this subject further, to read a paper in the last number of the *North British Review*.

Forest itself. Hundreds of travellers pass that way, without ever suspecting they are on the borders of an enchanted world. And yet the walk of a quarter of a mile from that well-paved, macadamised road will conduct you into an old realm of trees with huge barkless trunks and twisted branches, which look like the giant skeletons of an extinct creation. There is a solitude around them, likewise, which partakes of the solemnity of an alien world, and fills the heart with new, startling, and almost painful emotions. This part of the Forest is called Bilhagh, and stretches eastward away for two or three miles. The trees are all oaks—some of them eighty feet in height—bare and black; scarred by the storm and riven by the lightning. Many of them are split in twain from the top to the bottom; and yet so strong is the old life within them, that their branches are covered with foliage. Imagine these old forest patriarchs, alive with God ten hundred years ago, putting on new garments of green every spring to hide the nakedness of age, and daily dying a death which it will take centuries yet to consummate. It is the most affecting sight which a man can behold, to witness these huge, dumb creatures—so silent, and yet so desolate.

Few persons, unaccustomed to observe Nature in her ancient hiding places, would credit the singular transformations which the oaks of Bilhagh have, in many instances, undergone. It would be quite possible to make a new heraldry from the strange emblematic devices which have been carved upon them by the invisible fingers of the elements. Dragons, crocodiles' heads, serpents, glaring basilisks, kraken, and monsters of an unknown birth, surmount the capitols of the old trees, or grin under their barkless ribs. You are literally shut out, in this part of the Forest, from all signs of civilisation, and seem to stand in a "strange, solemn, and old universe." Over you hang the azure vaults of immensity; and under your feet how many worlds lie buried!

Heaven silent above us,
Graves under us silent.

The decayed ferns in some places form a soil which is yards in depth, and the surface is covered with mosses in beautiful variety, and studded with bluebells, foxgloves, violets, and other sweet wild flowers, in their appointed seasons. In the spring, whilst the ferns lie dead and yellow around you, and the oaks are blanched and leafless, the solitude is broken by rooks and jackdaws building their nests in the hollow sockets of the trees, and waving their dusky pennons to the music of their own cawing; or if some tiny bird flits through the colossal ruins of the Forest, it is only to utter mournful shrenes, or sad melancholy pipings. The rooks and daws are the only winged creatures (save the night owls) which have then any claim of habitancy in this old primeval temple. But as the warm days come on, and May returns to earth, like a bride laden with flowers, there is a universal joyousness in the old Forest; the mighty oaks, with centuries in their blood, leap up as into a life eternal, and clap their ancient hands with a great shout of deliverance and praise. The gorse, dropping with gold and delicious odours, flourishes under the wide foliage of the trees; the fiery adders come from their winter holes and sun themselves in the glades, and the whole Forest resounds with the melody of birds. At night, when the shadows cast by the moon enhance the solemnity of the scene, and fill it with ghostly witcheries and wonderful enchantments, you may hear the lovelorn song of the nightingale, rushing through the starry air from the far off dells of Birkland, and dying away in sweet cadences as they are borne along from echo to echo. The hares and rabbits then come out of the dingles and thick entangled underwood to crop the dewy herbage, and gambol in the silence and security of the hour; and as you walk along, the startled pheasant rushes to the tree tops with heavy wing and shrill cries.

But I would advise all readers of this sketch who can afford the time and the money, to run down from London by rail to Eckington station, and walk thence to Edwinstowe, the capital of Sherwood, and visit the old Forest themselves. I can assure them they will be amply repaid, both in body and mind, for the excursion. Bilhagh alone, is worth travelling a hundred miles barefoot to see, and once seen it can never be forgotten. Pemberton, the "Wanderer," as he called himself, walked from London to spend one day there, and then returned, grateful that he was strong enough to make so beautiful a pilgrimage. Washington Irving, Elliott, Howitt, and numberless other men, known and unknown to fame, have spent many days in this venerable wilderness, which extends even now, in all its olden features, for eight or ten miles in length, by two or three in breadth. And the reader must not suppose that this is any ordinary region; or that he can see the like of it in Epping, or in any other of the ancient forests. I have been in the back woods of the American continent, and have seen many noble "green robed senators" of the Forest in England, but I never knew what a tree was until I beheld the giants of Sherwood. I will describe some of them more particularly by and bye; and in the meanwhile let me allude to the historical associations which are connected with them. In the first place, they were planted by no human hands; and connect us with the descendants of *Hu* the Mighty—with the Druid life and Bardic Institutions of Britain—anterior even to the Roman invasion. For there is no question that Sherwood is a part of the aboriginal forests of the island. Its antiquity may be gathered from the fact that there are still the remains of Roman roads, villas, and encampments in various parts of it. Long, therefore, before the organisation of the Saxon Heptarchy, the trees of Sherwood were in the full vigour of youth and glory. And afterwards, the old kings of Mercia hunted the wolf and the wild boar in its shaggy dens and brakes. In the time of William the Conqueror, various Norman barons held it under the tenure of service to the Crown; and many cruel forest laws—out of which our modern game laws grew—were enacted to preserve the red deer from the "*short buts and long buts*" of the conquered Saxon peasantry. He who kills a buck shall have his eyes put out; he who steals a doe shall be hanged. These are specimens of those feudal laws; and I am sorry to say the spirit of them is not much improved in our game laws. If any woodman, lingcropper, villager, or traveller of this day were to kill a hare, pheasant, or even a rabbit, in the forest, he would be liable to a fine of eight pounds, and in default of payment must go to the county jail as a prisoner during the queen's pleasure; which is often of very long duration. There are men now in Nottingham jail who have been imprisoned there for five years under the very circumstances I have named. John Bright will, perhaps, set them at liberty before long; and no one will thank him more heartily than myself.

In the time of King John, the hays of Birkland —of which I shall speak more particularly by and

bye—and the woods of Bilhagh were the scenes of many royal hunting excursions; for John loved the chace quite as much as he hated liberty; and was a frequent guest at the old castle of Clipston, which then stood proudly on a hill about a mile and a half from Edwinstowe. Now, however, even the name of the owner of the castle is forgotten, and nothing but a heap of ruins is left to indicate the site of that feudal hold. A few pretty cottages with neat gardens, occupied by the retainers of the present Duke of Portland, lie scattered at the foot of the hill, and constitute the village of Clipston. The scenery all round it is very romantic and beautiful, and one of the best trout streams in England meanders through it, which, however, no man may fish, unless he wishes to be *caught*.

But that which makes Sherwood more historically interesting than anything else, is, that it was the scene of Robin Hood's exploits, and his wild woodland home for many years. So many conflicting statements have been made, however, respecting this noble outlaw, that he was fast becoming a myth, until Spencer Hall, "The Sherwood Forester" rescued him, about six years ago,* from the embranglements and defacements of time, and restored him to us, in as good flesh and blood as we could expect under the circumstances. We learn from various sources that Robin Hood was born at Loxley Chase, near Sheffield, in the beginning of the thirteenth century; and I fully agree with Spencer Hall, after an examination of all the documents upon the subject which have fallen in my way, that Robin was no more Earl of Huntingdon than he was Seneschal of France. The most ancient traditions, as well as the most authenticated ballads, agree in describing him as a *yeoman*, driven to the woods by his hatred of the oppression of his time. *The Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, which the Editor of this *Journal*—if he will allow me to say so—has done good service to the antique literature by restoring and annotating, very plainly calls Robin a "Yeoman;" and as the *Geste* itself bears, in its entire structure, grouping, and keen discrimination of character, the genius of our venerable Chaucer, there can be little question of the fidelity of the appellation. The accounts of Robin's appearance and accoutrements, which we find in the ballads of Editor Ritson, are still further corroborations of our hero's rank; and I have no doubt, as Chaucer's men and women are all *types* of *classes*, that Robin Hood is literally described in the Yeoman of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

"Little can be known," says Spencer Hall, "of our hero's progress up to the time when the patriots arose, under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to enforce the recognition of *Magna Charta* by Henry III.; but that his powers were devoted to the side of his country's rights in that memorable movement, &c. there can be no doubt." Fordun, a noteworthy chronicler, who lived about a century after this movement, says, in the *Scotichronicon*, "after relating the final defeat of the great national party, consequent on the battle of Evesham, in August, 1265, that from among the dispossessed and banished arose Robin Hood and Little John, with their accomplices, whom the people of his time were extravagantly fond of celebrating in tragedy and comedy beyond all others." It was only in later times, to "give a tawdry effect to ill written plays," that Robin Hood was styled Earl of Huntingdon. To the general manly and noble character of this bold outlaw, who believed in more "*points*," than were ever contained in any English "*Charter*," we have the most unequivocal testimony in history and the popular traditions. He seems to me, as I read of him surrounded by his little court of outlaws, in the old Forest of Sherwood, like an aboriginal lord of Nature's own fashioning and appointment. There is such a large, free heart in him, and so wise a head upon his shoulders, that I cannot wonder how the "disaffected" came to him in those troublesome times, and listed themselves to his generous service. In his rule and person was exhibited the very singular governmental riddle of *despotic democracy*. This Rob o' th' Wood was the strongest man of all the strong men who owned him Liege and Master. His strength lay in his brains and heart, however, not in his bones and fibres; although he understood, no doubt, all the tricks of wrestling, cuffing, and quarter-staff. It was a fine sight, I will answer for it, to see him and his true men, in their liveries of gold and green, symbolical of the forest garniture, and adapted, moreover, to deceive sheriffs' and kings' officers who might be on the look out for them over the landscape. Just fancy a hundred of such men, attired in this manner, with their bows and staves, drawn up in review before Robin Hood, previous to an excursion against some company of priests and their vassals, who are returning from the distraint of a poor yeoman over the copses of Barnsdale. There is Little John, the Naylor, seven feet high, with a droll red face, cracking sundry jests with Much, the miller's son; who, on another occasion, according to the *Lytell Geste*, asked with sinister meaning, when Robin Hood was endowing the poor Knight—whether the "*money was well told!*" And there, too, is Scathelock, who assured Much, on the same occasion, with a good horse laugh, when Little John was measuring out the "cloth" with his "bowe tree," that John might give the knight—"better measure, for—

By —— it cost him but lite.

And these good fellows, with Will Stuteley (Stoutly) and old Friar Tuck, are the captains of the little band, each ready to go where he is sent, and that right merrily too, and without grumbling; whether to chase a sheriff, or waylay an abbot.

I must not omit to mention, however, that Robin Hood was addicted to two things, which, as I believe, are common to all noble natures, viz. love and music. He had his harper, in the person of Allan o' the Dale, "a very gentle character," as Spencer Hall says, "whose mind is said to have been injured by a cross in his affections;" and he found his love in the beautiful Maid Marian. It must not be supposed from this attachment, that Robin was a freebooter amongst women; for no fact is better attested concerning him, than that he had a respect amounting even to reverence for the fair sex, and was always their friend and defender. The ballad which relates the circumstances of his death, from which I shall perhaps quote more largely by and-bye, has these lines :—

I never hurt woman in all my life;
Nor man, in woman's companie.

Besides which, in deference to the ecclesiastical law of our time, I will even venture to hint, that old Friar Tuck—who was a "better," and no doubt a "sadder" man than the novelists have made him—might have married them in the moonlight, under the greenwood tree, whilst gentle Allan made rich extemporaneous music, such as

* In a book which he called *The Forester's Offering*.

the brooks and breezes sing, out of the chords of his much loved instrument.

However this may be, I am quite sure that no one could join Simon de Montfort, and being defeated, return to the fastnesses of the Forest, rather than give up his liberty, with a priest, a musician, and a Maid Marian for consort, and be a bad man. These four things are impossible to a bad man.

Besides which, we hear instances of Robin's devotion and reverence for religion, which really invest him with a true moral grandeur. The writer of an article in the *Westminster Review*, No. 65, quoted by Mr. Hall in his *Life of Robin Hood*, has given us the following translation from the Latin of an old chronicler upon this subject. "Once upon a time, in Barnesdale, where he was avoiding the wrath of the king and the rage of the prince, while engaged in very devoutly hearing mass, *as he was wont to do*, nor would he interrupt the service for any occasion; one day, I say, whilst so at mass, it happened that a certain viscount, and other officers of the king, who had often before molested him, were seeking after him in that retired woodland spot wherein he was thus occupied. Those of his men who first discovered this pursuit, came and entreated him to fly with all speed; but this, from reverence for the consecrated host, which he was then most devoutly adoring, he absolutely refused to do. Whilst the rest of his people were trembling for fear of death, Robert alone confiding in Him whom he fearlessly worshipped, with the very few whom he had then beside him, encountered his enemies, overcame them with ease, was enriched by their spoils and ransom, and was thus induced to hold ministers of the church and masses [only the good ministers though; for he loved to fleece none so much as a bad priest] in greater veneration than ever, as mindful of the common saying:—'God hears the man that often hears the mass.'"

There are various other traditions concerning Robin Hood which, whether true or false, are valuable, as evidences of the general impress which his character and actions stamped upon the memory of his time. Noble, generous, brave—a lover of the poor, and defender of their rights against the rich and the oppressor, he comes down to us like the hero of some old dim epic, whose author has taxed all the powers of his imagination to set in the most costly jewels of humanity. His encounter with Edward the First, for instance, is full of human beauty. This king had offered large rewards for Robin, alive or dead, but none of his officers and spies could find him out. So, having conquered the Welsh, he came down to Sherwood, and resolved to try what he could do with his bloodhounds and most trusty followers, in the way of extirpating the outlaw and his merry men. It is said that he took up his abode at Clipston Castle, and scoured the whole county round for many days without success. At last he went in disguise, and wandered about the Forest alone, in hope of meeting with his enemies. All these things were well known to Robin Hood, who managed to have *his* spies at Clipston Castle. It was not long, therefore, before Robin showed himself to the king, in full array of green and gold, equipped also with his bow and arrows, his short sword, and that little bugle horn about which Edward had heard so many magical stories. The King demanded who this apparition of the woods might be?

"I am Robin Hood," answered the outlaw, nothing daunted at the presence of majesty.

"Then," returned the King, "we are well met, so stand upon your guard."

But Robin wound his horn, and a hundred armed men rose up from the gorse and heather, as if by enchantment, demanding the will of their leader. "It is to do reverence to the King of England that I have called you," said he; and Edward was so touched with this generous spectacle, that he invited Robin and his men to court, with a promise of free pardon and protection. It is further said, that the invitation was accepted, and that the Maid Marian died during the year that Robin was at court. He was deeply affected at the loss of his beloved; and when spring returned, he was so haunted with the olden memories of the woods, their sweet liberty, flowers, brooks, and birds, that he left the king by permission, and returned to his old haunts and companions. So, at all events, runs the tradition.

Cresswell Crags and Markland Grips, two very wild and romantic parts of the Forest, near Welbeck Hall, the residence of the Duke of Portland, are still pointed out by the peasantry as Robin's winter quarters. The River Wollen runs far below their summits into the lake at Welbeck; and in the days of the outlaw, when they were covered with trees and the primeval verdure, they must have been very safe hiding places, for they contain many extensive caverns, which are even now almost inaccessible. There is one, however, not much known abroad, although it is well known in the Forest, which is indeed remarkable. The entrance to this cave is high up amongst the rocks, and is carefully guarded by trees and shrubs, from which you have a fine view of the valley and the old Forest scenery. It is necessary, however, to provide yourself with candles from the cottages below, if you mean to explore the cave; and there are generally, in summer time, plenty of peasant boys who are ready to fetch lights for you, and to attend you, if you prefer their services. Having entered, you had better light your candles forthwith, for it is not pleasant to go groping along in the thick darkness, amongst owls, bats, and the dripping of water-drops. After advancing for a few yards, look well to the left, and you will see a narrow cleft, like one of the low bye-doors of an old monastery, under which you must creep on all fours. And now, what think you of the magnificent chamber in which you are standing? What a noble, lofty roof canopies it! And how the hundreds of pendant spars glitter like jewels all around you. This spacious apartment is called by the peasantry "ROBIN HOOD'S HALL," and there are others which, if I had space enough, I would gladly describe, that go by the names of Robin's chamber, pantry, and parlour. In one of these rooms there is a beautiful spring, whose waters have, no doubt, often been mixed with Friar Tuck's prized stomach-comfort, during the long winter evenings which the outlaws spent here.

But I find I must hasten to conclude what I have to say about Sherwood Forest, and that, unfortunately, in a very summary manner. I cannot leave Robin Hood, however, without adding a few words upon his death and burial-place. Within four miles of the spot where I am now writing, there was, in those olden times, a religious house called the NUNNERY OF KIRKLEES, at the head of which Robin's cousin was appointed, in the capacity of prioress. In his eightieth year, the outlaw, still strong in heart and limb, was journeying that way, and was taken suddenly ill. In his extremity he applied for aid at the nunnery; and tradition says that, in order to please Sir Roger de Doncaster, who was a great man in this neighbourhood in those days, she caused him to be bled well nigh

unto death. When Little John heard these sad tidings—for it was soon known to the dependents of the nunnery and the brave old Naylor, who was never far away from his master—he forced his way into the chamber of the dying hero, and besought him to authorise the calling together of the band, for the purpose of burning "Kirkley Hall, and all their nunnery," as the old ballad has it. But the noble outlaw felt that he was closing his earthly accounts, and had no wish to draw any further upon heaven's justice or forgiveness; so he answered Little John in these words—

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be:
But take my bent bow in thy hand,
And a broad arrow let thou flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

And there, in the beautiful park of Kirklees, sleep the ashes of this venerable patriot. The park is situated upon a high platform, close to Cooper Bridge Station, on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, which commands a magnificent sweep of country—including the fine old hills of Huddersfield, the romantic vale of Calder, and the far-off interminable moors, which run with but little interruption along the "Backbone" of England right into North Britain. The grave of Robin Hood is fenced round with iron palisades, set in solid stone masonry, and covered with a large slab, brought, most likely, from the graveyard of the Nunnery. The headstone contains an inscription, setting forth the valour, generosity, and woodland gifts of the dead. The old Abbey Lodge still stands; and the room in which Robin died, and the window from which the arrow was shot, are still shown to the pilgrim who goes up thither. A part of the ancient hostelry of the Abbey is likewise in existence, and retains its former usage; for it is a public house of entertainment for man and beast, and is known by the sign of "The Three Nuns." If that Nunnery could rise up to life again, with all its inhabitants and appendages, I wonder what it would say to the "horses and chariots of fire" which rush by it a hundred times daily, between the two great "iron spiders" called Leeds and Manchester.

Let us go back again, however, for a short time to Sherwood Forest. I have so many things to say about it, and about the good men who live on its borders in the village of Edwinstowe, that I again warn the reader I cannot here do justice to my subject. I have hitherto spoken only of that part of the Forest which is called "Bilhagh," and have yet to speak of the "Hays of Birkland" of the dimensions of some of the oaks, and various other interesting particulars. Suppose, therefore, we leave Bilhagh, and wander through the Forest glades until we come to the "Major Oak," under whose venerable branches I have rested I know not how often. Not many days ago, I sat upon its old roots with good Christopher Thompson, the Edwinstowe artist, whose strange autobiography, now publishing (Chapman Brothers), has awakened such deep interest in various parts of the county; and I gladly take the opportunity here afforded and permitted me, of adding my testimony to its great value, as a record of manly triumph over unprecedented sufferings and calamities.

The "Major Oak" is of almost incredible dimensions. When you stand in front of it, it looks like a huge castle; and although eleven persons can pack themselves inside it, the old wooden walls are not half worn out. Spencer Hall, about four years ago, led me blindfolded to this tree, and made me feel it inside and out before he took the bandage from my eyes. The illusion was wonderful. I could not, until I saw it with both eyes, believe it was but one concrete substance of a tree that I was handling. "At 6 inches from the ground its trunk is 90 feet in circumference; at 6 feet from the ground 30 *feet in circumference:* circumference of one of the arms, at a distance of 4 feet from the trunk, 12 feet! circumference at the extent of its branches, 240 feet: interior of the trunk, 20 feet in circumference, and 15 feet in height."* Altogether, and in every inch of it, what I call a Tree!

A few yards from this majestic oak, you cross the broad woodland glade called Cockglade, because game cocks were once kept in the Major Oak, which divides the hays of Birkland from Bilhagh. And here a new world of wonder and beauty bursts upon you. As far as the eye can reach, over upland and valley, there is a magnificent array of birches, with their graceful silvery trunks and waving foliage, through which the breezes, when they are soft and low, make musical dirges, like the sounds of a far-off sea. There could not be a more startling and picturesque contrast than the birches of Birkland and the oaks of Bilhagh. Caliban and Miranda are here married together according to God's oldest ceremonies. As you pass up this broad glade or riding, you are often arrested by the grotesque forms of the oaks, and not unfrequently a troop of young birches are seen waving their fair arms and tresses over some one of these solitaries, who, grim and sullen, appears as if he was caught out of bounds, and suddenly enchanted by these beautiful nymphs. Beautiful they are, indeed! for they have attained a stature and maturity which I never saw in any similar trees. I should like to describe the ruined "Shambles Oak," and the fine larch and heather scenery in the neighbourhood of it, but space forbids. I must have one word, however, about the great glade which the Duke of Portland has cut and railed for eight miles through the Forest, and planted with avenues of the dark green cedars of Lebanon. At the extremity of this magnificent riding, near Clipston, the good duke has erected a splendid Lodge, which in its architectural design is a copy, as I have heard, of a certain monastic gateway at Worksop. It is used as a sort of central school, although it is half a mile from any other dwelling, for the children who live in the scattered hamlets of the Forest. On the north side, if I remember the quarters rightly, there are effigies of King Richard the Lion-hearted, Allan o'Dale, and Friar Tuck; on the south side, there are similar sculptures of Robin Hood, Little John, and Maid Marian. This lodge may be seen from the roads conducting from Edwinstowe to Mansfield.

The most interesting part of my work—viz., of Edwinstowe, and what good things are springing up there—I must leave for some future paper. I cannot conclude, however, without relating one short instance of the generous spirit of these noble foresters. Robert Millhouse, the Nottingham poet, author of the *Destiny of Man,* and other works of a like calibre, once came on a visit to Edwinstowe, that he might pay reverence to the old trees of

* Forester's Offering, page 63.



THE PICTURE GALLERIES FOR 1847.

CROSSING THE BROOK. BY FREDERICK TAYLOR.

FROM THE OLD WATER COLOUR GALLERY.

Sherwood. He entered the "wood" one fine morning when the sun was rising, and was so impressed with the deep religion of the scene, that he took off his hat and stood silent and awe-struck. This incident endeared him to the affections of my good friends of Edwinstowe, and they regard the old oak into whose decayed heart he entered during one of his wanderings, and which they call to this day the "Millhouse Oak," as a sacred object. Well, in the course of time poor Millhouse died, and was buried in the Nottingham Cemetery, without a single stone to point out his last resting-place. One evening, therefore, these three men—Christopher Thompson, John Trueman, shoemaker and entymologist (well known as such to kindred men in town and elsewhere), and Robert Widdison, a sculptor—met in their village of Edwinstowe, and resolved to erect a neat monument to the memory of the dead poet, Millhouse. So much love and reverence for genius and humanity were in the hearts of these noble handicraftsmen! There accordingly it stands, in the Nottingham Cemetery, with an epitaph by Spencer Hall—a touching and beautiful sign henceforth to all men who shall read this short history of it.

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

BY DR. BEARD.

No. II.

THEIR FAILURE.

IN Benefit Societies security is the first thing. They profess to offer a provision against the casualties of life. These casualties—chances though they may be thus denominated—are of all things the most certain. It is certain that a working man's strength will abate; that his actual command over the necessaries and comforts of life will, after a certain, and no very distant period, materially decrease; it is certain, speaking in general terms, that for days, it may be months, he will be disabled by sickness; it is certain that, long before he reaches "threescore years and ten," he will present only the wreck of what he was in his youth. For these certainties he wishes a sure provision. Means for making that provision he finds now—in his earlier days, in his health and strength, when he earns more than he needs, when he gains more than he consumes, and when every passing week he finds some small addition made to his household equipment or his purse. These are bright days and golden opportunities. The pressure of a family is not yet felt. Husband and wife are in possession of their full and unimpaired energies. And, if they are virtuous, she is as kind and blithe as she is thrifty; and he finds in her love and the comforts of his home, a sufficient reward and stimulus in the midst of labours which, though severe, are not yet oppressive. From this bright spot in their history, they look forward, and they behold in the future dark and stormy days. Now, then, they bestir themselves to make some provision against coming wants and sufferings. Little, indeed, have they to spare; perhaps, if they enjoy ordinary comforts, nothing. They will, however, make sacrifices, in order that penury and dependence may be kept from their threshold. Relying on what little they can thus spare, they enter a Benefit Society. And now, what is uppermost in their minds?—"We are safe! If Thomas falls ill, the children will not starve, and when he grows old, we shall have something to look to."

Certainty, to all of great consequence, is to the labouring man the first thing and the last. If one resource fail the rich man, he has another. When persons of position and education find a prop break down under their hands, they turn to means offered in their own faculties or in the generosity of friends. But the labouring man has no superfluity on which he can fall back. If he loses the provision he has made for sickness and old age, he has lost his all. His sole resource now is dependence at the fireside of a child, or the degradation of the workhouse. And thus when the Benefit Society fails, the savings of many years, it may be of a whole life, are lost beyond recovery and without a refuge. Now, the poor broken-down old man has to endure not only the sense of disappointment, the fretting vexation of not having been fairly dealt with, but the unalleviated infirmities of old age, the unrelieved privations of want, and the mournful certainty that, when he dies, he will depend on the parish for his interment, and on needy friends or griping overseers for the support of his worn and sick, it may be bedridden wife. These are, alas! real woes. They are at this moment in existence on every side, in the midst of all our Christian benevolence and material opulence. They are woes which, humanly speaking, ought not to be endured; for the sufferers had done their part to ward them off, and they are owing solely to the very imperfect and wholly insufficient means that have hitherto been taken to enable the labouring man to make some provision for sickness, age, and death.

The tenor of our remarks imputes failure to benefit societies. Unless Mr. Neison (*Observations on Odd Fellow and Friendly Societies*, Fourth Edition, 1846) is egregiously mistaken, the scale on which they have failed—and, unless great changes are introduced, will fail—is fearfully large. The Rev. Mr. Sherman lately stated at a public meeting in Liverpool—"Mr. Ansell had told him of 2,000 societies having been submitted to him in three years, whose affairs were proved to be altogether insolvent." But there is another kind of failure: the staff breaks under the hand of the poor sick, aged, man the first time he leans on it. Benefit Societies, in numberless instances, *do not* afford the needful aid.

The extent of their failure can scarcely be fully ascertained; for the sufferers are in humble life, are scattered up and down in society, and have no sufficient means of making their injuries known. A committee of the House of Commons is the only resource by which benevolent men could acquire some knowledge of the number of these failures, and form an idea of the sufferings they have entailed. Every now and then, however, "a hard case" like the following, taken from the *Manchester Guardian* of March 15, 1847, appears in the newspapers.

Yesterday, the following case was heard before R. P. Livingston, Esq., mayor of Salford, at the Town Hall. Joseph Campbell, collector for the Steadfast Friends' Sick and Burial Society, was summoned by Henry Peel, of the Adelphi, Salford, a member, for the non-payment of 4*l*. 10*s*. due upon the death of Mary Peel, daughter of the latter. It appeared that Peel had been a member to the club for twenty years, his wife twelve, and his daughter (who died a few days since) nearly ten years. The president of the society, who appeared with the collector, stated that the payment was refused on the ground that the regulations of the society had not been complied with, inasmuch as on the 22nd ult. the deceased was one month in arrear, and, consequently, by the rules of the society, she would be "out of benefit" for fourteen days after that was made good. The collector produced his book in confirmation of this statement, from which it appeared that 9*d*. was entered to the credit of the deceased on the 1st inst.; but the collector admitted that 3*d*. of this ought to have been placed to her credit on the 22nd ult.,

which would have reduced her arrear from one month to three weeks. He acknowledged that this was a mistake. It made all the difference in favour of the friends of the deceased; for however harsh the rule may appear and is, it would have justified the officers of the society in withholding payment. Still the president refused to pay the money; and seeing that the decision of the magistrates would be against the collector, he immediately referred to another rule of the society, which enacted that disputes should be settled by arbitration, and that the magistrate had no jurisdiction. It appeared, also, from that rule, that in all arbitration cases the member complaining of the conduct of the officers was compelled to deposit 10*s*. before the case was heard, which 10*s*. was to be placed to the credit of the funds of the society.—Some further statements were then heard from Peel; and it appeared that the body of his daughter, who had died in childbed, could not be interred till the money was paid, and that her child had died that (yesterday) evening. At length the president agreed to pay the money, and the parties left the court.

This is no exceptional case. Every one that has had personal knowledge of the working classes, their condition, strivings, and sufferings, could, from his own experience, give instances of a similar kind. Let it be of a worthy man sixty years of age, who had paid into a society for more than half of that period, in the expectation that in his old age, when disabled for active exertion, he would receive fifteen shillings a week. The time arrived: he needed the money, the whole sum; he had a right to every penny—it was his own. For a long period it was doubtful whether he would receive anything. At last, he was obliged to be content with a payment of six instead of fifteen shillings a week. The man was robbed of the difference. The cause of this shameless plunder was this—a number of young men entered the club, gained the upper hand, and proceeded to work its machinery for their own special advantage. Independently of injustice so gross as this, Benefit Societies must in very many cases fail the working man in the hour of his need, because they generally contain a clause that if the required payment is not duly paid, the claim is forfeited. Now, when is the payment likely to be omitted but in the time of sickness and death? Suppose that a man who has been earning twenty shillings a week meets with an accident, or becomes sick. He throws himself on his club. Instead of twenty, he now receives eight shillings a week. As the time passes on, his furniture disappears, his resources are exhausted, he and his family, sick though he still is, have scarcely the barest necessaries of life. Now, then, his aid from the club should be doubled; in reality, it is halved. In spite of his narrow means he recovers, resumes his work, and with that his payments to the Benefit Society; but before he has retrieved his position, he has to meet extraordinary family expenses, falls into arrears with his club, and in a few days sickens and dies. The sum guaranteed to be paid at his death is withheld, because his contributions failed during the last month of his life. In the very juncture for which he thought he had made provision, his resources and the resources of the family are not forthcoming. In his greatest need, Benefit Societies, as at present constituted, forsake the working man. Another person, besides having regularly paid his contributions for many years, shall never have received a penny, and yet, falling into arrears in the last few weeks of his life, forfeits his whole claim. In the rules of the Sick and Burial Society, held at the Three Tuns, Smithy Dow, Manchester, it is declared, "Any member being six weeks in arrears shall be out of benefit; and if eight weeks in arrears shall be excluded!" The Goodwill Manchester and Salford Burial Society enjoins, "No member to be entitled to any benefit who is more than twopence in arrears; and if more than threepence in arrears, to be liable to be excluded!" Perhaps the arrears were occasioned by poverty. No matter: all that this person had paid is lost—is worse than thrown away, because the forfeiture has brought disappointment as a new element of trouble. And yet it was his own money that had been for years laid by. By the payments actually made, he had created a moral claim to that which it was stipulated he should receive. Say the payment was made conditional on his continuing his contributions, whether he was able to make them or not: you only in other words declare with the writer, that Benefit Societies are not so constructed as to meet the wants and supply the needs of working men.

Let the reader carefully observe how differently mutual assurance works on behalf of what are termed "the upper classes." If I hold a policy for a thousand pounds, and am in any pecuniary difficulty, by putting my policy in pledge I can raise money thereon; or the company will purchase my claim on them at a fair valuation. The value of my policy goes on increasing every year till the last—so that when I or my wife come to want the provided resources, they are larger than they were at at any former period. Mutual assurance for people of property grows in value with their wants; Benefit Societies for working men afford the least advantage when the greatest is required—nay, a man may pay into a club nearly all his life, and in the hour of need forfeit every shilling by some real or alleged irregularity. In the working of mutual assurance societies, due regard is paid to cases of special need. We mention an instance. In the "Widows' Fund" for the benefit of "Presbyterian Ministers of Lancashire and Cheshire," it is required that a member shall have paid in annual payments a certain stipulated sum before he or his widow can partake of the guaranteed advantages. Suppose a member to have died before he has paid the entire sum—does he lose all?—is his claim forfeited? No; his widow or his friends may make up the required amount, and so secure the expected annuity. The society in its very constitution leans to the poor. We have known a widow, whose husband had paid only four guineas, receive an annuity of ten pounds a-year for life. Had the same person been a working man, paying his four guineas out of his hard earnings, and at last, through inevitable necessity, failed in some one stipulated point, he would have been thereby deprived of all his contributions. Yet both had by their payments purchased a certain object, and the delivery of that object should have been secured in the one case as much as in the other. In truth, however, these clubs are for the most part worked not in favour, but to the prejudice, of those who most need their succour. Some precautions against the dishonest may be necessary. But in taking such, and in the entire machinery, the nature of mutual assurance should be borne in mind. The money entrusted to a club ceases not to be the money of the contributors. The object of the transaction is to secure a certain advantage. And the aim of every society of the kind should be to take such steps as may be most effectual to put each one at last into possession of his own. In reality, however, many of the regulations wear the appearance of being formed expressly to entrap the unwary, disappoint the weak, and benefit those who are least in need. Then there is often a harshness, if not injustice, on the part of the executive towards the necessitous and "those who have none to help," which is most unworthy and improper in officers of mutual

assurance societies, the members of which do but claim back their own. "The Rules of the Sick and Burial Society held at the Crown and Cushion, Long Millgate, Manchester," having fixed what sums members are to receive in sickness, add in a note—"This will not apply to chronic diseases, such as insanity, palsy, epilepsy, &c., which may be stated incurable and beyond the aid of medical art: to these cases the society's allowance will not be extended." In other words, it will be withheld from those persons who most need it. But what gross injustice is here! A man subscribes during, say, ten, twenty, or thirty years, for an annuity, paying the entire sum demanded; and when he must starve or "go into the union," if he does not obtain what he has actually purchased, you deny him his own money on the very ground that he is destitute of the means of procuring resources. "An old man," writes a friend who is in daily intercourse with the poor, "well known to me, after paying twenty or more years, was excluded by this note when he wanted aid, being asthmatic and therefore pronounced incurable." The same gentleman states the following fact—"A young woman about twenty years of age, whom I have known for three or four years, lately died. About two years ago, when she certainly looked remarkably hale and well, her mother had her entered into one of those clubs. On her becoming ill a few months ago, her mother, after some time had elapsed, applied for sick allowance and received it for a few weeks; but the agent soon pretended to have discovered from one of the neighbours, what I believe to be untrue, that the girl was ill at the time, and raised so many objections to paying the money, that the mother at length, from sheer weariness and disgust, consented to take back what had been paid in, give up the rules, and close the concern." We think the mother and her daughter acted prudently. Had they persisted in maintaining their rights, they most probably would have lost all. The "rules" of these societies are generally framed so as to leave complainants in the hands of the officers. In the "Crown and Cushion" before mentioned—"If any misunderstanding arise between the society and any claimant, the same shall be decided *by a majority of the officers present.*" An appeal is indeed given to arbitrators, if made in writing (perhaps the claimant cannot write) within ten days after the decision of the society's officers (perhaps requisite testimony is beyond the seas). But these arbitrators are themselves standing officers of the society. Their award is, however, to be final. Nor can the appeal be made to them unless the claimant, "prior to the matter being entertained," deposits with the president the sum of ten shillings. Why this is very mockery. Ten shillings to be deposited by a poor, incapacitated old man, who lies at death's door, and whose means are all expended! The crowning injustice remains to be mentioned: it is found in these words—"All members shall, after the receipt of twenty-six weeks sick allowance in any one year, *be subject to the discretion of the committee* for the regulation of their future sick allowance. *All aged members of sixty-five years and upwards, whose incapabilities to work arise from the natural decay of nature, shall be subject to the discretion of the committee for the regulation of their sick allowance.*

It would be easy to multiply instances.* What has been said must suffice for this occasion. And enough has been advanced to show that, as they are at present constituted, these clubs do not afford a sure, satisfactory, and sufficient provision for sickness and death to labouring men. Why should not they enjoy the same advantages as the less needy and the opulent, from the invaluable principle of mutual assurance? The subject is of national importance, and should be undertaken on a commensurate scale.

* We shall be glad to receive such; they will enable us, more effectually than anything else, to expose the iniquities of the present system. Well attested individual cases, with copies of "rules," &c. may be sent, addressed to Dr. Beard, Manchester.

Our Library.

HOUSEHOLD SURGERY; OR, HINTS ON EMERGENCIES. BY JOHN F. SOUTH, ONE OF THE SURGEONS OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.*

This book, as its title expresses, is suited to emergencies. It is not intended to supersede the functions of the skilful surgeon or physician; but to lessen suffering, and the chances of death, in cases where skilful aid cannot be immediately procured. Emergencies, however, of the kind here contemplated, are so frequent, and often so serious, that the work will be found useful to everybody. The author tells us that his volume owes existence to his having successfully lectured on Household Surgery, in aid of a literary institution which had been formed in a *village*—his design being "to afford some useful hints as to the means which people have in their own power to employ when accidents happen which require immediate attention, and no medical man is at hand, and often cannot be obtained for hours." A good sign of the times when professional men talk to villagers upon such subjects! We like the book the more because of the liberality of its author, and the successful manner in which he has adapted its contents to the wants of non-professional persons. In addition to instructions for the treatment of a host of the "ills which flesh is heir to," excellent chapters are given upon Ventilation; Dress, Exercise, and Diet of Children; Scalds and Burns; Dislocations, Fractures, Bleeding, &c., &c.

In the remarks upon that terrible malady, Hydrophobia, caution is given against encouraging dogs to lick the hands of their keepers. It is said that in the early stage of rabies, the attachment of the animal towards his owner seems to be increased. "He is employed, almost without ceasing, licking the hands, face, or any part he can get at." A dog having bitten a person, and being suspected of rabies, *should not be killed*—

This, for the sake of the person bitten, should always be prevented. Because frequently the dog is not mad; and, therefore, ascertaining this fact is of the utmost importance to relieve the patient's mind.

At this season such cautions may be useful. The book is full of instruction; and the engravings accompanying the text are a great help to the understanding. To missionaries, captains of vessels, emigrants, persons residing in country houses, and especially to mothers and nurses, the work will be found of much value. Instructions are given for fitting up a domestic medicine chest, in which the most probable calamities are suitably provided for.

* London: Cox, King William-street.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

By Silhouette.

His body to Ireland—His heart to Rome! That Rome whither he bent his last pilgrim-steps; hoping to die in the bosom of the church whose most faithful son he was, and whose political power he had, let us trust with no sinister intent, done so much, by his long and stormy public life, to resuscitate. Now, ere yet the echo of the world's first natural sorrow has passed away, when scarce his spirit has winged its predetermined flight, are angry disputants contending over his mortal remains. Not even the dead, it seems, are sacred, who when living had power to stir a world. Each nation has furnished a detractor. Long cherished bigotry, so often baffled, but, alas! not crushed; old party hatreds; have in Ireland and in England sprung to life and triumph over his yet yawning grave. Malignity has magnified his private faults, ingenuity perverted his public career. Nor, if thus dealt with by his own countrymen, has he suffered less in reputation from the more honest and truth-seeking publicists of France. They have earnestly sought a clue to his character, and a scheme for his conduct. But their vision, clear though it be, is obscured by the conditions of their reasoning. They are the pupils of systems. They deal in cold abstractions. If words and theories could make revolutions, or strike the fetters off suffering millions, the world, by their fiat, would be free. They could not understand O'Connell, because they knew not the conditions of *his* reasoning, the fixed basis of his ever-varying policy. Forgetting the wonders he did achieve, they condemn him because life was too short for the fulfilment of his mission. They tell you with almost a sneer, that he had "the soul of a prophet with the mind of a lawyer;" but they fail to add, that had he not had all that cunning and caution, that ever present self-denial and self-restraint, as well as the superhuman energy which makes the *one* gifted man a leader of men, millions of his fellow-countrymen might still have been held in degrading fetters, and the aspect of the world would have been dark with the shadow of coming woe. And if it has fared thus with him in the free countries of Europe, need we be surprised that where the voices of tyrants alone speak, and freedom is chained and dumb, his name and fame have been defiled?

If his memory has had detractors, it has also had champions. Earnest, zealous, affectionate friends and followers have rushed on the instant to uphold his reputation, to remind the world of the debt due to him by his country. They have poured out passionate tears over his grave; they have shouted fierce defiances to the enemies of his fame. But their hot love is as injurious as the others' cold hate. The judgment stands suspended between the two; while the fountains of truth are being poisoned at the inestimable moment when all is being poured forth. Never again, perhaps, will there be so earnest, so simultaneous, so universal a desire to fathom the character of this remarkable man; never again will there be such an opportunity for impressing the truth on mankind. As yet, no man has appeared who is so free from the extremes of either admiration or antipathy, and yet so intimately acquainted with O'Connell's life, whether in public or private, as to be able truly to lead the public mind on the subject. In England he was too much suspected, too much the victim of systematic misrepresentation; in Ireland, he was, by the masses of the people and those who direct the catholic mind, too much beloved, almost adored, to allow of that impartial judgment in which lies truth. To say that his wonderful talents and masculine virtues were disfigured by grievous errors, is but to repeat the common character of nearly all distinguished men; to tell us that his policy was capricious, contradictory, and that the close of his public life was a sad contrast to its glorious meridian, is but to say that fate and circumstances are stronger than human nature or human will: what we rather desire is some clue to the strange complications and vicissitudes of a life of half a century; some explanation why this man, who was at once (they say) so bad and so good, so patriotic and so selfish, so high-souled and so sordid, so great in eloquence yet so little in mind, should have wielded a power so gigantic during a period so unprecedented, should have ruled a whole kingdom more despotically than an autocrat, should have reversed a revolution and neutralised a constitution, should have dictated terms to monarchs, and ruled through successive ministries the most proud and powerful people of the world; and that throughout all this long period he should have retained the ardent love and devotion of a highly intelligent nation, who looked up to him as at once a father and a dictator, and who have only not offered up one universal wail of sorrow over his too sudden decease, because they are themselves struck down to the earth by the most awful visitation that has ever afflicted civilised man.

Let us leave to those angry controversialists their speculations whether O'Connell was most attached to Ireland or to Rome. Let us rather strive to recall something, although imperfectly, of what he was, at different periods of his life.

Look back to the years that elapsed between the era of the union in 1800 to that of the establishment of the Roman Catholic Association in 1823. Even at the earlier date, the young lawyer had begun to draw the eyes of men towards him. Ireland felt the new life stirring within her. She had had noble champions, devoted sons; but although the eloquence of Flood, of Grattan, of Curran, was of that order which moves senates to admiration and commands the respect of statesmen, it echoed the feelings of only a small portion of the Irish nation. They were struggling not so much for Catholic equality as against Protestant ascendancy, an ascendancy which galled them not so much on religious as on political grounds. But now, for the first time, the "people" began to have a voice. One had appeared among them who knew well, and could speak loudly too, the language of their hearts—the aspirations of their souls. He stepped forth, Minerva like, perfect at the first hour. As with so many other great orators, his profession as a barrister gave him great aid. Those who remember him a young advocate on the Munster circuit, describe him as something far exceeding even the *beau ideal* of an Irish criminal lawyer. During his earlier years of practice, while the rebellion of 1798 was still unextinguished, and a cruel tyranny was persecuting the unhappy people with scarcely the forms of law, there was in the proceedings of the time such a mixture of the terrible and the grotesque, of the wicked and the comic, that character was brought out to an extent unknown in our more peaceful and formal days. O'Connell was a Proteus at that day. Carefully avoiding to be

compromised in the rebellion, which would have furnished a pretext for his death, he was the earnest and energetic advocate of the hunted and oppressed peasantry, and the ever-active pleader for mercy and the sparing of blood. As the immediate terrors of the late insurrection subsided, and things became more calm, he still more distinguished himself as the advocate. Every day brought its iniquitous process against some unhappy wretch whom a more generous policy would have saved from the slow tortures of a mock-legal trial. Who more vehemently eloquent in denouncing—who more ingeniously clever in detecting legal flaws—who more searching and skilful in cross-examination—who more impressive in his appeals to a jury, than Daniel O'Connell? Nature seemed specially to have designed him for the path he was to take. His fine open face, beaming with intelligence; his deep, sonorous voice, so soft in pathos, so powerful in passion; his rich, unctuous humour; his self-possession; his daring defiance of corrupt or malignant judges; his bold contempt of all legal powers arrayed against him; and, above all, his thorough, heart-felt sympathy with his unfortunate clients; his deep-seated hatred of the iniquitous system he was striving against; and the warm, vehement, reckless spirit of nationality which shone through him like an inner light: these combined to make him the life of his circuit, and to spread his name abroad through Ireland, at least through Catholic Ireland, as one not inferior to some of the most gifted men the country had produced, and on whom might hereafter descend the mantle of her patriots. For, while he was spreading his fame, and adding to his income as a lawyer, he had also from year to year been cementing his repute as an orator and a politician. He spoke with all the fire and ardour of his nature against the union; and spoke so eloquently and well (as he did not always in his later life), that Pitt himself, and some of the leaders of that day, could not help noticing his efforts. But such efforts as these were merely isolated, though powerful, ebullitions of an earnest and patriotic spirit. He knew not yet what was in him. His ambition had not yet shaped out the possibility of the glorious future he was destined to fulfil; and for years he continued to labour in his profession, always advancing at the same time as a popular orator and leader, speaking at every meeting, toasted at every dinner, making enormous sums of money by pleading, and spending them as rapidly in prodigal hospitality—spreading his fame far and wide, and silently, though unconsciously, laying the foundation for that universal respect and obedience to him, as to a superior being, which was the chief characteristic of his later life—ere he seems to have conceived the idea of standing out before the world as the acknowledged champion of his oppressed countrymen—as the man who combined in so remarkable a manner all that was great and all that was mean, all that was respectable, all that was contemptible, in their character—in short, as the whole spirit of Hibernicism embodied in one man.

Advance some twenty years or more. It is the year 1823. The young advocate and mob-speaker of the year 1800, ardent, warm-hearted, strong-headed, overflowing with animal spirits, is now a middle-aged man of forty-eight. But is he staid or sober, like other men who have passed more than half their earthly term? No. His animal spirits are strong as ever: he hunts, he fishes, he battles, he loves, he hates, he harangues to laughing or weeping multitudes, even as he did in his reckless, rollicking youth. But there is in all he does the strength, the vigour, the purpose, the definite object of the full-grown man. His soul is at work within him. He has already conceived his greatness. His patriotism has assumed a definite shape. The "soul of the prophet" and the "mind of the lawyer" have become fused. He has studied for many long years his field of action. He sees how former leaders of his countrymen have been deceived, or have deceived themselves. He has felt the hollowness of political engagements—has put faith in the English Parliament, and has been disappointed—has seen the Irish part of the Union compact fulfilled, the English part violated. Ireland had waited long enough on England for legislative alms—she had waited in vain. "They give us nothing!" cried he, "we must help ourselves." Like the Hampdens and Pyms of the seventeenth century, he saw there must be some better guarantees of his country's freedom than promises of statesmen or the personal character of princes. He knew that England was conscientiously Protestant—that concession, as concession, was not to be expected, because, to concede was regarded by the aristocracy and a large part of the nation as a sin. "Therefore," said he, "if they will not give, we must take." But, like him whom Gil Blas met on the road to Oviedo, he determined that the form of petitioning should be preserved, though the musket frowned ominously from behind the hedge. And, upon the pivot of this resolution has turned all the future policy of England. The doctrine of "peaceful agitation" has rendered "revolutions" in this country for ever unnecessary.

The Catholic Association was formed. We are not writing its history, or O'Connell's: that has already been done for our readers by another contributor. We are looking back, through the vista of many years, at what O'Connell was—endeavouring to recall him as he lived and moved. Of the Catholic Association he was the life and soul. The plan was his, so was the execution. Every one bent to him. His will was supreme. He was the hardest worker, the shrewdest observer, the man of the whole who could best, and could always, command his temper. The eye of the Attorney-General was on him, he knew. Therefore, even in the midst of his most patriotic harangues, he was always on his guard. What he did, every one knows: what he was, will best be gathered from the vivid portrait of one who knew him well, and who says, that "his frame was tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befitted a man of the people; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection on a leader who represents in his own person the qualities on which they rely. In his face he was equally fortunate; it was extremely comely. The features were at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health, and a sanguine temperament, was diffused over the whole countenance, which was national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion. The expression was open and confiding, and inviting confidence—there was not a trace of malignity or wile; if there were, the bright blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature, O'Connell did not neglect to set off by his external carriage and deportment—or, perhaps, it should rather be said, that the same hand which moulded the exterior, supersaturated the inner man with a fund of restless propensity, which it was quite beyond his power, as it was certainly beside his inclination, to control. The existence

of this overweening vivacity was conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements; and being a popular, and more particularly a national quality, greatly recommended him to the Irish people. Body and soul seemed in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceived at once that he was a man who had sworn that his country's wrongs should be avenged. A well-chosen Dublin jury would have found his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of 'Ireland and her own, or the world in a blaze.' As he marched to court, he shouldered his umbrella, as if it were a pike. He flung out one factious foot before the other, as if he had already burst his bonds, and was kicking Protestant ascendancy before him; while, ever and anon, a democratic broad-shouldered roll of the upper man was manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off 'the oppression of seven hundred years.' Intensely national sensibility was the prevailing feature in his character. The people were always in his thoughts. He would toss up a bill of exceptions in their name—without it, indeed, he would scarcely have passed for a patriot; for, in fact, he had been so successful, and looked so contented, and his elastic, unbroken spirits were so disposed to bound and frisk for very joy—in a word, he had naturally so bad a face for a grievance, that his political sincerity might have appeared equivocal, had there not been some clouds of patriotic grief or indignation to temper the sunshine that was for ever bursting through them."

When, at last, Mr. O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons, the utmost anxiety was evinced to see and hear him. Would he succeed? A just criticism compels us to say that, upon the whole, his reputation within the walls of the House was not equal to what he had achieved as a platform speaker. It was not that he wanted tact or judgment; but that he was placed in a position of such embarrassment, that absolute success would have been all but impossible. He had to speak to two publics. First, there was the public in Ireland, flushed with recent victory, and who expected that he would continue the same spirit of defiance he had exhibited when the agitation was at its height; and secondly, there was the English parliament and the English public, mortified at recent defeat, with a national pride still unconquered, who looked upon him as little better than a successful rebel, and were ready to take revenge for the slightest infraction of those rules of debate which in such a place as the House of Commons are absolutely necessary. Thus he was between two fires. To please either he must offend the other. Yet, at times, he was worthy his great reputation. His speech in favour of reform was first-rate. All his speeches on subjects not connected with Ireland were distinguished by the knowledge, acumen, and vigour, which he had acquired from his successful legal career. It was only when Ireland was the theme that he ever grew dull or was unsuccessful. He was too violent for England, too tame for Ireland. What was intelligible, almost in a symbolical sense, to the latter, to the other seemed little short of sedition. And there was an occasional coarseness, too, in his language, which he had acquired while at the criminal bar in Ireland, and which he still further indulged in his mob orations, which would now and then break out, to the infinite horror of the bewhiskered and scented dandies who throng the back benches of the house, as the representatives of people who don't elect them. But, again, what humour! How happy his illustration of "the Derby dilly!" Again, when Mr. Walter sat, the last to go over, amongst the wavering supporters of the Melbourne Whigs, what could be more felicitous than his quotation of "The last rose of summer?" or, when parodying the celebrated lines of Dryden, he quizzed the three Tory colonels to their faces in the House of Commons? His escapades of humour and personal abuse, as an agitator out of doors, or at the bar, are innumerable. How clever his remark one day in Court. A barrister on circuit was in the habit, against the rules, of taking too small fees. One day he unexpectedly appeared in a criminal case for the prosecution. "My lord," said he, with great pomposity, "I appear here for the crown!" "No; you mean for the half-crown!" roared out O'Connell, to the intense merriment of the whole court. But the most terrible outbreak of his sarcastic humour was that which has so often been quoted, when he declared his belief that, if the genealogy of Benjamin Disraeli (who had grossly insulted him) were traced, it would be found that he was descended from the *impenitent* thief who suffered on the cross! These, however, are not pleasant themes to dwell upon.

One more aspect let us regard him in. The monster meetings—the boldest attempt ever made at a demonstration of physical force, by a people not in actual rebellion—were the most wonderful expressions of the simultaneous will of a people, that the world had yet seen. Words fail to describe the power of the man who could command them and control them. We look at him from afar as on the apex of an enormous pyramid, whose base covers the whole island,—every stone a worshipper.

The monster meetings were truly the climax of O'Connell's career. That fatal prosecution gave him his death blow. Not all the triumph of the after decision of the House of Lords, not all the millions who wept with joy at his release, or fired the hills and thronged the wayside on the day of his conqueror-like passage through Dublin from the prison to his home—not even these rare gifts of fate to man could stop the decay which was even now commencing. We remember well our sensations of pain and sorrow when we first saw him after his release and return to England. The massive frame still was there; but the vacant eye, the sunken cheeks, their hectic tinge, the shrunken arms, which hung listlessly by his side, the measured but feeble step—all told too truly the tale of his coming decline. That magnificent man was already stranded—let a few waves more burst over him and he would become a wreck.

Nor was the tempest long a-coming. That which no human power could avert, or have averted, was at hand. The famine fell on Ireland. Instantly O'Connell strove all he could to prepare the people for it; he sunk all political feeling; he raised his voice, now feeble, to promote union. He thought he saw in this calamity the hope of a better future, when exasperated parties might meet on the common ground of charity, and the feuds and quarrels which disgraced his country might be lost sight of in one pervading nationality. But alas! this was forbidden him. The work was not yet complete, and he was not to live to complete it. We always believed in O'Connell's heart, and now we believe he was heart-broken. At length nature refused to sustain him longer. He sought to lay himself at the feet of the Pope. But it was not to be. A poor, weak, feeble old man, was now this miracle of energy and power, and the choice even was denied him where to die. His body to Ireland—his heart to Rome!

O'Connell was always misunderstood. If there are those in Ireland who say he has disappointed them, they have themselves to blame for it. He was the advocate of a people, and he conducted their cause in the manner he thought best for their interest. Truth and sincerity are not the qualifications of advocates: exaggeration and manœuvring are. The plan of his life was to extort concessions from Protestant England by and through fear of Catholic Ireland. Up to 1829, it succeeded. To say whether it would have succeeded again in 1848, or 1850, had the famine been averted, or the health of O'Connell been spared, would be perhaps to presume too much. But circumstances favour the supposition. O'Connell has been a friend to the people, by teaching them how to obtain rights without violence. The monster meetings were a part of that plan. They were intended as the writing on the wall to England. "Give absolute, total, unconditional equality, or ——!" Famine and death stopped the *dénouement* of the drama. But is Ireland to forget his services because he died? It has been well observed by a continental writer, that he was England's best friend. He was the Conciliator, the Pacificator, between the two countries. But for him, Ireland must have rebelled successfully, or have been reconquered. He pointed out the way of peaceful adjustment. But it is said that Ireland is as poor as when he first came to her aid—that he has wasted divine opportunities. Can the misdeeds of centuries be remedied in a few years? From 1829 to 1846—seventeen years! A brief time to reorganise a nation. O'Connell was the pioneer. His life was spent in preparing the tools with which others are hereafter to do the work.

O'Connell was further misunderstood, because he was the champion of one religion and the enemy of another. Even to clear-sighted men it seemed a virtue to abuse him, because he was the ally, or the tool, or the master, of the Romish priesthood. Hence the persevering malignity with which his faults were magnified by one party, the zeal with which they were denied or concealed by the other. Of his alleged mendicant extortion, the best explanation is, that millions cheerfully allowed it. The charge is one we do not think it necessary to enter into. Of his powers as an orator the world has rung with praises. He was most at home with an Irish multitude, and the sources of his influence lay in the skill with which he entered into the feelings of the people. Nay, he must have sympathised deeply with them. He knew them almost better than they knew themselves—identified himself with all their prejudices, passions, humours; and he knew the local traditions and peculiarities of every district of Ireland. Therefore he was at home everywhere. He was really the father of the people, and he was beloved by them with a passionate love.

FAIR FIELD FESTIVAL.

By W. J. Linton.

On Wednesday, May 26, at Fair Field Works belonging to Messrs. Adams and Co., Carriage Builders, a festival was held, somewhat noteworthy in its character, and which should be known to all working men and employers who read the *People's Journal*. It was given, not by the masters to their men, as a "reward of good behaviour;" but by the men to their masters, as a recognition of the masters' just and equal dealing, of their constant desire to advance not merely the interests but the characters of those in their employ. It was a fine proof of the feeling to be called forth by the real "captains of industry," whenever they are wise or honest enough to consider industry as a means of general good—for the many as well as for the few. The chair was taken soon after five o'clock by Mr. W. B. Adams, nearly a thousand persons (the workmen, their families, and guests), being present, in a large room on the works, used for painting the carriages. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. Mazzini, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Hays, Lady Duff Gordon, Dr. Stewart, &c. The workmen were their own stewards, and arranged everything in the most orderly manner. After tea, the real business of the evening commenced. Interspersed with songs, were numerous sentiments, proposed some from the chair, others by some of the men:—"Prosperity to Fair Field Works"—"The Fair Field Works' Provident Society"—"The Fair Field School"—"The Library." not forgetting "The Eastern Counties Railway, by which we get our bread:" and ascending higher and higher, the "Improved Condition of the Working Classes," and the "Progress of the Arts." Then there were personal toasts;—the Partners, each given severally, with three times three—"Mr. William Brydges Adams," with nine times nine—and "Mrs. Adams," with twelve times twelve—"The Ladies"—"Mr. Carlyle and the Guests"—"Mr. Corry and the Managers of the Works"—"The Stewards." Other toasts besides, which I do not call to mind: neither have I put these in right order. I have no space to give any notice of the speeches, further than the substance of the most important: sufficient to give an idea of the management of the works—the feeling of the festival. There appears to be but one rule in the factory, that every man employed is at liberty to work at that for which he is best fitted, no matter what may have been his previous occupation; that men of all countries are on the same footing, and that all have an interest in the Works: the machinery working for their benefit. There are about five hundred men and boys employed. They have (established by themselves) a Coal Club, a Provident Society, a School, and a Library. Into the Provident Society box go all fines for breaches of the regulations of the factory. There is an allowance during sickness, for the burial of any man employed in the works, and for the relief of his family: loans are also made to any of the men who may require assistance. The salary of the schoolmaster is also paid out of this fund. The school is for all, youth or adults. At the end of the year all surplus funds are divided among the men. They have also lectures on geometry and a music class. The choruses to the songs at the festival were given by the music school; and capitally given. The School was founded by, and in a great measure owes its success to, the exertions of one of the men, Edward Corry, who has risen by his industry and high probity from one of the lowest stations to the highest in the Works, and whose generous devotion to promote the welfare and moral advancement of his fellow-workmen deserve far more honourable mention than I can here find space for. One of the most gratifying parts of the festival was the presenting two silver medals (given by Corry), to two of the best pupils in the school: one a little boy; the other a grown man, who had the sense and courage to be sure that it is never too late to learn. Mr. Adams gave a brief

account of Corry's devotedness, of all he had done for himself, his family and his fellow-men, simply praising his integrity, and avowing his own pride at having the service and friendship of such a man; and Corry as simply and manfully returned thanks, with all the modesty of a true gentleman, though not wanting in pride for that he had in his own person so vindicated the dignity of his class. There was none of the vulgar antagonism which makes the workman seem to grudge acknowledgment of help from his world-called superior, or which makes the employer falsely think that the workman has only "done his duty," and so no thanks are needed. On each side was the earnest recognition of true service rendered from each to each, of the true equality, the true brotherhood of man. Two gentlemen, each in his vocation, had laboured honestly, together, and for a common purpose, and how could they be other than fast friends and brother-workers. Adams has always striven to place associated labour on a fair field, to obtain for it its fair reward: and Corry is always seconding him—except when he has the opportunity to lead.

Nor must Archibald Sinclair be forgotten—the Damon to Corry's Pythias, the "born mechanician," the constant striver at lessening the sweat of man's brow, the warrior against human drudgery—with natural aptitude to perceive the practicable, and incessant industry to work out the desirable—to wed practice to theory, "fact to thought." Free from all prejudice, trammelled by no formulas, seeking ever the cheapest mode of procuring a sound result, and ever ready to abandon the outworn old for the sound and vigorous new, in the incessant change demanded by the law of progress. Unselfish, unworldly, earnest, true, and affectionate, he has passed unscathed through the fiery furnace of an almost abandoned childhood. Looking on Fair Field Works as a sailor on his ship—whose structure he knows, from kelson to trucks, whose launch he beheld, whose rigging he wrought at, with whose captain he made his first voyage, and means to make his last—he is a sample, in a comparatively small sphere, of what all true-hearted men would be to their fellows, were only fair play awarded to them, and the rule obtained that no man should be misfitted to his occupation. "Money," which Mr. Carlyle scoffs at, cannot purchase the attachment of such men as these.

One may be sure, at a Railway Carriage Builders' Festival, there was no forgetfulness of the worth of railways, of commercial enterprise in general. But it did not stop there. There were the wings of melody over the railway line. Robert Burns' "A man's a man for a' that," and Robert Nicoll's "Praise to the good, the pure, the great," outran the train. Carlyle spoke his word for the nobler: —Might they always understand industry and service as something more than marketable commodities; and might no fool, or coward, or liar ever be among them. There was the toast of the Progress of the Arts, led to by the decorations of the room (the gratuitous work of one of the men in his leisure hours, and laborious leisure hours they must have been); and not merely looking for advance in art for the more luxurious fitting up of their next festival, or only for the elegancies of life, but recognising art as the preaching of the beautiful, the *more than* useful, recognising it as the purifier and ennobler of man's nature, the groundwork of the still higher moral beauty towards which humanity is ever progressing. New songs, too, were there, written for the occasion by Mrs. Adams; and her Sister's music breathed through the whole, like a charm to assure good influences. When Miss Flower's glorious chorus ("Now pray we for our country") was sung by Miss Thornton and the Fair Field music class, Carlyle's hands were folded in prayer. And so concluded the Fair Field Festival.

Not altogether; for there was dancing and delight till long after the sun shone on the old Fair Field at Bow.

SONNET:

SUGGESTED WHILE WORKING AMONG THE MACHINERY AT MESSRS. CUBITT'S.

BY HENRY F. LOTT.

Oft 'mid the flap of bands and whir of wheels,
And scream and hiss of swift revolving saw,
My mind, impulsive from the general law
Of rapid motion, stimulated feels:
And vagrant Fancy to the country steals,
To roam through hawthorn dell—by hazel shaw;
Where she from silence, peace was wont to draw,
And pleasure out of beauty's soft appeals.
Memory and Fancy thus unite to bring,
E'en while I labour, back some past delight;
And, with sweet voice and beauteous colouring,
Intone and brighten it to ear and sight;
Which in the daytime prompts my harp to sing,
And furnishes a pleasing dream at night.

PHILIP THE JOINER.

(*Translated from the French.*)

BY MRS. HODGSON.

THE spacious mansion of the Marquis de G., in the Faubourg St. Germain, was filled with the master works of art. His magnificent library contained all the best editions of ancient and modern works. A well-informed clergyman was appointed librarian. But with the exception of the treatises on the turf, the Court Almanac, and some romances of the day, the Marquis himself never looked into his rare and valuable books. He was very proud, however, of making alterations in his library, and this was the cause of his forming the acquaintance of a young joiner of the name of Philip Delcour, who was the head workman of a builder in the Place de Sulpice. By his admirable skill and aptitude for work, this young man had gained the entire confidence of the Marquis. A week never passed without his being sent for to alter the arrangement of the coats of arms, to place new shelves—in a word, to do what he could to satisfy the caprice or the taste of this very fastidious and exacting nobleman, who had made trial of many workmen, and found in Philip alone talent and patience enough to execute his orders. Philip was a fine fellow. His pleasant, expressive countenance was the index of his character; and, in his coarse joiner's jacket and apron, he had all the dignity of an honest man. The Marquis had

often remarked his manly bearing, and, in their conversations together, the modest workman had proved to the courtier that a man might be estimable whatever his station in society. The Marquis had a son, a fine little fellow of seven years of age, who was fortunate in having a preceptor of sufficient wisdom to preserve him from the prejudices in which his father had been brought up. The Marchioness was a sensible woman, whose first care was the happiness of her child; and she seconded the exertions of the tutor, striving to make of the amiable boy, not a mere brilliant idler, but a well-informed and useful man. Leon early showed a genius for mechanics, and had constructed for himself a little carriage, a windmill, and other playthings. His mother and tutor encouraged him in a pursuit from which he might take his first notions of geometry. He had a little workshop for himself, and all necessary implements. Whenever Philip was working at the chateau, the child eagerly sought his company and advice. He was constantly at the joiner's side, overwhelming him with questions, asking him to mend his broken tools, to teach him how to form a circle or a square, to plane a piece of wood, or to cut it in a straight line. The joiner, delighted with the lad's interesting and amiable disposition, called him his little apprentice, and considered it his duty to initiate him in all the mysteries of his art. He felt flattered by having his advice thus sought, and he was amply repaid for his trouble by the little fellow's embraces and innocent expressions of attachment and gratitude. One day, when the two were alone together in the gallery, Leon showed Philip a box of beechwood which he had been making for his mamma. The box was so well put together, so perfect in all its proportions, that Philip, in his delight at the progress of his pupil, took him up in his arms and embraced him with all the warmth of his kind nature. At that moment the Marquis entered the gallery. He had always been vexed by his son giving himself up to mechanical pursuits. Now, annoyed by the familiarity of the joiner, he reproached him in the harshest, the most humiliating terms, and ringing the bell, he ordered one of his servants to bring him in a basin of water. Then taking, himself, a sponge which lay in a handsome lavatory near at hand, he applied it several times to the face of the young Count, in order to efface from it the plebeian kiss it had received. Philip, pale with emotion, threw down the tools he held in his hand, and after darting towards the Marquis a glance of mingled grief and indignation, rushed from the gallery.

Soon after this occurrence, the Marquis sent to Philip's master, desiring him to send another joiner to finish the work Philip had begun. The master-builder answered the summons in person; and frankly avowed to the Marquis that his workmen had all sworn that, after the outrage committed in his house, not one of them would put a foot in it.

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "would the rascals form a conspiracy against me? It's pleasant upon my word—quite amusing."

"With all due respect to you, monsieur," replied the builder, "I must take the liberty to tell you, that if you thought your son infected by the kiss of a workman, you might have sent him to wash his face in another room; but to wound the feelings of a worthy lad who had only yielded to an emotion of his kind nature, was a thing for which you should receive the just reprisals"—

"I don't know what you mean," replied the Marquis.

"I mean," said the builder, "that every man has his own dignity as a man, and that none but a coward would tamely suffer himself to be insulted. I question whether, in Philip's place"—

He stopped; and fearing that his indignation would get the better of him, he hastily took his departure, mentally determining that he would never work for a man who showed himself unworthy of the name he bore.

After this time the master-builder's attachment to Philip, and his interest in him, increased. Philip, with his remarkable talent and untiring zeal, became every day more necessary to him, and often took his place in undertakings of responsibility. The worthy man was subject to attacks of rheumatic gout, which kept him a prisoner on his couch for months together. Then he found the use of such an assistant as Philip, who took the management of his several workyards with a zeal and an intelligence which soon procured for him a personal interest in all the operations. Insensibly he became the head of the house. His master had an only daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl. Feeling his strength fail day by day, he resolved to secure her happiness by bestowing her in marriage upon him who, since their connection, had never ceased to show himself the best of workmen and the best of men.

Behold, then, our friend Philip at the head of a flourishing establishment; everything prospering with him, whether in business or in domestic life. He became a happy father as well as a happy husband; he was honoured with universal esteem, and his fortune increased daily. In his district he was cited as an example. He soon bought the spacious house in which he lived; and his speculations increasing with his credit, he gave up his joiner's workshop (in which he established one of his brothers), and confined his business to the buying of houses and of waste lands, on which he built several splendid dwellings. In a word, he took rank among the great proprietors of Paris, made a considerable fortune, and was able, at forty-five years of age, to retire from business, and to devote himself to the public good. He had acquired, by degrees, a certain amount of instruction, with the manners and even the language of a rich proprietor. He was always doing some good; he conciliated all hearts, and every one spoke well of him. His open and frank countenance showed a pure soul, and that independence of character which is the true dignity of man. In his beautiful mansion in the Rue de Bellechasse, without displaying any foolish luxury, he enjoyed all the pleasures and advantages of wealth.

It happened that the period arrived for re-electing the Chamber of Deputies. The ministers imprudently braved the opinion of the people, and used every means to usurp their votes in favour of the party who wished to re-establish the ancient despotism. It will be readily imagined that the Marquis de G., who was attached to the court, would use his exertions to second the machinations of the monarch's perfidious counsellors. He had often heard speak of this Monsieur Delcour—little imagining who he was. Philip's appearance was so much changed, that he was not easily recognisable. The Marquis had inscribed on his tablets the name of Monsieur Delcour as an elector on whom he might rely (Philip was qualified to vote). At a public meeting at the Hotel de Ville he accosted him, therefore; and with those honied words which the great have always at command to serve their purposes, tried to cajole him. But Philip, who knew him perfectly, was not to be caught,

and he determined to have some amusement with him. He pretended to take a great interest in all the Marquis said about the party which alone could restore trade to its ancient splendour. He was even patient while the gentleman inveighed furiously against the plebeian candidates. At last, the Marquis, certain of success, in one of those moments of enthusiasm in which pride and presumption become human, took and affectionately pressed the hand of the man whom he believed he had enrolled in his party. The elector could not repress a convulsive movement, which the courtier attributed to the honour which had been done him. Philip soon after left the room, and went to the nearest hotel, where he offered ten francs to any one of the waiters who would follow him with a jug of water, a basin, and a towel. His offer was eagerly accepted. He entered the room where the preparations for the election were going on. Seeking the Marquis, who was still occupied with gaining votes for his candidates, he pointed him out to the lad who accompanied him, to whom he gave instructions how to proceed. The lad, obeying his orders, went up to the Marquis, and offered him the basin, that he might wash his hands, to purify them from the defilement of the plebeian touch they had just received. This proceeding caused no little surprise to the Marquis, and to all the people around. As he had shaken the hands of many electors, he could not imagine who among them could have played such a trick; and he declared that, having touched the hands of none but honest men, he did not see the motive of such a paltry jest. The lad still urged him to wash, and he became irritated. The scene drew a great number of spectators, and roars of laughter resounded through the room. Philip, at a distance, was enjoying the confusion of the Marquis. He waited at the door for the lad who had so well executed his orders, and gave him double the reward he had promised, on condition that he would never reveal the author of the joke.

This was not the last time that Philip had occasion to amuse himself at the expense of the Marquis. It happened that he was chosen chief juryman on a trial in which the Marquis was interested. The case was this. A young officer, a nephew of the Marquis, and the Count de ——, had a dispute, of which a duel was the consequence. It took place in the presence of five witnesses. The Count had the first fire, but when the officer was taking his place, with his pistol held carelessly in his hand, the instrument went off suddenly, and the young Count was mortally wounded. He fell, exclaiming—"I am murdered!" The witnesses of the officer took up his defence, swearing that their comrade was incapable of such villany. The friends of the victim, on the other hand, maintained that the officer, with his well-known skill with the pistol, might, if he chose, have prevented such a catastrophe. The family of the deceased, convinced that their relative had been assassinated, brought an action against the officer, who, in spite of numerous proofs of irreproachable conduct, had to stand his trial at the assizes. Monsieur Delcour, whose office gave him great influence, was eagerly solicited by both parties to give a verdict in their favour. Among the rest, the Marquis de G. used every means in his power to preserve his unfortunate young relative from the cruel fate which seemed to menace him. Delcour had been at first doubtful as to a right decision, but the debates at the trial, and, above all, the examination of the officer himself, convinced him that the wound of the Count was entirely accidental; the sudden explosion of the pistol being owing to the peculiar construction of the instrument. He was a clever mechanic, and he examined the pistol before the jury, and showed them how it would act on the very slightest movement. His opinion, frankly and honestly given, overcame their doubts as to the innocence of the accused, and they were unanimous in pronouncing him "not guilty."

The next day, the Marquis, accompanied by his liberated nephew, and his son Leon, drove in his splendid carriage to the dwelling of Monsieur Delcour, and requested to see him, to express his gratitude. An aged servant introduced them into the room where the family were taking their plentiful morning meal, in all their light-hearted gaiety. Philip received the Marquis with all the respect due to his rank, and desired him to be seated. The Marquis received his attentions with many protestations of esteem: his kiss on Philip's hand caused in the joiner a slight internal spasm, but his smiling countenance did not betray any emotion. The conversation became animated, and Delcour showed in it so much frankness, sense, and dignity, that the Marquis, quite drawn away by his irresistible influence, again pressed his hand, and when going to depart embraced him warmly. This was a temptation not to be resisted. Philip, addressing himself to the aged domestic who was in waiting in the room, said to him quietly, but with something of irony in his tone—"Francois, bring a basin for Monsieur to wash." The old man brought a rich china wash-hand basin and a towel.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the Marquis, now beginning to suspect the author of the former trick—"I do not understand it, upon my honour."

"It is a law which you yourself imposed," replied Delcour, smiling. "You made me feel too well the distance between you and me, for me ever to forget it. Do you not remember, Monsieur, that, once upon a time, you yourself washed the beautiful face of your little son, to remove from it the stain of a kiss, given in the fulness of his heart by a young joiner named Philip."

"Ah! if this should be he!" exclaimed Leon, examining him from head to foot.

"The lesson, you must own," continued Philip, "was too deeply cut to be ever effaced from my memory. And fearing that your noble blood might be tainted by the embrace you have just honoured me with, I have thought it right to offer you the means of effacing, by this purification, a stain at which the shades of your ancestors might murmur."

These words, uttered with good-humoured, but somewhat malicious pleasantry, strangely surprised the Marquis. Was he likely to recognise the humble joiner in this opulent, influential, and noteworthy man? Motionless, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, he knew not what to reply. Leon rushed to his old friend, and pressed him in his arms. The Marquis at last acknowledged that he had deserved such a reproof. Delcour, without restraint, pressed his hand affectionately, and requested that all the past might be forgotten; then turning to his children, he said—"You see how time brings together distances, and equalises conditions. Take care that you never cause humiliation to those whom you may believe to be your inferiors. Fortune is so fickle, that in one turn of her wheel they may rise to your level. Never forget that *an honest man who does his duty* is the equal of any man, deserves the esteem of all men, and may rise in the world as I have done."



GENOVEVA OF BRABANT.

BY THE GERMAN PAINTER, STEINBRUCK.

GENOVEVA OF BRABANT.

Our engraving this week illustrates an old and affecting story, with which all German children are familiar. Genoveva of Brabant was a young and beautiful woman, says the account which has been handed down through many generations, and wife to Count Siegfried, a noble baron, whose castle stood in the country which lies between those two shining rivers, the Rhine and the Rhone. He had scarcely been married to her two months, however, when he was called away from her he so dearly loved, to join the Emperor in beating back the Saracens, who were making themselves formidable by their conquests. Scarcely had Count Siegfried departed, when Golo, the steward, who had been left in command of the castle, assumed all the airs and authority of a master, and even made infamous proposals to Genoveva herself; and upon being repulsed with the utmost abhorrence by the Countess, to revenge himself, he sent word secretly to the Count that his wife had dishonoured him. An immediate order for her execution from the too credulous and infuriated husband was the consequence. She was accordingly taken from the dungeon, in which she had been confined for many months, together with her little son, to whom she had given birth in darkness and cold, and led by two of the retainers to the depths of a great forest, some distance from the castle. And here the soldiers would have taken the young child from Genoveva, before killing her, but she implored so piteously, and so clasped it with all the energy of maternal love, that, as with the ruffian in the story of the *Babes in the Wood*, pity triumphed in their savage breasts, and they determined not to kill her, and to leave her the child, on condition that she promised never to come again out of the wood. And thus she was left in the wide forest, with her poor naked infant, to die. Steinbruck the artist has chosen this moment for his picture. She is sitting down at the foot of a great tree, the agony of despair dwelling in her countenance. Wandering in search of some shelter, she at length reached a great cave: here at least was a covering for her head; but, alas! she was without food or water. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and as she looked round in the agony of hunger, the trailing stem of a gourd seemed as if it were creeping towards her, and her ear became aware of the trickling waters of a fountain. Then suddenly the dry leaves in the neighbourhood of the cave began to rustle, and presently a slender-limbed little doe came trotting up to her and nestled by her side: the doe readily gave up its milk for Little Sorrowful, for so was the child called by its mother. Genoveva and her boy remained in the forest for seven years—the bitter cold of winter compensated by the splendour of the summer, and all the beauties which nature so prodigally displays at that glad season. The little child grew strong and beautiful, and blessed its mother's ear by whispering her name; but Genoveva wasted fast away under the burden of her great sorrow, that her husband thought of her with shame. In the meantime, the Count Siegfried returned from the wars, and the villany of Golo the false steward was discovered; and the remorse of the noble Count for his too hasty order for his Genoveva's death was slowly consuming him, when a faithful friend, by way of diverting him from his melancholy, induced him to join a great hunting party. As the Count rode along in the forest he started a young doe, and following its track he was at last led to a cavern. The doe was the same faithful doe that had nourished Genoveva and her child. And in the two human beings clad in sheepskin he beheld his wife and child. They were restored amid the rejoicing of the people to the castle home from which they had been so cruelly banished, the little doe accompanying them; and so good was the lady to the inhabitants, that after her death she was reverenced as a saint, and for nearly a hundred years afterwards, hoary-headed men prided themselves on being able to say—"When I was a little child I was taken to see Genoveva." The principal events of this story, according to all accounts, are founded upon facts, which have been moulded into a poetic form by their passage through many generations of dreamy Germans, until in our later times comes the artist with his pencil, and embodies them all in this charming picture. How singularly some simple facts, such as these, running their course through ages, gather fresh delights at every step, and at last burst into perfect beauty under the inspiring touch of the painter, poet, and musician!

A. W.

Our Library.

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Mackay, LL.D.*

That is indeed a noble aspiration of Emerson's, that the "new voices" which he hears rising up, and among which new voices we recognise *his* as one of the most penetrating, though "soft and low," "may yet in some distant age, in more happy hours, *be executed by the hand*." That is what is wanted. What a world will this become, when the doer shall follow quickly the footsteps of the seer—when the poet and the practical man shall understand that each is necessary to the other, and that every society, as well as every individual man, can only be great, happy, and truly glorious, by the harmonious and simultaneous development of all the faculties God has given!

It is Charles Mackay's privilege to aid in this holy work. How, no reader of the *People's Journal* needs to be informed. Two or three of the pieces republished in this little volume first appeared in our pages. We now transcribe something in a different vein:

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall:
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but a few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The Present drear and overcast.

* W. S. Orr and Co., Paternoster-row.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all,"

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, tho' unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

SYLVAIN'S PICTORIAL HAND BOOK TO THE LAKES*

gives us a good hint for

OUR NEXT EXCURSION.

In about twelve hours the tourist may be set down at Kendal, direct from London, at the very gate, as it may be termed, of a district universally admitted to be the most beautiful in England, combining as it does the wildness of northern Scotland, with the rich luxuriance of the most beautiful parts of England. * * The object, therefore, of the present *Pictorial Hand Book* has been, as far as possible, to give a pleasant, gossiping account of all the objects worthy attention on the route, whether it be mountain or valley, lake or fall, gill or force, castle, abbey, ivy-mantled tower, or druidical remains. * * * Independently of the natural beauty of the English Lake district, it has associations which will ever make it hallowed ground. For years it has been the abiding place of men and women who have been foremost in the advance of mind, and who have thoroughly identified themselves with its scenes. Among these occur the names of Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, Professor Wilson and De Quincey, Wilberforce, Mrs. Hemans, and last but not least, Harriet Martineau, all of whom by their writings have illustrated the beauty of the scenes with which they were so intimately connected, and which, for years to come, will cause thousands of votaries to make pilgrimages to their shrine.

Can the tourist desire a better field? And if he wants a guide, here is an able and, no doubt, trustworthy one in *Sylvain's Hand Book*, which is as suggestive to the mind in its name, as to the eye in its host of engravings.

A PICTURE BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES,—BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,†

Has been already made so familiar to our readers, that we need only say here is another and very charming translation, by Meta Taylor, who seems to make it her chief delight to give to English readers draughts from the "well of *beauty* undefiled," irrespective of the particular locality where the living waters first flow forth. The binding of this elegantly printed volume, is a perfect specimen of what taste can do with the commonest of materials. Mere printed calico here obtains an effect far superior, in the artistic eye, to the costliest of ordinary bindings.

* J. Johnstone, Paternoster-row.
† D. Bogue, Fleet-street.

ROYAL GEMS FROM THE GALLERIES OF EUROPE.*
(Parts 1 to 13.)

A more valuable illustrated book, with, we must add, a more absurd title, has not yet been issued than this. The "Gems" are engravings in the very best manner, from a great number of pictures—many of them of the highest excellence, and all more or less interesting—but to which the word "Royal" is peculiarly inapplicable, as few of them are to be found in the galleries of European sovereigns. Perhaps the original intention was to confine the selection to the limits indicated by the title; if so, we are glad the title rather than the book was spoiled, by the adoption of a wiser course. The *Royal Gems* appear in parts, each containing three engravings, of which the engraved portion measures 8½ inches by 6¼, a space sufficient to do justice to the many admirable works here copied. Accompanying the engravings are notices by Mr. S. C. Hall. We quote an interesting, and, to us, new

INCIDENT OF THE DEATH OF GAINSBOROUGH.

While attending the trial of Warren Hastings, Gainsborough was suddenly seized with a pain in his neck, which eventually proved to be a cancer: at that time he was residing in Pall-mall, though he had previously occupied houses at Kew and Richmond. His bodily sufferings were augmented on his death bed, by a terror which took possession of his mind, that after his wife's death his daughters would be left without provision, as his thoughtless extravagance and generosity never allowed him to lay by any portion of his earnings. On this point his gentle wife soothed him, with the information that as "he always threw his money about, leaving it at the mercy of every one, she had taken in the course of twenty or thirty years as much as had enabled her to secure 10,000*l*. in the funds; and with that, and the sale of the "Woodman," and other pictures, doubtless their children could subsist in comfort!" He thanked and blessed her warmly, saying—"She had done perfectly right; that it was true he had sometimes thought he had more bills than he found, and been puzzled about it, but never suspected that any one had made free with what now made his death-bed one of tranquillity and peace."

BYWAYS OF HISTORY, FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT.†

The *Highways* of history have been so industriously and skilfully beaten, that it is no wonder many retreat in despair from them, to the *Byways*, to see what may be there found. And this, strange as it may seem, is now perhaps the very best mode to adopt of really adding to our knowledge of both. What the domestic life of a great man is to his public career, are the byways to the highways of history. We cannot truly learn the characters of either, unless we know them in these, their double and mutually influential relations.

Mrs. Percy Sinnett, a writer of high promise, has wandered into Germany to seek her byways, and she has been rewarded for her laborious researches. The world knew something of the feudal system of the middle ages before; yet it is no vain compliment to her to say she has enriched our knowledge. So with the ecclesiastical system that was so deeply twined with the feudal system. She possesses the power of throwing her thoughts and sympathies into both, so far as to see them as their founders and supporters, as well as their opponents and destroyers saw them; and without that power, worthless are all inquiries into the past.

From among the many interesting passages we had marked for quotation, let us transcribe the one that narrates how the monks of Altenberg, when unable to determine the point among themselves, settled

THE MODE OF CHOOSING AN ABBEY SITE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Modern frivolity feels tempted to giggle when it hears that the animal always in especial favour with the monks was the

* G. Virtue, Ivy-lane. † Longman and Co.

Ass. His simplicity of manners, humility of carriage, and usually taciturn habits—the sign of the cross which he bears on his back—the manner in which he hangs his head, as the rules of most orders command the pious brethren themselves to do—the patience with which he submits to discipline—all this naturally recommended him to these devout recluses, and they were always ready to exclaim with our modern English poet, "I hail thee brother," and to employ him in the most important business, and even to regard him as a kind of oracle in difficult cases.

It was, we may recollect, not merely the spirit of monasticism, but the spirit of all those ages, to see in what we call trivial chances the ordination of a higher power. Do we not find in the history of Nurnberg, that in the fourteenth century, two hundred years after the building of Altenberg convent, a worthy and respected burgher of that city, one Berthold Tucher, of the renowned family of that name, wishing to know whether it was the will of God that he should remain in the world and marry again, or take holy vows and devote himself to the monastic life, did, after praying devoutly in the little chapel in his house, "at the corner of the Milk Market, there where you turn into Dog Alley," resolve to ascertain the divine pleasure by the simple method of tossing up a halfpenny?

Three times did he toss it accordingly, and three times did it come up heads, and thereupon he accepted the oracle, and went directly and fetched himself a wife.

Even so did the monks of Altenberg now resolve to devolve upon the Ass the business which had proved too weighty for themselves. The highly honoured Neddy was conducted accordingly to the gate of the castle, laden with the money to be expended for the building, and with the insignia of the convent, and then left to take whatever way might in his wisdom seem good to him.

Slowly and deliberately did he pace down towards the valley, the monks following at a reverential distance: now and then the sagacious animal stopped and cropped a thistle, doubtless to give himself time for reflection, and occasionally he stood still and looked around, as if to consider the capabilities of the place. He went on till he entered a shady grove, that afforded a delicious refuge from the burning rays of the afternoon sun, and stopped where a bright rivulet, trickling from the Spechtshard, and marking its course by a strip of the liveliest green, fell into the beautiful Dhun. The monks watched him with breathless expectation; for here they thought would be a delightful spot, and they dreaded lest he should go further. The respectable animal, after due consideration, slowly stooped and tasted the water, and then, that he might omit no means of forming a correct judgment, began to try a little of the fragrant grass that grew in rich abundance on the banks. At length he lay down, and having apparently quite made up his mind, rolled over "heels upwards," and gave vent to his feelings in the trumpet tones of a loud and joyful bray. His sonorous voice was drowned in the exulting psalms of the monks—and on this, the loveliest spot of the whole valley, the sacred edifice was erected!

THE NEW CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL AT BROMPTON.

We have heard very benevolent men deplore the great expenditure of money in the British empire for the charitable alleviation of disease. "If all this money," say they, "were but properly administered, disease would be, in a great measure, prevented: we should have no need of hospitals, except for occasional accidents." Now we do not doubt the wisdom of the old proverb which says—"a pennyworth of prevention is worth a pound's worth of cure;" and no persons can be more interested than ourselves in watching the numerous efforts which are being made throughout the country to *prevent* the necessity of charitable institutions for the sick among the lower classes. Improved dwellings, baths, washhouses, proper ventilation, temperate habits, and an education which shall give the poor a knowledge of the physical laws by which health is preserved;—these are all of great importance in our eyes, because they are not only actually beneficial, but are prospectively so, to an incalculable extent.

But we should like to call to the remembrance of the class of benevolent persons above adverted to, another of our ancestral proverbs—"While the grass grows the steed starves." While they are laying down a broad and sure foundation on which a favoured posterity may raise a fair structure of health and happiness, they should not be unmindful of present disease and misery; whether they believe it to be brought about by the misconduct and ignorance of past generations; or, carrying it to a higher origin, believe it to be only a part of the inscrutable plan of a superintending Providence. There is a vast—it is appalling to think *how* vast an amount of physical disease and suffering in this, the happiest and most flourishing empire in the world. The feeling of compassion, too, becomes more intense when we reflect how much of all this disease and suffering exists among those classes who, in the present state of society (no matter how produced), have not the means of procuring alleviation or cure; and who, if they had the means, want the knowledge to use them efficiently.

This is an evil which is indeed deplorable; but we ought not to rest satisfied with deploring it; nor must we rest satisfied with saying, that it is not well to spend money in alleviating a present ill, when such money might be much more advantageously laid out in preventing the future existence of that ill. Is there not money enough, is there not active benevolence enough, in this land to combine the two objects? One man says—"Why should I do anything for posterity? Posterity has done nothing for me. No! I shall devote my money and my time to lessening the distress which is actually around me, without troubling my head about posterity." Another man says—"No. I cannot subscribe to this or that charity, because it is founded upon a wrong principle. It is bad to make the poor dependent upon charity: they ought to be self-dependent. My money and efforts shall be devoted to those plans only, which have for their object the emancipation and self-dependence of the poor." There is ample room for the exertions of both these classes of philanthropists, who, by the way, assist each other materially. They are both interested in the institution which we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers, because its design is not only to alleviate present evil, but also, more obviously than in that of most establishments of a charitable nature, to diminish the evil for succeeding generations.

A Consumption Hospital! It is strange that this should be a new thing in England, abounding more than most lands in hospitals, and, alas! abounding also more than most lands in cases of consumption. It has been calculated that 60,000 persons die in this country every year of pulmonary disease; that is to say, between a fifth and a sixth of the whole mortality.

To many of our readers it will appear incredible that until five years ago there was no hospital in England which would receive as an inmate a victim to pulmonary consumption. This fact was strongly impressed on the mind of Mr. Philip Rose, a legal gentleman of high respectability and great benevolence, by a circumstance which we will relate. A person who had been for many years a clerk in Mr. Rose's office, became incapacitated for his duties by pulmonary disease. His employer was much interested for him, and endeavoured to get him admitted into one of the great London hospitals, as a resident patient. His own interest, and that of his friends, proved vain: he could obtain advice and medicines from the hospitals for the patient, but none of them would receive and nurse him. The reasons for this exclusion of a victim to consumption being "the incurability of his complaint, and the length of time he would

occupy a bed which could be more profitably disposed of for the cure or relief of other diseases." It seemed to Mr. Rose that such a state of things ought not to continue in this country. He determined to use every means in his power to get a hospital founded for the reception and proper medical treatment of consumptive patients among the poor classes of society. He roused the minds of some friends to the consideration of this subject; they joined with him in his desire; and at a private meeting at Mr. Rose's house a plan was formed for the establishment of a hospital for consumption. When, through the liberality and exertions of Mr. Rose and his friends, a small fund had been raised, proper officers were appointed, and a house was hired in Chelsea, for the reception of twenty consumptive inmates, and medicines were also dispensed, and advice given, to a considerable number of out-patients. This was the commencement of the present "Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest." It took place in 1841. Since that time the original design has been rapidly fulfilling itself. A considerable sum of money has been raised in various ways, by bequests, donations, annual subscriptions, charity sermons, bazaars, &c. The governors of the charity have secured a piece of ground in a locality long esteemed favourable to consumptive patients—viz., Old Brompton. This ground lies on the north side of the Fulham-road, contiguous to the spot where the Queen's Elms Turnpike formerly stood. Here, Prince Albert laid the first stone of the Hospital in August, 1843. Since then, half the central portion of the edifice, and the west wing have been completed, both externally and internally. In its present state it contains sixty beds; thirty occupied by males, and thirty by females. On referring to one of the printed reports of the managing committee, we find that in February of the current year there were 240 out-patients under treatment by the medical staff of the Hospital. Thus, 300 persons were receiving daily benefit from the infant charity at the beginning of this year. We quote the following from the printed pamphlet of *Standing Rules of the Hospital*.

This institution combines in its plan and objects the threefold purpose of—

1st. An Asylum for in-patients afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and an Hospital for persons labouring under other severe diseases of the lungs.

2nd. A Dispensary for providing advice and medicines for the less urgent cases, as out-patients.

3rd. Providing at their own habitations advice, attendance, and medicine for patients, within a limited distance of the Hospital, who may be too ill to attend as out-patients.

The standing rules are excellent. If they be all followed out as set down in the book, we think the establishment must give satisfaction to every inquirer into the modes of operation.

We have beside us the first number (published in January, 1847) of a small paper or magazine entitled *Occasional Records of the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest*. It is published under the superintendence of the managing committee, and is compiled from official records of the Hospital.

In the first article of the January number (edited by Mr. Rose) occurs the following paragraph:

Marked as has been the blessing upon our exertions, for which none could be more thankful than ourselves, it must not be forgotten that our work is still in its infancy. The debt upon our present building is not yet wholly paid. Wards are yet unopened, though hundreds are knocking at our gates. The ground upon which our Hospital stands is yet unpurchased. The remaining wing is yet unbuilt. We cannot turn a deaf ear to the daily demand for admission, or conceal from ourselves that the present resources of the charity are far, very far, inadequate to the wants of the community. What is accommodation for sixty patients in the case of a disease which counts every year its sixty thousand? Far more is indeed necessary to carry out our hopes and wishes; and it is with the view of extending the knowledge of the institution, and of exciting and keeping alive an interest in its proceedings, and thereby, as we hope, enlisting a deeper sympathy for this large proportion of our suffering fellow-creatures, that we have determined upon this publication, trusting that it may contribute to our endeavour to rouse the benevolent of this country to increased efforts to provide for a national disease a national refuge.

In another part of the same *Record* is mooted the important question of "the Mortality of Pulmonary Consumption and the possibility of diminishing it," from which we quote the following:—

As death has abundantly proved the mortality of the disease, so, paradoxical as it may seem, death also supplies us with evidence that the chief structural lesions of consumption, tubercles in the lungs, are not necessarily fatal. The writer of these lines can state from his own observation (which has not been limited and is confirmed by that of others), that in the lungs of fully one half of the persons examined after death from other diseases, and even from accidents, a few tubercles, or some unequivocal traces of them, are to be found. In these cases the seeds of the malady were present, but were dormant, waiting for circumstances capable of exciting them into activity; and if such circumstances did not occur, the tubercles gradually dwindle away, or become petrified into a state of comparatively harmless quiescence. This fact, supported by others too technical to be adduced here, goes far to establish an important proposition—that consumption disease is fatal rather by its degree than by its kind: and the smaller degrees of the disease, if withdrawn from the circumstances favourable to its increase, may be retarded, arrested, or even permanently cured. There are few practitioners of experience who cannot narrate cases of supposed consumption which, after exhibiting during months and even years undoubted symptoms of the disease, have astonished all by their subsequent more or less complete recovery. Cautious medical men, distrusting their former judgment in the discrimination of disease, have concluded themselves to have been mistaken; and that the disease was not truly tuberculous; but in these days, when the detection and distinction of diseases is brought to a perfection bordering on certainty, the conclusion that recoveries take place from limited degrees of tubercles of the lungs is admitted by the best authorities, and is in exact accordance with the above-mentioned results of cadaveric inspection.

Further, in more extensive cases (excepting always rapid or galloping consumption), the disorder rarely runs a steady course of progressive decline. In the majority of instances it is developed, advanced, and accelerated, by repeated attacks, in the intervals between which the patients may enjoy some degree of health and vigour; and these intervals become shorter and less complete as each successive attack adds to the mischief. These attacks present the guise of fresh colds, and may often be prevented or removed by proper means; yet even among the better classes, they are either neglected as of small moment, or are confounded with the intractable part of the disorder, and no effort is made to counteract them. Among the lower ranks this neglect is the common rule. Compelled by their necessities to pursue their occupations, which expose them continually to exciting causes of disease, such as cold or alterations of temperature, over exertion, impure air, night-work, &c.; to which ignorance and evil habits often add the aggravating influence of stimulating liquors; persons of the humbler class fall speedy victims to consumption, and constitute the great bulk of the frightful mortality which we have found it to cause. Consider the obvious advantage of such persons, during these fresh attacks, being removed from these several unfavourable circumstances, and placed in the warm, well-ventilated ward of a hospital, with skilful medical attendance, careful nursing, and suitable diet, and you will be ready to admit the truth of what has been already established by experience, that consumption may be often prevented, arrested, or retarded, by the opportune aid of such an institution.

Lastly we have to advert to the prospect, at present dim and remote, of discovering some remedial means which may prove truly curative in tuberculous disease which has not proceeded far in its work of destruction. On this point we know that many medical men are utterly incredulous, and stigmatise others who are less so in no measured terms; but with the present rapid improvements in all departments of medical knowledge, there is less ground for such incredulity than there was for that which opposed and ridiculed Jenner in his advocacy of vaccination as the preventive of small-pox.

A visitor to the Consumptive Hospital must be struck at once with the advantages which the patients enjoy over any rich victim to the disease, however luxurious may be his abode. The whole building is warmed by means of a newly invented

machine for the purpose. The amount of heated air admitted into the apartments and galleries is carefully regulated to suit the various classes of patients. In all the wards, which are spacious, lofty, and very cheerful-looking rooms, we observed that Dr. Arnott's new ventilator was in use. In the arrangement of the wards there is a superiority over most, if not all other hospitals in one respect. The wards are not placed on both sides of a corridor or gallery, but on one side only; and on the opposite side of the gallery are large windows; so that a current of fresh air can pass immediately into the wards, which cannot be the case when the wards are arranged opposite to each other on each side of a gallery. Of the cleanliness, comfort, and perfect order of the wards and galleries it is impossible to speak too highly. It is certainly a melancholy sight to mark the pale, emaciated inmates; even in those wards assigned to the most favourable cases; we all know the power there is in the aspect of consumptive persons to rouse the painful sympathy and pity of strangers. The day on which we went to see the Hospital was bright and warm. There was enough of comfort within the walls to harmonise with the outward world; but those pale faces, with bright, clear eyes and pain-drawn mouths—those wearied, attenuated frames, that seemed unfit for any exertion—above all, those short coughs, that resounded on all sides as we walked through the galleries, made us sad, and the outer world for a time seemed gloomy as these blighted existences. However, while there is life and active benevolence there is hope, even for consumption; and one or two of the patients spoke to us very cheerfully, nay confidently, of their ultimate recovery. Most of the men were engaged in reading, and the women in needlework. The room in which all those who are able to leave their wards take their meals is remarkably cheerful and pleasant. One room has been fitted up as a chapel, in which the service of the church of England is performed every Sunday morning and afternoon, and prayers are read on Wednesday and Friday mornings, by the chaplain. No dissenter is excluded from the benefits of this institution. Any patient not of the church of England may be visited by a clergyman of his or her peculiar sect, upon application to the proper authorities.

The culinary department is arranged on the most convenient plan. The rows of taps over which were inscribed "Gruel," "Barley Water," "Arrowroot," "Sago," "Mutton Broth," &c., showed the necessity of keeping a constant supply of such liquors in readiness for immediate use. Probably many of the patients are not able to take more substantial fare. After an inspection of the establishment as it now stands, we cannot help regretting that the funds are not yet sufficient to allow the building to be completed, so that a much larger number of persons might profit by this noble charity. The edifice itself, when finished, will be very ornamental to the neighbourhood. Its style is elegant and simple, and perfectly suited to the purpose for which it is intended. Mr. Frances, the architect, is we believe now engaged in erecting a lodge at the gate of the grounds. The grounds themselves are not yet laid out, with the exception of a small portion in front of the building.

Perhaps few institutions have risen more rapidly than the one of which we treat. It is but five years since it was first thought of, and now it is what we have endeavoured briefly to describe. It has a long list of noble and wealthy subscribers, with her Majesty and most of the royal family at its head; and from all we can learn the funds are well administered; but the institution is necessarily very expensive, and much more money is required to carry out the benevolent designs of its projectors and supporters. We recommend it to our readers, in perfect confidence that they can find few (if any) public charities more worthy of their support. Indeed, we need hardly recommend it; for in whose heart does not the mere word, *consumption*, awaken bitter and painful recollections or prognostics. Parents! children! friends! you are all interested in this fatal word. Which of our readers has lost, which of you at this moment fears to lose, some one near and dear to you by consumption? To you do we speak, for you it concerns. If you be poor, seek, by all means in your power, to obtain for those you love the assistance proffered by this institution. If you be rich, hasten to bestow some part of your wealth upon it. If you be neither poor nor rich, we invite you to assist as much as you can—if not with money, yet with prayers, and good wishes, and cordial interest—the New Consumption Hospital at Brompton.

J. M. W.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

TRANSLATED FROM VON KRUMMACHER.

THE Angel of Death and the Angel of Sleep walked over the whole earth, linked in a fraternal embrace. It was evening, and they laid themselves down on a hill overlooking the dwellings of man. A holy quiet prevailed around, and the evening bell had ceased in the neighbouring village. Still and silent as is their wont, sat both the beneficent Spirits in a friendly embrace, and the beautiful night drew on. Then the Angel of Sleep raised himself from his mossy couch, and scattered with light hand the invisible grains of slumber; the evening breeze wafted them to the still abodes of the weary husbandmen. Sweet sleep steals over the inhabitants of the village cot, over the old man who leans upon his staff, and over the young child in its cradle. The sick forget their pain, the mourning their sorrows, the poor their cares. All eyes are closed. But now, his employment ended, the benevolent Angel of Sleep turned towards his more serious brother.

"When the morning light appears," exclaimed he with innocent joy, "men will give thanks to me as a friend and benefactor. Oh, what joy to bestow good in secret and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit!"

So spake the friendly Angel of Sleep. The Angel of Death answered with quiet sadness, while tears such as the immortals weep stood in his large dark eyes—"Ah," said he, "would that I, too, like thee, might receive those joyful thanks! The world calls me its enemy and the destroyer of its gladness."

"Oh, my brother!" replied the Angel of Sleep, will not the good at their awakening acknowledge thee their friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? are we not brothers, and the messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spake, and the eyes of the Angel of Death gleamed more brightly as he tenderly embraced his brother Spirit.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE PEOPLE.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

Everybody knows the Royal Academy—everybody who can spare a shilling at the time of its annual exhibition, visits it, and a rich entertainment it presents; but how is it that this Royal exhibition—a pleasure so legitimately belonging to the people—can be enjoyed only by persons who

> In silken or in leathern purse retain
> A splendid shilling—

that admission to a *royal* exhibition of works of art should depend upon majesty's mintage, not majesty's patronage—that royal purpose must defer to vulgar pennies? George the Third, in raising this establishment, was said to take the Fine Arts under his special protection; and of course he did so with a view to the benefit of the nation at large, by cultivating the taste of all classes of his people.

This fact is so certain, so clearly recognised by the Academicians who originated the constitution of the Academy, that they by anticipation met the very point in the advertisements prefixed to the exhibition catalogues for 1768 and 1780, of which the following is a copy:—

> As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without expense. The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled with improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended.

Here we have, from the Academicians themselves, a direct recognition of the people's right to a gratuitous *entrée* to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and a distinct declaration that the right has been withheld, because they who could afford to pay for the pleasure should not run the risk of being jostled by those who could not! There is a great change since 1768. The excluded masses were made "improper people" by exclusion. They have since received the education of improved circumstances, and have proved themselves capable of conduct and appreciation. Our artistic legislators must meet this advancing spirit, or they will expose themselves to a comparison with the showman, who, with characteristic humour, was wont to exclaim—"Get out of the way, you dirty rascals, and make room for those *nice* little boys what are going for to pay!"

The sacrifice of public right to fastidious prejudice—the sacrifice of the mighty power vested in the Fine Arts for the elevation of the many, to the rendering such works merely another amusement for the few—has now subsisted seventy-nine years: but the blind popular deference of the Georgian period is passing away—the name of royalty no longer sanctions or saves conservative perversions: a large philanthropy is abroad, acting for and with the people: a spirit of reform is in action, urging progress; and sanatory measures must not stop at the sewerage. The right of the million to the advantages of cultivation is undisputed: answering impulses are moving through the mass of the people; and it is time that the seals affixed by prejudice and prescription be broken, and the streams which they have shut up be allowed to flow free to the public.

It is somewhat remarkable that the constitution of the Royal Academy was made by four artists, natives of four different nations—*i. e.*, West, an American; Chambers, a Swede; Moser, a Swiss; and Cotes, an Englishman: and the influence of the spirit of exclusiveness—the absence of that spirit with which the love of art and of humanity informs great minds, prevented the Academy conferring on the people generally any advantage connected with works of art which they did not possess before it was founded.

When the Royal Academy was raised, the artists of London (divided into the "Society of Artists of Great Britain" and the "Free Society") made two annual exhibitions of their works, and one shilling was the price of admission to each. In the natural course of events, had not the Royal establishment overthrown them, they would have continued, and the Royal Academy exhibitions are nothing more than those exhibitions with the addition of the word "Royal;" and until the people have free admission to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, they will owe to royalty nothing but the name.

The knowledge of these facts, conjoined with the daily growing evidence of a more catholic spirit throughout society, makes it difficult to imagine that the motive assigned by the Royal Academy itself for taking money for admission to its exhibitions can be any longer tenable, and we would suggest that it should admit the public gratuitously three days in the week, and on the other three days take money at the doors—a compromise which will permit those who have a horror of promiscuous meetings with their brethren, the enjoyment of exclusiveness; while the justice, so long withheld from the general public, will in some measure be rendered.

The Academicians, looking to their own interest alone, have evinced no anxiety to recognise the right of the public in the Academy's exhibitions. This is very natural, but not very national: where large power is vested, it is to be regretted that corresponding motives are not the moving agents. The Academicians have, like a yet larger association, in which the people have more rights than are recognised, frequently been made sensible of the pressure from without. To get rid of it, they have, through their secretary, Mr. Howard, represented their establishment sometimes as being private, sometimes as being public: facts which show the slippery ground on which they stand. In 1834, in a committee of the House of Commons on Official Houses, Mr. Howard, speaking of the Royal Academy, said—"It is a private society:" in 1836, before the select committee of Art, he designated it as a public body.

This duality of character is certainly maintained by their proceedings. With one hand they take the public money, and may consider that they thus entitle themselves to the latter appellation; with the other they appropriate the funds to their own special purposes, and so make a claim to the first. In the present exhibition there are 1451 works of art, 150 of which are by Academicians and associates; the remaining 1301 are by artists who do not in any way participate in the pecuniary advantages which the Academy derives from exhibiting them to the public, and who are denied by the laws of the Academy all chance of academical honours if they exhibit with or belong to any other body of artists in London.

In short, the Academy is a sort of Janus with two faces; and all we desire is to see our old friend with *one* new face—that is, the free face for the

many; and it may preserve as long as it pleases its conservative face for the few. The aspect it now wears is that of the exclusive conservative face of past days; while the other societies of Art in London move with the spirit of the times. The Old and New Water Colour Societies—*private* bodies, exhibiting the works of their own members only—in the feeling of fraternity, exchange with each other gratuitous admissions to their respective exhibitions, and graciously extend the privilege to the more respectable artists in all the various branches of Art in the metropolis, and of course invite all the members of the Royal Academy. On the contrary, the Academy, a *national* body, inflicts the money qualification in the case of even its professional brethren, excepting only those who virtually hold the qualification by contributing their works to the royal exhibitions. Might we not imagine the muse of painting standing between the royal and unroyal professors of her divine art, and exclaiming—

Look upon this picture and on this!

A LAST WORD UPON FOURIERISM AND COMMUNISM,

IN REPLY TO MESSRS. DOHERTY AND BARMBY.

To the Editor of the People's Journal.

My Dear Sir—My two articles upon Fourierism and Communism have excited attacks against me to which you have with your accustomed liberality given place in your 71st and 73rd numbers of the *People's Journal.* I am sure you will permit me a few words in answer, for these attacks are somewhat sharp; thereby affording however, may it not be said, some testimony of the weakness of the two cases themselves. Satisfied with seeing that not one of the arguments contained in my two articles is refuted, but that in both cases my opponents content themselves with opposing me by excepting to my title or capacity to make the attack, I should willingly have left to our readers the care of verifying whether the Fourierist doctrine and Communism are or are not such as I have sketched them, had not the insinuation contained in these words of Mr. Doherty—"Mr. Mazzini's error * * * is not less really sophistic, though *perhaps* without intention"—obliged me to break silence. Doubtless you would be unwilling that one of your regular fellow-labourers should accept in silence the insinuation even of a reproach, to which the theories of the master* indeed give but very little importance, but which still retains some for us poor *civilised ones.*

I beg those of your readers upon whom Mr. Doherty's defence of Fourier may have made any impression, and who are not altogether of such easy dispositions as to found a judgment upon mere affirmations, to read attentively Fourier's work, published in 1808, entitled "*Théorie des quatre mouvements,*" more particularly, for I would not submit any one to too hard a trial, from page 78 to page 250. There, in the pages devoted to *Les sectes confuses, La désorganisation des sectes, La tribu à neuf groupes, La méthode d'union des sexes en septième periode, La vestalité, L'harmonie,* &c., they will find all that I have affirmed concerning the doctrine of Fourier, and much more. The more patient can add thereto the second volume of the *Traité de l'association,* and his *Théorie des accords* in the first. For all that concerns the subject of sterility in women procured by four artificial means, and above all by the *mœurs phanérogames,* the 399th page of the *Nouveau Monde Industriel,* added to the *Théorie des accords,* will be sufficient. For the way in which Fourier understood the religious question, enough may be seen in the chapter upon Freemasonry in the first work above mentioned. Any quotations are of course at your service, if you think it well, sir, to insert them.

I am perfectly aware of the 1620 existences, divided into *intra-mundane* and *ultra-mundane*—the first *very happy,* the others gifted with *demi-happiness*—to which Fourier treats us. I fully appreciate the *aromal* garb in which we shall reclothe ourselves after death. I have well considered with an extreme delight the pleasures of the defunct, which, to sum them up, "consist in a much more extended scope being given to the twelve *radical passions* (answering to taste, smell, light, hearing, &c.) than they have in this life." I even remember that that does not prevent the ultra mundanes from being in a state of *relative unhappiness* by the loss of an infinity of pleasures which they would enjoy if the *Harmonie Sociétaire* were established. But in all this confusion of goings and comings, confined all the while to our own planet, and constituting a life varied in its action, but always *terrestrial,* I see nothing which suggests the idea—I will not say of Christian, Pagan, or any other immortality, but of immortality as a simple idea, consisting in the notion of a progress of the soul towards God, of which this earthly existence is a preparation.

I know too well that Fourier declared himself ready to accept *every* authority existing *de facto,* provided that it would lend itself to the foundation of his phalansteries. And it is precisely this that *we*—more bold, by the bye, and much less pliant and indifferent than Mr. Doherty would appear to believe—will not do. But it would have been clear to Mr. Doherty, if he had but thought fit to have considered the general tone of my article, that I used the word authority in the acceptation which has been given to it by all the writers of political philosophy—belief in a moral law the *source of human duties,* superior to the inclinations of each individual, and finding itself visibly represented in society. Now Fourier did not believe in duty. "All the philosophical caprices," said he in the work above cited, "called duties have no connection with human nature. Duty comes from men; *attraction* from God."

Having thus pointed out to my readers the sources of my justification against the insinuation of Mr. Doherty, I should wish to be able to follow the same course towards Mr. Goodwyn Barmby. But the anarchy of the Communist camp, and the singularity of the defence, render the matter in truth very embarrassing. Fourierism is summed up entirely in Fourier; Communism has several heads, several plans, several kinds of language—some even unknown, and which are brought to light for the first time in Mr. Barmby's article. And after the line of defence that he has chosen, it would be absolutely useless for me to quote authorities. Suppose that I should wish to confirm the assertions contained in my article by extracts from the doctrine of Babeuf,

* See Fourier's "legitimation" of untruthfulness, in his posthumous fragment published by the *Démocratie Pacifique,* a Fourierist journal, the 26th of April, 1846.

the real head and martyr of modern Communism, and to defend myself by passages such as the following*—"*no more individual proprietorship in lands* * * * *common enjoyment of the fruits of the earth* * * * *that the revolting distinction between the governing and the governed may disappear* * * * *no other differences amongst men than that of age and sex* * * * *one uniform education, one uniform mode of subsistence* * * * *no mercy to any species of theological discussion*," &c. Mr. Barmby would reply to me that that is *French Communism*—Communism which he defines as having "a political inspiration and a religious end." Suppose that I take the system of Mr. Owen—Mr. Owen is at any rate an Englishman; but how we have all hitherto been mistaken concerning him! He is no Communist. By such eliminations, one after another, Communism, as we have known it, disappears altogether from the scene, and modestly gives way to a something else, represented by a Communist church, which I have not the honour to be acquainted with—by the Leeds Redemption Society, an experiment very little developed at the present time, and which dates, I believe, no farther back than last year—by, *probably*—the probably belongs to Mr. Barmby—the Co-operative League—and positively by Mr. Barmby himself. It is a gentle, inoffensive, rose-water kind of Communism, the theory of which consists in being eminently and primarily religious, in combating selfishness in the family, in organising union amongst the *nations*, in feeding and tending the blind and lame, the sick and aged; a Communism which, in effect, puts nothing in common, but seeks only to distribute and associate. Mr. Barmby and myself are, in reality, better friends than the tone of the article would have made me believe. He is evidently, as I am, in the great current of democracy, harmonisation of individuality with the social idea. He has the fancy of calling himself a Communist, but that does not matter. Although the word Communism appears, from its derivation, to be precisely the opposite of Association, whilst he believes them to be identical, we will not quarrel for a word. Why, then, is he so seriously annoyed? Why is he at the point each moment of losing his self-composure It is not *his* Communism that I have ventured to attack—it is the other, that which no longer exists; although, by the bye, there is something which looks like a resuscitation of it in that "*belief in a universal family, country, possession, and government*," which is placed, somewhat imprudently it strikes me, towards the end of Mr. Barmby's article.

I can, therefore, but congratulate myself on having written these few worthless pages. I have obtained for us all guarantees for the future which are not to be despised. As to the nation—that which is natural in country, Communism can never abolish: if I may believe the intimations contained in the fourth paragraph of Mr. Barmby's article, names and geography only will be abolished. As to property, we shall be proprietors of the apple or of the orange which the *individual wisdom* or the *collective control* will have assigned to us; for *property* is the *use* of the *fruits* of the earth. And as to *individuality*, we have nothing to fear; *we exist as individuals*. Thanks for this declaration! I feel myself perfectly reassured.

As to the trifles which concern myself personally—confusion, want of vigour in my logic, &c.,—I do not find it at all "due to myself" to enter into any dispute with Mr. Barmby. Besides, I should find myself, I confess, very unequal to it. His logic is sometimes too vigorous for me. Take the following affirmation as an instance. "Upon the system that wealth is the sign of labour, a distribution of works and goods according to a rigorous equality would be the logical deduction;" which is, in other words, to say to a man—"*Thy gain will be in proportion with thy labour*," leads logically to saying to him "*Thy labour will be strictly equal to that of each of thy fellow-creatures, and thy part in the goods of the earth the same.*" Such an affirmation, I say, is certainly of a nature to dismount a more hardy combatant than I am. Observe, too, that I am, some lines further on, in virtue of an analogous logical process, convicted of *nomadism*—that is to say, of absolute anarchy and disorganisation. I shall not, therefore, say anything to Mr. Barmby; but I shall say to my readers—do not misunderstand my words. It will be sufficient for you, I will not say to have read or listened to "all that I have reiterated in publications and conversations" in Italy, in France, in Switzerland, and in England—for though it may not be so for Mr. Barmby, it would be a rather presumptuous exigence on my part—but, to go through what I have written in my poor articles in the *People's Journal*, in order to learn that I am neither timid and prejudiced, as Mr. Doherty would have it; nor endeavouring to excite nations to war one against the other, as Mr. Barmby apprehends; nor barbarous in respect to the lame and the blind, as it is said Sparta was—that "best governed polity"—which, added to the hunting of helots, the destruction of deformed children; nor renouncing for "political illusions" the social question; for political and social science are identical terms. I am a democrat wishing to advance, and to make others do the same, in the name of these three sacred words—Tradition, Progress, Association. I believe in the great voice of God which ages bring to me through the universal tradition of the human race. It tells me that the Family, the Nation, and Humanity are the three spheres through which human individuality must labour to the common end, the moral perfecting of itself and of others, or rather of itself by others and for others; that the institution of Property is destined to be the sign of the material activity of the individual; of his share in the improvement of the physical world, as the right of suffrage must indicate his share in the administration of the political world, and that it is precisely from the use, better or worse, made of such rights in these spheres of activity, that the merit or demerit of the individual before God and man depends. It tells me that all these things, elements of human nature, have been transforming themselves, purifying themselves unceasingly, attuning themselves more and more to the Ideal of which God has endowed his creatures with the presentiment, but never perishing; and that these dreams of Communism, of the abolition or the absolute fusion of individuality in the whole, have been through all time only transitory incidents in the onward march of the human race, reproducing themselves at each great intellectual and moral crisis, and signalising the urgency of a transformation, but by themselves nothing, and very happily incapable of realisation except, like the community of convents in the infancy of Christianity, upon a scale infinitely small and destitute of the power of progress. I believe in the eternal progression of life, and consequently of intelligence and sentiment, in the creature of God, in the Pro-

* *Manifeste des Egaux—Système du Comité des Egaux, &c.* See the *Conspiration de Babeuf*, by Buonarotti.

gress not only of man in the past but also of man in the future; I think that the problem for us to solve is less that of *defining* the forms of future progress than that of placing human individuality by a religious education, and by moral development in opening the great paths to man's activity under all its forms, in a condition to feel and accomplish it. I do not believe that it is given to any man, whoever he may be, to improvise at any given hour a perfect plan for the organisation of humanity, and still less that it is possible to render man better, more noble, more loving, more divine —which is our aim upon earth—by encaging him in any given form of material organisation, or by saturating him with physical enjoyments, and proposing to him as his *object* upon earth this irony which is called *happiness*. And when I see in our ranks men of generous spirit exerting themselves for such experiments, I say sorrowfully to myself —I humbly beg pardon of Messrs. Doherty and Barmby—here are hearts much deceived, heads very self-satisfied and very narrow. I believe in Association, as the only means of accomplishing upon earth this Progress to which we all aspire, not only because it multiplies the action of the productive forces—this although important is only so in the second degree—but because, in bringing nearer all the different manifestations of the human soul, it enlarges and renders more powerful the life of the individual by causing him to communicate with collective life. And I know that such association can be fertile only so far as it exists among free individuals, among free nations, having both of them the consciousness of having a special mission to fulfil in the common work. I also, as well as every other man, desire the regular satisfaction of all material wants for all those who are now dependent on arbitrary capital, and a prey to the pangs of a revolting inequality; for it is necessary that man should eat and live, it is necessary that all his hours should not be absorbed by material labour, in order that he may develop the superior faculties implanted in him by God; but I listen with terror to the voices of those who say to men—*The question for you is the providing of plenty to eat and drink, your end upon earth is enjoyment*—for I know that this language can only result in making egotists: I know that it is through the worship of the material interests that the actual government of France has succeeded in stifling with corruption the noble tendencies of the people: I know that it is by the same means that an effort is at the present time being made to divert my own country from all the noble ideas which have sanctified it through its martyrs, and which will some day yet make of it again a great nation.

Yes, I feel it with profound conviction, that here is all the question between us; but that this is immense. Fourierists, St. Simonians, Communists, I know you all. By whatever name you clothe yourselves; whatever may be the formulas of universal brotherhood and love that you may borrow from our democracy, and although these formulas may have a real echo in your hearts—for I do not attack your intentions, I attack only your intelligence—you are all worshippers of *utility*, you have no other moral than that of *interests*, your religion is that of matter. You have found the body of man eaten away by the wounds of misery; and in your imprudent zeal you have said: "*Let us heal this body; when it is strong, fat, and well fed, the soul will come to it.*" And I, I say—you will only heal this body through the soul: there is the seat of the evil; the body's wounds are only the exterior manifestations of the evil. That which now destroys Humanity is the want of a common Faith, of a common Thought attaching earth to heaven, the universe to God. In the absence of this religion of the mind, of which nothing has remained but empty forms and corpse-like symbols; in the consequent absence of all sentiment of duty, of all power of self-sacrifice, man, like the savage, has bowed himself before dead matter; he has raised to himself, upon the vacant altar, the idol INTEREST. The kings, princes, and bad governments of to-day have been its first priests; it is from them that this horrible formula of the moral of interests has taken its rise: *each for his own—each for himself.* They well knew that through it they would create selfishness, and that from the egotist to the slave there remains but one step, easily managed with a little tact; and you coming after, without a strong religious conviction, from the height of which you would have been enabled to destroy legitimately their hideous edifice —without courage to undertake, body to body, a mortal combat—you have accepted the chosen weapon of the enemy; you have said—"*They preach the interest of the class; we will preach that of the whole.*" Absurd and unrealisable dream! For either you wish to remain faithful to the worship of liberty—that is to say, of human personality; and you will never be able to reconcile the general interest with that of the individual; you will only meet, as the last result of all material progress, with the crushing of the weak by the strong—or wishing to avoid this danger, you will be compelled to do away with liberty, that is to say, the only guarantee of progress in this world. You must have an arbitrary hierarchy of chiefs having the entire disposition of the common property: masters of the mind by an exclusive education; of the body by the power of deciding upon the work, the capacity, the wants of each. And these imposed or elected chiefs, it matters little which, will be, during the exercise of their power, in the position of the masters of slaves in olden times; and influenced themselves by the theory of interest which they represent—seduced by the immense power concentrated in their hands—they will endeavour to perpetuate it; they will strive by corruption to re-assume the hereditary dictatorship of the ancient castes.

The people feel all this by instinct; and although they are horribly suffering—although you promise to transform their huts into palaces—they shake the head and listen coldly to your string of promises, and to the exposition of your Morrison's-pills-for-universal-happiness. They feel that it is not from you that their salvation will come. They feel that, only looking at one phase of human nature, you have not the mission of transforming this rotten society, founded precisely upon this very satisfaction of material interests. Preach as much as you will, you will never succeed in bringing around you more than little groups, which will disband of themselves a few years afterwards. The least of those that you call "political illusions" will be more powerful with them than your Utopias: and the six points of the Charter, incomplete and powerless to realise themselves as they are, because purely political and deprived of all religious sanction, will rally round them two millions of men, whilst you will not have gained more than a few hundreds. At the foundation of every political question the people feel at least an appeal to their mind—the application, well or ill conceived, of a principle—a guarantee of their mission upon earth—something which gives them

a consciousness of self, and upraises their violated dignity. They feel by the heart, better than all the small falsified intelligences of our day, that, provided they obtain but a corner in the territory of mind, all the rest will be given to them. They will feel this more and more, and will finish by comprehending that all great social transformations have never been and will never be other than the application of a religious principle of a moral development, of a strong and active common faith. On the very day when democracy shall raise itself to the power of a religious party, it will carry away the victory: not before.

Numerous symptoms of this transformation are manifesting themselves on all sides in the bosom of continental democracy; and it is this which will furnish me with the subject for some other articles, if you, sir, believe that they can furnish aliment to the intellectual activity of your readers.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my good wishes.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS ON MAGIC AND DEMONOLOGY.

By JOHN DUNCAN.

No. II.

OUT of sorcery, or such pursuits as embraced an inquiry into the occult powers of nature, sprung several kinds of magic. Indeed, among the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Persians, Jews, and Indians, a study of universal nature was pretty common, the object being to acquire such an insight into physical causes as would enable them to perform actions which would astound the vulgar, gratify their ambition, and administer to their vanity and avarice. And all ancient history, and the records of the Fathers, negative the presumption that they accomplished any of their jugglery by supernatural means. Let it be remembered that the days of which I speak were involved in a moral and mental darkness "which might be felt;" and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, if one more ingenious than his fellows having invented a piece of clockwork, or other machinery, should immediately be recognised as a kind of magician. I very much question, indeed, whether the great mass of the famous Egyptian magic (apart from jugglery), rendered so celebrated by the ancient writers, was anything more than discoveries associated with the study of mathematics and natural philosophy. And I am the more inclined to believe in this hypothesis, on the ground that many Greek philosophers, impelled by the fame of Egypt, travelled thereto to get initiated in the mysteries of the wonderful sciences. But we are afterwards told that *they returned with only an increased knowledge of nature and religion, added to an acquaintance with the ancient symbols of the Jewish faith.* I do not mean to contend that a knowledge of these things comprehended *all* the acquirements of the ancient Magi. There can be no doubt that they possessed a very extensive practical knowledge of plants, by a conjunction of which they could either cure diseases, or afflict with pestilent and fatal maladies those who provoked their resentment. Hence, indeed, arose the fear they engendered in the minds of the vulgar. They even pretended to raise the dead; and instances are given, in the ancient writers, wherein they were successful. But the whole incantation was a fraud, and is practised even at this day in India. Mr. Long, in his *History of the West Indies*, relates, that under the name of Obi-men is also included a class of impostors called *Myal*-men, who act by means of a subtile and narcotic poison made from the juice of a herb (a species of *solanum*;) which, on being swallowed, immediately occasions a trance of a certain duration.* The muscles of the face become contracted; a death-like pallor overspreads the countenance; and not a semblance of animation pervades the body. As the period approaches for the recovery of the patient, the *Myal*-man appears, and pretends to give renewed life to the body. But the whole affair is a cheat, although among the ignorant the conjuror is regarded with veneration and awe.

The famous but fraudulent oracles of Greece arose out of the magical pursuits of the Egyptian Magi. They were, too, a means whereby the priests, for a time, maintained their influence over the people, and added to their wealth and power. Certainly nothing could be more seductive to the minds of men, in those days, than the existence of oracles which might be consulted for the weal or woe of him or her who sacrificed thereto. I need not enumerate, *in extenso*, the various favourite oracles then in existence, but the more renowned were, Jupiter Ammon, Delphos, Dodana, Trophonius, and Clarian Apollo. As the purpose of this paper is simply to expose the cheats practised by these oracles, I need not stay either to describe their origin or the manner in which they delivered their prophecies. I may remark, however, that, according to Lucan, Cato was singular among his fellows, for his contempt of these double-tongued cheats. Being urged, after the battle of Pharsalia, to consult Jupiter Ammon how he ought to shape his future course, he returned an answer wiser far than could have been obtained from the combined intelligence of *all* the oracles:—"On what account," said he, "would you have me consult Jupiter? Shall I ask him whether it is best to lose life or liberty? Whether life be a real good? We have, *within us*, an oracle which can answer all these things. Nothing happens but by the order of God. Let us not require of him to repeat to us what he has sufficiently engraven on our hearts. Truth has not withdrawn into those deserts: it is not engraven in those sands. The abode of God is in heaven, in the earth, in the sea, and in virtuous hearts. Let the inconstant, and those who are subject to waver according to events, have recourse to oracles. For my part, I find in nature everything that can inspire the most constant resolution. The dastard, as well as the the brave, cannot avoid death. Jupiter can tell us no more." Such was the lofty rebuke administered by Cato to those who still held faith in the heathen oracles of the ancients. If there were nothing else to prove the fraudulent and wicked character of these famous oracles, the origin of Trophonius is, of itself, sufficient for that purpose. It is related by Pausanias, that the two brothers, Trophonius and Agamedes, in assisting to build the palace of King Hyrieus, so craftily laid a stone that it might easily be removed; and in the night they crept through the hole they had thus contrived, to steal the king's treasure. The king observing that his gold daily diminished, fixed traps

* The reader of Shakspeare will recollect that Friar Lawrence gave a like poison to *Juliet*, in order to escape her abhorred marriage with *Paris*.

about his coffers, and Agamedes being caught in one, Trophonius cut off his head to prevent his discovering him. Trophonius having disappeared from that moment, it was given out that the earth had swallowed him on the spot; and a disgusting superstition forthwith placed this robber in the ranks of the gods, and erected to him an oracle which was consulted with impious and mysterious ceremonies. I need not say that the oracles delivered by these false deities were often obscure, and always so equivocal that they might be twisted into any meaning. Crœsus, for example, having consulted the Pythoness, received for answer, that if he crossed the river Halys, he would destroy a great empire. He accordingly did so, and made war upon his enemy, but his *own* empire was destroyed.* But even these false oracles of the idolatrous nations lost, in process of time, their reputation and credit, by their frauds being exposed and summarily punished. Thus they fell, even among the Greeks, into comparative disuse. Plutarch endeavours to account for the silence subsequently maintained by the oracles, notwithstanding propitiatory sacrifices, by alleging, that the genii who presided over them were, like mortals, subject to death, and that the tribe had thus become extinct—rather a humorous way, I think, of meeting a difficulty. The real truth is, the oracles were encouraged only so long as they served the avaricious ends of the priesthood, and the political and tyrannical views of the reigning princes. The artifices and cheats of the priests, however, became so open and barefaced, that the deities fell into disgrace both among the Christians and Pagans. Daniel discovered that the priests of Bel had a private way of entering the temple to take away the offered meats, which they made the king believe the idol had consumed. Theophilus, in destroying the temples of the gods, discovered that the statues of brass and of wood were hollow within, and communicated with secret passages in the wall.† Tiberius ordered the crucifixion of several priests and priestesses who were discovered committing sundry abominations within the walls of the Temple. These instances will be sufficient to prove to the readers of the *People's Journal* that the whole system was a pure fabric of priestcraft and human imposture, adroitly managed, it is true, but savouring of the frauds of the Egyptian Magi.

The tendency of the untutored mind of man towards the marvellous, and its yearnings after a knowledge into futurity, naturally gave birth, in the early ages, to a thousand different kinds of divination, which, in the hands of the expert and the crafty, produced to their professors golden fruits. I am sorry to say that there are simpletons in the world, even at the present time, so credulous as to suffer themselves to become the dupes of any cunning vagrant. [*Vide* the passing newspapers of the day.] There are, or were, the stargazers, who assert that the heavens are a book upon which God has written the destiny of his creatures; and that it is only necessary to know the planet under which you were born, to predict your progress and fate. They justify their system upon a quotation from an apocryphal book, ascribed to the patriarch Joseph, where Jacob is mentioned as thus addressing his twelve sons:—"I have read in the register of heaven what will happen to you and your children."* Next we have the climacteric astrologers, who teach, by an arithmetical scale or ladder, the critical period of man's life. Then comes that spawn of astronomy, judicial astrology, the professors of which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, by a variety of bold juggling tricks, deceptions, and an incomprehensible jargon of language, insinuated itself not only within the cottage of the serf, but the palaces of kings. They told fortunes, drew horoscopes, and by their predictions made men either unscrupulous, ambitious, criminal, or unhappy. I cannot do better here, I think, than illustrate my subject with a Tale of the Stars, which I have good reason to believe is founded upon fact. It is a current legend in Flintshire, North Wales; and as I have never seen it related in print, it may prove interesting, setting forth as it does the evil consequences arising from a practice of judicial astrology. I shall simply entitle it

A TALE OF THE STARS.

I need not inform the explorer of Welsh scenery that the small town of Flint stands upon a gentle acclivity, the shores of which are washed by the waves of the sea. Passing onwards to the left, in the direction of Halkin (where the present Lord Robert Grosvenor possesses a splendid mansion and noble estate), the traveller ascends an oblique and precipitous path, known as "The Nant." It is a rugged and uneven tract; and in wet and stormy weather presents nothing but one vast lake of stagnant waters, and miniature hills of congregated mud. I have travelled this mountainous path; and can say, in all sincerity, God help him who pursues the rout advisedly! In near proximity to "The Nant" stands "The Devil's Wood," as it is called, but for what reason I know not, unless deriving its name from the story I am about to relate.

In the year 1643 there stood a small mansion, the gable-end of which abutted on the western side of the wood already named. Its owner was named Marmaduke Mostyn, a gentleman of small fortune, who had spent the prime of his youth in camp and field. He was a somewhat stern man, cold, imperious, and uncommunicative; but there were times when his constitutional temperament would soften, and when something like a kindness and affection would beam upon his bronzed countenance.

He and his daughter Phillis sat alone in the library.

"Phillis, love," said the veteran, as he drew his daughter nearer to his side, "I feel, in good truth, that within this body of mine the lamp of life is nigh exhausted. Nay, do not interrupt me, but listen. I have been running over in my mind the number and qualities of the gay gallants who visit this poor mansion, and pay courtly favour to thy beauty, maiden-mine, but can find no *one* fit to be thy chosen mate. What say you to Edwin Calcott?" (Phillis shook her head faintly and mournfully.) "Or Herbert Williams?" (The maiden blushed, but shook not her head again:) "Ha, Phillis! thou hast not, like a cunning slut, been making love to this youth unknown to me? because, if so, be assured I shall inflict appropriate penance for this same offence."

The maiden piteously approached her father,

* This is similar to the prediction of the witches in *Macbeth*, that the usurper would be unconquered till "Birnam wood did come to Dunsinane," and that "no man of woman born should harm Macbeth."

† The Church of Rome is not exempt from the charge of resorting to similar impostures, as history attests.

* Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunque contingent vobis et filiis vestris.

and falling weeping upon his shoulder, prayed gently for forgiveness.

"Nay, nay, Phillis," answered Marmaduke, "thou shalt not thus take by storm the citadel of my heart. I shall punish thee—severely punish thee; yes, I shall—*marry thee* to this same Herbert Williams. What say'st thou, Phillis, to the penance imposed?" And the old veteran fairly laughed outright at the happy bewilderment the looks of his daughter bespoke.

And Marmaduke Mostyn was as good as his word. Negociations were immediately entered into between him and the father of Herbert Williams; and few days elapsed before the essential preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage-day of Herbert and Phillis finally appointed.

Let me, however, pass over all matters of a minor description, and come, as speedily as may be, to the gist of my story. Phillis and Herbert were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony; and great were the rejoicings in the neighbourhood of "The Nant," and within the mansion of Marmaduke Mostyn. Desirous of escaping for a moment from the din and merriment which pervaded within her father's dwelling, Phillis, having made fitting excuse, stole from the side of her newly-made bridegroom, to enjoy, once more, the gentle breezes of heaven. Not far had she rambled ere she encountered a tall and strange-looking being, his countenance deeply bronzed by exposure to the sun, and his glossy black hair hanging in matted locks around his shoulders. He asked for alms. Phillis handed to the vagrant an inconsiderable coin, and was passing on.

"Lady," said the gipsy, "multiply by threefold the amount of your charity, and for you will I read what is written in the canopy above."

Phillis paused. She was profoundly superstitious, and a believer, moreover, in the mysteries of judicial astrology. "Can you," said she, as she emptied the contents of her purse into the gipsy's hand, "read to me what will follow upon this my marriage-day? Does your skill reach so far as to divine whether our love for each other—that is, the love between Herbert and I—shall continue through life, or insensibly diminish as time advances?"

"Ay, lady," answered the gipsy, "this can I do, and much more for the truant children of men. People laugh at our mysteries and knowledge; but my fathers practised these things in the plains of Judah, and in the deserts of Arabia. But the children of light, who can penetrate the *cabala* of the heavens, are scattered now, else had I not been here a wanderer among a strange and alien people. But, lady, for thee, and because of thy munificent gift, will I, this night, read the stars of the firmament; and be assured, that which I gather there shall I convey to thine ear.—Look, lady: observe that thy left foot reposes upon a stone. Early to-morrow morning, repair again to this same spot; and beneath that stone shalt thou find what thy heart desireth." So speaking, the gipsy stalked proudly away.

Phillis returned to the hall, but not a word spake she of her encounter with the gipsy.

And the morning again saw Phillis standing on the spot where she had held converse with the gipsy. Hastily removing the stone, she drew from underneath a scroll, the words on which ran thus:—

The stars, oh, lady! which range throughout the vault above,
Speak thus:—Eternal 'tween thee and thine shall be thy love!
But yet there's writ, in words of living, mystic fire,
A deed that's fierce and sinful—terrible and dire!
Lady! pray to all the gods!—for thus the stars I've read—
You're doomed to murder him who shares thy marriage-bed! *

A scream, loud, shrill, and prolonged, burst from the lips of Phillis, as she rushed wildly, recklessly onwards. That scream was heard afar off. It alarmed all within the mansion of Marmaduke Mostyn; and the absence of Phillis having been ascertained, a general rush was made from the house. Some two hours afterwards the unhappy wife was discovered lying in a state of insensibility within the "Devil's Wood."

For many months did Phillis lie on a bed of sickness, wild and delirious; raving incoherently of murder, stars, Herbert, and the gipsy, but all so confusedly that no tangible conclusion could be arrived at as to the cause of her shattered intellect. At length time, skill, and careful attendance, had their effect; and Phillis was able to rise from her bed. Her husband entered to congratulate her upon her recovery; but the moment he presented himself a frightful spasm crossed her face, and she again relapsed into her former delirium. By and bye her disease assumed a new phase. She became calm, collected, and deliberate in her speech; eyed every one who approached her with suspicion, and invariably addressed them as the gipsy, offering gold if they would but consent to read the stars. Finding that her repeated requests on this head were treated with neglect, she became occasionally excited, and vowed vengeance upon them whom she addressed as the gipsy. One night she crept stealthily from her chamber, unnoticed by her slumbering nurses, and, entering her father's library, armed herself with a Spanish rapier which was accustomed to hang from the wall. From thence she proceeded noiselessly to an opposite room, and stood calmly but threateningly before a couch.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the occupant, starting up.

"Vengeance?" shrieked the maddened Phillis, as she pierced the steel through the breast of the newly-awakened sleeper, who fell back on the couch with a groan of anguish. "Herbert is safe now," screamed Phillis, with a loud hysterical laugh, "and the gipsy is slain!"

A dozen lights now illumined the room; but who can paint the horror of Marmaduke Mostyn. There stood his daughter, triumphing, as it were, in the deed she had performed. The gipsy's prophecy had, indeed, been fulfilled. She had murdered him who should "have shared her marriage-bed."

I need not prolong this story. I give the legend as I received it from the lips of one who was convinced of its authenticity; and I need not, by way of conclusion, direct the attention of the reader to the palpable cause which produced this tragedy, and the absence of all planetary influences. But the denizens of the mountains of Halkin will not have this legend thus cavalierly disposed of. They look upon it as incontestibly proving the truth of astrology. Let me hope that the "schoolmaster" will, by and bye, eradicate from their minds all such superstition and folly.

It was my intention to have concluded my subject in this paper—to have alluded to other ancient impostures and modern empiricism; but the present article has unconsciously swelled under my hands: and I must, therefore, reserve my final remarks for a third paper.

* I must not be held accountable for the quality of the poetry. I give it as it was repeated to me.—J. D.



THOMAS CHALMERS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY THOMAS DUNCAN, THE PROPERTY OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, OF MONZIE

(By permission of Mr. Alexander Hill, publisher to the Royal Scottish Academy.)

THOMAS CHALMERS.

The funeral of Dr. Chalmers was indeed a national testimony to his worth. Men from all parts of Scotland were present as assistants, or spectators of the ceremony—men who, in many instances, had made the occasion a protestant pilgrimage. Clergymen of all persuasions, men of deep religious sentiment, and wits, or men of the world, who make no particular profession of being religious, leaders of all political parties, combined to express their love and admiration of the deceased. And this deserves to be noted, that the different scenes of his ministry—Kilmeny, and the adjoining parts of Fife and Angus, Glasgow, and, of course, Edinburgh—sent proportionally the largest contributions of attendants. The homage paid was real: affectionate regret was strong in proportion to the opportunities enjoyed of observing Chalmers closely in the routine discharge of his daily duties.

The funeral has been compared to that of John Knox, and with justice; for, like that, it was an involuntary expression of the strong and pervading hold which the teacher had taken on the national mind. It might also be compared with equal truth to the posthumous honours paid to Walter Scott; for admiration—and perhaps something of a pardonable vanity in the cherished reflection that the great man was one of themselves, a Scotchman—of intellectual eminence in the abstract, softened and rendered more intense by a cordial remembrance of a robust *bonhommie*, spoke out quite as strongly in these exequies as the sectarian veneration of disciples. The various impulses of sentiment and reflection which spoke out in the cases of Knox and Scott were combined in that of Chalmers. And they were all alike honourable to the nation which could feel and frankly utter them; for in all it was to the men alone, apart from any adventitious distinctions, free from any possible suspicion of self-regarding motives, that the tribute was paid. A people that can feel so deeply, so as one man, the worth of man, is strong and sound at the core. These manifestations may be taken as "sets-off" against the neglect of Burns in his life-time—perhaps they were wanted, but they are sufficient.

But the association of the names of Knox and Chalmers may not be dismissed with this passing reflection. They are landmarks in the history of public opinion and public sentiment in Scotland. Knox, brave, unshaken by human relentings as by human fears, commanding by mental superiority, was a type of Scottish character in an age of few and narrow ideas, hardened by scenes of strife and bloodshed. Chalmers was a type of the same national mind in an age humanised by the influences of prosperity and personal security, and expanded by the reflection for which they afford leisure. Chalmers stands to Knox in the same relation as the master-works of Italian painting do to the hard but powerful efforts of the earliest genial cultivators of the art—in the same relation as the Christian does to the Mosaic dispensation. A soul of richer and more universal sympathy animates the same old powerful form. The peculiar character of Chalmers, and his influence, cannot be correctly understood, or justly estimated, unless by viewing him as a part or specimen of that national cast of mind of which both he and Knox were, after all, quite as much striking manifestations as creators.

The beginning of Dr. Chalmers's public and active life was within a few months of the publication of the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the first appearance of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. He was by nature a man of comprehensive intellect, with a strong sympathy for all kinds of mental exertion, and a craving for all kinds of knowledge. He was animated by a vigorous instinct of practical benevolence, and borne upwards and onwards by an enthusiastic imagination. In him, intellect, imagination, and sentiment were all powerful, not harmoniously blended, but acting as mutual checks or counter-agents. By profession he was a minister of the church which Knox founded, which though it has learned to comply with the modified views of later ages, and the commands of successive governments, has on each occasion of marked compliance thrown off a new hive of less time-serving believers, whose aggregate numbers now equal, if they do not exceed, those of the parent establishment, and which still retains in its bosom not a few who adhere in all their strictness to the original standards of doctrine. To understand Chalmers aright, we must always keep in view that he was a man of original and peculiar character, and a member of that profession which of all others most attempers and tones down personal peculiarities to one uniform type, and that his lot was cast among a people trained from infancy, practically and theoretically, in the stern creed of Calvinistic Presbyterianism, during an epoch in which the genial imaginative Toryism developed in Scott's writings, and the *canny* Whiggism, with zealous advocacy of scientific pursuits, propounded in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, were fermenting in men's minds, inspiring an unceasing conflict, and repeated explosions of controversial passion.

The incidents which mark the transition stages of his career admit of being briefly enumerated. He was born in a small town in Fife, in the year 1780, and after studying at the University of St. Andrews, was ordained assistant to a clergyman in the south of Scotland in 1802, and to a parochial charge in his native county in 1803. In 1809, the treatise, afterwards expanded into his *Evidences of Christianity*, was prepared for *Brewster's Encyclopedia*. In 1814 he received a call to the Tron church of Glasgow, from which he was removed in 1819 to the newly erected parish of St. John's in the same city. In 1823, he was appointed professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. In 1828 he was elected professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 he relinquished that charge on the occasion of the Free Church secession, and became principal of the New College of Edinburgh, instituted by that body for the education of its clergy, an appointment which he retained till his death.

The first period of his public career—that extending from his establishment in the parish of Kilmeny, in 1803, to the time of his undertaking to write the article Christianity for Dr. Brewster—is chiefly remarkable for the development of his character and intellect previously to his adoption of those "evangelical" views of which he became so earnest and consistent an advocate. That period was characterised in Scotland by an impassioned unanimity of the public in support of the struggle then waging by this country against Napoleon. This sentiment took entire possession of Chalmers. There survives a tolerably well-authenticated legend of his having actually, the clerical character notwithstanding, joined a volunteer company, and donned the livery of war. And it is certain that his first work which arrested general attention, *The*

Stability of National Resources, was composed and published with a view to re-animate those whose hopes of success were flagging at the prospect of the then uninterrupted prosperity, and seemingly colossal resources, of the sovereign of France. The book bears traces of extenisve reading among economical writers, and contains the several germs of peculiar economical views developed in the author's subsequent writings; but it is essentially an ardent *concio ad publicum*, exhorting to perseverance in the internecine struggle with Napoleon, by pointing out the extent and indestructibility of British resources. Another cause into which Chalmers at this time threw himself with great ardour, is what has been called the Leslie controversy. The chair of natural philosophy in the university of Edinburgh having become vacant about this time, the succession was contested by Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, and a now forgotten clergyman put forward by the then dominant "moderate" party of the Church of Scotland. In support of the clerical candidate was combined all that was narrow-minded and servile, lay or clerical, in the bigotted anti-jacobinism of the day. On the side of Leslie were arrayed the latitudinarian *literati* of Edinburgh, the slender remnants of the Fox Whigs in Scotland, and the high orthodox—the opposition party in the church courts of the establishment. The weapons used against Leslie were taken from the old armoury of the mere political churchman —they consisted of imputations against his orthodoxy. Chalmers was, like Leslie, an *elève* of St. Andrews, and had caught the devotion to physical and metaphysical inquiry which at that time characterised the pupils of the seminary. He published a pamphlet in support of Leslie's claims to the vacant chair, characterised by great zeal and some power of humour. The literary efforts of Chalmers during this period are strictly secular in their character. There is nothing of the divine in them. They are marked, like all his writings, by an earnest effort to accomplish some immediate practical aim. They evince an intelligent sympathy, an extensive general acquaintance with almost all departments of knowledge, rather than a mastery in any. And their language is rude, turgid, and full of nologisms, indicating a powerful and impatient spirit, that undervalued the exactnesses and refinements of style.

A new era in the development of Chalmers's mind commences with his engagement upon the article "Christianity," and may be said to terminate with the close of his residence in Glasgow. The powerful devotional tendency of his mind had hitherto to all appearance lain dormant. The protracted and unintermitting attention to religious questions, which in the compilation of that essay he was compelled to bestow, was favourable to the formation of a devotional habit of mind in one who, like all men of poetical temperament, was eminently liable to take the tone and colour of his mind from the element in which he lived. The Leslie controversy, too, had bridged over the gulf which had hitherto intervened between the higher orders of minds among the *literati* and the orthodox clergy of Scotland. The Dugald Stewarts and the Jeffreys on the one hand, the Moncrieffs and Thomsons on the other, had, while acting in concert, learned to know and appreciate each others' peculiar merits. The sentiment of political independence, and that liberal tolerance, the most uniform feature of superior minds, had infused permanent feelings of mutual goodwill into minds which by their organisation were irreconcileably different. Chalmers, who had been thrown among the purely intellectual class in a great measure by the accidents of position, was now attracted to the religious class with whom his natural sympathies were, if anything, still greater. He devoted himself more exclusively to the duties of his ministerial office, and carrying into the pulpit the same buoyant enthusiasm, the same Herculean powers, he soon became one of the most distinguished inculcators of "evangelical" views of religion.

His removal, about this epoch, from a secluded rural parish to the busy city of Glasgow, was favourable to the development of his peculiar powers. Glasgow, the busy centre of the manufacturing and commercial energies of Scotland, is also the seat of a University. Such citizens as are anything "well to do in the world" are generally ambitious of sending their sons for a winter or two to college: This part of the boy's career is too transient to form his character: the wealthier classes of Glasgow are not marked by the same general diffusion of literary taste that prevails in Edinburgh: but they do contract a greater relish for intellectual pursuits than is to be found in any other great mart of commerce. And they combine with this a sturdy self-dependence and original turn of mind which has been almost obliterated, even among the shopkeepers of the great metropolis of legal and medical erudition in Scotland. This was exactly the field for Chalmers. He was placed among a public capable of sympathising with his intellectual aspirations; incapable of detecting the fragmentary, encyclopediacal character of his knowledge; and not likely to be repelled by his constant violation of the laws of delicate literary taste. But there was another phasis of Glasgow society calculated to elicit his latent powers. The parochial system of Scotland, which so long as the population continued scattered and chiefly rural had proved most efficient for the dissemination of knowledge, spiritual and secular, and the administration of public charity, had fairly broken down under the rapid augmentation of numbers, and increased complexity of relations in great towns. Chalmers found that the established ministers of Glasgow had relinquished in a great measure the charge of directing the distribution of public charity, and contented themselves with preaching regularly to their congregations, instead of seeking by constant personal intercourse with their parishioners to diffuse Christianity throughout society. He convinced himself that by increasing the staff, and adhering strictly to the organisation of the Scottish church, the parochial system might be made as practically useful in large towns as in rural districts. He developed his views in a work which he published in numbers, under the designation of *Christian and Civic Economy.* His first object was to separate the doctrinal from the ministerial functions of the church courts. The administration of charity was to be devolved chiefly upon the deacons; the duties of instruction and prayer were to be left to the elders; the minister was to be the guiding and animating spirit of both detachments of the parochial force; and the animating principle of all was to be religion. The next step was to increase the number of such local organisations in Glasgow, so as to make them commensurate to the wants of the whole population, and to relieve the members of church courts (especially the ministers) of all extraneous charges that interfered with the discharge of their peculiar duties; and to leave each parish free from any interference beyond the legislative and appelative jurisdiction of the superior courts. By incessant agitation of these views

in print and in private conversation, he obtained permission to try the experiment in the new parish of St. John's, apart from the interference of the "General Session," in which the ecclesiastical controul of the combined parishes of Glasgow had come to be vested. That parish was a district set apart in one of the most densely peopled and indigent regions of Glasgow. He associated to himself a staff of elders and deacons, men won to confidence in him, equally by his eloquence and personal character, and into whom habitual association had inspired much of his own generous imaginative enthusiasm. Aided by them, every house in the district was regularly visited; the collections at the church-doors on Sundays were made available for the relief of the parish pauperism, and proved adequate; the kindliest relations were cultivated with the evangelical dissenters. This was the busiest and the happiest period of Chalmers's life. He was at the zenith of fame as a preacher; but the curious crowds of strangers who flocked from all parts to hear him, little thought that his *Astronomical Discourses*, and the sermons subsequently published—works of a far riper intellect—were in a manner almost his recreations, the periodical indulgence in his old taste for dissertation and literary composition, and that the "sweat and toil" of his life was in his ministering visitations from one abode of squalor to another, and in the domestic exhortations, by which he kept alive the zeal and activity of his coadjutors. The experiment of St. John's parish proved that this scheme was perfectly practicable—wherever there was a Chalmers for a minister. It was the high privilege of the writer of this sketch to see much of the progress of this experiment; and though from conviction and deliberate choice a member of another communion, this he will say—that if ever the best spirit of vital Christianity was incarnate in a mere human being, it was in the warm-hearted high-minded, imaginative Thomas Chalmers.

Into the inducements which led Chalmers, when apparently at the height of his success, to transfer his exertions to a scene of academic usefulness, we have no call to enter. Of some, which were doubtless very influential, he was probably himself scarcely aware. Though many loved and sympathised with him in Glasgow, none could be said rightly to understand him. He had no associates of kindred intellect and equal education. A superior mind may, for a time, take pleasure in the gratitude with which its condescension is received by ordinary minds to whose level it stoops; but association with intellectual equals is indispensable to its health and happiness. Had Chalmers been fully aware of the extent to which this consideration weighed with him—there was so much of the ascetic Thomas-à-Kempis' self-denying spirit in him, that it would have become a motive for retaining his old charge. But the prospect of being able as a professor to extend the sphere of his utility, by training youth to the discharge of pastoral duties, with which he flattered himself, blinded him to the personal feelings which cooperated with that aspiration He deceived himself grossly, however, in the persuasion that St Andrews was a fitting field of labour for him. In a secluded provincial town, there is located rather more than a dozen of professors, with stipends averaging from three to four hundred a-year, a good library, and an average of some hundred students, principally aspirants to the clerical profession. The mesmeric influence of eloquence can only work upon crowds—there was none here. The worst subjects for an enthusiast to work upon are men filled with a complacent enjoyment of their fancied conventional importance—such were the majority of the professors with whom he was associated. With a view to the training of clergymen, his position was a false one: he had accepted the chair of moral philosophy, and every attempt to extend the sphere of its usefulness was resented by the divinity professors as "poaching upon their preserves." Nevertheless, in the happy Quixotic illusion of a generous and imaginative spirit, Chalmers lectured upon the principles of ethics and of social economy to his twenty students, as if they had been two thousand, and threw down the gauntlet to the rotten borough system of the minnikin university, as if the stability of national institutions had been perilled on the contest. It is scarcely possible to view some passages in this part of his life without a smile. It was parson Adams enacting the professor. But as with Adams, we love and reverence the man, even while smiling at him, and his precepts and example sowed good seeds in young and unsophisticated minds.

As professor of divinity in Edinburgh, Chalmers found himself in a sphere more worthy of him. The greater proportion of the future ministers of his church were entrusted to his charge, and he lived among the ripest intellects and most accomplished men of Scotland. It cannot be said that he made much progress in the development of his economical and theological views, for his was not a progressive intellect. But he roused, by the peculiarity of his positions, the minds of the young to think for themselves: he dwelt fervently and reiteratedly on the duty of self-devotion to the task of disseminating knowledge, and promoting physical comfort. He also unconsciously modified the tendencies of his church, rendering it more catholic—in the original and praiseworthy sense of the word. He loved to dwell more on the elevating and humanising views and sentiments common to the truly good and great of all sects, than to the traditional "points" for which circumstances called the fathers of the Scotch church to struggle.

But while he was thus earnestly training an entirely new school of Scotch ministers, events were preparing a new field of exertion for his pupils, and even for himself. In the beginning of the present century the mass of the clergy belonging to the Scottish establishment were receivers of stipends and hunters after promotion. In this state of affairs, the Presbyterian dissenters obtained a strong hold of the popular mind in the same way that the Wesleyans have with us. The greater earnestness and assiduity of the party in the church to which Chalmers belonged had restored it to something of its old influence. The Voluntary controversy, while it broke up the good understanding which had at first subsisted between the evangelical dissenters and the orthodox party in the church, rendered the latter more uncompromising in their assertion of their tenets, in which they approach most nearly to the former. They were afraid of being charged with abandoning them. This it is that has precipitated the secession of what is now called the Free Church from the established church of Scotland. The great majority of the ministers of the new secession are either pupils of Chalmers or men rather younger than himself who have embraced his views. The opinions of the Free Church are his opinions, and its organisation has been framed upon the views developed in his *Christian and Civic Economy*. Without attempting anything of the kind,

almost unconsciously Chalmers has become the founder of a sect. It numbers among its ministers, with a few exceptions, the most earnest and accomplished of the members of the establishment. The pecuniary contributions of its laity since the disruption show how much they are in earnest. Already nearly equal in numbers to the most influential pre-existing sects, with a ministry which, although equalled by individuals of other communions, is in the aggregate more talented and accomplished than any of them, with a very perfect organisation the influence of the Free Church on the national mind of Scotland must be great.

But we must hasten to a close. The aspect and attitude of Chalmers during the few last years of his life was beautiful in the extreme. Any harshnesses of his earlier days had been rounded off by time, "like the high leaves upon the holly-tree." His hopeful, enthusiastic benevolence was pure, unsophisticated, as in youth: he was to the last a child in heart. He was as happy teaching his ragged school, in what may be called the St. Giles of Edinburgh, as he could have been commanding the assent of listening senates, and far more useful. He leaves no new system of opinion behind him; but he leaves some ideas that live and give life—what can only be done by true genius. He was the first that directed attention to the "antagonism" that pervades the relations of the poor and rich in the arenas of the great centres of manufacturing industry, and to its alarming tendencies He was incessant in teaching, both by precept and practice, how much one earnest man can accomplish by working incessantly in any sphere he may be placed in. He was the great apostle in this age of the infinite superiority of the living benevolence of a good man to the fossilised benevolence embodied in statutes. Himself full of intense life and benevolence, he communicated the contagion to all who came into contact with him. He must not be judged of by the forms in which his mind was cast in youth, and from which they were never emancipated—or by the controversies in which he was engaged—these all were local and sectarian. But he must be judged by the universality of his mind, which over-informed those outward visible appearances, and from its own redundant vitality imparted life and energy to others.

MANCHESTER:

ITS MENTAL AND SOCIAL PHYSIOGNOMIES CONSIDERED.*

By Hepworth Dixon.

Manchester is not less of a mental enigma than a physical one. Its intellectual character is not a whit less peculiar and striking than its material wonders. Those vast lines of dark and massive mills which stretch in sullen grandeur before the astonished visitor, with something of the magnificence of palaces and the gloom of prisons in their appearance, do not externally demark and distinguish the capital of manufacturing, mechanical England more broadly from every other city in Europe, than the restless energy and intellectual superiority of its inhabitants distinguish them as a class from the rest of their fellow-countrymen.

In making this remark we mean not to disparage any other city. London has its peculiar advantages, with which Manchester cannot compete: the same may perhaps be said of Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham. All these important towns, too, have the same leading characteristics as Manchester—the difference being rather of degree than of quality: all form integral parts of the system and the movement, of which circumstances have made it the centre and the type. This distinction which we award to Manchester, of being the incarnation of the prevailing ideas of the age, and a clue, more or less certain, to the social and political condition of the future, is not the cause, but merely the concomitant of its great intellectual energy. It will doubtlessly surprise many to hear it asserted that Manchester, the long depreciated and contemned, is one of the most intellectual cities in Europe; that there has been a higher elevation of mental capacity and education there, than can be found in almost any other town, not purely collegiate. There is unquestionably a large mass of ignorance there, as well as in the country generally, and a full average of criminality; but there is also a much larger proportion of well-educated, of highly intellectual men than elsewhere. The general level is higher in any particular class than it is in the same class in London—except in the very highest, in which the state of education is much the same in all civilised countries. No man who has seen much of society in England can doubt the truth of this statement: the experience of everyday life and the history of the last twenty years amply confirm it. Manchester has a greater number of active and efficient literary and scientific institutions than any other place, in proportion to its size; and those institutions enjoy a higher character amongst literary and scientific men—their audiences require a higher class of lectures and instruction, than do those of similar institutions in the metropolis. Every stranger is struck with the intelligence, not less than with the beauty, of the Lancashire witches—perhaps the more so as the mere stranger does not expect it. First-rate women are far from uncommon there: highly accomplished, highly intellectual, and highly domestic, they afford a perpetual comment upon that observation of the critical but kindly William Taylor of Norwich, that the wives of merchants generally were the finest of women, as they were married more for their properties than their property. The young genius of Geraldine Jewsbury—so bright, so beautiful, and womanly; so little exercised as yet, but so full of promise—is but the type, the manifested exposition, of the mental capacity of the social sisterhood.

Admitting generally the aphorism, that the tree is best known by its fruits, we are aware that in claiming so high a rank for Manchester in the guild of intellect, we lay ourselves open to the inquiry—Where are the proofs of this greatness? where are the great men it has produced?

To this it might be replied, that education cannot create genius: that a very high *level* of intelligence does not necessarily produce the exceptionally great man; but rather the contrary, as the example of the United States attests. There the best educated states are New England and the other northern provinces; but the southern states have produced nearly all the very greatest men—the Washingtons, Jeffersons, &c. Manchester, too, is very young; and its mental power and activity have hitherto been mostly *physically* realised. These considerations would reconcile us to the absence of specific excellence in the purely intellectual, scientific, or artistical; but there is no absence of such. Manchester is almost as remarkable for its exceptional eminence as for its ordinary

* See page 243 for a former paper on the same subject.

level of excellence. Its children have gone forth into the arena of the world, and made themselves felt there. For many years past, *Science* has known no prouder name, heaped no more grateful honours on human head, than that of the simple-hearted JOHN DALTON. How he was loved and reverenced there! How very often have we—an urchin then, but old enough to comprehend something of the greatness of the presence we were in—gazed on his pale, thoughtful countenance, and on the deeply ploughed lines upon his noble brow, as he sat conversing with his friends, wondering how one so humble and so quiet could have built up a renown that filled the earth.

In Dalton's life is unconsciously evolved the intellectual history of Manchester. He was a great worker. His life was a complete task. He worked always on system too. His house, in Faulkner-street—now, alas! the shrine of many a pilgrim from foreign lands!—was near to his laboratory. Every morning he might be seen passing at a very early hour to his day's employment, supported in later years, for he was very weak, by his servant; who, simple fellow, had no conception that his master was a great man. He quitted not his crucibles till late at night; and so the even tenor of his life went on, and his grand discoveries were silently made and given to a grateful world.

Art, too, has its votaries and its vindicators in Manchester. One of the eminent living names in Art is claimed by it. A genius of that refined and subtle order against which it is vulgarly supposed that physical energy and mechanical agencies make war—poet-like in its suggestiveness, star-like in its spiritual significance, ideal in its witching beauty, melancholy in its quiet pathos, profound in its revelations of the links of sympathy—a genius which has helped to beautify our daily life, owes the allegiance of birth and rearing to the capital of machinery: in short, FRANK STONE is a native of Manchester.

Nor are the higher fields of *Literature* untrodden by its children. CHARLES SWAIN takes rank among the poets of the age; HARRISON AINSWORTH has made himself a reputation among its novelists; DANIEL NOBLE has a European name—his recent work on the brain is described by Combe as the *Novum Organum* of mental science. Nor is this all. In the rougher world of *politics* she is not without a highly gifted champion. COBDEN is a favourite and fair specimen of the intellect of Manchester. M. Bastiat well described the character of his mind, as "good-sense sublimed into genius." Cobden is not a genius—that wonderful quality is equally rare in Lancashire, probably, as elsewhere—but he is a man of large views, of indomitable perseverance, of extensive self-education, of great sympathies, and possesses, moreover, those essential elements of all greatness—*powerful convictions*. He is a man thoroughly in earnest. The words in which Mirabeau predicted the career of Robespierre, would probably have been equally applied to Cobden by that profound judge of character, could the great Leaguer have crossed the orbit of that splendid but venal orator—"That man will do great things, for he *believes* what he speaks." This was the secret of his success. His triumph was not personal: its permanence does not depend upon an individual. It was the triumph of a great principle—of a new political idea: it was the triumph of the people. Cobden was the instrument—the popular intellect and will were the positive and motive powers. Still, the situation was a grand one; and the durable merit of Richard Cobden is, that he approved himself equal to it—that he could rise up from his writing desk, and, without preparation, undertake to discharge the functions of a statesman, a diplomatist, and a general combined—wield with steady hand immense masses of men—control indignant and insurrectionary passions by simple moral means—and extort the universal respect of the aristocracy he had marshalled the people to the conquest of. There is the marvel! The great occasion called forth the great man. But for the corn-law iniquity, Richard Cobden would have lived and died an undistinguished calico-printer, like the majority of his fellow-townsmen and equals. There are many Cobdens in Manchester: should occasion call for them, they will be found—they will be felt.

Extraordinary men, however, are always an unfair guage of the mental calibre of a city: such personages would be splendid exceptions anywhere, and they must be presumed to be so there. It is the high level of intelligence that makes the mental peculiarity of Manchester, and of the mechanical districts generally. Intellect is, unquestionably, power; there cannot exist high mental power without the knowledge of it. It must and will be felt. Capacity is not really power till it be proved—till it be translated into deeds. In the absence of the tangible evidence of power its existence may be regarded as, at least, apocryphal. Where greatness is, greatness will result. The strong man, by inevitable ordination, does the strong thing: corporate strength will manifest itself in the assumption of dominant influence.

Has the north of England, the great provinces in which machinery reigns, manifested this potency? Let the history of recent times bear witness. All the great movements of the last quarter of a century have originated in the north, and have had their head quarters mostly in Manchester. All the great social questions have had genesis there, all the political agitations have risen up there, all material improvements haye germinated there. Manchester and its collateral cities are largely involved in the history of every great domestic measure of recent times. The question of slavery received its verdict in the north of England; the Reform Bill was carried by the manufacturing districts; the first railway was at Manchester; the temperance reformation began in Lancashire; commercial emancipation originated in Manchester, and was effected by Manchester men and Manchester means; Chartism has the source of its vitality there; the first Leaguers were in Manchester: in fact, its intellect is in a perpetual state of activity. Agitation is certain to find instruments in the progressive passions of its people—power in its activity and wealth.

The inhabitants of Manchester have much in common with the free and restless genius of the Athenian people. There is the same individuality about hem; the same plastic and inventive capacity; the same spirit of enterprise; the same quick and comprehensive appreciation of the value of a new idea, or a new discovery; the same love of excitement for its own sake—one of the manifestations of which may be found in the vast amount of gaming carried on in the town.

Altogether its intellect may be described as of a high class and well disciplined—energetic, unquiet, progressive—accustomed to severe exercise, and requiring strong relaxations—direct and inflexible in its purpose, and predisposed to change and revolution. We have already intimated that these mental characteristics are shared in by many of our other great cities—but probably in a minor

degree. Specific distinction never obtains in the mental peculiarities of the same race without appreciable causes; and mostly, as in the case of Manchester, these operating causes are not difficult to discover. Of course, many minor streams run into the boundary channel, but with them we have nothing to do. The elementary causes of demarkation may be reduced to two:—the primary condition of the persons who migrate to Manchester, and the education of commerce and machinery.

Manchester is almost entirely peopled by immigrants. Its aristocracy consists entirely, or nearly so, of new names—new families. Few of the great local and historical men have engaged in, what they consider, the contamination of commerce; and they look on with much feigned contempt, but more real alarm, upon the great masses of wealth and consequent power accumulating in plebian hands. Manchester is mostly fed by immigration; the surface of the whole country is skimmed for its sustenance. And who are the parties that leave their old homes, their ancestral traditions, the scenes of all those sweet associations which float like a charmed atmosphere over the places of our birth and childhood to seek for fortune, distinction, social rank, in the cold climate of the north—beneath the dark clouds of Manchester? Certainly not the timid, the quiet, the easily satisfied, the cosey, comfortable class. No, no; they would have no business, no chance there. Migratory bands are not formed out of such elements. The men who rush to Manchester are the daring, the ambitious, the restless, the uncontented, the energetic. Such men carry with them the great qualities which command success—superior brains, and the disposition to work; the determination to devote themselves to one great object, to comprehend it fully, and to subordinate everything to its mastery: nothing is impossible to such men. These maxims, reduced to a system, conquer success. From such elements, so self-governed, have sprung all the great families of the city—the Potters, the Grants, the Thompsons, &c. The respective founders of these commercial aristocracies, were, perhaps, little educated, in the ordinary sense—few of them had matriculated at Trinity or Christ College—but many of them possessed (for few of them now survive) the natural qualities of the founders of noble lines: in ruder times, the same restless spirits would have found vent in daring campaigns, and won distinction in bloody fields of battle. There are few finer specimens of the frank, self-reliant, cool, and determined Englishman, than the old Manchester merchants, with their picturesque manners, their ready wit, their hard life, and splendid munificence. We like such men: there is great character and individuality about them, which, for the most part, their sons and successors do not present. *They* have been to colleges—have been transformed into mere gentlemen—and have lost all the special and pleasing qualities of their race. The possession of wealth has helped to reduce them to the dead level of utter respectability—*tant pis!*

The other chief cause of the mental superiority of Manchester is the discipline of commerce—the education of machinery. While commerce may be properly regarded as a system, it yet sufficiently approximates to the character of a speculation as to demand the nicest series of combinations—often suddenly traversed by an accident which necessitates a new arrangement in the very midst of conflicting casualities—and the control of a firm and comprehensive mind. Emergencies continually occur which require to be promptly met: habits of rapid logical induction, and prompt decision, are thus necessarily engendered. It has been said, that as great an intellect is required to guide successfully the operations of a large commercial house, as to govern a country. This is probably true; at least we suspect that very few of the legislators of St. Stephens, would be found equal to the first. The long years of training before a man is considered fit to rule in one of the great firms, is a severe, a large education; and necessarily produces a comparatively high level of intelligence. The number of persons holding important and responsible positions in the mercantile world, is extremely great—sufficient to constitute a large public of themselves.

This discipline, however, does not reach the masses of the population: that of machinery does. The mere attendance upon those gigantic and wonderful agencies of power is itself an education, and an important one, as every person who has seen much of machinery is aware. Take a raw lad, for instance, from farm-labour: all his ideas are bounded by a small circle: he has, perhaps, never wandered in thought beyond the line of his daily life; his work and his physical necessities may have constituted the whole range of his perceptions—place that lad in contact with a loom, and in a short time much of his awkwardness will leave him; his dull perceptions will have been insensibly quickened; his stolid face will be informed with thought; the almost animal will be elevated into a man. The writer of these lines has watched this process frequently. The reasons for the change are obvious. The loom is dangerous. Without perpetual care and attention—without *constant presence of mind*, the attendant may be struck—the infliction may even be serious. The man is forced to become watchful, in self-defence. The mental tension, so required, is at first painful, but soon grows habitual. Collegiate professors prescribe mathematics as a mental discipline—as a means of inducing a faculty of continuous attention, and a prompt habit of mind; we would suggest machines—we have tried both, and prefer the latter.

The educational advantages of contact with machinery reach far, however, beyond this. The machine is a thing which man has made; and the process by which the power is carried from the origin to the end, although complicated, is comprehendable. Few persons will work at a machine long without striving to become master of its mystery—nor do they feel themselves perfectly safe till they have become so. Habits of reasoning are so formed, which unfold and improve the mind. In fact, no small amount of intelligence is required in every workman who has to control machinery; and to suppose that the intelligence engendered in the mill could be applied to no purpose out of it, would be just as absurd as to imagine that the strength and agility created in the gymnasium were of no service in the world beyond its walls.

In making these observations we do not mean to cast a veil over the fearful amount of ignorance which Manchester holds in common with every other great city in England. It must be obvious that much intellectual capacity, such as that we have indicated, may co-exist with a very small amount of school teaching. The power of being able to read is not necessarily intelligence, though it is an ordinary path of transit to such a state. We speak not of the literary attainments of the Manchester artisan, but of his mental aptitude—we are not propounding hypotheses, but claiming an acknowledgment for incontestible facts; in attempting to give the *rationale* of those facts, our

only object is to secure a perfect comprehension of their significance.

The social condition of Manchester is also peculiar. The town lies somewhat in circles—like the lines on the plan of a city. If a series of lines were described round the centre, at respective radii of one, two, and three miles, the innermost circle would include the mercantile section, and the principal shops; the second boundary would enclose the great factories, and the dwellings of the great mass of workers in them; the third would mark off the suburban residencies of the manufacturing aristocracy. Unlike every other large city in England, Manchester has no West End; a fact which has a most important bearing upon the social condition, and domestic character of its principal inhabitants. The reason of this singular anomaly—which is much more felt and regretted by the open air living continentalist than by ourselves—is, the smoke, which until very recently, was poured in a poisonous state out of a thousand monster chimneys, renders the town itself very unhealthy as a constant habitation; and the rich have rushed outward in every direction in search of purer air, and spots where flowers might grow: hence the suburbs, which are all more or less picturesque, or beautiful, are covered with splendid villas and noble mansions surrounded with ample and cultivated gardens. The entrance into the town on every side is charming. The dwellings are mostly handsome and isolated, like the palatial residences of Rome under the later Cæsars; but this very fact prevents social intercourse amongst men so busy that they do not leave business till late in the evening. People live too far asunder to visit after the hours of rest; and hence each family is thrown back upon its own resources for enjoyment. Every domestic circle becomes a little world, complete within itself; having few, and requiring none, of those factitious sources of amusement which the metropolis so plentifully supplies. Fewer men keep houses, but more men keep homes, there, than in the average of places. This arrangement was the result of the individuality before noticed as characteristic of the fine old race of Manchester merchants; the result of it is, that the domestic virtues flourish, and home-pleasures—music, reading, conversation—are in the ascendant; many frivolities, almost inseparable from wealth, are kept at a distance, and the hearth is really hallowed by the presence of those of whose being it is the true and natural focus.

The women have much time for self-cultivation, and are, as a rule, of a very superior order—intellectual without being intrusive, beautiful without being *blue*.

The regions of vice, crime, toil, or, in a word, of *poverty*, lie within the second of our imaginary circles. In these regions, there are four especial and famous localities—Ancoats, St. George's, Little Ireland, Deansgate—each of which has its distinctive characteristics. These localities lie pretty nearly upon the four opposite angles of a square. There is, unquestionably, much dirt, drunkenness, vice, and suffering, common to them all; though the causes of these phenomena may differ very widely.

Ancoats is the locality of underpaid toil. It is the largest and most important quarter of the town. It contains about seventy thousand souls, and all the elements of revolutionary power. The people who occupy it are mostly mill operatives, and possess the hardy characteristics of the Saxon race. As a body they are actuated by a desire to achieve independence by industry. They are willing to labour; they are peaceably inclined, and honest. They ask no favour; they refuse to cringe to power; they request only justice—conscious that in their skill and industry they possess the elements of emancipation from the dread of want. They are desirous of instruction, and struggle hard to obtain it. They regard work as their destiny; and, notwithstanding much suffering and many privations, they are, on the whole, peaceable and upright.

St. George's is a quarter—though unlike its metropolitan namesake—such as may be readily found in all the great cities of the north of England. Its population is a medley of all kinds of low life; with no especial characteristic, unless that it is migratory. It is the refuge of the poor of no caste or particular calling; and the artisans of Ancoats consider it as decidedly *low*. Cheap lodgings abound; and here the very poor, the unemployed, and but partially employed, are congregated. It has a sort of Tothill-street (in Westminster) appearance about it. There are no factories in this quarter. The mass of the inhabitants live from hand to mouth, by jobbing for market people, shopkeepers, and others—the rest live no one can tell how? it is one of the undiscovered mysteries; but, like those domestic animals kept by the poor, and which never receive any regular diet, they do somehow contrive to exist, as it were, accidentally. Half of the population, at least, is Irish. Crime of any deep dye is rare. Idleness and intemperance are the prevailing vices.

Deansgate might be more pertinently designated Hellsgate. This is the St. Giles' of Manchester. It is the great university of vice and crime for the neighbourhood. This aspect of city life, unfortunately has no need of detailed description. Every great town presents an anti-type.

Little Ireland is a diminished copy of Ancoats, but decidedly worse in character. The occasional evil there, is permanent here; and in an aggravated form. Here again are factories. The population is very drunken and disorderly; and its morality is at the lowest point. Some of the revelations made in this locality by the Town Mission—but not given to the public—are perfectly horrifying. One fact only will we mention, and make no comment:—two Irishmen, in a drunken spree, agreed to exchange wives; they did so: next day, however, on recovering their senses, they met, and fought; one of them was nearly killed. This turbulent district is filled with Irish, whence its name. It exhibits one of the worst pictures of the possible vices of the manufacturing system in existence.

Ancoats has nothing like this; even its evils are honest ones. There is much in this district, and in the sturdy race which occupies it, that is improveable—much that would repay kindly nurture, and the trouble of better cultivation. It is not often disturbed; but when once roused, its anger is terrible. The disturbance is not factious, but earnest—it is not so much a riot as a revolution. To the man, who, having striven honestly for many years to support himself and family, after all his efforts and the loss of his best years, finds himself floating on to irredeemable beggary, nothing is impossible. At the best he ceases to struggle, becomes callous to the future, and falls back upon any labour that he can—upon that of his children, who are too often doomed to traverse the same dark orbit; to wear out childhood in hope and toil, youth in care and suffering, and a premature old age, quickly following on the years of youth, in idleness and despair.

Yet beautiful, even in this awful picture, is it,

to see the redeeming and conserving spirit of youth! Nature, in spite of circumstance, still recreates the undying hope, and still wells up, in fresh untainted souls, new floods of human sympathy—new trust in the uncancelled grandeur of the darkest life. Hope never dies. The true heart never utterly desponds. The child mourns bitterly its parent's apathy. *Aye!* says its young spirit, *would he but strive!* He thought so once. The child knows not that—could not comprehend it if it did. Unscathed as yet, it looks from the dull present to the radiant future; and while its own vitality is working out, in the unequal and premature conflict with its daily task, is still indulging in sweet anticipations of the better time that is to come.

Holy and heroic soul of youth, dream on! and in the paradise of thy creation, live the life humanity still pines and dies for! Hug the bright vision to thy heart; trust me, 'tis the redeeming spirit of the world. Have faith in it: and, in thine hour of sickness, sorrow, death, the unconquered Hope will tend on thee, a minister of mercy and of love!

THE BLACK JOKE.

A LEGEND OF ULSTER.

By Frances Browne.

"This is the first of April, boys; an' a could 'fools'-day' it is!" said Dennis Dougherty, as he leant lazily over the broken fence of a large rough field, where a number of young men with all sorts of agricultural instruments were collected, in order, as they said, "to put down the crop for Widow Lannigan, the craytor," whose husband had departed in the seed time of the year, leaving her possessed of the said field, a low thatch cottage, one cow, and seven young children.

"Come over an' help us, an' that 'll warm ye," rejoined one of the party, who was busy in arranging what he called "plough tacklings."

"Troth an' ye might," added another; "an Widow Lannigan a blood relation till the girl you fought three rouns for at the last fair of Feeny!" and the speech was followed by a general shout of laughter.

"Thank ye's all, gentlemen," said Dennis, taking off the shapeless article which served him for a hat, but without changing his recumbent position. "Troth, I wud do somethin' for the widow, but there's corn to thrash at home, and the morrow's the fair Gortin. You'll be goin' there, if course, Phill Moran," he continued, addressing himself to the first speaker; "for Pat Shanahan tould at the Station yisterday that there wis a letther for you in the post-office, an' they thought it wis from Amerikay; but it's forgettin' myself I am. Good luck to yer work, boys!" and away ran Dennis, as if in great haste, towards his own cottage.

Phill looked doubtfully after him till he was out of sight, and then bestowed his attention once more on the plough tackling.

"Phill," said the nearest of his companions, interrupting the young man's meditations, "maybe that letter's from Mary Flynn. Bad cess to meself if I could bleive a word that cum out of Dennis Dougherty's mouth; but isn't this the time you expected it? Anyhow, ye'll see the morra, plaze God!"

"I'll see the day, Barney," said Phill. "Take you a place at the plough, an' I'll start wid the blessing of God, an' be back at sunset."

"Aye, but maybe it's a fool he's makin' in ye," observed another of the associates; "shure it's the first of April!"

"First or last, a'll brake ivery bone in his body if there is n't a letther for me in the post-office of Gortin." And young Moran sprang lightly over the fence, followed by the wishes of the whole party for "a good journey, and good news at the ind of it."

Phill Moran and his companions inhabited that wild district in the west of County Tyrone, known to the natives by the Irish name of Munterlony. It consists of a succession of bleak hills and barren moors, covered with the heath and bogs of centuries, varied only by brown tracts of sterile sand, and terminating to the eastward in a dark, wintry looking mountain, from which its designation is derived, whose misty brow seems to wear the fog and showers of an everlasting November.

Yet amid the unreclaimed waste, wherever a spot can be found capable of cultivation in the most primitive sense, arise the solitary huts and far scattered hamlets of the peasantry, poor and careless as the generality of their class in Ireland, with no means of subsistence but their patches of corn and potato-ground, and acquainted with abundance only in the article of fuel, so liberally supplied by the bogs among which they are born. On either side lie the territories of civilisation, Gortin on the east, and Feeny on the west, being the nearest villages, whose Sunday masses, active constabulary, and periodical fairs, enliven the devotion, settle the quarrels, and give scope to the commerce and mirth of the community.

Yet limited as the dwellers are in both resources and exertions, there are not wanting among them the same contending interests, passions, and prejudices, which create and perpetuate the turmoil of the world's great capitals, and act more powerfully as they are confined within a narrower sphere.

The bogs have their notables, too: beaus and belles are still found among their huts and cabins, though after a fashion befitting the locality; and at the period of our story, which is now about fifty years ago, Phill Moran had been pronounced "the real moral of a boy" by all Munterlony, the only dissenting voice being that of Dennis Dougherty, who delivered the verdict in favour of himself.

Phill Moran was the son of a widow occupying a turf-built cabin and an adjoining potato-field, in the shelter of an almost overhanging hill. Her husband had been a soldier; but he perished in the first American war: and she, though poor and sickly, struggled to bring up her only child, till time turned the balance, and Phill became the support and pride of his mother—having grown a tall and handsome youth, whom, she said, "any parson wid take for a born gentleman, that took to the diggin' for pleasure."

Indeed, Phill was more slender of frame, and delicate of aspect, than seemed suited to the toils of his station; but he was, in the expressive language of his people, "a brave boy:" industrious, temperate, and high spirited, and equally ready with wit or service to either friends or strangers.

Dennis Dougherty, his rival in local honours, was at least seven years older; the eldest of a family of five sons and two daughters, who, with their parent pair, filled another hut on the opposite side of the hill. Dennis was a dark, powerful

young man, with coarse features, and a cunning eye; a manner equally reserved and subdued before his superiors, but somewhat insolent, and inclined to humourous mischief, among his equals. His character was described by his neighbours in the following graphic style:—"Shure he's not lazy, but he hates the work; an' thir's no fear of him brakin' his neck to do a good thurn, nor bein' afther forgetting a bad wan."

Dennis could fight at fairs, cut turf with any man in the barony, and declared himself "terrible at the courtin'!" yet amid all the glory of these varied accomplishments, he regarded Phill Moran with the restless envy of an unsuccessful rival; especially since "Mary Flynn, the purtyest girl between Gortin and Feeny, wid two brothers in Amerikay makin' powers of money," accepted from the hands of young Moran, at the Christmas fair, and afterwards sported on all occasions, "a real thurtle-shell comb at ninepence;" while she decidedly refused "a green sash at fifteen-pence," presented to her by Mr. Dougherty, with the declaration that her "beauty entirely flogged both Venish and Diana."

From that day Dennis carried on a species of covered warfare against Phill. Hostilities indeed never broke out between them, for young Moran was not inclined to commence a quarrel, and his friends were so numerous that Dennis considered it unsafe to provoke him at either fair or wake; but he took a shorter and surer path to vengeance, by bearing a full report of the courtship to the ears of Mary's family.

They could not tolerate such a proceeding, as her father was the proprietor of three cows, while Widow Moran possessed only one; and his two eldest sons, who had emigrated, like many of their class, for the purpose of earning something to help their struggling relations, had long since repaid their passage-money, borrowed from the priest of their parish, and written to request Mary to keep a high head, as they would earn a fortune for her, and send her a silk gown.

Many were the endeavours of the old man and her two remaining brothers—for Mary's mother was long since dead—to recall the girl to a proper sense of her rank and expectations; but as the widow's son had superseded the promised fortune and silk gown in her affections, it was determined at length, as a last expedient to prevent a disgraceful alliance, that she should be sent to acquire a fortune and sufficient esteem for herself with her two brothers in New York. The said gentlemen being of course consulted, signified their concurrence in the scheme by sending Mary a ticket for her passage on board the *Shamrock*, which sailed from the nearest seaport of Londonderry, with an intimation that "Amerikay was the place for a purty girl to larn her own value." And sail she did early in the month of February.

The parting was bitter between Phill and Mary. As Father O'Farrell, influenced by the proprietor of the three cows, had positively declared against lending Phill the wherewithal to cross the Atlantic, and nobody else either could or would advance it, so the pair parted with an abundant supply of tears and promises, on the latter of which Phill rested in the confident expectation of a letter.

Dennis Dougherty had contrived to manage so skilfully, that, though all suspected his hand in the affair, the proof could not be brought home to him, and the young men remained on their former footing of distrustful acquaintance.

Yet, in spite of his friends' doubts, young Moran could not help giving way to the natural inclination of believing what he wished; and with all the money which the house could afford—and that was two shillings—in his pocket, he set out from his mother's cabin on a journey of nine weary miles, over moor and mountain, to redeem that precious epistle.

"My blissin' go wid ye late and early, my only darlin'!" said the widow, half audibly, as her son departed; "and Phill, dear," she added, in a louder key, "don't stay late, for the moors is could."

"No fear, mother!" said the boy, as he looked smiling back; and then hurrying up the steep hill side, he was lost to her anxious view.

That day was an illustration of the uncertain and capricious character of the Irish spring: it had risen cold and sunless, with a dull grey sky and heavy clouds that seemed like the skirts of winter floating over the mountains. After Phill left home, the wind, which blew from the north, grew keener, and the clouds became more dense; towards evening, the gale became a blast, and the blast a tempest; and then from those laden clouds came down such a sudden snowdrift as had not been known in the district for many a year, in the midst of which the night closed in—but the boy did not return.

How Widow Moran passed that night none of her neighbours knew; but early next morning, when the wind was still and the sun rising, she was seen toiling through the deep drift to the cabin of the Doughertys, to inquire if they had heard any news of Phill. Nothing had been heard; and Dennis then acknowledged, for the first time, that "it wis all a joke about the letther, invented to make an April fool of him."

The day wore on, bright and breezy; the melting snow poured in turbid streams down every hill-side and through the deep ravines. The widow went from house to house, beseeching her neighbours to assist her in seeking for her son; for no assurance that he had remained over night in the village could quiet her anxiety; and about a dozen young men, with that readiness to serve the distressed which ever characterises the Irish peasant, started at once on the now perilous path which Phill had taken the day before, in order, as they said, to "bring the decent boy home from Gortin."

But poor Phill's well-worn hat, seen through a deep snowdrift in the centre of a wide swamp bog, known as "the Ould Sheskin," about midway between the village and the widow's cabin, arrested their attention; and, on farther search, the body of the unfortunate youth was found buried beneath it, in one of those deep excavations in the peat moss formed by the peasantry cutting it away for fuel.

How he had met his fate was never ascertained; but as it was found he had rested in the village in hopes that the day might clear up after his disappointment at the post-office; it was supposed he must have lost his way in the midst of the deepening twilight and the blinding snow. His poor mother, when she saw the corpse brought home, fled from her own cabin and never returned to it. It was said she was seen wandering in distant counties long after; but what became of her was never known.

The very day of the funeral a letter actually arrived from Mary; but it was answered by Father O'Farrel, and she wrote to Ireland no more. Poor Phill's death was lamented by all who knew him; and Dennis Dougherty said he was "main sorry for the boy; but it was the Lord's will, and a body could not be blamed for a joke."

Days, weeks, and months sped on; later events and less mournful subjects weaned the most pertinacious gossip from the story of poor Phill. The turf cabin fell to ruins; the potato-field was given by the landlord to the Doughertys, and old Flym took charge of the cow, which further increased his stock.

The summer, the autumn, and the winter came and went. March was near its close; but, by one of those contrasts which occur often in variable climates, the weather was unusually mild, as the preceding season had been severe. Warm sunny days tempered the air and dried the bogs to such a degree, that the peasants determined to commence the important labour of cutting turf.

"You need'nt be goin' over in the mornin', Dennis," said the second of the Doughertys, meeting his eldest brother as he returned, spade in hand, from the potato ground in a clear spring twilight. "You needn't be goin' over in the mornin' to court Kate Callaghan, or her fine heifers—God knows which of them yer afther!—for Flinty Mick was here the day as mad as a throoper, because we hadn't done the duty days, an' we'll all go to the bog the morra wid the rest in the neighbours, an' the blissin' in God."

Be it known to our readers, that Flinty Mick was the local designation of the bailiff, and duty days are certain days of labour exacted from the peasantry by worthies of this class in Ireland.

"Duty day or not," said Dennis, with a self-complacent swagger, "it's all wan to me; an' for Kate Callaghan, she desarves honour for the since of knowin' what's what whin she sees it."

Little more passed between the brothers, and that little was amicable, for the entire family were satisfied at the profitable investment their eldest hope intended to make of his affections.

The supper was discussed, the family retired to rest and were soon sunk in those deep slumbers which health and labour alone can bring; they knew not what hour it was, for the district did not contain a clock, but the day was breaking, and the first faint grey had streamed into the cabin, when all the sleepers were at once roused by a strange and piercing voice at the small window exclaiming—"Dennis Dougherty, this is the first of April, and Phill Moran wants you in the ould Sheskin!"

The summoned man sprang from his bed. "What's that, in God's name?" inquired the father, but there was no answer; none of the brothers would go out; one of them said it was a dream, and another thought it might be an owl, but Dennis crept shivering back, and laid himself down without a word.

Scarce was the sun risen, when the men of the neighbourhood assembled for the purpose of proceeding, as they generally did, in a body to cut turf. The Doughertys, as it was remarked afterwards, seemed strangely forgetful of that singular occurrence; and even Dennis, though he said his prayers with more than usual fervour that morning, appeared careless and unconcerned when he set out for the bog.

Nothing was thought or said of the transaction for several hours. The day was sultry and breezeless, and towards noon, Dennis, who had been employed in what is called paring the bog, in a solitary place close by one of those deep chasms filled with dark and it was thought fathomless water, was suddenly parted from his two companions, who were called to assist at another part of the bog.

For some time, in the heat of labour, the lonely worker was forgotten; but when their noonday meal arrived, brought by the hands of careful wives and mothers, his brothers returned to call Dennis. They found his hat and coat thrown upon the bank, his spade stuck fast in the moss, and deep marks of feet on the brink of that bottomless pool, as if a life struggle had been there; but Dennis Dougherty was never found after, and among the peasants of that district his story is still mentioned as the Black Joke.

Edinburgh, 1847.

CRIME:

HOW HAS IT BEEN TREATED?—HOW SHOULD IT BE TREATED?

By Lord Nugent.

No. III.*

We have endeavoured to show that pure Retaliation or Vengeance,—the purely retributive or purely expiative purpose,—ought never to be admitted as a motive, no, nor even as a component part of a motive, in the infliction of punishment by human authority. We have endeavoured to show that strict Retaliation, Satisfaction, or Retribution, can very rarely be attained in effect, and never justified in principle. Forbidden by both religion and morals in the private and personal relations between man and man, neither Retaliation nor Vengeance can be allowable in the public relation in which the Law stands to him who owes allegiance to the Law. For the Law fulfils its just and appropriate functions only when it carries into effect the principles of natural Right and Justice. The penal prerogative is entrusted to the Governing Powers of the State, both because the Governing Power is generally more able to carry it into effect, and because it can always do so in a more impartial spirit than the person immediately aggrieved. But no penalty inflicted by the Governing Power of the State can be morally justiable which would not be equally so, both in character and amount, if the person immediately aggrieved were to inflict it for his own behoof. Man cannot rightfully delegate to Society any power to do what would be wrong if done by himself. Nor, when the power to punish has been delegated by Man to Society, can the moral responsibility be lessened or the rules which govern it in any way altered by the complication of agency. The Law cannot be justified in punishing to any further extent, or for any other purpose, than what a just man would feel to be warrantable and sufficient on his own part if there were no law to act for him in the matter. A just man would feel that his right to resist an injury is warranted only, and strictly limited, by that of self-defence; and his right to punish warranted only, and strictly limited, by that of self-protection against further injury, and by the duty of protecting other men, as far as he may have the power, from the risk of being injured in a like manner. So the right of public tribunals to punish can be warranted only, and must be strictly limited, by that of defending Society, whose safety they have in trust, from the risk of suffering in like manner with the person already aggrieved.

We have said that Reformation and Example are the means by which the penal power in the hands of the tribunals gives protection to Society. By the former, wherever it may be practicable;—by the latter, always. Strictly speaking, we might

* Erratum in No. II. Page 304, column 2, line 26, for "Spartan" read "Athenian."

include both these agencies — Reformation and Example—within one description, that of Reformation. Reformation of the offender by the operation of the punishment, or of the community by the example of it. But it is more convenient, for plainness' sake, to keep these terms separate, and to let Reformation be understood always as applied to the Offender, and Example to the Mass of the Community.

We will first look at the subject of Punishment inflicted for the purpose of Example; for the present deferring all notice of its very important, though manifestly narrower, influence as a means of Reformation. It is clear that there are but two ways in which Punishment can be effectual for Example. The one, by producing a certain amount of general and lasting Terror;—the other, by producing a certain amount of general and lasting Approbation. The action upon the fears of men seems, doubtless, to be the shortest and simplest way of giving effect to Example by punishment; and this may reasonably be supposed to have been the principal if not only purpose entertained by Penal Lawgivers in the early and rude condition of states, when the notion of the end to be answered by punishment first began to extend itself beyond that of mere Vengeance or Retribution. The question of how it might appeal to any other sentiment but the fear it naturally excited was too remote to form any element in the consideration. To collect any deliberate expression of public opinion was very difficult; and, insomuch, difficult to ascertain the effect produced by Example upon Public Approbation. It seemed easy to ensure a powerful effect through Terror.

But to this effect there was a limit which obviously and soon presented itself—one which must always become closer and narrower in exact measure as punishments become severer in their character and more frequent in their recurrence. The minds and feelings of men may be wondrously reconciled to any object of Terror by familiarity with it. By slow degrees the spectator learns to view it with more and more indifference—the sufferer to endure and defy it.

This is true to an extent which to us would be almost inconceivable, were it not verified by what we know of the habits of savage nations even in our own times. The torments inflicted by the African Bushman or American Backwood Indian on his prisoner we may conclude are meant not so much to gratify any feeling of personal vengeance on the particular sufferer, then seen perhaps for the first time by his conquerors, as to set before the tribe, and before its enemies, a terrible example of the power of its chief, and of the penalty incurred by being at war with him. But the captive, accustomed to see and to inflict such torments, and knowing them to be amongst the ordinary hazards of War, which is, according to his view of things, a natural condition of human life, submits himself to them as to the appointed consequence of ill-success, and scoffs at his tormentors, reproaching them, while they are exhausting all their practised ingenuity in such matters, with their inability to wring from him an expression of complaint. Here, then, not only Vengeance, if that were the motive of the punishment, is very imperfectly gratified, but the Triumph, the Applause, and the Example, are all rather in favour of the punished.

And, even in the midst of civilised states, Crime, in its warfare with society, has its enthusiasms too. It inures the criminal to endurance as well as to outrage. And therefore careful regard must be had, not only not to harden the criminal into familiarity with the contemplation of rigorous punishments, but, above all, to avoid exciting any sympathy with his sufferings, and to let the punishment carry with it always, as far as this can be ensured, the concurrence of public and lasting Approbation.

We have spoken of the triumph of the suffering Savage. But there is a higher example, and a purer triumph, of the suffering Philosopher and Martyr. The banishment of Themistocles, of Alcibiades, of Camillus, and Coriolanus, (whether in part deserved or not affects the argument but little), not only brought the Commonwealths of Athens and of Rome into danger and humiliation, but failed as a warning against Ambition to the great men of either; because it failed to secure a lasting Approbation among the citizens. The poisoned bowl of Socrates not only yielded a draught of sweetest triumph to him, but commended the example of his calm and virtuous philosophy, far in advance of the spirit of the times in which he lived, to the reverence of all posterity. The life stream of the good Seneca ebbed not away into his fatal bath in vain, but bore a never-dying testimony against the tyrant who would thus have quelled the power of his just and gentle doctrines. And "the blood of the Christian Martyrs was the seed of the Church of Christ." In later times, and in our own country, the patriotism, piety, and constancy of Prynne, of Burton, Bastwicke, and Leighton, were victorious in the contest of doctrinal warfare over the torturing brand and mutilating shears of Laud. They gave marvellous proof of this mighty moral, the mastery that may be achieved by a high-wrought courage over all sense of pain; and have pilloried in their turn, before the eyes of all succeeding ages in England, the Shame, the Folly, and the Crime of Religious Persecution. Yet these men were, in their time, accounted Criminals by many, and wild and factious Enthusiasts by more. Why then did these excesses of the Penal Power fail in Example? Because the Example was not such as could command lasting Approbation.

And what is true of the ill-success of such measures in resisting the advance of good is not untrue of them when employed to check the spread even of acknowledged evil. And the best considered systems of the wisest governments, and the practical experience of all, give evidence of this. In the severe scheme of discipline, framed, as is generally believed, by Lycurgus, for the commonwealth of Sparta, under the "Diarchy," all notion of Civic Virtue was limited to what was considered as best fitted to advance the military prowess of the citizens. Contempt of Pain and of Death was enjoined as the highest of human duties, and commended as the highest of human qualities. The infliction, therefore, of bodily suffering and of death, in punishment of criminals, was plainly perceived to be out of all harmony with the rest of the Spartan discipline. Accordingly, while this discipline lasted, and until after the code of Lycurgus was abolished by the usurpation of the Ephori, neither bodily pain (to the endurance of which the youth was trained up for the public service from the earliest days of infancy), nor death (which the citizen was taught to regard as no subject of dread, but as a pledge to be at any time cheerfully nay joyfully offered of devotedness to their country's service)—neither bodily pain nor death was inflicted by Law in Sparta, except on the Helots only, or on such base and luxurious offenders as might be thought to hold these things in fear, or on those who had been guilty of quitting their country, and had thus renounced their citizenship. And even to such it

was applied but rarely, lest the image of bodily suffering or violent death should come to be associated in idea with what was formidable or dishonouring. But crimes in general were visited by banishment or disgrace, Ατιμία, a kind of social attainder. (Cicero. Tuscul., I., II. Plutarch. Apophthegm, and in Agid., and in Agesil. Xenophon. de Repub. Laced. Ælian Var. Hist., XIV., 7.)

These penalties, be it observed, could have been instituted only for purposes of general Example, and as subsidiary to the great scheme of National Education which formed the basis of the administrative system supposed to have been laid down by Lycurgus, and which has always borne his name.

The spirit of this part of the Spartan Law was adopted into the Code of the greatest of human Lawgivers, Solon, who abrogated the bloody rescripts of Draco, checked the power of the Archons, and first established, in the Δικαστηριον, or common law court of Athens, that system of popular jurisdiction which, modified and improved by many arrangements of detail, has in our own country become Trial by Jury. Of him it has been well said by an illustrious French writer, the Abbé de Condillac, in praise equally of the Athenian Lawgiver and People, that Lycurgus indeed had brought the opinions and manners of the Spartans into conformity with his laws: but that Solon did more—for he gave to the Athenians good laws, in the best conformity with the opinions and manners of the people. Lycurgus made soldiers, and formed the spirits of the citizens into a wall of military defence for their commonwealth. Solon called forth, together with Military Valour, those civic qualities that might fit men to make their country a model, as she still remains a monument, of the highest eminence in every worthiest attainment. Her laws, framed in all respects with a view to progress, as regarded the free citizens, (vicious only where they concerned the institution of Slavery, a crime common to all states in those times, but even in the treatment of Slaves the most humane and liberal of any), appear to have been, according to the measure of knowledge and experience then existing, perhaps the perfection of human wisdom.

And the result was this—that, within her narrow territorial boundaries, she held herself, for nearly five centuries, though more than once invaded and occupied, yet unsubdued from without; and, though often disquieted by jealousy and faction, yet an united democracy within, cultivating and improving every science that can exalt the condition of mankind. And her laws and judicature, even after she herself had fallen amid the general wreck of Grecian Liberty, remained in force among her people, and a model to her conquerors. (Ælian Var. Hist., VIII., 10. Aristotle. Polit., II. 10.; Rhetor., II. 23. Plutarch. in Solon.)

Her penal code was copied into that of Rome; but, as were all the other great arts which had made Athens illustrious, (as her Philosophy, Rhetoric, Sculpture, and Architecture—nay, even her Mythology), much disfigured wherever the purity of the models was (as it was in most respects) departed from. This is very remarkable in the Treatment of Crime under the Roman Laws of the Twelve Tables. The judicial forms were for the most part preserved as in the Athenian Model. The heavier Crimes were judged, on the same principle which has descended into our jury courts, by the People in their Centuries. But this Tribunal was in process of time permitted to delegate its functions to the Decemvirs. The permission soon became the rule; the rule purely arbitrary power; and arbitrary power soon subsided, as arbitrary power always will, into mere tyranny—the caprice or corrupt interest, or passions equally corrupt, of the magistrate acting under the forms of legal authority. This produced its inevitable result. It deprived punishment of all power of salutary example—nay, often gave the benefit of the applause and the example to the victim suffering under the award of the unjust judge; and thus discredited the authority of the law itself. Witness the example of Virginius, who stabbed his daughter in the open market-place of Rome to save her from slavery and dishonour at the hands of the corrupt Decemvir. *Te, demum, uno quo restat modo, Filia in Libertatem vindico.* [" Thus, then, by the only way now left me, daughter, I claim thy right to Freedom."] And this dreadful act justified itself in the eyes of an oppressed people against the unjust Law, triumphed over the Law, drove out the Decemvirs from Rome, and restored the prerogatives of condemnation and acquittal, as of old, to the popular tribunals of the Republic. But the Romans were not a people fitted by character long to preserve, or stedfastly to defend, in their purity either civic rights or judicial institutions. The Romans were a nation of stout ambitious soldiers, not of jealous citizens. The rights of the citizens, and the authority of the laws, were together yielded up before the footstool of the Emperors. The laws became wholly powerless, as they will always be, wherever there is a power supreme over the Law and independent of it. Crime became too strong for the law. For the operation of the law had become so uncertain, that it had lost the influence of Terror, and so often unjust that it had lost the support of lasting Approbation.

In our next paper we will show why it was, according to the opinion of some of the best Roman writers, that crime increased under severe and capricious penalties, and we shall endeavour next to show the effect which successive and different systems of penal law have produced in our own country on the repression or encouragement of Crime.

END OF VOL. III.

The Week

Ending Saturday, January 2, 1846.

PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL REMONSTRANCE AGAINST SLAVERY.

THE Abolitionists of America have always courted the expression of sympathy from abroad. Subject, as they constantly are, to the deadly hostility of the slave-holding interests, they are cheered and invigorated by every voice—no matter how remote its source—which pronounces a condemnation of slavery, and demands the liberty of the negro. The cause of emancipation in America, depends, in a greater degree than may be supposed, upon the bearing assumed by the friends of freedom in England. Reciprocal influences prevail between nations as among individuals—and one nation may determine the conduct of another nation, as effectually as one man may exercise a suasion upon the mind of his fellow.

See how the flame kindled by the Anti-Corn-Law League lights up a kindred element in European nations—they have caught the spirit of anti-monopoly, and are "up and doing." The applause with which the champion of free-trade has been everywhere greeted, attests that the eyes of Europe have been upon England during the recent struggle—and that her example has extended its influence wherever mis-government exists. The struggle for free-trade will also influence future revolutions with a tremendous power. It has demonstrated that the earnest but peaceful assertion of truth and right is sufficient for the overthrow of the harshest despotism, and that the power of mind is more potent than that of the sword. The world has been taught this grand lesson, that civil anarchy is not the necessary prelude to the establishment of civil right.

If the good works of Englishmen may excite emulation in the breasts of their brethren of France, Germany, and Spain; how much greater will be their influence upon a people speaking the same tongue, having the same common origin, and united to each other by links of the most inseparable kind? Who amongst us but has some tie—in addition to that of the common brotherhood—upon the extended soil of America? Who has no friend, no school-fellow, no relative within the great boundary of American rule? England, perhaps, more than any other nation, owes a duty to America; and certainly no other people can perform such a duty so effectively as the English. We owe it, then, as a duty to God and to man, and to Americans especially, to speak out against the dreadful oppression of which the black-slave is the victim. And there are many reasons why the voice of England should be heard NOW. The spirit of emancipation is just taking deep root, and it becomes every lover of liberty to foster and encourage its growth. The American Abolitionists have been led to expect a loud and unmistakeable expression of sympathy from England—they look for it, and they must have it—and it must be equal to their expectations; not a weak puny murmur that shall die away upon the wind, but a voice that shall strike the ear of humanity throughout the whole civilised world, and quicken the blood in the hearts alike of the doers of evil and of good. There must be a stir in the moral elements that shall excite each one to ask—"Am I on the side of Right or of Wrong?"

But *how* shall this voice be expressed? Shall it be by a word now, and another then; one uttered here, and another there? Or shall the voice of England against American slavery be one loud, united, and earnest protest against the practices of the oppressor?

If, as we are told, an address signed by 300 English people encourages and invigorates the American Abolitionists, by that mysterious influence which sympathetic feeling never fails to impart—how much more the voice of 3,000? how great the expression of 300,000 voices? or, one glorious step further—say how mighty in its effect the united declaration of THREE MILLIONS of men, women, and youths of Great Britain, against the enslavement of the negro race! *There are three millions of slaves in the United States—are there not three millions of people in Great Britain who will sign a friendly remonstrance against American Slavery?* Will not every man assert the right of his fellow-man—every woman the right of her fellow-woman—to freedom? Yes; all this may be done—it only remains to set about it with an earnest resolution.

The writer may be said to be sanguine, and he has reason to be so. A few years ago, he sat with five others in a room in Manchester, and there he proposed a National Petition to Parliament, praying the right of suffrage for the British adult male population. Yes—when it was proposed, there were only *five* persons present—and he afterwards betook himself to solitude to frame the prayer of the British people to their rulers. A few months afterwards, and his was the joy to see that petition borne down to the House of Commons upon the shoulders of *sixteen sturdy men*—the monster petition banded around with thick ropes—*signed by three millions and a half of the British People*—cheered by the assembled multitude as it passed along—obliged to be parted in twain ere it could be passed through the doors of the House of Commons (a full house of members had assembled to receive it), and, though they granted not its prayer, still, within and without the doors of that house it created a conviction and a power which have imperceptibly swayed the subsequent work of peaceable and just legislation.

He would like to see a remonstrance against slavery, addressed to the American people, through their President, *signed by three millions of the British people!* He hopes to look upon the grand spectacle of this remonstrance being borne through the streets of Liverpool, and thence committed to the Great Western for its transatlantic passage. Such a document will find willing recipients on the shores of New York; and its undoubted effect will be the creation of an irresistible moral power, that shall ultimately effect the freedom of the slave! Englishmen—*we can do it*: AND WHY NOT?

[The writer of the above will be glad to correspond with the Anti-Slavery friends, in any part of the kingdom, who may desire to aid in carrying out the above suggestion. Letters, addressed "P., care of the Editor of the *People's Journal*," will receive immediate attention.]

Birmingham Parliamentary Society.—This institution—not altogether new in its plan—embraces many important features of which all existing literary and debating societies are more or less deficient. Apart, however, from the recognised advantages of such associations, a debating society modelled upon the plan of the House of Commons, must possess an attractiveness which others lack. The Parliamentary debates will always supply the necessary topic for discussion—and there will be great practical utility in the proceedings of such a society by which the people may, in fact, be educated in the science of government. And if party feeling can be kept down, and there springs up a general desire to test political principles by the light of truth, the result will be immeasurable good. In the *educational* tendencies of such an institution its great and only utility is to be found. The spirit of faction and of party have too long reigned rampant over the minds of men. Thus it is gratifying to perceive that the projectors avow their object to be "to establish a school for oratory, an institution for rational intellectual recreation, and, in the fullest and most complete sense of the expression, a Mental Improvement Society." Moreover, the aspirations for the enjoyment of official honours—nominal though they be—will be just the stimulus essential to impart a spirit of enthusiasm to all the members, and especially the candidates for distinction. Already, perhaps, some heart is beating in the expectation of the Premiership, and putting forth earnest powers to establish its claim—a panacea, perchance, for the ills of Ireland! By the way, upon the plan of this institution, even O'Connell's idea of a Parliament in College Green may be realised! We may assume the unerring confidence of the *Times* when we state that Joseph Sturge stands no chance of obtaining the appointment of "War Secretary," J. J. East, Secretary *pro tem* "for the Home Department," will answer all *constitutional* interrogatories addressed to to the Odd Fellows' Literary Institution, King-street, Birmingham.—W. W.

[The Birmingham Athenic Institution,—and the paper on Dalton next week.]

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of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, may serve to show that it has already been honoured in no ordinary degree with the kind of assistance desired.

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MODES OF ISSUE—

WEEKLY NUMBERS, published every Saturday, price 1½d. each. No. 1 appeared on the 3rd of January, 1846.

MONTHLY PARTS, published on the 1st of each Month, price 7d. each, or 8½d. when containing Five Numbers. Part I. appeared on the 1st of February, 1846.

HALF-YEARLY VOLUMES, on July 1st and Jan. 1st, price 4s. 6d. each, or richly bound in the best crimson cloth, embossed, with gilt edges, 5s.; a style of binding strongly recommended, as combining great durability with *complete* richness of appearance, and thus harmonising with some of the peculiarities of the plan of the Journal, to make the volume cheap enough for the Poor Man's Cottage, beautiful enough for the Drawing Room Table—and equally fitted by its contents for both.—*As one of these peculiarities, it may be mentioned that the Weekly Numbers have no repetition of Weekly title heads; consequently the internal aspect of the Volume is that of a perfect Book.* [*Vols. I. & II. are now ready.*]

Among the various

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW VOLUME,

we may at present mention the following:—

MISS MARTINEAU'S SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMIDS will, in all Probability, be received shortly from Egypt.

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*** *Other important Announcements will shortly be made.*

THIS NUMBER FORMS THE FIRST OF A NEW VOLUME (III.); and presents an excellent opportunity for new Subscribers to commence with it.

Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, January 9th, 1846.

BIRMINGHAM ATHENIC INSTITUTE AND LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.

The members of the Birmingham Athenic Institute have forwarded a unique testimonial to Lord John Manners, the president of their society. The present consisted of specimens of such of the members' trades as produced portable articles—and the nature of their employments enabled the members to make a considerable variety of fancy articles—including specimens of the papier mache, jewellery, brass founding, glass and steel trades, silversmiths, tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl workers, with several descriptions of buttons, and other articles, all of which were of the members' own production. The testimonial was accompanied by the following address, which was signed by the vice-president and the subscribers:—

"To Lord John Manners, M.P.

"My Lord—The manufactured articles which this address accompanies are presented by the members of the Birmingham Athenic Institute to your lordship, as the president of our society. Although the nature of our employments has prevented each member from presenting a specimen of his own production, yet, as the necessary expenses were borne by the collective body, the testimonial must be considered as the work of the majority of the members.

"The articles selected may be of little intrinsic value, but in their manufacture we have associated with them the deep estimation with which we view the acts of our president.

"It is not our intention to insult your lordship, and degrade ourselves, by making this address a vehicle for unmeaning flattery or showy lip service. Our regard is of the heart, and above all semblance—something rather to be felt or perceived than spoken of; therefore we would intimate that if we do not express ourselves in the style generally used upon such occasions as these, the failing must not be attributed to the lack, but the intensity of our feeling.

"We consider that your lordship has deserved our esteem, for condescending to become the president of our very humble and comparatively insignificant society, while others, of more pretension and great influence, would be glad to salute your lordship by the same title.

"During the five years of our advocacy of the great principle *mens sana in corpore sano*, with the exception of our president and his friends, we have not been supported, nor even sanctioned, by any man of influence. It was never our wish to owe anything to mere patronage, but we did desire that generous and hearty support of our principles which your lordship alone has evinced.

"My lord—As members of the Institute we duly appreciate the character of our president, and at the same time, in our positions as working men, we find a lively satisfaction in knowing that the nobleman who has proved himself the friend of our society is no less the friend of our order. Living by our labour, we have gloried in our independence, but we could not but perceive the difference between manly self-dependence and that fearful antagonism which has split up the English nation into warring classes. However mean our conditions or limited our knowledge, we are yet men, and Englishmen, and as such we take upon ourselves humbly, but heartily, to acknowledge your lordship's efforts to restore the mutual dependence and unity of the several grades of society.

"With our best wishes and deepest esteem and regard, we remain, &c."

[Here follow the names of the contributors.]

In reply to this address, the members have received the following letter from his lordship.

"To the Members of the Birmingham Athenic Institute.

"Gentlemen—I have to thank you for a present such as I venture to say was never before offered by men of your order to a man of mine. You will not misconstrue the form of expressing my gratitude, if it be in the simplest the English language owns, and if I say with all truth and heartiness—I thank you—thank you alike for the presents themselves, each so perfect and valuable in its kind, for the genuine English cordiality and kindness which prompted the idea and characterised its realisation, and for the admirable address which accompanied the gift.

"When I think that each article has been made during the leisure time of its artificer, and that he has bestowed precious hours upon it, which he would otherwise have devoted to recreation or study, I cannot but feel that mine have been poor services indeed, and most unworthy of so costly a reward; but when I call to mind the frank, cordial, and ungrudging spirit in which that reward has been bestowed, and compare it with the spirit which has guided me in our intercourse, I humbly acknowledge a reciprocity of feeling, and accept the present as a mark of real friendship, and mutual intelligent regard—still you must let me say, '*Would I had done more to deserve it!*'

"Our acquaintance, gentlemen, commenced in a mutual perception of the same want. You regretted the estrangement—antagonism, the word you use in your address, is not too strong—existing and increasing between the various classes of Englishmen. I, too, regretted it; and our acquaintance so commenced has ripened into a friendship of which I am justly proud, and which you are pleased thus to celebrate.

"In thanking you, I have no need nor wish to flatter; but I should be concealing a deep and honest conviction, were I not to say, that in the concluding paragraph of your address are sentiments as true and as noble as can actuate Englishmen; and I will conclude this most imperfect expression of my heartfelt acknowledgments, by recording my earnest hope and prayer, that as your society was at its commencement composed of men who 'living by their labour, gloried in their independence, yet perceived the difference between manly self-dependence and that fearful antagonism which has split up the English nation into warring classes,' so it may ere long witness the termination of that antagonism, and continue to flourish in the enjoyment of restored mutual goodwill and kindly co-operation between 'the several grades of society.'

"Returning to each and all my hearty and grateful thanks for your kindness, and this memorable proof of it,

"I remain, gentlemen, your obliged and attached friend and servant,

"John Manners."

Belvoir Castle, December 15, 1846.

Honour to whom honour is due.—A few years ago there died in Manchester an old man, named John Dalton. Now, as he had made a few discoveries in chemistry, and had invented something called the atomic theory, his townsmen were suddenly struck with a desire of doing honour to his memory. Not only did his remains lie in state in the town-hall, but a procession of unusual size and pomp conducted him to the tomb, every kind of business was suspended, and all ranks seemed to vie with each other in their proofs of respect. Not content with this, they determined to raise a monument to his memory. The newspapers teemed with plans and suggestions; statues, columns, obelisks, were alternately approved and rejected; and the merits of various situations were carefully weighed. In short, the "Dalton Testimonial" was the leading topic of the day in Manchester and the vicinity, and some parties even proposed to found and endow a college for the study of chemistry, in honour of the departed sage. No doubt all these steps must have seemed highly laughable and "unusual" in the eyes of "practical men." What! raise a statue to a quiet, peaceful man, who never came to court, or wore uniform? To take the birthright of warriors and statesmen, and squander it upon one who died in his bed, instead of "falling gloriously?"—who never shed the blood of a single fellow-creature, or wasted a single million of public money? Whose whole claims to distinction depend on some jargon that no "practical man" can understand? Such folly was unbearable. Happily, however, Manchester awoke from its delusion; it has indeed already too much to answer for in the way of innovation, without contracting fresh guilt. Accordingly, all subsided very quietly: the

square flagstone that marks the grave, remained even without an inscription; column, monument, college, all vanished in smoke; and had not his name been affixed, by way of cheap substitute, to a new street, a stranger might traverse Manchester from end to end, and never know that such a man had ever existed. A bust of the philosopher has, indeed, been set up in front of a building devoted to the ——? sale of Cumberland hams!

But, joking aside, are we not worse than the Pharisees? They at least garnished the sepulchres of the prophets—we starve them whilst living, and put them off with a square of Yorkshire flagstone when dead.. Is a man, whose name has filled the whole civilised world, and shall fill it, as long as nature and truth shall endure—the man to whom we are really indebted for all those improvements in arts and manufactures, which his great discovery alone rendered possible; and, higher far, who flung aside the veil, and taught us to gaze with wonder and delight into the holiest of nature's temple—is he to be denied even an inscription on his tomb? Shall there be no public, open record of a mind so pure and lofty, a genius so profound, and a zeal for truth so upright and enduring? To Dalton and to his reputation the question is, indeed, of small moment; both are now "beyond vicissitude," but not so to ourselves. By erecting a monument to anyone we set him up as an example for all; children will ask their fathers, "who was that man? what has he done?" and thus seed is sown to the weal or woe of future ages. The more honour we show to the memory of Dalton, the more youthful aspirants shall we have, eager to tread in his footsteps, to the glory and advantage, not of Britain only, but of the whole world. Let us have something to direct ambition into the best and noblest track; some pharos for the student of nature, to illumine his toilsome and often outwardly cheerless track.

This is, in truth, the age of testimonials, the offspring of Moloch and Mammon, as to Hudson, for filling his own pockets; whilst the destitute family of Marsh, the sufferings of Critchley Prince, and the neglected memory of Dalton show how real merit fares.

> "How arts and sciences are thrust aside
> Like starving beggars at the gate."

We talk loudly and highly of our love of peace—we pity the blood-thirsty spirit of France, and affect to sigh for the days when men shall learn war no more. But even France gives some share of honour to the peaceful and ennobling labours of the philosopher, the poet, and the artist; we lavish all on our soldiers, our lawyers, and our money-grubbers. And, lest anyone should doubt this, should believe that anything truly great and elevated had taken root amongst us, did we not raise another statue to Wellington, and that, too, as if in illustration of the great command, "as we would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise," of guns taken from the French! How like the ill-bred urchin who takes his play-mate's cap, and holds it up to taunt him!

But let the wiser part of the nation endeavour to blot out such misdeeds, let Dalton's memory receive what it so justly merits. Of all the various testimonials proposed, that of a college for the study of chemistry would be at once the most useful and the most suitable. Let the men of Manchester, so wont to take the lead in every progressive movement, give here a noble example to the whole nation, and show that they know how to appreciate true, stainless greatness.

Preston.—On Tuesday and Thursday, the 29th and 31st of December, 1846, Mr. S. Kent, member of the committeee of the Liverpool Health and Life Association, delivered two lectures in the Exchange Rooms, Preston, on health, life, and happiness; in his first lecture he explained the natural causes of premature death, and the means whereby health and happiness might be obtained, and life lengthened. The lecturer also stated that Liverpool was the unhealthiest town in England, and that it contained upwards of 138,000 in one square mile; that Birmingham was the healthiest town in England, and only contained about 40,000 inhabitants in one square mile, proving that wide streets, well ventilated houses, and well drained cellars, are of the utmost importance in preserving the health and happiness of all classes. The lecturer then went on to state that the mighty movement which was taking place through our vast empire, had for its object the moral, as well as the intellectual improvement of mankind; that all were looking up for a better state of things from the lowest class of society up to the highest; and that the watchword of the great mass of intellectual beings was onward. Onward, from a dark state of ignorance to the light of genuine wisdom. In his second lecture he dwelt upon the importance of breathing pure air, and adduced the following table:—

Respiration of the body per minute	20	
Air entering each respiration	20	cubic inches
" per minute	400	"
" per hour	14	cubic feet
" per diem	336	"
or 36 hogsheads.		

Shewing that the pure breath of heaven alone is capable of performing these functions. He also called the attention of the audience to the importance of eating pure food and drinking pure drinks, and produced the following table:—

Blood to the lungs per minute	14	ounces
" " hour	540	pounds
" " diem	12960	"
Or 24 hogsheads, 4 gallons.		

And that there is only from 25 to 30 pounds of blood in the human frame, proving the rapidity of circulation, and the utmost importance in keeping the blood in a pure state to perform its functions. The lecturer then went through some very interesting experiments with alcohol and oil of vitriol, shewing the manner in which intoxicating liquors acted upon the brain and the blood, and the necessity of all classes abstaining from intoxicating drinks. In conclusion, the lecturer laid down some very important plans for improving the sanatory condition of all towns, which we hope will be carried out by all rational and intelligent beings. The lecturer was listened to with deep interest and profound attention by a highly respectable audience.—J. A.

Notices.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet to Vol. II., price One Penny, is now ready. Also,

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The Week

Ending Saturday, January 16, 1847.

ITALIAN SCHOOL, GREVILLE-STREET.

In a former number (Vol. II. p. 147) the school for Italian boys, founded by Signor Mazzini, was brought before the notice of the readers of the *People's Journal.*

The fifth anniversary of the opening of the school was commemorated at the school-room, in Greville-street, Hatton-garden.

The proceedings commenced with an address from Signor Pistrucci, who, in old age, appears to retain the hilarity and buoyancy of youth, together with that susceptibility to good and deep feeling, which, too often lost early in life, in the selfish struggle of the world, continues even to their dying hour to be the happy possesssion of individuals who, like Signor Pistrucci and his fellow labourers, dedicate their energies to the sacred work of benefiting the poor, succouring the desolate, and defending the oppressed.

That the Italian boys, who fill our streets with melody, and bring the most graceful classic sculptured forms even within the cottager's means of purchase, should not be left uncared for by us whose country they have, most assuredly, benefited, by popularising a taste for music and sculpture, seems merely common gratitude. But much remains to be done for this class of persons.

Mr. Toynbee, in addressing the meeting, said that the unprotected state of these young aliens was sufficiently proved by the fact that they were amongst the victims of the Burking system—a species of crime, perhaps, the most treacherous and hideous that has ever disgraced our country—and which has vanished entirely from among us, since the legislature has made that provision for subjects for the dissecting room, which science requires. Mr. Toynbee proceeded to show, however, that if the Italian boys are no longer secretly murdered, they are to this day the victims of a horrible system of apprenticeship. They are enticed from their beautiful native land by some one who engages to lodge, clothe, and feed them, for a certain number of years; at the expiration of which they are sent home with a stipulated sum. The masters do not perform with fidelity their part of the agreement. The food of the boys is coarse and scanty; and if they do not, at night, bring home to the master what he deems a sufficient day's earnings, they are beaten, ill-used, and deprived of food. Moreover, Mr. Toynbee stated, that on inspection of their lodging places he found them utterly disgusting and unhealthy, and unfit for habitation. Mr. Toynbee, in conclusion, observed, that no one should exonerate himself from exertion for these poor boys on the plea that they are foreigners, but that human sympathy should be co-extensive with humanity itself.

Signor Mariotti in the course of his speech mentioned the fact that the school had been much indebted to a child of eleven years of age, Miss W., now no more. She loved Italy and the Italians; not with that idle admiration which the country and the people awaken in every person of any education or possessed of the slightest power of imagination, but with an enthusiasm which made her zealous in real services, such as gifts of money and other modes of promoting the welfare of the school; and one of the last acts of her life was to write a note to Mr. Mazzini concerning the school. "Go thou and do likewise," are words which would not inappropriately appear on the stone which marks the spot where this young creature now lies sleeping in death.

Miss Fullar (the authoress of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, the best work on the subject which has yet appeared,) kindly consented to the request that she would say a few words to the meeting. Miss Fullar had no expectation that she would be thus solicited, but expression is an easy matter when, as in this lady's case, trains of excellent thought stream uninterruptedly through the mind, and no vanity or littleness of feeling disturbs the serene calmness of the pure spirit. Accordingly, in simple truthful tones, rendered pathetic by the heartfelt sympathy she evidently had in the object of the meeting, Miss Fullar began by saying that she knew not how usual it might be in this country for women to address assemblies, like the present, but that in her country—America—it was extremely common, and that she had often herself spoken in schools to large numbers, but that never had she done so with more pleasure than on the present occasion, for it had long been a favourite idea with her that there should be an international moral exchange, we should accept from each its own peculiar excellence. In the Germans we perceive simplicity, unwearied industry, and extensive mental culture. The English are distinguished for mechanical skill and a certain spirit of honour; whilst Italy, herself so fair, has bestowed on the rest of the world, beyond any other country, save ancient Greece, those arts which, pourtraying the beautiful and the graceful, awaken the love of the beautiful and the good, and thus refine the human soul. To the poet and the artist, Italy must ever be most dear; nor can anyone, capable of thought on the subject, be indifferent to the emancipation of this fair land from present degradation.

The speaker then proceeded to say how much satisfaction she had had in observing the neatness of the writing of the pupils, and the excellence of their drawing, and added, that habits of order and neatness and the contemplation and copy of elegant form had a use beyond the mere accomplishment; such habits induced a moral state of mind, and the life would become through these habits more pure, and orderly, and excellent.

Miss Fullar suggested to the pupils that they should communicate to their companions and younger relatives the knowledge which they received in the school; and she exemplified the possibility of the young doing much for education, by an instance which fell under her own notice. She heard that there was a child who had an extraordinary love of teaching; going to see her, she found her busy with children, all of whom she had washed and made neat before beginning lessons, and she was now employing them all with slates and books, in the nicest manner. This child was placed, by the wealthy persons whom her conduct interested, in school, where she herself could receive a good education, though without breaking up her own little school, which would have been a pity.

To the friends of the institution, she would say, as she had often said, to those persons in America who had asked her in what way she would advise them to attempt to do good, for it was so difficult to know when money was well bestowed, that no one could possibly do wrong by giving *time* and *exertions* for the inculcation of good instruction; and that, possibly, friends might help materially by teaching in this school (at this observation Mr. Mazzini was observed to give an assenting nod).

In concluding, Miss Fullar said, "I do not know that I have anything more to say, except, 'Heaven bless you.'" The burst of applause which followed these words was, doubtless, the heartfelt echo of the same wish on the part of the audience towards the noble and pure-hearted speaker, whose lofty and poetic mind and infinite charity (in St. Paul's sense of the word) render her an object of affectionate admiration.

It is touching to see a man of Mazzini's eloquence and compass of mind—a man really of European fame—using his great and varied powers for the welfare of a few individuals, not much beyond beggars in their social scale. But what is the result? An incident occurred during the evening, which shows the spirit that this great man has been able to infuse into his *protegees.* The distribution of prizes took place before the speeches of which we have attempted to give a faithful summary. The air of pleasure and gratitude with which each prize (a book or medal) was received was wholly free from the base alloy of triumph or vanity—this we remarked—and the observation was confirmed when a pupil declined a prize awarded him, saying it was justly another's. After some discussion, Mazzini said, "Take it, and give it to him, then;" which order was obeyed with a noble pleasure. This fact, insignificant in the eyes of some persons, will appear very important to those who are accustomed to judge with acuteness from certain manifestations of dispositions of the effect of past training. Education is a slow process, and must be content to wait for its results weeks and months, and often years. Happy is it when

time reveals that the influence which has been at work is pure and holy, producing fruits of like virtue.

Mr. Mazzini, in his speech, said that the pupils were instructed in reading, writing, counting, geography, astronomy, drawing, and history: and he touched upon the uses of knowledge on these subjects with brevity, but with that clearness, simplicity, and comprehensiveness, and inspired fervour which belong to him. He detailed the course of history through which he had carried the classes.

A few weeks since we were present at one of the historical lectures. It was perfectly intelligible, so that a child could have understood it—this was owing to the simplicity of the mode of expression—but so well were the points of importance selected that a philosopher or an historian could have added nothing to the completeness of the outline; all that remained to be done further was to fill in the details.

In regard to the finances of the school, Mr. Mazzini remarked, that although there was money in hand, there was not enough for the expenses of the ensuing year, much less for the extension of operations; and he said, that if persons desirous to help, would only put by a penny a day, a trifle which they waste without thought, it would at the end of the year be a useful sum.

Let not the hint be lost, but let rich and poor aid in the laudable effort to elevate the ignorant, poor, and almost enslaved Italian boys—those wandering bearers of sculpture galleries and orchestras, which gladden our eyes and ears—often bursting upon us unexpectedly, and for a moment or two dispelling, by pleasant sensations, disagreeable or weary thoughts, and carrying us into the regions of art—the halcyon regions of art—and thence to the infinite.

We repeat, gratitude should induce us to aid them, much more the need they have of our aid.

The evening concluded cheerfully in a repast served to the boys, and of which most of the guests partook. It consisted of meat and maccaroni, the latter very delectable, as we, having tasted, can vouch.

But as songs and suppers have, even in prosaic England, been always deemed nearly inseparable companions, it may well be believed that our Italians made no exception to the good rule. The pupils and Pistrucci sang some very animated songs in excellent style, and thus concluded an evening which had excited in those present so many pleasant feelings and good thoughts.

C. S. H.

The Peace Movement.—The committee of the Peace Society have memorialised the Government respecting the French aggressions in Tahiti. At present we have not space to print the memorial, copies of which may be procured from the secretary, 19, New Broad-street, London.

New Publications,

Received to January 2, 1847.

Anatomy for Artists, The Book of (S. Highley.)
Angling, New Hints on. By Palmer Hackle, Esq. (W. W. Robinson.)
Autobiography of an Artisan. Parts 1, 2. (Chapman Brothers.)
Benefit Society, Young Man's Guide in the Choice of. (W. Parker.)
Bohn's Standard Library:—
1. Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic History.
2. Beckman's History of Inventions, 2 vols.
3. Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War. (1st Vol.)
4. Memoir of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.
5. Memoir of Benvenuto Cellini.
Builder's Friend By Henry Fitzgerald. (Mead and Powell.)
Court Journal Library. With Illustrations. Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella. The Anatomy of French Society. Parts 1, 2. (Thomas.)
Eating, Illustrations of. By a Beef Eater. (J. R. Smith.)
Fireside. A Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John. With Illustrations by J. W. Archer. (Lewis.)
Florist, Midland. Conducted by J. H. Wood, F.H.S. (Simpkin and Co.)

New Publications—*continued.*

George Sand's Works. Translated by Matilda M. Hays. Part 1. The Last Aldini. (Churton.)
Handel's Messiah. Nos. 5, 6. (Novello.)
Haydn's Creation. Nos. 2, 3. (The Same)
Indian Meal Book. By Eliza Leslie, of Philadelphia. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
Irish Diamonds; or, a Theory of Irish Wit and Blunders. By John Smith. With Illustrations by Phiz. (Chapman and Hall.)
Murray's Home and Colonial Library. Gatherings from Spain. Part 2. (Part 1 not received.)
Musical Times. No. for Jan. and Feb. 1847. (Novello)
Music—Evening. A Two-part Song. By W. S. Rockstro. (Cramer, Beale, and Co)
Picture Story Books. By Great Authors and Great Painters. (Chapman and Hall.)
1. Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth. By Alexandre Dumas and Bertall.
2. Life of Punchinello. By Octave Feuillet and Bertall.
3. Genius Goodfellow and the Woodcutter's Dog. By the Same.
4. Bean Flowers and Pea Blossoms. By Charles Nodier and Tony Johannot.
Picturesque Hand-Book of Liverpool. 100 Illustrations. (Smith, Liverpool.)
Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures of the Great Masters. With Notes by S. C. Hall, F.S.A. Parts 1 to 10. (G. Virtue.)
Sparks from the Anvil. By Elihu Burritt. (Reprinted by Abel Heywood, Manchester.)

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The Week

Ending Saturday, January 23rd, 1847.

THE NEW CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

The now trite axiom that "knowledge is power," is true—but it is power in thought. It is co-operation which is power in action. By what active power have railways been laid down, their tunnels bored, their iron roads forged, and their chariots of fire fed with steam from fuel deep from the bowels of the earth, but by co-operation? By what active power have docks been scooped out, bridges arched over rivers, or suspended as if from the air, roads formed, steamboats and omnibuses ran for a penny, and canals dug and watered, but by co-operation? It is co-operation, then, which is power in action. It is this mighty aggregation of units, impotent by themselves, which is working out the wonders of the age. It is this collective action which has given life to our joint-stock companies and to our numerous building societies. What was done in barbarism by the compulsory edict of a monarch, and which is too large for private enterprise, is effected in civilisation by definite societies, with an association of means, and a co-operation in purpose. Hitherto, however, these societies have been composed principally of large capitalists, who have monopolised the result of their co-operative successes for themselves, and have only indirectly benefited the mass. Hence the term of monopolism has very far from inaptly been given to the present corporative phase of civilisation. Hence, also, a desire has arisen among the mass—a desire now growing with the strength of a young giant—for the application of the small means of the mass to co-operative effort, as well as the large means of the capitalists. This would be true association, as it would benefit the working class on whose welfare the absolute safety of the whole state intimately depends. Pursued by competition, they fly to co-operation as a last resource. And although we may speak of the small means of the mass, it must be spoken individually, for collectively they have large means. This the savings' banks and the benefit societies will fully testify. Although thousands are starved out of work by competition, and others badly paid and incapable of saving, yet there are a large body of mechanics whose wage is high, and who are in full employment; and it is these who have comparatively large means to co-operate with as a collective body, and who by this co-operation can raise themselves to independence, and at the same time make way in the labour market for their less fortunate brethren.

The idea of co-operation has been long gaining ground among the mass. When the French Revolution had tried in vain its various forms of political democracy, and La Vendee was in insurrection, and Paris starving, the true friends of the people began to see, and amply to expound that political revolution without social reform was totally inadequate to meet the wants of the working classes. They first actively originated the idea of co-operation as a means, and of collective property as an end. Napoleon Buonaparte stopped with his cannon any approach to a national realisation of this thought, but it was not the less expounded; and has ever since found apostles and disciples, in one modified form or other, in every civilised country, until now it is recognised, and under different restrictions approved of, by the most benevolent of all classes and all parties. The Church of England has come forward with its Self-supporting Village Society, and held a large meeting at Exeter Hall, with the Bishop of Norwich in the chair, and Lord John Manners, the Hon. Augustus Cooper, the Rev. E. Larken, and many other clergymen present. The Church of Rome has, by many of its priests, declared in favour of an enlargement and active restoration of their monasterial and other religious communities; while the dissenting side of the question is represented by the Communist Church, a society which looks upon the institution of associations of united interest as a return to the discipline of the Primitive Church of Christ. To this idea also the Model Building Societies, in which Lord Ashley takes so prominent a part, must be conjoined, and also those various sanitary reforms which honour the name of Southwood Smith, and the inquiries connected with which have led so many to see the need of new erections for habitations, which, like the plans of O'Connor, who has left agitation for agriculture, should more equably distribute the population over the land; and thus upon a new surface more efficiently carry out the drainage and ventilation which are called for by the sanitary reformer, while, at the same time, they rendered circumstances more easy for the various enterprises of co-operation. Lastly we have to record the appearance of two new societies in the co-operative field, whose recent demonstrations entitle them to attention and respect. The names of these two societies are the Leeds Redemption Society and the Co-operative League of London.

The Leeds Redemption Society commenced with a few humble individuals who had acquired a knowledge of the power and benefits of co-operation. They instituted a weekly penny subscription, under the name of the Redemption Gift. They found that one thousand subscribers would yield a weekly revenue of 5*l.* They calculated the population of the British Isles at nineteen millions, of which about nine millions were males, and three millions of these under fifteen years of age. This left six millions, the half of which, they supposed, might become subscribers, and to this they added one million of grown-up females. Thus, at the rate of 5*l.* for every thousand, they calculated that four million subscribers would yield 20,000*l.* weekly, and that this multiplied by fifty-two weeks would produce an annual revenue of 1,040,000*l.*, and what would not this monetary power, produced by co-operation and a slight sacrifice, effect? They commenced their collections in Leeds. The first day twenty subscribers were obtained, and they numbered two hundred and sixty-three at the end of eight weeks, which yielded a weekly income of 1*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* They found the subscriptions paid regularly without a murmur, and "the reflection after this naturally arose, if two hundred and fifty-three subscribers, with the aid of eight collectors, can do this without pain or inconvenience, cannot four millions, aided by 121,678 collectors accomplish proportionate results."

Such then is the simple origin and machinery of this society. Their collectors are unpaid, and their funds held by responsible trustees. They propose, in the first instance, the employment of capital in the purchase of land. They take the average value of land to be 40*l.* per acre. Twenty thousand pounds thus subscribed weekly would purchase five hundred, and annually twenty-six thousand acres. This expenditure would give employment to at least three thousand extra labourers, and this would leave room for labour in the general market, and also, by greater production, lessen the cost of the consumption of articles. They further suppose that their money would yield ten per cent. through the economy of co-operative arrangements, and under these they propose to gradually draught their members upon the land. Such then are the plans and objects of the Leeds Redemption Society.

The Co-operative League of London had a similar origin to the preceding association. A few young men, desirous of emulating the deeds of Cobden, banded themselves together under this name, and have in a few weeks very considerably increased their numbers. They propose the purchase or rental of land, and the erection of suitable buildings and machinery thereon, for the purpose of self-employment, either under the co-operative or the allotment system, as may best suit the various members. The property is to be the indivisible and inalienable property of the League, and to be leased to individuals or companies of subscribers in the proportion of not more than five acres to each family, and at an average rent not exceeding five per cent. on the original cost. Tenants are also to be supplied with implements, seed, and machinery, and the cost of the same are to bear interest at the rate of five per cent., and to be repaid to the League at the rate of ten per cent. of the principal per annum. In order to raise the fund to carry out these objects, each member will subscribe one pound annually, and a penny weekly for general expenses. Such is the Co-operative League. There are many points of comparison between it and the Redemption Society, but both of them have a decided co-operative tendency, and deserve notice if only for intentions. Their plans will develop themselves as they in-

crease in growth, and it is to be hoped that prudence as well as energy may characterise their proceedings. The Co-operative League has an advantage over the Leeds Society from its metropolitan position, but the subscription of the latter is smaller, and more generally suited than that of its friendly rival. Both of the societies are equally active, however, in agitation; and, as union is increased strength in all cases, a joint organisation and conference for that purpose might be desirable. We understand that the League proposes some transitionary measures previous to the purchase of land, such as becoming the manufacturers of articles themselves, and sending them with the League stamp into the general market; and also the institution of an Exchange Bazaar. The first of these measures appears feasible, but the latter project has hitherto been attended with many failures, and has not only the self-interest of subordinate officers but also the immediate rivalry of an overstocked market to contend with. It will demand great publicity, as well as strictly wise internal arrangements, to be ever successful.

In conclusion, it may be safely said, that in the germ of co-operation lies the seed of a new industrial organisation. May God's sun shine on it, and heaven's dews freshen it to perfection. It is this industrial re-organisation which is the problem of the present time. It is this problem which has perplexed our greatest thinkers, from Carlyle downwards. It is this problem which has to be solved, thoroughly, by working men. These reflections open wide considerations, and doubts are tangled with hopes, and difficulties with promises. There is, nevertheless, a growing conviction on our minds that certain experience will overcome any probable failure, and that co-operation will be the true ultimate solution of the great problem—the re-organisation of industry.

The Soiree of the Leeds Redemption Society.—The first grand festival of the Leeds Redemption Society has just taken place. We have in the foregoing article given an account of the plans of this association. A report of their opening *soiree* is now before us in the columns of the *Leeds Times.* From them we shall condense the main points of that interesting meeting. Mr. William Howitt was called to the chair, and the Rev. E. Larken, Mr. Councillor Brooke, Dr. Lees, and other gentlemen were on the platform. Letters of apology were read from Lord Ashley, W. Broadley, M.P., Douglas Jerrold, Joseph Sturge, W. J. Fox, Goodwyn Barmby, Henry Vincent, Joseph Mazzini, and the Rev. Thomas Spencer. The chairman then opened the proceedings. His speech was full of warm advocacy of co-operative commerce. It was trade which had made England what it was. It was trade which had made capitalists what they were. He wanted, then, that the working classes should also have the benefits of trade. They could obtain these by co-operation, by a union of means and purpose. The manufacturers, however, might look upon them with jealousy, and say that the working men were becoming their competitors. But so they had a right to be; and when every man understood his rights and his duties, then would the rights and duties of the world be best fulfilled, and they would have universal communism.—The Rev. E. R. Larken, Rector of Burton, near Lincoln, followed in a speech, in which he alluded to community among the Esseniana, the Cretans, the Peruvians, the Jesuits, and the ancient monks, and thus traced the progress of communism to our own times. Even now the Trappist Monks in Leicestershire, by availing themselves of the advantages of community, had converted 250 acres of Charnwood Forest, the worst land in the world, into a little paradise. With the misery, poverty, and even starvation which stared him in the face, he could not, as a Christian minister, but urge them all to carry forth the principles of the Redemption Society.—Mr. James Holes also delivered a forcible address. Emigration would not benefit them. It would only remove the able-bodied, and leave the poor and destitute to be supported by the country. Co-operation, at home, on the contrary, would be highly beneficial. It would cause machinery to work for the operative and not against him; but now, where machinery helped man most, his wages were least, and where it assisted him least his wages were highest.—Mr. D. Green then addressed the meeting. He said the society was enrolled, and every possible precaution taken for the security of the investments. They proposed to purchase land upon the principles of community. They would there grow their own food, and manufacture their own articles, and sell the surplus of each.—Lastly, the chairman concluded the meeting, with impressing upon it the importance of co-operation, and the necessity of their acting for themselves, without reference to government; and a unanimous vote of thanks was moved to him, as its chairman. Such, then, is the sum and substance of a very interesting festival. It will have rendered great assistance to the Leeds Redemption Society, and also to the principle of co-operation, which is now manifesting itself in more or less advanced phases, in every portion of society.

Notices.

Our next Number will contain

A PORTRAIT OF W. J. FOX,

WITH

AN ACCOMPANYING PAPER.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE ANNALS OF PROGRESS.

Price Three Halfpence.

The constantly increasing amount of original information received for this department of the *People's Journal*, renders an enlargement of the space devoted to it indispensable.

I am also anxious to avail myself of the extraordinary opportunities that daily open upon me, of giving a wider, higher, and altogether more valuable and interesting character to the Annals than is practicable under the present arrangements.

I propose therefore, shortly, to issue a Sheet Supplement.

Jan. 23, 1847. JOHN SAUNDERS.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet to Vol. II., price One Penny, is now ready. Also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Bound in the Richest Crimson Cloth, embossed, Price One Shilling each. Both may be obtained from our Agents.

To Correspondents.—Will the writer of "A Public Letter" favour the Editor with her name and address?

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

[PRICE THREE HALF-PENCE.]

The Week

Ending Saturday, January 30, 1847.

The People's Journal's Proposal for a National Anti-Slavery Remonstrance. * — The proposition will immediately be brought under the consideration of the council of the Anti-Slavery League, by whom, there can be no doubt, it will be heartily approved. Those friends throughout the country who have written to us, tendering their hearty co-operation, will probably be speedily called upon for action. The press, including the *Inquirer*, the *Wesleyan*, *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, the *Christian Record*, the *Leeds Times*, and many others, have already approved and promoted the proposition. And there can be no doubt that the day will speedily arrive when America shall hear the reproving voice of England in terms which they will feel themselves solemnly bound to regard.—P.

The People's International League.—We hear that an association under this title is being organised, for the purpose of bringing public opinion to bear on such questions of national right as were involved in the recent violation of the treaty of Vienna by the occupation of Cracow—and (we must needs say) as were involved in that very treaty itself, a treaty which mapped out countries under different rulers, without the slighest respect to national rights or the needs of those to be ruled. Such an association would have the best opportunity for starting well at the present time, when men's minds are directed with far more than ordinary interest to the proceedings of Western and Southern Europe. We have long recognised the want of such an association, not only because it would furnish our countrymen with better information than they have hitherto possessed as to the real position and aspirations of foreign countries; but also because we are convinced that it could become a mighty engine for breaking down the barriers between nations, and for binding them together in one wide brotherhood of progress. We shall be glad to hear that the association is up and acting.—L.

Kilmarnock—Trade is in a very dull state here. The staple manufacture, calico-printing, is, with scarcely an exception, in a wretched condition. There are many calico-printers who, for the past three or four months, have not earned above 7*l.*; and many, we doubt not, even less. Carpet weaving is not very brisk; the men are but partially employed, and not able to earn good wages. Light weavers are here—as they are in every other part of Ayrshire—in a miserable condition and all of them who are able to get any other means of earning a livelihood are leaving the now thoroughly detested loom. Many of these men are employed on the railways now in progress throughout the country. Although some time since it was generally expected that provisions would fall, still they have maintained their high prices, and, in many cases, have risen still higher. What with little work, dear provisions, and high rents, the sons of "Auld Killie" are very badly off; many of them, we doubt not, are enduring the terrible cravings of hunger, who have not the means wherewith to satisfy them.—A. P. D.

Example to Employers.—Mr. James M'Kie, the enterprising publisher of the *Ayrshire Wreath*, and many other talented works connected with Ayrshire, entertained those persons employed in his house to a sumptuous supper in his dwelling house, King-street, on the evening of Christmas. The supper table literally groaned under the profusion of substantial and delicate viands with which it was spread. Amid speech, song, and sentiment, the evening passed pleasantly away, and at an early hour on the following morning the company separated. This is the second entertainment Mr. M'Kie has given his men, and we understand it is his intention to continue them annually. The good effects produced on both employer and employed by such friendly meetings as these are many. That Mr. M'Kie may have many such meetings with his men as the one he had on the Christmas of 1846, is our earnest wish. From the kindness he displays towards those in his employ he is loved and respected by them all.—A. P. D.

The Bond of Brotherhood.—On Friday evening, Dec. 11, Mr. H. G. Wright, of the United States, delivered a lecture on defensive war (being his second on this subject here), in the Friends' Meeting-house, Sheffield, to a very attentive audience, composed chiefly of the working classes, who attentively listened to and frequently cheered the lecturer, as he earnestly enunciated the difficult principle of non-resistance—(difficult, because of the extreme forbearance requisite to carry it out. "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.") He argued in a very earnest and thorough-going manner against war, offensive and defensive, showing the injustice, inexpediency, and murderous principle of war and death punishments. He proved that war brutalises and degrades the community; that it devastates and depopulates immense tracts of fertile and inhabited districts; that it necessarily demoralises those who follow it as a profession; that it is inexpedient, unjust, murderous, and fiendish; that it makes orphans, widows, and childless mothers innumerable, &c. This scheme (the establishment of a Bond of Brotherhood) is denounced by hundreds of thousands of men as Utopian and impracticable in the present state of society. Granted. But if society, from mistaken ideas of self-interest, is in favour of hostile and furious conflicts between nations, why not immediately set about remodelling society altogether? The working men have more to do with this question than they are aware of. From their ranks are drawn the army and the navy,—excepting the officers, of course, who are drawn from the dominant classes, and receive the lion's share of the spoil. From them, too, by our well-devised fiscal regulations, is contrived to be abstracted the funds wherewith to desolate, disfigure, and destroy. And, as in the recent wars in China and India, and the present war with the Kafirs, for what end has this system of war been so far perpetuated and encouraged? Simply for the aggrandisement of the aristocracy and the capitalists connected with the East India Company. By the way, with respect to our recent wars in China and India, we are told in missionary meetings, that these *righteous* and *defensive* wars, which have terminated so gloriously, have been specially approved and assisted by the Almighty, and have opened up an almost unbounded field for missionary enterprise. We have, in the course of the year just drawing to a close, twice heard reverend gentlemen, humble followers of him who died upon the cross, and with his dying breath said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,"—twice have we heard, in Sheffield, at missionary meetings, the sacred principle of peace publicly set at nought, by preachers of the gospel. Well may war be rife—well may governments place their greatest reliance on the efficiency of their war machinery—while Christian ministers outrage the sacred cause of Christian missions, for which they plead, by sanctioning and approving this sanguinary system. It is high time that Christian societies were aroused to a sense of the murderous character of war. High time it is that they set their faces determinedly against war in any shape, and resolve to have no further connection with it. It is high time, too, for the working man to ask himself whether it be right to give up his liberty of thought and action so far as to war with his fellow beings at the dictation of others? It is high time that this class determine no longer to imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-men, against whom they have nothing to allege; and protest against such a gross and unjustifiable misappropriation of the revenue, which is nearly all wrung from their sinews. I believe that the dawn of a peaceful era is not far distant, when man shall no longer kill his fellow man—making mothers childless, children orphans, and wives widows,—calling it *glory*.

> "Then let us pray that come it may,
> And come it *shall*, for a' that,
> When man to man, the wide world o'er,
> Shall brithers be, and a' that."

CRESWICK R. CORBITT.

Sheffield.

* See *Annals*, Vol. II., page 1.

Announcements

FOR THE THIRD VOLUME.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

Will contribute to the pages of the *People's Journal.*

MISS MARTINEAU'S .
SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMIDS

Will, in all probability, be shortly received from Egypt.

W. J. FOX'S LECTURES,
(A NEW SERIES,)

Will shortly be recommenced.

MISS MARTINEAU'S
"HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION,"

No. 8, will appear immediately.

GEORGE THOMPSON

Will contribute regular Papers on

INDIA, AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

THE GARDEN, BY MRS. LOUDON.

POEMS, BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

ART EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE,
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With a Paper by Geo. L. Craik, A. M.

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With a Paper by the Editor.

Papers will be regularly contributed, also, by the following
AUTHORS.

ELIHU BURRITT,
CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.,
CAMILLA TOULMIN,
JOSEPH MAZZINI,
MARY LEMAN GILLIES,
THORNTON HUNT,
MISS JEWSBURY,
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L. MARIOTTI,
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(*President of the New Water-Colour Society*).
WILLIAM HUNT, &c., &c.

Other Important Announcements will shortly be made.

The Editor regrets that he is prevented, by an extreme pressure of engagements, from doing more than commencing

THE PAPER ON MR. FOX

In the present Number:—THE REMAINDER WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT.

WILLIAM HOWITT
AND
THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

A Statement of the whole case will be furnished (free) with No. 59, Feb. 13.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, February 6th, 1847.

Inhalation of Ether.—We often exclaim about the "good old times," to the disparagement of the many blessings we are now daily and hourly enjoying. But who would relinquish the present for the past? The advancement made in the science of surgery, has not only rendered formidable operations perfectly safe; but, by discoveries recently made, the severest of them may be performed without giving the patient the slightest pain.

To myself, the process of extracting a tooth has even proved *agreeable!* Suffering a few days since from tooth-ache, I determined upon its extraction, and thought it a good opportunity to give the effects of ether a trial. To this end, my assistant having lanced the gum, and prepared the instrument, I made several inspirations from a bottle containing upwards of half-a-pint of sulphuric ether. This produced a peculiar kind of stupor, followed by sensations exceedingly pleasurable, during which I beckoned the operator to proceed, but directly he approached me, I placed myself in a boxing attitude, resisting all his attempts, and bursting into a loud irrepressible laughter, the effects of which subsided in a few moments, and I was as calm as usual.

Determined, however, to have the tooth out, I again inhaled the ether: in a few seconds a pleasurable stupor came over me, during the continuance of which my assistant dexterously extracted the tooth, which *so far from giving me any pain, gave me peculiar and inexpressible sensations of pleasure!* On the instant I dozed off into a short sleep of perhaps half a minute's duration, and then suddenly jumped up, experiencing sensations like those caused by the breathing of laughing gas, to me exceedingly agreeable.

It is probable that my having inhaled so large a quantity of the ether, produced the highly stimulating effects which I experienced. A friend has just told me of a lady who has had a tooth extracted while under the effects of ether, without experiencing the slightest pain. I am also told that sleep is best produced by placing a small quantity of ether—say two or three ounces—in a large bottle, and inhaling from it.

To persons suffering from tooth-ache, and fearing the operation of tooth-drawing, I would certainly recommend the etherial vapour, and have no doubt that, like myself, they will find the extraction of a painful tooth a *pleasing process.* I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Manchester. CHARLES STRANGE.

Newport, Monmouthshire.— Hitherto, no report of trade has appeared in the *People's Journal* from this place; and the following abstract may, therefore, prove acceptable. Business of all kinds flourishes. Wages in all departments are comparatively high; but the chief drawbacks to all this, on the part of the mechanic, are the very high rates of house-rent (owing to short leases), and the growing price of all provisions. Nevertheless, there is a very creditable disposition existing here to support benefit societies. In every direction these societies appear. Foremost among them is that excellent institution, Odd-fellowship, which is supported by a large proportion of the working classes, who thus, by a trifling outlay per week, meet the times of distress, sickness, and death, by adequate provision—a proceeding which every working man who has sixpence a week to spare, should immediately adopt; for it is too late to whine out regrets that a good provision had not been made for these times of trial, when they come upon a man. We also notice a pleasing indication of a desire to provide for the future, in the fact, that several young artisans in one particular printing establishment in Newport have insured their lives for 100*l.* each, two being apprentices and four journeymen, who, by paying about 4*s.* per week, will, in the "Pelican," receive the 100*l.* in five years; or 2*s.* per week, the same sum in ten years. This indication is also extending. New shops are being opened, new firms established, new societies forming, schoolmasters increasing, education rapidly progressing, mechanics' institutes and Athenæums extending the influence of lectures and libraries, Odd-fellows' schools and libraries introducing a better tone amongst its members, and superseding the intemperate use of alcohol; and, on the whole, there is good ground of hope that Newport is rapidly progressing in the social and political scale.

The Peace Movement in the Staffordshire Potteries.—The principles of peace, as embodied in the pledge of the "League of Universal Brotherhood," put forth by Elihu Burritt, the American philanthropist, are progressing steadily in this district. The peace promoters, on this great and consistent principle, held a public meeting on Tuesday evening last, in the "Friends' Meeting House," Stoke-upon-Trent, for the purpose of forming a branch society in connection with the League. It appeared that above 150 persons had already adopted the pledge, and were living its principles. The history and character of the author of the pledge were briefly and eulogistically noticed, and a series of resolutions, identifying the Peace Movement with the principles of Christianity, were proposed in excellent addresses, and unanimously adopted by the meeting. A society was formed, to be called, "The Stoke-upon-Trent Branch of the League of Universal Brotherhood." A committee was also appointed to conduct the business of the society. It is intended to prosecute the great work of the society by public lectures, the distribution of Peace publications, and, above all it is to be hoped, by the excellent spirit of its members. At the close of the meeting, a vote of thanks was given to the Friends for their kind grant of the free use of the room, and to their active chairman, Mr. Thomas Shearman, and the meeting separated.

This is the first branch society, in connection with the League, which has been formed in this district. Branches in Hanley, Longton, and other towns, are expected to be formed in a short time.

Hayle Literary Institution.—The first *soirée* of this institution was held on Monday, Jan. 25th, and the first meeting does great credit to the managers. The room was decorated with valuable paintings, prints, and works of art, whilst the tables were covered with albums, folios of prints, and articles of local manufacture. Mr. H. Rawlings, a gentleman well known as possessing considerable taste as a floriculturist, presided; and music, singing, and addresses, formed the entertainment of the evening, coffee and other refreshments being introduced at intervals. We hail this attempt to attract the young men of this thriving neighbourhood to join together to promote the spread of useful knowledge. Lectures are delivered weekly, and the institution will, we trust, receive that support which it deserves. The attendance was very numerous, the room being filled with a happy mixture of both sexes.

Cambridge.—In this town the spirit of human progress is at work, as exemplified by the existence of the Cambridge Mental Improvement Society, which holds its meetings at Mr. Manning's coffee-house, near the Town Hall. This society has flourished about eighteen months, and still continues steadily increasing; its members now number 70, who meet every Thursday evening, for the purpose of debating subjects of a political, social, and historical character. The debates are well attended, and are conducted on a good principle. The society has also established a circulating library, and classes for French, and arithmetic are in course of formation. On Thursday, Jan. 7, 1847, a festival was held by the members and friends to celebrate the opening of the Library, when about one hundred sat down to partake of that cup—

> Which produces exhilиration
> Without the fear of intoxication.

and after tea this number was considerably increased by the introduction of numerous visitors. The evening was spent in listening to sentiments, songs, and music, and which were enthusiastically received. The respondents to the sentiments of "Prosperity to the Society," "The Press," and "Peace," acquitted themselves in a manner reflecting the highest credit. The proceedings passed off with the greatest satisfaction, and one universal feeling seemed to pervade the meeting, that onward is the course of humanity; and that "Man's age of endless peace, which time is fast maturing, will swiftly, surely come."

Guisely Mechanics' Institution.—On Saturday evening Dec. 26th, the members and friends of this institution held their second *soiree* in the Methodist School Room, which is kindly lent by the trustees for all the meetings of this society. Upwards of 100 sat down to a good tea. After tea, very able addresses were delivered by Mr. J. L. Armstrong, of Wortley; Mr. Jude Yates, from the Mechanics' Institute, Bradford; Mr. Joseph Rycroft, from the Mutual Improvement Society, Yeadon; Mr. Joseph Mason, from the Mechanics' Institute, Burley; and Messrs. Thompson and Bennett, of Otley. For the purpose of varying the proceedings of the evening, and combining amusement with instruction, an excellent quadrille band was in attendance. Much praise is due to the ladies for their efficiency in the management of the trays. The report shows an increase of thirteen members this last half year; and with this increase, a greater vigour has been diffused throughout all the operations of the society. To the library have been added, during the last year, 39 volumes, so that it at present contains 87 volumes. The issues during the past half year amount to 195 volumes. We have classes for reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, which are well attended. We have also established a reading-room. Our tables are supplied with two weekly newspapers besides periodicals, amongst which is the *People's Journal*. Votes of thanks were proposed to the ladies, who presided at the tables; to the trustees of the school; to the speakers; and to the chairman; which were carried by acclamation. After which the meeting broke up, and all seemed highly gratified with the enjoyment of the evening; and many were heard to say that they hoped this would not be the last *soiree* in Guisely.—G. G.

Duties of Employers to the Employed.—I am engaged among the midde and working classes, and as I see many opportunities of doing good suffered to pass away, I feel called upon to write a few hints, in the hope they may lead to good. I have been actively engaged for some years in getting up Mechanics' Institutions and various schemes to improve the condition of the people, and I must speak of some of the causes which prevent the good from being done. We find that after all our efforts, the workmen seldom attend our rooms. They state that they are too tired and unclean, and consequently drop in at the low public-house or beer-shop, and squander their means; adding to their difficulties, and causing misery to their families, and vexation and loss to their employers. I know of a large foundry employing fifty hands, but none of them come to the institution designed for their benefit, as they leave their work in a black, dirty state, and doubtless much exhausted. Now I think I could suggest an important improvement to the employers of these and similar men, and it has this advantage—*that it is easily put in practice.* To the foundry and most others, a steam engine is attached, the waste water from which would make a convenient and useful bath for the men; only a very small outlay being required. The baths may be fitted up by the master, and some trifling payment, 1d. per week, perhaps, deducted to repay the cost. The men might wear to the shop a decent clean suit of clothes, and put these on at night after a bath, and thus be comfortable to spend the evening at the institution. Such a movement would greatly improve the health of the men, and lead them to be steady good workmen, no small treasure to employers. Messrs. Cubitt (the builders) and Seddon have partially tried this with success. Employers! do this duty to your fellow-men, and you will be amply repaid.—A FRIEND.

Staffordshire Potteries.—A School of Design has at length been opened in this hive of industry or—rather two, one at Stoke-upon-Trent, and the other at Hanley. The master, Mr. Murdock, is sent from Somerset House, and attends at each place on alternate days. The fees are 3*s*. 6*d* per quarter for males, and 3*s*. for females. A public meeting was held at Hanley on Jan. 13th, for the purpose of arousing public attention and enrolling pupils, at which Mr. Ricardo, M.P. presided. This meeting was addressed at great length by Mr. Adderley, M.P., Mr. H. Hinston, Mr. Ridgway, Mr. Abington, and other gentlemen. It is most sincerely to be hoped that the artisans and rising youth of this district will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them for improvement in art, as applicable to the purposes of their trade; for, however defective the present government system of schools of design may be for the advanced student, it is quite certain that much good must result to the beginner, if he sets earnestly to work.

"*Must be Mended.*"—It was a whimsical plan, that of my dear old grandmother. If ever she found a hole in a towel or tablecloth she pinned it up, with a label appended, "must be mended," and it was then committed to a drawer in her wardrobe, probably never to be thence removed so long as my grandmother lived. Now it occurs to me there are many more things in the world which we all agree *must be mended* besides my old grandmother's towels and tablecloths. We each have our own individual failings which "must be mended;" let us look to them, and, instead of imitating my grandmother's example as we are sadly too much disposed to do, let us begin to mend the moment we have decided what *must be mended.*—E. C.

WILLIAM HOWITT
AND
THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

The Statement previously announced will appear with the *Last Number of this Month*, And with the Monthly Part for March.

TO THE TRADE.

In future, all the Wholesale Agents of the *People's Journal* will exchange at any time back Numbers or back Parts (if clean, and uncut), for current Numbers and current Parts.

A weekly Bill of Contents is regularly issued to all wholesale Agents, who will supply them with the current numbers.

Should any difficulty occur, with regard to these exchanges, or the due supply of the weekly bills, a note addressed to the Publisher, at the office, will oblige, and receive immediate attention.

INCREASED SALE OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 13, 1847.

SOIREE OF THE OLDHAM LYCEUM.

A delightful meeting took place at the Town Hall, Oldham, on Wednesday, Jan. 13th,—it proved successful even beyond the expectations of its projectors. The hall was tastefully decorated, and received a large and respectable company. Among the persons of note were Charles Swain, Esq.; W. Brown, Esq. M.P.; L. Heyworth, Esq.; Professor Greenback; the poet Prince; N. Worthington, Esq., the president; H. Hayes, Esq., hon. secretary; and very many others. Refreshments were provided in an adjoining room. The chair was taken about seven o'clock by C. Swain, Esq.

The CHAIRMAN, after some introductory remarks, spoke as follows:—"War defeats the end of commerce:—that devastating power which depopulates villages, which sacks and burns cities—defeats the end of commerce by destroying its consumers; one hundred thousand men slain, are one hundred thousand consumers out of the great commercial market of the world. The name of 'hero' had never yet been won, but at a terrific cost of human happiness, and it was, therefore, not in her heroes, but in such men as Newton and Watt that a nation's true wealth and fame were found. It was knowledge that equalised the social condition of men. Genius had often a humble parentage: Shakspeare, Franklin, Chaucer, Johnson, Milton, and Moore—all sprung from humble parents. Let none, then, assert that genius was exclusive and conventional. No, it was universal: and whatever the vanity of this world might think, it was not permanently advanced by the applause, nor crushed beneath the petty neglect, of fashion. If pride disdained the records of the poor, let pride peruse this noble list and learn humility. High names and lofty titles deserved reverence; but it was a hundred times more noble to gain distinction than to inherit it." These excellent sentiments were repeatedly greeted with hearty applause.

WM. BROWN, Esq. M.P., in an interesting speech, dwelt upon the growth of manufactures, and their influence upon the state of the people. He cited the names of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton, Brindley, &c., to show how much this country owed its commercial greatness and wealth to the skill and energy of working men.

LAURENCE HEYWORTH, Esq., followed in the same strain. The people could do more for themselves, by such institutions as these, than by depending upon what governments might do for them. He referred to the antagonism of some of the clergy to such popular institutions. "They have," he said, "'loved darkness rather than light.' But, as they would not *lead*, it must now remain for them to *follow* the people."

Mr. J. C. PRINCE then delivered the following original heart-stirring verses, in the course of which he was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of approbation:—

Friends, hail and welcome! triumph and delight
At your proud presence, sway our souls to-night;
Triumph for toils o'ercome, for conquests won,
Delight to see our great glad work begun,—
Great because useful, glad because its plan
Is rife with blessings for our brother man,—
And if we fail to gain the goal in view,
Our hearts are faithless, or our means are few.
Let stand-still souls bemoan the dreary past,
With all its errors numberless and vast:
Its waste and warfare, torture-tools, and fires,
Its false ambitions, and its fierce desires,
Its clouded intellect and fettered tongues,
Its rank intolerance, and its lawless wrongs,
Its savage serfdom, and its sordid power,
Its horrors fearful as delirium's hour,
Its cruel codes and desolating crimes:
These are the triumphs of our later times,
These peaceful unions of the great and small
That crowd and dignify this spacious hall,
These proofs of progress, these inspiring sights,
That give us hope of loftier delights,
These signs and promises of things that throng
The prophet's vision and the poet's song;
Shadows that seem, but shadows that shall grow
To bright and blest realities below.
Onward, still onward! with assiduous speed,
And be your efforts equal to your need;
Linger not, languish not, in march nor mind,
Nor stay to look upon the plain behind;
One footstep lost, another gains the race,
And leaves you toiling in a backward place:
Onward, still onward, with unshrinking soul,
Your children follow, and shall win the goal,—
Shall win the guerdon of your toils, and stray
Within the opening dawn of Freedom's perfect day!
Ye wealthy men of this industrious town,
That once exulted in a "rude" renown,
Give up your old remembrances, and strive
To keep the spark of liberty alive;
The true, the *only* liberty, that flings
O'er *all* the umbrage of its quiet wings,
Though rude of speech, your manly hearts are warm,
And pant with all the spirit of reform;
Come to the council chambers of the poor,
But leave your creeds and dogmas at the door;
Give them your help, your countenance, your smile;
Stand on the same broad level for awhile!—
List to their language—ye shall find it—peace,
Watch their deportment, and your fears shall cease;
Leave for a space your ledgers and your looms,
Your whirling spindles, and your sultry rooms,
And share the banquet of exalted thought,
By God provided, and by mortals sought.
Cheer the poor children of close toils and cares;
Their's is your welfare, your's is surely their's,
And lend your gold, wherewith they may engage
The wise instructor, and the pleasant page.
Books are a blessed dower, for they enshrine
Gushes of glory from a fount divine;
Mirrors of mental light, condensed and strong,
Pure treasures of philosophy and song;
Teachers of truth, which all should understand,
Voices of wisdom, heard in every land.
Oh! give them these, with ready hand and will,
So shall they rise in rectitude and skill,
Cling to their duties with unselfish zeal,
And find their own in your commercial weal.
Expounders of the gospel, ye who show
"The shortest path to happiness below,"
Offer the cup of your scholastic lore,
That, drinking deeply, they may thirst for more;
Teach them, sustain them, cheer them, and inspire
Their ready souls with intellectual fire;—
Would they be free! oh, tell them to despise
The heart of hatred, and the lip of lies
Of those who seek to lead them from the way
Of peace and truth, to dazzle and betray;
Tell them that freedom never yet was won
By the rash deeds that anarchy has done;
Tell them that mental and that moral power,
Which grows and strengthens with each passing hour,
Shall break the tyrant's rod, the bondsman's chain,
Without the bleeding of one human vein.
Oh! tell them this, and more than this, impart
A humanising sympathy of heart,—
That God-like feeling of the gentle breast,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest:
That charitable link which ought to bind
The highest and the humblest of mankind.
Workers that weary in the mill and mine,
Come to the banquet, which is half divine;
Craftsmen that labour at the bench and stall,
The door is open, and the cost is small;
Shopmen who sicken with the cares of trade,
Seek the LYCEUM for your solace made;
Magnates who struggle with unwieldy wealth,
Fly to our refuge for your spirit's health;
All, all are welcome, be they high or low,
We have food for laughter, we have balm for woe:
Go on rejoicing, steadfast in the right,
Increasing still in intellectual might,
And I, a unit in the realm of throng,
Will wake my lowly harp, and cheer your way with song.

Professor GREENBANK then gave two recitations; and other speakers briefly occupied the attention of the audience. After the passing of several complimentary votes, dancing commenced.

Saxmundham Spade Husbandry Association.—This society was first noticed in the *People's Journal*, vol. II., p. 41, *Annals*. It may be recollected, that there it was stated that it was an association which cultivated a farm, which its members had purchased by 5*l.* shares, by spade husbandry, and an account of its successful first year's progress was also given. We have since received a letter from one of its active promoters on the spot, which reports further progress. From it we gather, that notwithstanding the last year was dry and not at all

favourable for light land, of which they have several acres, which, under the ordinary system of farmiag produced but little over the seed, yet that under the improved agriculture of this association, these very acres produced on an average seven and a half combs each, while other farms nearly adjoining did not realise more than three combs per acre. This fact has caused much inquiry among the farmers in the neighbourhood; and, on the whole, our correspondent thinks that, without exaggeration, the society made at least between 4*l.* or 5*l.* per acre more than their neighbours, who occupied precisely the same quality of soil. On their better land, however, they grew ten combs per acre, and had likewise great quantities of clover and other crops, with the exception of peas, which were a general failure last year throughout the kingdom. Great enthusiasm prevails among the members of the society, who are so thoroughly convinced of its advantages, that they would not give it up for double the amount which they have paid. Without having made a regular valuation, they estimate their last year's profit at least at 100*l.* These facts speaks volumes for spade husbandry, and in favour of agriculture by association.—G. B.

Condition of the Working Classes in Ayrshire.—The condition of the working classes here has been for a long time past, in consequence of the high price of provisions, the low wages, and the severity of the weather—most wretched. In many of those villages where weaving is the principal manufacture, and where those employed at it earn, when in constant work, from 6*s.* to 8*s.* per week, from the enormous prices of food many of them have been and are at present unable to get more than one meal a day, and that one not of the most substantial kind. There is a prospect, however, of things getting better shortly, provisions having within these few days experienced a considerable fall, and there being signs af improvement in calico-printing and others of the staple manufactures. Amidst all this physical distress little attention can be paid to the cultivation of the mind. It is gratifying to see, however, that it is not totally neglected. It is pleasant indeed to perceive the glorious spirit which is beginning to show itself throughout Ayrshire; and we are certain that it is in a great measure owing to the advocacy of them by the *People's Journal*, that the people of Ayrshire have been made aware of the immense benefits to be derived from, and are consequently making great exertions for, establishing mutual improvement societies.—N. P. D.

Expensiveness of "Strong Drink."—The documents emanating from the late World's Temperance Convention afford a valuable insight to the waste of wealth occasioned by the use of intoxicating drinks. From the Statistical Papers, Appendix (E), we find that in the town of Dundee, with a population of 70,000 persons, there are no less than 625 places applied to the sale of intoxicating drinks; and in the neighbourhood, with a population of 400,000, the drinking places amount to 5,055. In Glasgow, from May 1845 to May 1846, 1,200,000*l.* have been lavished upon strong drink. In Edinburgh, having a population of 169,450, the drinking places number 1,087; and the annual expenditure thereon is estimated at 339,144*l.*; the average quantity consumed by each individual amounts to *five gallons*. In Norwich, a population of 70,000, support 626 drinking houses. In the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan, population 87,154, supporting 549 drinking places. Merthyr Tydvil spends annually in these drinks 70,000*l.*; Rhymney, 25,000*l.*; and Tredegar 25,000*l.* In Newport, Monmouthshire, there are 241 drinking places to a population of 17,500; and at Bristol the average annual expenditure of every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, in intoxicating drinks, amounts to 2*l.* In Oldham, 60,513 people support 250 drinking houses. Bury spends annually in the same way 13,517*l.* These items are enough to show how fearfully the resources of the British people are mis-applied. And if any one would ask why are multitudes irreligious, immoral, ignorant, diseased, and poverty-stricken, let such statistics as these be a sufficient explanation. We have wealth enough, properly applied, to overcome an immensity of evil.

Medical Opinions on Tee-totalism.—In the *People's Journal* of Sept. 26th we published an important certificate in favour of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, signed by the heads of the medical profession. At the time of that publication about fifty medical men had signed the document—but the list of signatures has now swollen to upwards of *four hundred*, and is every day increasing. The philanthropist, John Dunlop, Esq., is making a tour through England expressly to test the opinions of medical men upon the subject—and his labours have already been crowned by great success. In York, alone, twenty-five medical men signed the document referred to, which, it will be remembered, explicitly declares that alcoholic drinks are not essential to health, that they are most commonly the excitives of disease, and that they produce a fearful amount of poverty and crime, and also that even the drunkard might abandon them without danger.

WILLIAM HOWITT
AND
THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

The Statement previously announced will appear with the *Last Number of this Month,* And with the Monthly Part for March.

TO THE TRADE.

In future, all the Wholesale Agents of the *People's Journal* will exchange at any time back Numbers or back Parts (if clean, and uncut,) for current Numbers and current Parts.

A weekly Bill of Contents is regularly issued to all wholesale Agents, who will supply them with the current Numbers.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 20th, 1847.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS OBSERVED AT THE MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Communicated by Daniel Stone, jun., Managing Director.

The members of this institution have for many years regularly held a social meeting at Christmas, and at these festive occasions it is customary to exhibit "pictures of the past," by reviving some of the pageants, processions, and customs which were observed at this season by our forefathers.

The members of the classes take especial interest in the personations, and the directors also take a part in the arrangements. This kindly spirit of co-operation gives zest and interest to the proceedings, and long before each "Christmas time" there are eager inquiries when the *party* is to be held.

The custom of giving these representations began in a humble way— a mere private supper party of the members, at which the boar's head was introduced; now the interest is so great, that the directors were obliged at Christmas last to seek accommodation in the spacious Free-trade Hall, and on "Old Christmas Day" eighteen hundred members and friends attended the merry-making.

With a view to afford information to the members of the different institutions, where the *People's Journal* has many inquiring readers, I propose to describe the customs observed at the Free-trade Hall, so that the example may be studied with a view to its adoption in other places.

The meeting in question was opened by a cordial address from the president of the institution. After this friendly greeting, the Misses Smith sang several duets and solos, principally Scotch, in a very pleasing and tasteful manner. Hardly had the last echo of applause died away, before there was heard in the hall the distant noise of music, drowned now and then by shouts and cries of "Yule, yule!" The PROCESSION OF THE YULE LOG was approaching. When expectation was eagerly excited, the *rustics* entered the hall bearing the "yule log." About forty of the members of the institution personated the *rustics*, being suitably attired in smockfrocks caps, &c. These disguises were carefully studied, and were considered very complete. The rural band of musicians (fiddles, violoncello, flute) headed up the procession. Banner-bearers, also dressed in rural attire, formed a conspicuous portion of the motley group. The banners were inscribed with the word "Yule." The "log" was a ponderous section of an old ash tree; it was borne on the shoulders of four members dressed as forest-rangers. The woodsman with his axe was in attendance. So composed, the procession entered the room, chorussing an old song. The "Lord of Misrule," of course, was there. This dignitary of triple office—king, lord, and abbot—was very showily attired, and a bustling personage he was, never for a moment still; his ludicrous efforts to preserve *order*, by taking the surest way to throw the company into *disorder*, entitled him fully to his claim of *Misrule*. The *rustics* shouted their loud hurrahs with right good feeling at different intervals, and then gathered round one who might humorously be called "the Lablache of the village." He sang the first verse of the *Yule Song*, and then the mummers all joined in the chorus given by Herrick:—

> Come, bring with a noise
> My merrie, merrie boys,
> The Christmas Log to the firing;
> While my good dame she
> Bids you all be free,
> And drink to your heart's desiring.

This procession then left the hall with singing and cries of "Yule!" cracking of whips, and dancing to the music.

While the party of mummers retired to dress and arrange the second procession, the Misses Smith gave another portion of their musical scheme, varied with some instrumental solos. The next procession was that of the SEASONS, an attempt to establish a modern custom. *Spring* was personated by a girl ten years old, dressed in white, having a chaplet of young leaves, and bearing in her hand a few of the early spring flowers. She was borne on a stage or barrow—at her feet were many emblems of the infant year. The rustics in attendance bore various implements of husbandry connected with this season, as the plough, harrow. *Summer*, a ruddy youth of fourteen years, dressed in gay attire, decked with garlands of roses, led in brown *Autumn*, laden with the rich fruits of the earth, and bearing the wheatsheaf and sickle. This personation was sustained by a young man. Shivering *Winter* and his attendants closed the procession. He was arrayed in a dark mantle or cloak, snow-covered and tattered. He bore on his back a bundle of faggots and other apropriate emblems. His beard and head were hoary, and ever and anon he blew on his fingers as if to give some little warmth. His stooping figure and strange dress formed an imposing contrast to the *three Quarters*. During the progress of this procession, snatches of the song, *The days when we went gipsying*, were sung. *Spring* strewed her flowers among the company as she was borne along, and from the cornucopia of *Autumn* were distributed most tempting fruits; and the whole procession, with its gay silk banners—inscribed Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter — formed a delightful allegorical pageant.

The third and concluding part of the concert was then given; on the termination of which, as the next procession had not completed the necessary dressings, a few short speeches were made on the call of the president. The last procession of the evening was a mixed one, owing to the desire felt not to trespass on the time to be devoted to the merry dance. It consisted of FATHER CHRISTMAS AND HIS CHILDREN, THE WASSAIL BOWL, and OLD SNAP DRAGON.

That jocund personage, Father Christmas, remarkable for his venerable beard and plump rosy cheeks was attended by his children, bearing the means of "good cheer." A huge cheese and a loaf of forty pounds, a *black jack* for the foaming ale, &c., were borne by the rustics. The old Father was very merry in his greetings to the company as he passed along, and a *rustic* suitably dressed, gave every now and then a verse of the old song of *The Jolly Miller*, while his companions lustily sang the witty chorus. In the train of this procession was "Old Snap Dragon," a nondescript animal with a huge head, which was most inquiringly turned round on the company as he wended his way, and indulged himself in frequently opening his wide jaws and rudely *snapping* at the people. The custom of introducing this "made up" animal is still common in Derbyshire. The head is the mere skull of a horse, fitted up with glass eyes illuminated. It is provided with a red flannel tongue, and is disguised in a hideous manner with paint. It is borne on the head of a man whose body is concealed, and made to serve as a portion of the mystic creature. Snap Dragon was attended by masked men and mummers, but more immediately by two guardians, a man and his wife, dressed in garments made of straw-bands. The bonnet of the lady excited universal titters, and the carricature cap of the man was equally ludicrous. A *Steward* attended on Old Christmas and bore the "Wassail Bowl," decked with evergreens of garlands gay. The song was:—

> A jolly Wassail Bowl,
> A wassail of good ale;
> Well fare the butler's soul
> That setteth this to sale.
> Our jolly Wassail.

Old Christmas, after drinking *Wass-hael*, to all the guests, addressed his children from the platform, in a speech of kindly greeting, and, this over, led the whole band into the centre of the hall, where the maskers, mummers, and rustics selected partners from amongst themselves; Spring and Summer joined hands, the Lord of Misrule, ever foremost, caught the hands of Old Christmas himself, Autumn selected a fitting partner from the Husbandmen, and the whole band of rustics joined in a burlesque dance, the musicans jocosely playing the polka. Old *Snap* Dragon failed to find a partner, and cheerless Winter was left to jog about with his bundle of faggots, unheeded.

So terminated the several pageants. All hearts seemed happy, and the general feeling was a desire to anticipate the merry-makings of *next* Christmas by reviving some old customs connected with *other* seasons of the year. After the processions, the room was cleared for dancing, and soon the chief portion of the company were busied in making enjoyment for themselves.

Refreshments, as fruits, confectionary, tea and coffee, were amply provided, and sold at the *usual shop prices*. No intoxicating drinks were introduced. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers.

A word with respect to the getting up of these pageants. I have before said that they were exclusively sustained by members and directors. The smocks and dresses were hired, the rustic caps were purchased and subsequently sold to the mummers at a reduced rate. The implements were collected from friends to the institution. The banners were made by some willing members, and the whole *spectacle* was carried out for an exceedingly small sum. The choruses were taught, and the whole arrangements for this large party made, in the short space of eight days, and the successful result shows how "labours of love" are ever light. The admission for members was, for the concert, ball, and to view the processions, only one shilling, and at the same moderate rate a member could also introduce his female friends. The party was, after all, a remunerative one. I feel assured that the directors of mechanics' institutions will do well to enlist their members in the preparation of festivities like the one now faintly described, for the continued success which has attended the Manchester Mechanics' Institution has been greatly due to its officers allowing its members frequent opportunities for being "both merry and wise."

Sunderland.—The efforts of the advocates of popular education are beginning to bring forth fruits, the long dark night in which they have toiled is passing away, and the slumbering masses are being aroused from the sleep of ages; nothing can now prevent the diffusion of intelligence, no one now shares the fears of the celebrated Mr. Wyndham at the prospect of a reading and thinking people, but all perceive that the best security that can be given for the progress of a country in true greatness is in the cultivation of the capacities of its people. Influenced by these opinions, the friends of education in Sunderland have organised an institution for the purpose of giving an impulse to the great educational movement that seems to have become the great characteristic of our time; the members are all operatives, some of whom had long perceived the necessity of attempting to form some plan for improving the minds of a class that were precluded by their occupation from enjoying existing advantages. Sunderland is a town containing a population of about 60,000, and there were no institutions where the working classes could obtain any information of an elementary kind. True, there is a literary institution; but there are no classes where those whose education has been neglected in youth can be attended to; the classes are of a more advanced kind, so that they could derive but little good from it. Seeing, then, the necessity for the establishment of some system for their advantage, the difficulty was how to begin it, as we were but few and poor. One of us, more adventurous than the rest, took, on his own responsibility, rooms, got subscriptions, and fitted them up at night, after the day's toil was over, with desks, &c., and commenced operations with anything but brilliant prospects. They have been opened but three months, and the consequence is, that we have upwards of 100 scholars of both sexes, who attend from seven till nine o'clock in the evening. The most unpleasant thing connected with it is that we are compelled to refuse numberless applications for admission. The charge, to those who can afford it, is 2*d.* per week, which goes towards the payment of light, rent, &c., the surplus being expended in the purchase of books for the schools. The teachers are working men, and are composed of all sects and creeds, but no difference of opinion is allowed to interfere with the performance of their holy duties; all work harmoniously together. The scholars attend well, and take a great interest in the proceedings; the improvement that some have already made is more than a compensation for our labours. Our success has emboldened us, and we intend to start a library at the lowest possible charge, viz., one penny per week. The scheme is exciting the attention of the middle classes, and we have received the support of men of all opinions. Next winter we shall extend our operations by an increase of schools; if our working brethren will but follow our example, there is no doubt whatever, but that a few years would show the beneficial result, and the golden dreams of the poets will be realised. We shall go on, and will report progress in your Journal, that our example may stimulate others. The name of the institution is, "The Mechanics' and Apprentices' Schools and Library."

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The Week

Ending Saturday, February 27, 1847.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL'S PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL REMONSTRANCE AGAINST AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The provincial papers continue to support the above project. Among those that have lately published the proposal may be named the *Bristol Mirror*, the *Leeds Mercury*, and the *British Press*. The latter, in connection therewith, remarks upon the certainty of success if suitable efforts be made, and says that as surely as the *Great Western* is a splendid steam ship, and that Liverpool is a great commercial town, will this remonstrance be borne in procession through its streets with *more* than three millions of signatures, to which the inhabitants of the Channel Islands will readily contribute their full share. We daily expect to hear from Lloyd Garrison, after which practical steps will be immediately suggested. Meanwhile the subject can be kept alive by the conversations and writings of its friends.—P.

[Since the above was written, I have

Received from Mr. Garrison

copies of his *Liberator*, containing the following documents.—Ed.]

"*People's Journal Office, Jan.* 2, 1847.

"Dear Sir—I send you, by the January packet, the copy of a 'Proposal for a National Remonstrance against Slavery,' which appeared in No. 53 of the *People's Journal*, and has already been copied into several of the provincial papers. Those who are now moving in this projected grand demonstration against the horrid system of slavery, are, I assure you, *in earnest*. And we have only to learn from you, that this movement will be acceptable to the American abolitionists, and it shall be set about forthwith, in a spirit of determination not to be resisted. The editor of the *People's Journal*—a man of true heart in the cause of human freedom—enters fully into the scheme, and will throw the whole influence of his popular paper into the movement. You will, I presume, insert the 'Proposal for a National Remonstrance' in your *Liberator*; and allow me here to say, that correspondence from American abolitionists, and papers concerning the anti-slavery movement in America, addressed to me at the *People's Journal* office, 69, Fleet-street, London, England, will greatly strengthen my hands, and aid the operation of those who will engage to work out this great demonstration against the gross iniquities of the American slave system. I remarked, in a note to Mr. George Thompson, which I wrote yesterday, that 'I have not waited to secure the influence of *wealth* for this proposition—desiring it to be an emanation from England's *hearts*, rather than England's *pockets*.' I want it to be, emphatically a demonstration from *the People* of England, uninfluenced by anything but a love of liberty, and a deep sense of the wrongs endured by the American slave. And I am full of confidence that THE WORKING CLASSES of England will rally at this call, and will make a demonstration against slavery, so great, so powerful, and in such an earnest spirit of Christian duty, that it shall become an event in history, from which American slavery may date its rapid decline, unto its entire extinction. Allow me to add, that my spirit in this matter was kindled by your earnest appeals delivered in this country. I had the privilege of hearing you and your coadjutors at Bristol, and upon other occasions—and while you were pleading for the oppressed slave, a stranger to the soil upon which you were scattering seed, I felt the germ strike deep into my heart, and you have now before you its first fruits. Wishing you and your co-workers every blesssing, I remain your sincere friend, R. Kemp Philp.

"To William Lloyd Garrison."

Upon which Mr. Garrison observes—"The 'Proposal for a National Remonstrance against Slavery,' which appears in No. 53 of the *People's Journal*, and to which our esteemed friend Mr. Philp alludes in his brief, but earnest letter, will cause the heart of every abolitionist in this country to leap for joy, and, of course, will carry dismay to that of every slaveholder, and every enemy of the coloured race. It is intended that the British memorial shall be accompanied by THREE MILLIONS OF SIGNATURES—equal to the whole number of the slave population of the United States! A most sublime proposition of Humanity! We trust it will be carried into effect. The mammoth roll shall be exhibited to the American people as often as practicable, and carefully preserved for the inspection of posterity."

The Rev. Herbert Smith's Efforts on behalf of the Labouring Classes.—The efforts of the Rev. Herbert Smith, a clergyman of the Church of England, at Shirley near Southampton, on behalf of the labouring classes, deserve honourable mention. In 1841 he instituted an asylum for the aged poor, and he has since added as an adjunct to the National School, an industrial school of ten boys, who are trained in the cultivation of the soil by spade labour, and in other employments. These boys attend school for three hours in the day, and work for the same space of time, making eighteen hours in the week, and receive for their work 10*d*., 8*d*., or 6*d*. per week, according to age and diligence. The Rev. H. Smith is also the active advocate of the restoration of the order of Deacons in the Church of England, that the superintendance of religious alms-giving may be better attended to. In aid of this he proposes the establishment of a college for the education of deacons. That these efforts are well-intentioned no one will deny. At the same time the demand of the working classes is for justice rather than charity.—G. B.

Co-operative League.—A series of Wednesday evening meetings has been commenced by this association in their centre of operations, Farringdon Hall, Snow-hill. Two have already taken place, at each of which Goodwyn Barmby was called to the chair; and among the advocates of this co-operative movement may be named—Messrs. Slaney, Ainger, Richards, Henry, and Lane, whose voices have been warmly raised in its behalf. The League has already commenced the manufacture and sale of shirts, under favourable auspices.

People's Instruction Society, New Meeting-street, Birmingham.—The first annual general meeting of this society was held in the large room of the New Meeting Schools, on Monday, February 1st. The mayor, R. Martineau, Esq., presided. Among the gentlemen present were the Revs. S. Back and H. Hatton, Dr. Russell, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Brooke. The secretary, in his report, stated that there were about 130 persons connected with the institution. Classes had been formed for instruction in the lower and some of the higher branches of knowledge, and a class for discussion meeting one every week. The library, which consisted of not more than 120, had increased to upwards of 800 volumes. The reading-room was well attended, there being laid on the table nine newspapers (including the *Times* and *Daily News*) and fifteen magazines, &c.; and lectures had been delivered every alternate Monday evening during the winter months. Several gentlemen then addressed the meeting, and resolutions passed necessary for the efficiency of the institution. Several pieces of music were introduced in the course of the evening, and the company separated highly pleased with the whole of the proceedings.—The terms of admission are one penny per week, with an extra charge of one penny for the classes.—H. Kirby.

Liverpool Health of Towns' Association.—This association continues to pursue its important object with increased zeal. It has just issued an excellent address to the working classes of Liverpool, many thousands of which have been freely distributed. This address is eminently calculated to awaken the working classes to a sense of the high importance of the subject in its bearing upon themselves. It demonstrates that Liverpool is the most unhealthy of English large towns; and shows that the working classes are especially the victims of its insalubrity. It states that "one out of every thirty-seven people dies every year in London; but in Liverpool one person out of every twenty-eight dies every year. London is not a very healthful town; but if Liverpool were as healthy as London, *there would be* 1800 *funerals less every year in Liverpool than there are!*" The following is

a startling fact:—"Every young person who lives to be twenty years of age, has a chance of dying twelve and a half years before his time, on account of the bad state of Liverpool." Let us examine the application of this truth, and show its fearful results by a calculation upon exceedingly moderate assumption. Take the population of Liverpool at 300,000, and estimate that, on the average, the duration of life of each individual is shortened three years by causes that may be removed; and we find the aggregate loss of life to the whole population to be at least *nine hundred thousand years!* This view of the subject merely embraces the actual loss of life, it does not include an estimate of the discomfort, sicknesss, and other evils severely felt during life. Certainly, then, the cause of the Health of Towns' Association is one in which every inhabitant of the place should at once unite. Having made a rapid survey of some of the inferior streets of Liverpool, I do not hesitate to say that there are human beings inhabiting dwellings here in which no man with wits about him would attempt to rear pigs or poultry—and to permit human creatures longer to herd in such horrible abodes is at once a serious charge upon the religion, the morality, and the civic rule of the town. The town council, however, has obtained a Sanatory Improvement Act. But as yet the circumstances remind us of an old saying,—"The Bill, the whole Bill, and *nothing but the Bill!*" It will mainly rest with the united energies of the middle and working classes to give the Act the desired effect. That the chief weight of the existing evils falls upon the working classes is fully proved by the fact that "people who live in the better parts of the town are far more healthy and long-lived. In proportion to the population, nearly twice as many people die every year in Vauxhall ward as in Rodney-street and Abercromby wards; and in Vauxhall ward, people, taking young and old together, have the chance of living *eight years less* than they have in Rodney-street and Abercromby wards." But, be it borne in mind, they not only lose eight years of life, but their whole years are alloyed by pain and wretchedness, a large portion of which would be escaped under reasonable sanatory regulations. Fortunately, the people here have good and zealous instructors upon these matters. Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Duncan, Adam Hodgson, Esq., J. A. Tinne, Esq., J. H. Macrae, Esq., and very many others, may be mentioned as having taken an honourable stand in the movement. We would strongly urge upon every reader of the Journal in Liverpool, immediate co-operation with the Health of Town's Movement for the great objects they have in view. And not less urgently would we advise our friends and readers everywhere to follow the example so nobly set them by the Metropolitan and Liverpool Associations Everywhere where narrow streets, contracted dwellings, cess-pools, defective drainage, burial-grounds, and other life-destroying agencies abound, should such associations be formed immediately—for every day's delay is an actual loss of human life to an extent difficult precisely to estimate, but fearful—almost too fearful—to contemplate. Those who want guidance in the matter should obtain a little pamphlet entitled, ***Suggestions for forming Branch Associations***, by R. A. Slaney; the price of which is two-pence, and the publisher, H. Renshaw, 356, Strand, London. The *Liverpool Health of Towns' Advocate*; the first part of which (1*s.* 6*d.*, Longman and Co., London,) has recently been published, is one of the best works for general information. It is full of facts of the utmost importance, and pregnant with suggestions for improvement. No. 50 gives an excellent summary of the principles of ventilation, and shows how the life-destroying atmospheric impurities of work-rooms, factories shops, &c., may be overcome by simple remedial applications. An important inquiry has been made into the sanatory state of the public schools in Liverpool. The results show that at least thirty-one of the places now used as schools are quite unfit for such purpose. The children are crowded together, in many instances in cellars, damp, dark, and close—some of them are described as "hot and offensive;" and in these miserable places the health of the young is being undermined. The proportion of sick cases is consequently very large. Monthly lectures are delivered to the working classes in several of of the wards.

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A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE SAND,

WITH

A PAPER BY JOSEPH MAZZINI.

We are at the same time authorised to announce, that

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY GEORGE SAND

Will appear in future pages of the *People's Journal*.

S. MARGARET FULLER

Will contribute to the pages of the *People's Journal*.

WILLIAM HOWITT

AND

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The Statement previously announced appears with

The Present Number,

And with the Monthly Part for March.

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PRICE THREE HALF-PENCE,

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The Week

Ending Saturday, March 6th, 1847.

SOIREE OF THE ESSAY AND DISCUSSION SOCIETY OF THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

BY J. B. LANGLEY, *Secretary.*

THE success of the Manchester Athenæum having entitled it to be considered a model institution, all the proceedings of the societies and clubs in connection with it will be interesting, since they reveal the *details* of the great work.

On Monday evening, Feb. 15th, the Annual *Soirée* of the Essay and Discussion Society was held in the rooms of the institution, and was attended by a large number of the most highly respectable families in the town and neighbourhood, James Heywood, F.R.S., G.S., took the chair, and opened the meeting by some apt remarks upon the effects of debating societies. He quoted some forcible observations upon the subject, from a letter written by the president of a discussion society in Dublin. The subject of the essay upon the present occasion was, "Is it right that the law of primogeniture should exist in a free and civilised country." Mr. Hughes read the essay, and argued in favour of the law, which he said was necessary to the existence of the aristocracy, and that body, he contended, checked the undue power of the crown on the one hand, and of the people on the other. He did not think the state of America a refutation of his proposition, and stated that the present distressing position of the people in Ireland had been produced in a great measure by the absence of this law. After quoting from M'Culloch and Alison on the subject, he concluded an interesting and well-written paper, by stating that he believed he had proved that the law of primogeniture ought to exist in a free and civilised country.

Mr. John Fisher rose, and in reply contended that the law of primogeniture was a source of evil, which not only affected individuals but society generally. He did not consider that it was any recommendation of the law, to say that it was necessary to the existence of the aristocracy. He wished to see an aristocracy of genius, not of birth.

Mr. Crosley, in a very earnest address, followed on the same side. If government was to be placed in the hands of a certain set of men, it should be placed in the hands of those who could best use the power. The accident of being the first-born did not insure this goodness. He denied the assertions of the essayist about America. The government of that nation was not fully matured, but would yet show to the world great men, who would be a true aristocracy. He would not depend only on the past for arguments—the hopes of the present, and the glimpses of a glorious future, proved that an aristocracy would yet arise, whose title to be called noble would be given by the people that saw their nobleness of heart, and their love for goodness, and beauty, and truth.

Mr. Parry took a similar view, and expressed himself strongly opposed to the law of primogeniture.

Mr. J. Fox Turner replied, and in a witty and facetious speech defended the law.

Mr. Wright then rose, and argued against the position of the essayist. A proposition having been made, that the meeting be adjourned, Mr. Hughes, the essayist, replied to the various speakers. His address was highly humorous and sarcastic, and called forth much applause. The adjournment having been carried, a vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and the company proceeded to the news-room, which had been judiciously arranged as a ball-room. The festivities were prolonged to a very late hour.

Turning from the recollection of that pleasant scene, let us review briefly the proceedings of this society.

The Essay and Discussion Society, in connection with the Manchester Athenæum, came into existence soon after the foundation of that institution, and has continued to exercise its functions regularly ever since. During several sessions after its commencement, a small subscription or entrance fee was required, but subsequently it was found that the society attracted so many members to the Athenæum, that it was considered expedient to throw it open, so that all subscribers to the Athenæum should be admissible into the society (upon entering their names upon its books) without charge. The experiment has proved successful. In the winter session, 1845-6, the society held twenty-five meetings, at which sixteen essays were read, and their propositions discussed. Upon many of these occasions the meetings were adjourned, and the subject underwent a second and even a third examination, the debates being of sufficient interest to retain the marked attention of the audience. The total number of persons present was 1,210, including ladies (who are admitted free, and several of whom are regular visitors), and the total number of speakers was 202. During the whole session, the average number of persons attending the meetings was 45, and the average number of speakers 8. During the *half* of the session, 1846-7, there have been 11 meetings of the society, at which the total attendance has been 1,012, the average number of persons present being 92 (more than double the average of the preceding year), and the average number of speakers being 7½ (or half less than the average of the former session). Here we find the same rule holds good which is found generally to exist; and that in this society, especially organised for discussion and debate, the number of speakers does not increase with the number of members who enter the association. This may be accounted for, partly by the limitation of the time during which the debates are continued, and partly by the impression which speakers have, that to address a large meeting is a more important affair than to make a speech to a small assembly. The meetings of this association have had none of that noisy character which is *the* fault of debating clubs and discussion societies generally, but have been marked on the one hand by courtesy and good humour, and on the other by the earnest arguments of the speakers, and the thoughtful attention of the audience. The causes of this are manifold; they consist partly in the admission of ladies, whose presence insensibly enforces politeness in manner and speech, and partly in the nature of the subjects, and the character of the debaters. It is a remarkable fact, that all the great movements of the day are being worked out *by young men.* Peace, temperance, civil and religious liberty, the early closing movement, and the abolition of American slavery find their great advocates and supporters among *the young men* of the age, who, while they are not unthoughtful or unmindful of the past—nor regardless of the advice and experience of their elders—bring to their labours an energy and an enthusiasm that only *young* men can feel. The character of the age is impressed upon the members of the Athenæum Essay and Discussion Society, for they waste not time in idle disquisitions upon empty theories, but have bestowed their attention upon those deep and serious processes now going on in society, the importance of which is not diminished by the slowness of the changes they produce, nor the certainty of their results removed by the distance of their complete attainment. "Is war justifiable under any circumstances?" was a question which was lately considered and discussed, in such a serious and earnest mood, as could scarcely fail to impress all present with the conviction that the time was coming, and that the years drew nigh, "when the nations should learn war no more, and men should beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." We have derived much pleasure, and not a little information, when we have been present at the debates.

Upon one occasion when we visited the meeting of the society, we found the subject of the essay was—"The Causes and Effects of the French Revolution;" and at another time we were still more gratified by a debate upon the question—"Is total abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors the only remedy for the evils arising from their abuse?" At the conclusion of an animated debate, this question was put from the chair, and it was *affirmed* by a large majority. This will give some idea of the aspect of the society. Its *immediate* effects have

been apparently entirely good, and though comparatively little of its *ultimate* workings can be seen, we believe that the earnest truth-seeking spirit in which its members meet is sufficient to justify the ardent hope which we have formed, that stray seeds, hereafter to produce goodly fruit, are here sown; and that these "days of small things" will be with many the precursors of a time glorious with their successful efforts in a wider field for the service and amelioration of humanity.

The Claim of Temperance upon Women.—The amiable and eloquent Mrs. Balfour has of late been pleading the cause of temperance at Leeds, Bolton, and other important towns. In these lectures she has particularly urged the practice of abstinence from strong drinks, as a duty especially devolving upon her own sex, and which should be especially regarded in the education of the young. Mrs. Balfour has also been lecturing at several literary, scientific, and mechanics' institutions, upon the influence of women on society; a subject in the treatment of which she exhibits great power and much research. Her temperance lecture at the Friends' meeting House, Leeds, has been productive of much good.

Manchester Working Men's Association.—This is a new Institution, founded in Strangeways, Manchester, especially to supply to the working classes of the district facilities for mental and moral improvement, at a merely nominal cost. The agencies in operation in Manchester *against* the people are so numerous and powerful, that it becomes all who would improve and elevate their fellow-beings to be active in the work of philanthropy. As evidences of the moral wants of Manchester, a few well-authenticated facts may be stated. It has been ascertained that 107 persons transported from Manchester, in 1845, had been in prison 1050 times—that is, each one on an average *ten times!* Of these, 70 were twenty-one years of age and under, only seven of them had received anything deserving the name of education. A boy who had received no instruction, was, after having been 11 times in custody, transported for seven years, at the age of ten; an uneducated girl was, at fifteen, transported for seven years; a boy, imperfectly educated, after having been in gaol 17 times, was transported for seven years; worse still, a boy, having received the discipline of the prison *thirty-nine times*, was, when only sixteen, transported for 10 years. In 1845, the Manchester police took into custody 9635 persons, or one-thirtieth of the whole population—and of these, 5921 were apprehended in localities where public-houses most abound. Of the entire number taken up, 3499 could neither read nor write; 4188 were drunk; 1752 had no trade; 325 were known thieves; and 2722 were females—most of them, beyond doubt, abandoned characters. These are terrible facts! They have been culled from an excellent little pamphlet lately published in Manchester, entitled, *The Poor Man's Four Evils* (published by Fox, Paternoster-row, London), and should be extensively read and distributed. To counteract this enormity of ill, the Working Men's Association was founded. In connection with it an excellent reading-room has been opened, and lectures are delivered usually on Thursday evenings. The first course was given by the Rev. Dr. Beard; who was followed by Mr. R. K. Philp, who gave an illustrated lecture on physiology; the next week a tea party was held; and lastly, Mr. Pope lectured on the educational tendencies of music, when some of the members of the Philharmonic Institution delighted the company by their clever performances. Let such institutions be formed everywhere—there is much need of them.

The Glasgow Emancipation Society recently held their annual meeting, at the City-hall. Dr. Kitson presided; and the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Ferguson, Jeffray, and Dr. Ritchie, ministers. Amongst the resolutions, was one approving of the formation of the Anti-slavery League, declaring that the receival of money from the American slaveholders by the Free Church of Scotland was an infraction of the principle that slavery was anti-Christian, and expressive of the joy of the meeting at the formation of an Anti-slavery Society in connection with that church.

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BY

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WILLIAM HOWITT

AND

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL:

AN APPEAL TO THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC,

BY JOHN SAUNDERS,

Appeared with the Number (61) for February 27, and with the Monthly Part for March.

MR. HOWITT

HAVING ANNOUNCED AN ANSWER TO THE ABOVE APPEAL,

I SHALL RETURN TO THE SUBJECT IN, OR WITH, THE NEXT NUMBER.

JOHN SAUNDERS.

People's Journal Office, Feb. 27, 1847.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, March 13th, 1847.

CO-OPERATION.

SPEECH OF THE REV. EDMUND R. LARKIN, DELIVERED AT THE RECENT SOIREE OF THE LEEDS REDEMPTION SOCIETY.

The Rev. E. Larkin, after some introductory remarks, spoke as follows:—

My object will be to trace the history of the co-operative principle; to trace it through the annals of the past, the records of the present, and, in imagination only, perhaps, but in imagination which a confidence in the goodness and soundness of the principle will justify, to look for it in the prospect of the future.

In thus tracing it, we may, I think, commence with that antique period of civilisation when Egypt, the cradle of the arts, philosophy, and religion, of such a large proportion of the world was already a settled kingdom on the fertile banks of the bounteous Nile, while the greater part of the rest of the nations were plunged in barbarism, or but just emerging from its gloom. In this wonderful and mysterious kingdom we find the care of the lawgiver exerted to establish, in the first instance, a system of equality, if not of community of property. And to provide against its being infringed upon in subsequent time, we find that Sesostris divided among his people the whole extent of the land of Egypt, his taxing upon each man a lot of equal size, upon which an equal tax was imposed. And such was the care and impartiality which guided the counsels of this great monarch, that the ravages of flood and tempest were enough, when the loss was duly certified, to gain for the sufferer thereby a proportionate exemption from taxation. Would that a similar spirit prevailed in the councils of the extraordinary man by whom Egypt is at present governed! That a desire to render equitable the system of taxation, rather than to exact the utmost farthing from his impoverished subjects, was the policy of Mehemet Ali! I trust that we may look, in the government of his successor, for that parental care which the circumstances under which his government has been achieved, may have prevented in his case, and that under them, the great natural advantages of Egypt may be allowed to raise her in their regular results to something like her ancient station among the nations of the earth.

The influence of Egypt was not slow in producing an effect on the legislation of antiquity. Materially differing in religious sanctions, as in the law delivered by Moses to the Israelites, from that by which in spiritual things the people of Egypt were swayed, we may perceive in its social and political institutions a proof of that wisdom of the Egyptians in which Moses was so pre-eminently learned; we may see with what jealous and impartial care the lands of Palestine were divided among the people of Israel according to the number of their familes. How it was impossible, lawfully at least, to alienate them. How provision was made when poverty or other circumstances compelled their temporary alienation, for their being restored at a fixed period to the original possessors or their descendants; how the people manfully withstood the threats and blandishments of those in power before they would assist, by surrendering their hereditary possessions, in the aggrandisement of an aristocracy unsanctioned by the divine law, which recognised only that of worth and office; how in one notable instance a son of Israel expiated with his life his bold refusal to become a party to the alienation of his estate, and died the death of a blasphemer and traitor on false accusation for having boldly said, in answer to the insidious attempts of the blood-thirsty, grasping tyrant of his country, "the Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my father unto thee."

In the far-famed island of Crete the organisation of society, under the laws of the monarch philosopher, Minos, proceeded to a length which, had its description been found in the pages of the *Atalantis* or *Utopia*, would have been pronounced visionary and extravagant. No idlers were permitted in Crete; arts, arms, or agriculture occupied even the highest aristocracy. A common nursery, a common education, a common table, evidenced the co-operative principle in full and vigorous existence; and though the country was encumbered by the unhappy institution of slavery, which, as a political institution, seems to have been inevitably and inseparably linked to all the political systems of ancient times, still the slaves were kindly treated; and the primitive equality of all men was recalled by an annual feast, when the positions of masters and servants were reversed, and the latter were waited on by the former. The judgment of antiquity upon the policy of Minos seems to have been so favourable as to find no adequate mode of manifestation short of placing him among the three infernal judges—and making him the apportioner of the eternal destinies of mankind in the world beyond the grave.

But to leave the Old World for the New. In one nation of the South American continent has found the principle of co-operation in full and perfect working. Among the people of Peru, the system of common property prevailed when the Spaniards discovered and invaded their territory. Their lands were divided into three portions, one for the service of religion, one for the maintenance of the state, the third and largest share was parcelled out among the people. "Neither individuals, however, or communities," says Robertson, the historian of America, "had a right to exclusive property in the portion set apart for their use. They possessed it only for a year, at the expiration of which a new division was made, in proportion to the number, the rank, and the exigencies of each family. All those lands were cultivated by the joint industry of the community. The people, summoned by a proper officer, repaired in a body to the fields, and performed their common task, while songs and musical instruments cheered them to their labour. By this singular distribution, as well as by the mode of cultivating it, the idea of a common interest and of mutual subserviency was continually inculcated. Each individual felt his connection with those around him, and knew that he depended on their friendly aid for what increase he was to reap. A state thus constituted, may be considered as one great family, in which the union of the members was so complete, and the exchange of good offices so perceptible, as to create stronger attachment, and to bind men in closer intercourse than subsisted under any form of society established in America."

It is sad and sickening to turn from the account of the happy simplicity of the Peruvian people, to that of the horrid cruelties inflicted upon them in the name of Christianity and civilisation, but really from the lust of conquest and the thirst for gold. But in the retributive justice of providence the injuries of Peru have been fearfully expiated by Spain; and the devastation of her fields, the plunder of her temples, the murder of her Incas and her priests, the dissolution of her band of brothers, and their ruthless slaughter, and hopeless captivity, have been repaid by the humiliation and corresponding sufferings of their Spanish tyrants, as well in South America as in their native peninsula.

[After noticing the successful endeavours of the Jesuits in Paraguay, Mr. Larkin adverted to the Essenes, a Jewish sect, of which, as it is supposed, many of the early Christians were originally members. He then proceeded.]

Here was a really Christian commonwealth, a true redemption society, before the establishment of the Christian religion, and its doctrines of redemption for soul and body in this world and the next. No wonder that when the religion of love came, and its principles of love to God and man were promulgated, so many from among this Jewish party of the Essenes, whom we have proved to have been already imbued with such a considerable portion of the Christian spirit, should have joined the ranks of the new religionists, and assisted in carrying out the principle of association which Christianity adopted and sanctioned, and the introduction of that state of things in which it was joy and duty at once to bear one another's burdens, "more blessed to give than to receive;" in which the test of discipleship was made, to sell all and give to the poor—that is, to throw the proceeds into the common stock; in which all things were had in common, and the first professors of which "sold their possessions

and goods, and parted them among the believers, according as every man had need."

Corrupted by its intercourse and connection with the world, Christianity lost its distinctive character of self-denial, self-devotion, and community of property. In the monastic orders, these, however, survived; and still survive, indeed, but coupled with so much that is to be deplored, as checking and cramping the best energies and highest aspirations of man, and rendering impossible the discharge by him of the sacred duties of society and citizenship, that we can only regard them as preserving, through the appointment of providence, the principle of association from extinction, until the time shall come for its complete development, and its application to all the relations and exigencies of life.

But we have, in our own day, and in our own land, an example of the success of the associative principle carried out by one of the monastic orders, which I do not think it right to pass over without separate notice. In the forest of Charnwood, about twelve miles from Leicester, a colony of Bernardine or Cistercian monks have settled themselves; and there, amid the dreary wild, in a cold and repulsive region and climate, have, under the strictest and severest rule of monastic discipline, succeeded by dint of hard and unremitting but combined labour, to render some 250 acres of the worst land, perhaps, in England, fruitful and promising to such an extent, as to encourage the best hopes of those who have faith in the power of the soil to maintain, under a proper system of culture and an equitable distribution of its products, the numbers that providence has placed upon it. I visited this interesting monastic establishment a few years ago, and was much struck with the proof afforded thereby of the truth of the associative principle. I may mention that the monastery was visited also by my venerable friend, Mr. Morgan, with whose labours in behalf of association many of you must be well acquainted, and who, I regret to state, is, as I learn by recent letters received from Italy, suffering from the severe affliction of paralysis, at Florence. I feel assured that, if his life be spared to hear the account of this night's meeting and proceedings, it will cheer him in his loneliness, and lighten, if not tend to remove, the visitation which lies upon him.

We have thus traced the associative principles through the annals of the past—and seen its working in the present—but the future is what we have to do with. The resolution I propose speaks of the evils of poverty which are so glaringly apparent, and so inconsistent with the vast amount of riches and luxury in the present age. I trust your society will become one of the means of redressing those evils in the present, and of providing against their recurrence in the future. In this resolution is pointed out the fearful discrepancy that exists between the amount of wealth produced and the amount of that which falls to the share of the producers. This discrepancy must be evident to anyone who does not shut his eyes and ears as he walks through the streets of this, or any other town of similar extent and wealth; but view the storehouses piled with costly goods and the luxury of every kind enjoyed by their owners, on the one hand—and the pining poverty, wretchedness, and, in some instances, starvation of many of the producers on the other. These things I have seen here and elsewhere, and feeling that there is in them, and in the system of which they are the parts, much that is radically wrong, I feel that I should not be doing my duty as a Christian minister, if I did not urge you, to the utmost of my power, to rouse yourselves from an apathy which alone permits the tolerance of such a system, and carry forward the principles of the Redemption Society. It must be too much to hope that so great a change as is necessary to rectify the wrong that exists can be instantaneous, or even rapid; but it is something to begin, and above all to begin well. From the way in which you who support the Redemption Society have begun, from what you have already accomplished, I feel persuaded that you will go on in despite of all opposition; and that each annual *soirée* will show that you have laid the foundation of a system for which your children and your children's children will at a future day rise up and bless you.

[The reverend gentleman retired amid enthusiastic cheering.]

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The Week

Ending Saturday, March 20, 1847.

Blood Money.—"I never saw but one *legal murder;* by no other name can I now recognise what the world most plausibly calls 'the extreme punishment of the law.'" So began a friend, as we sat with our feet upon the fender, enjoying our cigars one evening, after the "legal murder" of a man in a neighbouring county. He went on. "The thoughtlessness of youth is the only excuse I can make to myself, or offer to you, for indulging in the brutal and demoralising spectacle, for I confess that I went to it (in defiance of the commands of my poor old father), as, judging from their conduct, I am confident did all the others I saw there; with the same feelings and object, I should have gone to a theatre, a horse-race, or a fair. The awful solemnity of the proceeding was never thought of by any of us, but for the brief moments, perhaps, of the culprit's death-struggles; abhorrence of the crime which had furnished the scaffold with a victim was entertained by no one, in consequence of that victim; the warning, said by the advocates of extreme punishment to be silently preached by the gallows, made no impression on the witnesses till the scaffold was occupied, and if then, was forgotten so soon as the sanguinary performance was ended, and the multitude was dispersed. All the emotions and feelings of debased human nature were present, except humility and awe. Fun and frolic were in the countenance and demeanour of everyone; tossing for cakes and dog-fighting, jostling for the best places, and man-fights arising out of the jostling, occurred without intermission in every part of the crowd; while in the outskirts, older hands, who had been there before, were seated in groups smoking, with bottles of ale in their midst. Drunkenness in all its stages, from devil-me-care hilarity to sleepy sottishness, I saw innumerable instances of, and disgusting jests about 'scragging' and 'dancing in the air,' and 'dying with the shoes on,' &c., I heard bandied about uproariously. But one scene I vividly remember to this hour; a father, with lamentably misdirected affection, seated his boy, not more than four or five years old, upon his shoulder to see the horrid sight. For an hour, the curly headed rascal munched his gingerbread, and chuckled at the drunken antics and merriment of the crowd, but hid his averted face in his little hands (displaying more sensibility than the 'children of an older growth' surrounding him) during the short breathless silence of the multitude when the fatal bolt was withdrawn, and a fellow-creature was in the agonies of death.

"Just hand me that box! I'll have another cigar while my tale continues. Though I cannot flatter myself that it will appear anything like so interesting in my hands as it is in reality, yet, however clumsily told, it is sufficiently interesting, I think, to stimulate thought on a most important subject, and add another link to the chain of reasons which is fast forming in the public mind for the extirpation of the gallows.

"Three men were to have been *legally murdered* on the occasion I am speaking of, had not a reprieve arrived for two of them the night previous. I was bitterly disappointed when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the rumour of the reprieve was true. I felt cheated, juggled out of two-thirds of the pleasure I had anticipated for a week before. And this feeling was general. Many a time I heard the remark, 'Well! if I'd a know'd as there was but one, *I* would't a come.' The men who were fortunately saved were soldiers—inseparable companions, if not brothers—and had been condemned for the hard-sworn-to robbery of an old man in Wolverhampton churchyard, their regiment being quartered in that town at the time. About the last day of the assizes, a gentleman —whose name I am really sorry I forget, for his conduct merits all praise, and his name every honour —travelling through Stafford, where the assizes were held, had to wait an hour or two for a coach to take him forward; and to cheat time of its tediousness he had recourse to the never-failing newspaper. Luckily for the soldiers, at that time the London newspapers did not reach the country the same morning they were printed, and the gentleman was therefore compelled to read a county paper. In the report of the assize intelligence, appeared the trial of the soldiers, whose names struck him as being familiar to him. From the village where he resided, two men bearing those names had enlisted a few years previously; where they the parties he was reading of? He decided at once to ascertain this; and for that purpose procured a magistrate's order to visit the prison. In the condemned cell he saw the men, they were his fellow parishioners, who had sought birds' eggs, hunted squirrels, robbed wasps' nests with him, had been his playfellows, at that happiest time of life when the rich and poor do really meet together, where we know not, care not, for conventional distinctions. Calmly and simply they declared their innocence, as they did on their trial, but had resolutely made up their minds for the worst—to meet their fate with firmness. The gentleman, from the character of their families, and from his knowledge of themselves, believed what they said, and determined to further examine into the charge against them, and, if possible, prove their innocence. Then, the law in its mercy, allowed six or eight days to elapse after the judge left the town before the execution of criminals, as it considerately said, to give the wretched objects of its severest punishment time to repent of their sins; as if it were possible for poor creatures, with a time fixed for their death, so to divest their minds of the things of this world—of its hopes and fears—as to steadily fix them upon the life they were about to enter. There was no time to waste therefore, and our Samaritan immediately posted to London, and obtained, though with some difficulty, a reprieve for a fortnight, which arrived at Stafford, as I have said before, the night previous to the day fixed for the execution. With untiring perseverance he then entered into a searching examination into all the circumstances of the case, and soon satisfactorily proved that the prosecutor was never near the place fixed upon as the scene of the robbery, for at least a week before and after the time he had sworn to. And then, the old man, when he found the inquiry pressed so close, confessed that the whole charge was false, and had been concocted—just as lads throw stones at congregated frogs for sport, not caring which suffers—by a man named Roper or Rogers of Wolverhampton; out of no malice toward the soldiers in particular—circumstances only placing them in the "fix"—but for the sole purpose of obtaining a reward from government for such cases as they had sworn to, which was significantly called (in this district at least) "blood money." For the wisdom of our ancestors, so frequently but erroneously boasted of, from virtuous abhorrence of private murder and theft, had established a premium, at the rate of about thirty pounds for each victim, for the encouragement of *legal murder.* I hardly need say that the gentleman who had so praiseworthily exerted himself, had the pleasure of soon seeing the humble companions of his boyhood set at liberty. What subsequently became of them I forget, but I think they continued in the service, though offered their discharge. The despicable monsters who had brought two fellow creatures so near the gallows, as far as I recollect, escaped other punishment than the loathing contempt their conduct would naturally create in the minds of all classes of their townsmen. Good sometimes results from evil; it did so in this instance, as through it, or principally through, the devilish 'blood money' clause was struck from the statute book.

"In the only instance, then, where I have been present at a *legal murder* ostensibly intended to awe into obedience, I saw that the gallows, in its most solemn and impressive features is, merely a butt for gathered crowds of giddy, dissolute, holiday makers, to break vulgar, disgusting jests upon; I saw that the lives of two innocent men were near being sacrificed; and reflection on these events since, has brought me to the conviction, that it is better any number of guilty men escape death (not punishment, mind) rather than one innocent man should die. Oh! it would have been horrible had the poor soldiers I have spoken of been *legally murdered.* Proof of their innocence would then have availed them nothing. Repentant law might, through the press, have proclaimed their innocence in every corner of the world: error, in contrition for its foul crime, might have erected a monument over their graves in the prison burial-ground, setting

forth their innocence, but neither would have restored their lives—neither would have afforded a shadow of compensation for their ignominious deaths."

My friend went home, and I got my writing materials, stole an hour from bed, and wrote his tale for the *People's Journal*, if the editor of that periodical thinks it worth putting into type.

Darlaston. G. W. G.

National Libraries for the People.—I am desirous to bring before the notice of the readers of the *People's Journal*, a plan which I have great hopes, if carried out, would do much to hasten on the work of diffusing useful knowledge among the people. What I propose is the formation of National or Public Libraries, open to all classes of the community, in our towns, villages, and destitute parts of the country, where such benefits are unknown—aided in their formation by government. Such a library, open to the public, has just been suggested to be founded in Manchester. It is worthy of remark that Manchester has long taken the lead in social reforms, and has done herself great honour in the effort. The fact of public libraries being useful to the people, and to a country, has been sufficiently recognised by other countries; and why should England be behind them, advanced as she is in every other respect? Mr. Ewart, M.P., in a very able speech at Manchester, very wisely remarked, that "He had frequently, in parliament, deemed it his duty to call the attention of the government and the legislature, and of the country, to the fact, that this is the only country in Europe which did not possess public libraries, accessible to every individual of every class; whither all, natives or foreigners, could resort, to feed upon that aliment of the mind which ought to be provided, and spontaneously offered, to every member of a free community. It was impossible for anyone who had travelled on the Continent not to have felt the immense value of those large depositaries of learning, opened to every stranger as well as to every citizen." What Mr. Ewart says of the Continent is also true of the United States. The *Manchester Guardian*, in alluding to this subject, states, that "Philadelphia has a public library of nearly 50,000 volumes; the New York City library contains nearly 30,000 volumes; the New York Mercantile library contains 12,000; and the New York Apprentices' library more than 11,000. The Maryland State library, at Annapolis, contains more than 10,000 volumes; the Boston library, 10,000; the Charleston library, 15,000; and the Baltimore library, 12,000:" and yet England does not contain, that I am aware of, a single national library in any of her important towns or cities, while our continental and American neighbours can boast so many. It is surely time that the omission should be supplied, and that we should take our place in the scale of enlightenment and freedom with other nations.

But it is not alone to the towns that I would confine these libraries, but would advocate their formation in all parts of the country. If libraries be good for our masses in the towns, they will surely be doubly needed by the people in the country, where opportunities for acquiring knowledge are so rare. In towns there are some opportunities, however much they may require extending, for acquiring knowledge, which are not at all available to the poor man in the country; and I do think that the formation of such libraries in the country would do much towards educating the people, and repressing crime. Let our rich landowners come forward and do something in the matter; let the poor man himself try to co-operate with his fellow-man; and let the government lend its aid and influence in furthering the matter. In our towns, let the rich and poor man co-operate friendly, and I fear not but that we shall soon have libraries in this country equal, if not superior, to those we have alluded to on the Continent, or in America.

As to the *utility* or necessity of such libraries, I do not think the shadow of an argument, further than what has been made, need be advanced. There can be no question that much good would be effected from their formation. Much of the crime and ignorance now, alas! so prevalent among our population of both town and country, would be diminished. The Erebus-like darkness which broods over the minds of the vast multitude would be broken up, and the torch of knowledge shine luminously through the land; conjointly with a system of teaching the youthful population, they would do much in forming the minds of the coming age—they would place in the hands of the poor man the best means of enlightenment, and sow the seeds of that self-culture and individual home teaching which is of more value than all we can do by other means. They would do much towards aiding to develop many a slumbering genius, for well has the poet said, that—

> Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

To whatever efforts may be made in this direction, we would bid God-speed, and have only to urge, in conclusion, the agitation of the subject among the people themselves, seeking the aid of all who can bestow it. Let the effort only be made, and I augur well of the result.

Co-operative Flour Mill.—Sir: It being in contemplation to commence at this place a co-operative flour mill, and as we wish to establish it on the firmest basis, we wish to know the constitution of some such society which has practically proved from their continued existence the firmness of their foundation; if you can, will you be so good as send the address of the secretary to the Paisley Cheap Bread Society, or any other whose rules might serve as a guide to the secure investment of our funds, &c. An answer at your earliest convenience (for which I inclose a stamp), will oblige.—Chas. Winter, Sec., King-st., Barnard Castle. [Will some one answer this direct?]

WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

MR. SAUNDERS' SECOND STATEMENT is unavoidably delayed until the 25th, on which day it will be in the hands of all the Agents.

TO THE TRADE.

In future, all the Wholesale Agents of the "People's Journal" will exchange at any time back Numbers or back Parts (if clean, and uncut) for current Numbers and current Parts.

A Weekly Bill of Contents, and Monthly Card, is regularly issued to all wholesale Agents, who will supply them with the current numbers.

Should any difficulty occur with regard to these exchanges, or the due supply of the weekly bills, a note addressed to the Publisher, at the office, will oblige, and receive immediate attention.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, March 27th, 1847

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

An union of mechanics' institutions is being organised in the north of England.

Mr. Henry Booth proposes uniformity of time for all the British railways.

Elihu Burritt is developing a scheme for a World's Penny Postage.

The Bishop of Norwich lately delivered a funeral sermon on the late Mr. Gurney. The Bishop said, that to doubt the acceptance of the deceased, on the score of a difference of religious creed, "would be in deed and in verity, a mockery of the Bible, a perversion of Gospel truth, a libel upon Christianity itself."

The wages of shipwrights on the river Tyne have been raised from 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per day.

One hundred and sixty-five medical men of Liverpool have signed the Temperance certificate.

The education question is exciting a great stir at Leeds. Meetings and lectures upon the subject occur every night.

The Liverpool Health of Towns' Association lately held their annual meeting. The raising a quarter of a million of money to expend on improvements was among the subjects considered.

What is doing for the People of Greenock.—About seven months ago, a truly philanthropic gentleman, moving in the upper ranks of society, proposed to the workmen of this town the formation of an Artizan Club. A public meeting accordingly took place, at which he developed his plans, which were warmly received by those present, and from 300 to 400 came forward as intending members. James M. Scott, Esq., the worthy individual above alluded to, agreed to act as secretary and treasurer; to advance the whole of the funds necessary to carry it out; and to become responsible for all things connected with it. A house, in one of the principal streets, was got, and operations immediately commenced; and it was opened for the first time, on Monday, the 15th, and a heart-cheering scene it presented, especially at night. On entering from the street, we passed through a handsome door-way into a spacious reading-room, which occupies the whole of the flat level with the street. It is supplied with about fifty newspapers, from London, and the principal cities of the kingdom. It was well filled with readers. We next proceeded up stairs to the singing room, where the monthlies and quarterlies displayed their intellectual treasures, until their own proper room was got ready. It also was well filled with readers. After taking a survey of this comfortable little room, we again mounted up stairs, to the amusement room; parties were here busy at the billiards,* in the centre; and at the side tables, whole ranges were deeply engaged in draughts, chess, &c. We came out and again "speiled" yet another stairs, and entered, amid clouds of smoke, the smoking room; and here all were occupied at draughts, dominoes, or papers. It was, truly, a pleasant scene to behold; and Mr. Scott appeared as highly gratified as those for whose benefit he has so nobly exerted himself. He was to be seen in all parts of the establishment, along with numerous visitors, to whom he was exhibiting the various apartments. In addition to the singing class, newsroom, and amusement room, he has provided refreshments, such as coffee, tea, lemonade, &c.; no intoxicating drinks to be introduced on any pretext whatever. He is also getting ground prepared for playing quoits, bowles, &c. The money which he has expended cannot be under 1200*l.*; this he has done on the good faith of the working men of Greenock, and it will be to their lasting disgrace if they allow him to lose even a farthing of it. The subscriptions are moderate, 7*s.* 6*d.* a year; 4*s.* for six months; and 2*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. In this undertaking he has shown what an amount of good can be done by one willing spirit.—*A Member of the Artizan Club.*

The General Fast.—In this season, when so many thousands of our fellow creatures are perishing around us for want of that food which the inclemency of the late season, and the failure of the crops, upon which the lives of themselves and their families depended, has denied them, I seize the opportunity to address the public upon the subject which has now generally become the topic of conversation, namely, the general fast, which her gracious Majesty the queen has been pleased to order for the sake of the distressed Scotch and Irish. It seems to me that people, in the midst of all their discussions upon the orthodoxy and unorthodoxy of fasting, have greatly lost sight of the real meaning of the precepts which we have received with regard to fasting, in supposing that they are to be literally taken as commands *merely* to abstain from food during the days set apart in the year under the title of fasts: and it appears to me, that in fasting, we ought to abstain, not from the necessaries, but from the luxuries of life, in order that we may be enabled to take the food from ourselves, and to give it to those who have not the food to put in their mouths at another time. And in doing this, we should merely be following the dictates of the Bible, and the words of Isaiah lviii. 5., "Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bull-rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord?" Thus plainly indicating that it is not mere mortification of the body which is required. And then, verses 6—7: "Is it not the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burden. To let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" Which bears directly upon what I have just said. If, therefore, upon the day fixed for the fast for the relief of our distressed countrymen, instead of merely abstaining from meat, every one were to live for that day, upon bread, milk, and potatoes; and were to send the money saved out of the proposed provisions for that day, to some relief fund for the Scotch and Irish, a very considerable sum would ultimately be raised. Thousands may say that they have often thought of this before, but they cannot deny that it has been very much overlooked and undervalued; but with a very little care, it might soon rise to maturity, fostered by the prayers and labours of the Christian Church.

Long-pledge Teetotalism.—An Association, termed the "British Long-pledge Teetotal League," has just been founded by an assembly of delegates, at Bradford, Yorkshire. Some people will be at a loss to know the nature of this movement: but, "the long and the short of it" is, that there are teetotalers who do not drink themselves, but give it to others; and keep it in their houses, taking it, however, in cases of presumed necessity, under the name of "medicine;" or at the Lord's table, regarding it as the "wine the Lord commanded to be received." The Long-pledge Teetotalers find that they have none of the imaginary necessities of their short-pledge brethren; they think it even a sin to give to others what they deem hurtful to themselves: those of them who take the Sacrament employ unfermented wine, "the new wine," which is "in the cluster," and of which the Scripture saith, "a blessing is in it;" and they will never take, even from the doctor's hands, intoxicating drinks, knowing that he can give them other physic not liable, while curing a physical evil, to develop moral disease. They constitute the *ultras* of the teetotal body; they are the advance-guard in a great moral warfare, and millions will yet follow in their train. They look upon the short-pledge teetotalers as the pressed-men of expediency, not the hardy and sturdy volunteers of ripe and ready conviction.—*One of the Ultras.*

Burley Mechanics' Institute.—The above institution was established in February, 1845. Since that time up to the present, it has been steadily progressing and increasing in interest. It now numbers about 36 members—young men—who felt it a duty imperatively incumbent upon them to meet together, and mutually assist each other in the cultivation and improvement of their minds. The effects of such a course of mutual inter-

* Of course, no play for money is allowed?—*Ed.*

course have long been visible: some of the more persevering and self-denying, have made rapid progress at the evening classes, where grammar, English composition, writing, and arithmetic, are efficiently taught. We have also a reading-room, and our tables are constantly supplied with two newspapers, one daily, one weekly; besides which, we have other periodicals, such as *Chambers's Journal* and *Miscellany*; but the two twin pets of the family are, the *Truth Seeker's Magazine*, and the *People's Journal*; each of these periodicals are eagerly inquired for, and their contents as eagerly devoured. During the past year, 11 lectures have been delivered, 8 of which have been gratuitous; 6 have been delivered by members; also, one lecture paper has been read. The benign influence and beneficial results of these lectures can never be duly appreciated or truly estimated; for the impression left upon the mind is, let us, each and all improve, and nobly exert ourselves to enlarge our intellectual capacity; a noble resolution, if but strictly adhered to.

National Education.—Sir: An interesting experiment has lately been made in connection with the City of Westminster Temperance Society, Broadway, to instruct a class of unlettered adults in the art of reading, by means of Mr. Pitman's system of phonotypy, or printing by sound. The class (conducted by Mr. Benn Pitman) consisted principally of reformed drunkards, thirty of whom were entirely unable to read. After eighteen hours instruction had been given, in consecutive lessons, an examination took place, when the members of the class went through the sounds and articulations of the English language, forming the phonetic alphabet, with remarkable precision. They afterwards read various exercises containing words of three and four syllables, with the greatest accuracy. A general opinion was expressed by the gentlemen present (many of whom were unacquainted with the principles of phonotypy) that the class read English, as expressed in its new and simple character, far more fluently and accurately than could have been accomplished by the ordinary system of printing after twelve month's practice.

I doubt not, sir, you will have pleasure in recording this fact for general information; for, strange to observe, that whilst our legislators, actuated by religious and rival jealousies, are withholding from the people that full and generous measure of education to which they are entitled, means towards a great end providentially exist, whereby the children of men, in all nations, may become enabled, with a little elementary instruction, to *educate themselves* with unheard of facility.—John Stanbury Underwood, Chairman of the Committee, Temperance Hall.

The New Small Debts Courts and the expiring efforts of the Pettifoggers.—The year 1847 will be memorable if it is only for the abolition of the monstrous costs obtained by rapacious attornies on small debts. Many of the old local courts had only jurisdiction to 40*s.*, consequently all debts over that sum *might* be sued for in the superior courts. While there were many cases of fraud on the part of the debtors, there were thousands of cases of unfortunate debtors stripped of their little all for law costs on small debts. The respectable part of the profession have long since declined to sue for small debts and incur large costs; but the pettifoggers, the Dodson and Fogg genus, have kept on till the last. Indeed, these gentry have been more than usually hungry during the last few weeks than ever, seeing that their victims would soon be released from their hold. We have heard of cases of writs and declarations for three or four pounds debt costs six pounds!!! It is time this most nefarious state of things were abolished. As to pettifogging in general, the best advice I can give, is to expose the parties widely by conversation and the press, and apply to a respectable solicitor on the subject.—*A Friend.*

N. B. The *People's Journal* shall shortly have a paper on the New Small Debts' Court, with full instructions, by authority.

Bury St. Edmonds.—A society called "The Mutual Improvement Association," has been recently established in this town, the object of which is, "by the reading of essays, discussions," &c., to extend the knowledge and improve the intellectual faculties of its members. It has now been in operation about a month, having been opened by an essay, "on the necessity, advantage, and pleasure of association," and an analysis, declaratory of these principles, unanimously adopted. The following weekly meeting, an essay on "the study of history," was submitted, giving rise to an animated adjourned discussion. The subject now "upon the board" is one of deep interest at the present time—"war; its effects on society." The ground taken by the essayist was the injustice and impolicy of war, "except in cases of actual aggression;" which exception caused a dispute as to what constituted "actual aggression," and an amendment, adding "on violation of treaties," was the result. There, being, however, some members of "The Universal League" present, the discussion was not allowed to turn upon this point; but an "out-and-out" amendment, involving the extreme peace principle, was moved by one of them, and an adjournment upon it took place.

March 8th. Un Frere.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, April 3, 1847.

The Temperance Movement.—Making a New Man.—Once, after having delivered a temperance lecture, I heard the secretary of the society say to a poor fellow who loitered about, apparently with half-decided mind upon the subject, "Come, my dear fellow, sign our pledge, and we'll make a new man of you!" The expression at once started a fresh train of thought, which an acquaintance with physiology enabled me afterwards to pursue. It is often the case, that after a free drinker has signed the pledge, he experiences for a time feelings of discomfort: and being ignorant of the salutary operations going on within him—having no knowledge of organisation, and the laws which govern his health, he imagines this temporary discomfort is a sign of evil; he breaks his pledge, and, like a bewildered moth, flits around the dazzling flame until he perishes. If a man has a cataract in his eye, or a decayed tooth in his head, he submits to an operation, intensely painful though it may be, knowing that when it is over he will be amply compensated, by the restoration of a lost faculty, or the cessation of excruciating pain. The healing process in a wound is often accompanied with greater irritation than attends it worst stages; and if a bone be broken and re-set, and no pain or inconvenience is afterwards felt, the surgeon will even rub the disunited parts violently together, to excite an action within upon which the re-union of the fractured bones depends. The moment a man gives up his drink, his blood, corrupted by vile compounds, throws off its impurities, and having corrected itself, proceeds to discharge its healthful functions. It is the office of the blood to free the body from impurities, and to lay down new matter to compensate for that which it takes away. And now that vital fluid begins to perform its accumulated duties. It passes into the stomach, and as it were, takes a survey. What a sight! ulcers, schirrus, dilated and ruptured vessels! But not a second is to be lost—a great work is to be done: the stomach must have a new mucous membrane! There is one little vein running away with a minute vesicle from an ulcer—and a little artery deposits a bit of healthful substance in its stead; here a group of little arteries, with their companion veins, are working away at a softened muscular fibre bracing it up to help the work of digestion, and the nerves are backing them on and stimulating their actions. All around and about myriads of lymphatic absorbents are carrying off the corrupt accumulations of morbidity; and hosts of little arteries are keeping tally with them and laying down new materials in the place of the vile stuff removed. Running up the mesentery are numberless lacteals, conveying fresh alimentary substance to keep the arteries at work. In fancy I liken them to a host of little mortar boys supplying material to the masons who are busily rearing a new structure! Here an aneurism must be hauled in—there the half-ossified valves of the heart are being purified; here a vessel has been forced out of its course, and must be set right; and there a bunch of nerves are having their sheath mended; gall-stones in the liver have to be softened down and cast out; the inside of every vessel wants, as it were, a "scrubbing;" the kidneys have got out of repair; the bladder and spleen have outgrown their natural dimensions; the vessels of the lungs are congested; air cells are choked up, and must be set free again; there's a network of blood-vessels spreading over the eyes must be rendered imperceptible; the eye-lids must be brought to their natural size and colour; a new pair of transparent lenses must be set in place of the old ones; the lips must have a new and moist skin, and the parched covering now upon them must be shoved off in little flakes; the thick white fur on the tongue must give place to a delicate reddish membrane; the brain, partially hardened, and its vessels enlarged, must be scrupulously rectified; and a great red protuberance at the tip of the nose must be undermined and carried away! In every department there is activity—and no wonder, so many remedial measures going on at once, with such unusual activity, the man feels a little "queezish like"—a "sort of a sinking"—and wonders what it all means. But let him bear in mind how long he has been abusing himself, and let him judge from that how much there is to do within; and not be impatient, but rather rejoice that so many busy workers are engaged in purifying his system. When this job is over—when nuisance after nuisance, ulcer after ulcer, has been carried away, and fibres vessels, nerves and membranes have had a thorough refit—*then let him stand up and say what he thinks of teetotalism.* He has no right to consider himself a teetotaller until the refit is complete! And there are tens of thousands who have undergone this—which may be compared to rendering a shattered ship sea-worthy; and now, buoyant and strong, the new man puts forth his recruited strength as a ship just out of dock, ploughs the waves that rise against her bosom. This is what we call "making a new man!"—Robert Kemp Philp.

The Truck System and Railway Contractors.—Sir: As your columns are open to all correspondents for exposing the evils of any system that press heavily upon the labouring class, of which I am one, I beg to call your attention, and also the attention of your numerous readers to the pernicious effects of the truck or tommy shops in the hands of the different railway contractors and their agents, sub-contractors, and others in the immediate employ of those contractors.

For the information of those parties who are most likely uninformed on this subject as regards the conducting these shops, I will state a few facts, which I am ready at any time to verify on oath, and I could bring numerous persons to support the same, though some of them being intimately connected with the contractors would be unwilling to volunteer such evidence, knowing it would cost them their situations.

1. These shops, which are for the sale of every article of consumption and wearing apparel that men, and in some places that women can require, are openly kept by the contractors, having their own names over the door, and themselves and families residing in the house, and assisting if not entirely conducting the business of the shop; when such is the case, the shop is generally conducted on the best principles that such shops generally own; but bad must that be, since I have heard the wives of some of the contractors boast of having cleared 20 and 25 per cent. by it.

2. The contractors sometimes reside at a great distance, still keeping the shop in their own name, and supply it with all the necessaries, charging the agent or shopkeeper who resides in the house with all the articles at the selling price, thereby removing the onus of high prices off their own shoulders; and as they reside 50 or 100 miles from their works, and only visit them occasionally, the shopkeeper and contractor's manager, who generally keep on good terms, conduct the business as they think proper, robbing both their employers and also the men by every possible method: but such is the truth, I know agents for contractors who have only been receiving 100*l.* or 120*l.* per annum, for periods of 10 and 15 years, that are now worth from two to four thousand pounds.

3. The shops are kept by parties on their own account, but who agree to allow the contractor a per centage upon the amount of their account varying from 7½ to 15, which is generally regulated by the length of the contractor's pay days, the least per centage being always paid when the men are paid every month; and the greater when the pays are extended to a farther period. A separate account is kept against each man, and at the month's end (if in monthly pays) it is handed over to the contractor or his agent, who stops each account from each man, and pays such stoppages to the shopkeeper after deducting the per centage. It is very evident that every man dealing at that shop is robbed of the per centage allowed to the contractor; and, moreover, whenever a reduction is to be made, either in rate of wages or in number of persons employed, the black sheep, as they are called, or those who have the least dealings with the shop are certain to suffer the most.

There are other methods, some better and some worse, but all of them bad in consequence of the length of time between the days of the men receiving their payment. The question arises, how is the system to be destroyed?

The contractors will never do away with it whilst they are reaping such immense pecuniary benefits.

The directors will not, since they consider they let their works for less money in consequence of it; though they generally insert a clause in their specifications that no shops shall be kept; still they wink at it, and by that means are a party to the robbery that is constantly going on.

It remains now for two parties only, the legislature and the *navies* to interfere; and should the legislature not bring forward some method this session, the men themselves must do it. We have seen great efforts made by the working classes which have sometimes produced good, and sometimes bad results; but let the navigators make an effort to put down tommy shops and to be paid every week, and they must succeed.

The following are the prices of different articles of consumption taken from a tommy shop A, and other shops B in the same neighbourhood; A with the per centage additional marked. Also an average month's consumption for one navigator and his wife and family:—

		A s.	A d.	B s.	B d.	
Second flour per 14 lbs.		3	0	3	4	11 per cent.
Beef ,,	lb.	0	6½	0	7	8
Mutton, neck	,,	0	6	0	7	16 ,,
breast	,,	0	5½	0	7	27½ ,,
leg	,,	0	7	0	7	
shoulder	,,	0	5½	0	7	27½ ,,
Tea	oz.	0	3¾	0	4½	20 ,,
Coffee	2 oz.	0	2½	0	3	20 ,,
Tobacco	1 oz.	0	2¾	0	3	9 ,,
4 pound loaf		0	9	0	10	11 ,,
Butter	lb.	0	11	1	2	27 ,,
Lard	,,	0	6	0	8	33 ,,
Cheese	,,	0	5½	0	7	27½ ,,
Bacon	,,	0	6	0	8	33 ,,
Sugar	,,	0	7	0	8	14 ,,
Candles	,,	0	6½	0	8	23 ,,
Shovel	,,	2	8	3	6	31 ,,

Four Week's Consumption of Man, Wife, and Two Children.

4 Stone of flour		12	0	0	13	4
40 lbs. Beef and Mutton	1	0	0	1	3	4
8 oz. of Tea	0	2	6	0	3	0
4 lbs. Sugar	0	2	4	0	2	8
8 oz. Tobacco	0	1	10	0	2	0
4 lbs. Butter	0	3	8	0	4	8
4 lbs. Cheese	0	1	10	0	2	4
1 lb. of Candles	0	0	6½	0	0	8
1 Shovel	0	2	8	0	3	6
	£2	7	4½	2	15	6
				2	7	4½
				0	8	1½.—17½ per cent. above the adjoining shops.

A small shop taking 400*l.* per month, with a discount of 10*l.* per cent. to the contractor, would stand thus:—

Total monthly amount of Shop Bill	400	0	0
Per centage at 10 per cent	40	0	0
	360	0	0
Value of same goods at other shops	341	10	0
	£18	10	0

This account shows that the contractor's shopkeeper has sold his goods for 18*l.* 10*s.* more than other shopkeepers in the neighbourhood would have done, after he had paid the 10 per cent. amounting to 40*l.*, making a total of 58*l.* 10*s.* in addition to the trade's profit, the whole of which amount has been wrung from the hard earnings of that laborious class of men.

Should you think this letter worth inserting, you shall hear from me again, on the same subject.—I remain, yours, &c.,—ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED FROM LONG PAYS AND TOMMY SHOPS.—*Huddersfield.*

Spade Husbandry.—Mr. J. Gillett, of Kelsall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, purchased, in the year 1843, two acres of land, at the enormous sum of 236*l.*, and being fully convinced of the advantages of spade husbandry, resolved to abandon his former occupation of grocer, &c., and turn his attention to the cultivation of the land. In the spring of 1844, he sedulously employed his time to attain his desired end. He laboured hard for the first year with resolution firm, and mind cheerful, and at the end of the year, he found his expectations realised; the following year he was more successful, and he has been progressing ever since. Upon his two acres he keeps two cows, and has fatted two hogs. He has but one-and-a quarter acre under cultivation, the rest is pasture. The following is a faithful statement of last year's profits, after keeping the cows, keeping and fatting the hogs, finding himself and family with milk and vegetables of every description for the year, and also seed for this year's cropping.

SOLD PRODUCE.		£.	s.	d.
Milk from Cows		34	3	7½
13 Sacks of Potatoes	at 12*s.*	7	16	0
9 Bushels of Wheat	at 9*s.*	4	1	0
Vegetables		4	0	0
2 Hogs, 10 st. each, at 7*s* per st.		7	0	0
		£57	0	7½

You see, by this statement, that a man with two acres has no occasion to be in want of food or clothing, but may live comfortable and happy (as Gillet does), and the time occupied in cultivating it does not exceed 132 days out of the 365. This statement can be fully corroborated by Mr. Gillett, who states that he would not return to his former occupation, if any one offered him a situation at 150*l.* per annum; he further states, that if the seasons are favourable this year he shall be able to realise half as much again; this proves that the land is capable of maintaining all the sons of labour, if but allowed to work.—THOMAS NEWMAN.

P. S. I omitted to state, Mr. Gillett has a wife and two children.—In another letter I will show how he cultivates his land, and how he gets three crops in the year off the same piece of ground.

Notices.

WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL,
No. 2,
An Appeal to the Press and the Public,
BY JOHN SAUNDERS,

Appears (free) with No. 65 of the *People's Journal*, and with the April Part.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—During the late painful Controversy, the Correspondence of the Journal has necessarily fallen greatly into arrear. I hope all parties will be indulgent under such circumstances. I shall endeavour as rapidly as possible to recover the lost ground, and to prevent any noticeable delays for the future.—ED.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, April 10, 1847.

The Petition of the Metropolitan Working Classes' Association for improving the Public Health,—Humbly sheweth, that your petitioners earn their daily bread by daily labour or daily service, and depend for their own support and that of their families on the continuance of their health: that disease and death press more heavily on them than on the rest of their fellow-citizens, entailing heavy expenses and great embarrassments, and too often bringing them to utter destitution, and an unwilling dependence on the Poor Rates.

That your petitioners, with their small earnings, are unable to command the means by which their health and lives may be preserved; that they have no alternative but to live in unwholesome streets and houses, while such of them as are employed within doors are exposed during long hours of work to the impure air of shops and workshops, in which ventilation is altogether neglected.

That your petitioners see no hope of escape from these evils, but in the interference of the legislature. They therefore humbly, but earnestly, entreat you to take their case into immediate consideration, and to pass a law by which every house shall have a constant and unlimited supply of pure soft water, a water-closet, and a drain; and every street, court, and alley, a well-constructed sewer; and the owners of shops and workshops be compelled to adopt an efficient system of ventilation.

That as the report of the Health of Towns' Commission has proved to demonstration, that these improvements in the structural arrangement of streets, houses, shops, and workshops, are a gain to proprietors, and a great economy to rate-payers, as well as a means of saving many thousands of lives, preventing tens of thousands of attacks of sickness, and conducing to cleanliness, decency, and order; your petitioners trust that there is no longer any obstacle to their adoption. But should they lead to any increase of expense, your petitioners are quite willing that that expense should fall upon themselves, in the shape of a small weekly addition to the rents which they now pay; for they are fully persuaded that, besides an ample equivalent in money saved, they shall, for the first time, possess the means of cleanliness and decency, without which the mental and moral advancement they so much desire to secure for themselves cannot possibly be obtained.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that you will be pleased to grant them a sound and comprehensive Health-bill, by which they may be shielded from the great physical and moral evils to which they are now exposed, and which, without legislative interference, they cannot hope to escape: and they further pray that, in order to ensure the due and uniform observance of any legislative act that may be passed, an officer of health, and an inspector of nuisances, armed with adequate powers for the execution of the duties of their respective offices, may be appointed in districts throughout the country, in accordance with the express recommendation of her Majesty's Commissioners.*

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Associate Institution for improving and enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women.—A very numerous and respectable meeting of gentlemen was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Wednesday, March 15th, for the purpose of assisting the progress of a bill for the more effectual suppression of trading in seduction and prostitution, about to be introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Spooner.

In the absence of Lord Robert Grosvenor, who was unavoidably prevented from attending, the chair was taken by Sir E. F. Buxton, Bart. He said the object of the bill they were met to consider was the prevention of the atrocious crime of trading in seduction and prostitution, which he would designate as the English slave trade. It was not necessary to enter largely into so distressing a subject, but he could not avoid mentioning the defects in the law that punished, promptly and severely, other offences, while it had no provisions to check the crimes of those men and women who made it the business of their lives to induce, either by force or fraudful persuasion, young females to enter upon a course of prostitution.

The Earl of Mountcashel said, the subject had engaged his attention for many years, and he had the satisfaction of thinking that he was the first individual who had suggested an institution for improving the laws for the protection of women. In these reforming times it was astonishing that no steps had been taken to amend the laws on this subject since the days of George II. That law was defective, and did not go to the root of the evil. The law required was one that would effectually prevent the system of trading in prostitution. Was it not shocking that in this moral and religious country, a set of people should be tolerated, who lived by corrupting females, and selling their bodies and souls for the vilest purposes? Yet such was the case. There did exist a set of beings—wicked demons he would call them—who lived by betraying their fellow-creatures into a course of the most dreadful misery and infamy. Ought they not to exert themselves in every possible way to stop this system of evil—in checking which they were interested as fathers, brothers, and Christians? He would not go into long details of the evils caused by this system of seduction, but would confine himself to one melancholy case, of which he had a positive knowledge. About two or three years ago, the brother of a baronet, a gentleman belonging to an old family, of large property and great respectability, who had been sheriff of his county—had two daughters, young ladies brought up according to their rank and age, whom he sent to Paris, to an excellent school, to complete their education. At vacation time they were to return by Boulogne, and embarked there in a steamer for London. At the landing-place servants were waiting for them, but the steamer did not arrive until the middle of the night, and the servants having returned home, the passengers landed, and the young ladies had not been heard of by their family ever since. All that could be learned was, that a well-dressed female had paid them great attention during their voyage, and the conclusion eventually come to was that she had decoyed them to some infamous house, and that they were now either physically or morally dead. Such a calamity might come home to any man's family, and the parties causing it might escape with impunity. In a country not so much vaunted for morality as our own—he meant France—the *code pénal* would be found to contain more salutary laws for the protection of young females than the statutes of England. This was a disgrace which he hoped to see removed, and he would aid every measure that tended to do so.

The other speakers were the Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. W. Evans, M.P., Mr. Spooner, &c. A petition for presentation to Parliament was determined on.

International League.—Some years since a society to promote peace on earth and good will among men, was formed under the cosmopolitan title of the International Association. Its motto was, all mankind are brothers. It even commenced a publication, which we have now before us, under the name of the *Journal of the International Association.* This work was printed in French and English. It consisted principally of reports of the meetings of the society, and of such extracts as the following from Southey:—

Children we are all,
Of one Great Father, in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life,
All tongues, all colours; neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages,
And tints,—white, black, tawny, Greek, Goth,
Northmen and offspring of hot Africa:
The all-seeing Father,—He in whom we live and move,
He, the impartial Judge of all,—regards
Nations and hues, and dialects alike.
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed justice, in the scale,
Their good and evil weighs.

The International Association, however, did not last long. It realised the sad epitaph of Keats:—

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.

* Presented to Parliament, March 31.

Its tradition, however, has been taken up partly by the Peace Society, and partly by the Society of Fraternal Democrats, whose annual festivals assemble together in London the patriots of all countries. However excellent its meetings, however, they were too far apart to organise public opinions; and however benign and blessed the principles of the Peace Society, its action is not sufficiently political to give it even force enough to sound forth that protest which the violation of Cracow demands, into the listening ears of startled Europe. Another association is therefore called for, and it is now to be organised. Under the name of the People's International League, it has already published a prospectus of its objects. These are to enlighten the British public on the political condition and relations of foreign countries; to disseminate the principles of national liberty and progress; to embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government, and the maintenance of their own nationality; and lastly, to promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries. At first sight these objects may flavour too much of nationality to be palatable to the growing cosmopolitan taste of the age. Second thought will, however, suggest that as the rights of each individual must be acknowledged to form a perfect national community, so also must the rights of individual nations be allowed, to rightly present to our eyes the true republic of the world. Compensation for the wrongs of Poland, and affirmation of equal rights for Ireland, will not retard but advance the general progress of mankind, in becoming one nation and one people. That which is devisive in nationality, such as peculiarity of costume, difference of language, and speciality of manners is not decreased, but to the last extremity indomitably increased by subjection and oppression. We therefore sincerely welcome the appearance of the International League. May it go on, and prosper.—G. B.

Improvident Marriages.—A Word addressed to the Labouring Classes.—The general wish at the present time is for reform. Some call out for it in one way—some in another. Everyone is for its beginning with his neighbour, while few propose to try what can be done by themselves and their own class. In the rank above your own, I have known persons wait years for a sufficiency to make themselves a home before marriage. Ask yourselves if it is so with you? There is a maid servant near me who is on the point of marriage with a footman. He drinks more than is healthy or wise, and yearly spends all his wages; and she has nothing laid by, every farthing having been spent as it was earned. What will be the result of their want of forethought? How will they live, should their family increase year by year? I suppose they must beg, and if they can get help, live upon what their more prudent neighbours have laid by; but is that just, or is it fair? Apprentices marry when they have only board wages sufficient to support themselves, and what do they do? They are obliged to run into debt to anyone who will trust them, till their credit is gone and they sink into wretchedness and misery! A short dream of pleasure is followed by years of hardship and toil, for want of forethought.—Ever your well wisher and friend.

Co-operation in the North.—In the month of October last, a few of the working-men of this town took it into their heads that the price of bread had risen to rather an unreasonable height, even admitting the rise in the markets. On this consideration, a meeting was got up to consider the propriety of forming a Baking Society; after laying before the meeting such information as they had been able to collect, it was unanimously agreed that such a society should be formed. What was then conceived is now brought forth—it is between three and four hundred strong. At the same time, a similar movement took place in Tillicoultry, a village three miles from this. It has got into fair sea room, and is likely to weather the gale. It is manned by a crew of three hundred. The village of Dollar has also struck its camp. Alloa, another village at the foot of the Ochille, has also formed a like society; the proprietor of which, James Jonson, Esq., has nobly offered to erect all the premises required by the society. It numbers about four hundred members. Much of this prosperity is no doubt owing to Mr. Jonson's assistance. Let these facts inspire working-men with hope and courage to persevere in the work of their own redemption.—D. R.—*Arbroath, February.*

Us and our Children.—Love is the highest principle of the Deity. We can conceive of no higher. It is that which gives life to inanimate nature. It is the soul of creation, as it is the life of the soul. Without the existence of this principle we can conceive of nothing but "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace and rest can never dwell." The non-existence of love can only be marked by unlimited conceptions of hatred, misery, and death. The higher man attains in the cultivation of this principle in himself, the nearer will he approach to the divine. It is as a *parent* this attribute in man is more fully developed. The human parent assumes an aspiration after the divine, when to create happiness and destroy misery is his highest aim. His offspring is his charge. To develop the principle of love in its tender mind will be the grand aim of all his teachings. To love his fellow-man, regardless of his physical or moral condition—so to love God's image and his works will lead him to love God. This principle once planted in the mind proves the germ of all that shall be great, noble, and godlike in his future being. We have too long allowed this principle to develop itself as a secondary and unimportant feature of the intellectual man: and in only a few cases has it burst out in its full power and glory, as the all-absorbing principle of man's highest and holiest existence. Thus, to implant *love* in the mind, as the all-important principle of its existence, and to mature its growth, will prove the foundation of a taste for goodness and truth, where and however developed. There will be no waste of God's great gifts of intellect and power. To live—to love—and so loving, to sympathise with the destitute and uncared for multitude; to live for them, to struggle with and for their moral and spiritual emancipation, will be a life worth living, and one productive of consequences that angels would aspire to.—J. H. B.

Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Designs for Buildings, and various other series of papers, promised, or intended to have been given, have been delayed solely through the pressure upon the Editor's time and attention of the partnership affairs. They will shortly be taken up and dealt with, as their importance deserves.

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The Week
Ending Saturday, April 17, 1847.

American Slavery.—A Press for Frederick Douglass.— By the time this goes forth to our readers (all being well), Frederick Douglass will be nearing the shores of America, and soon will tread the land, in portions of which, alas! the whip still lacerates the back of the helpless slave. He has gone back into the very midst of danger—but the God of Right will sustain him in his struggles for the freedom of his race, and he shall stand foremost among the champions of freedom, in the day when victory shall be proclaimed. The sympathies of the British nation go with him, and soon shall the voice of Old England be heard in firm remonstrance against the enormities of American slavery. We rejoice to be able to announce that the proposal for a National Remonstrance, published in No. 53 of the Journal, has been everywhere approved by the friends of the slave, and that machinery will immediately be instituted for carrying the proposition into effect. The form of the Remonstrance is now occupying the serious attention of some of the warmest supporters of the anti-slavery movement. It is very desirable that the document be so framed as to unite the views of all parties, and to this end scrupulous attention will be paid. We rejoice also to be able to announce that some of Mr. Douglass's warmest friends contemplate presenting him with a printing press, type, and other materials, that he may publish an anti-slavery paper, edited by himself, the entire labour of which shall be performed by coloured people! This is one of those happy designs which, whilst it gives expression to English sympathy with the oppressed slave, may be made the most powerful lever for the attainment of emancipation. A paper guided by Douglass's well-known ability, and the whole machinery of which shall be worked by people of colour, will at once afford the most conclusive refutation of the often urged fallacy that the negro population are unfit to occupy a position of social independence. It will be one of the most powerful thrusts at the vitality of slavery; and will afford a medium through which the oppressed negro may plead his own cause, in his own way. We rejoice that this proposition has been made, and feel a moral certainty that when the subscription lists are opened there will be a ready pouring in of free-will offerings. The subscription, we believe, will be composed of small sums, say a shilling, and under, that a great number of people may partake in the delightful work. And it is also contemplated that the same steamer that conveys to America the "three million remonstrance" shall bear to Frederick Douglass that great instrument of moral warfare—the press. Presses, doubtlessly, may be purchased in America, and it may seem superfluous to export these materials under heavy drawback. But it is desired that the press, at least, shall be a genuine product of British labour, that it shall bear a suitable inscription on its front; so that when set up it may stand as a monument of British fidelity to the cause of the slave, and a reproach to America, so long as she defiles herself by deeds of such oppression.

R. K. PHILP.

American Slavery.—On the 31st of March, Mr. Frederick Douglass delivered a lecture on the subject of American slavery. The Philosophical Hall, the largest hall in Huddersfield, was crowded to excess, hundreds having to go away unable to obtain admittance. Mr. Douglass was attended by several well-known philanthropists; Mr. Douglass spoke for upwards of two hours. We have been fortunate enough to listen to many popular and eloquent speakers, but we must certainly say that we never listened with more pleasure to any living man than we did upon this occasion. Mr. Douglass spoke with a soul-inspiring eloquence, and an earnestness which went home to the hearts of his crowded audience; we seldom recollect a more enthusiastic meeting; the horrors of slavery were laid bare with the most masterly effect; his denunciations of those professing religionists who, profess so much, but who, by their actions, betray their want of earnestness or honesty, were well received.

Mr. Joseph Barker addressed the meeting in a few brief and excellent remarks, after which a resolution strongly condemning slavery was passed with acclamation, and then the meeting separated.—E. C.

Departure of Frederick Douglass.—Strange proceedings of the Directors of the American Steam-ship Cambria.— Brown's Temperance Hotel, Clayton's-square, Liverpool, April 3, 1847. Mr. Editor,—I take up my pen to lay before you a few facts respecting an unjust proscription to which I find myself subjected on board the steam-ship *Cambria*, to sail from this port at ten o'clock to-morrow morning for Boston, United States.

On the 4th of March last, in company with G. Moxhay, Esq., of the Hall of Commerce, London, I called upon Mr. Ford, the London agent of the Cunard line of steamers, for the purpose of securing a passage on board the steam-ship *Cambria* to Boston, United States. On inquiring the amount of the passage I was told 40*l.* 19*s.* I inquired further, if a second-class passage could be obtained? He anwered, No; there was but one fare, all distinctions having been abolished. I then gave him 40*l.* 19*s.* and received from him in return a ticket entitling me to berth No. 72, on board the steam-ship *Cambria*, at the same time asking him, if my colour would prove any barrier to my enjoying all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other passengers? he said No; I then left the office, supposing all well, and thought nothing more of the matter until this morning, when, in company with a few friends, agreeably to public notice, I went on board the *Cambria* with my luggage, and on inquiring for my berth, found to my surprise and mortification that it had been given to another passenger, and was told that the agent in London had acted without authority in selling me the ticket. I expressed my surprise and disappointment to the captain and inquired what I had better do in the matter. He suggested my accompanying him to the office of the agent in Water-street, Liverpool, for the purpose of ascertaining what could be done. On stating the fact of my having purchased the ticket of the London agent, Mr. Mc'Iver (the Liverpool agent), answered that the London agent, in selling me the ticket, had acted without authority, and that I should not go on board the ship *unless I agreed to take my meals alone and not to mix with the Saloon Company, and give up the berth for which I had paid.* Being without legal remedy, and anxious to return to the United States, I have felt it due to my own rights as a man, as well as to the honour and dignity of the British public, to lay these facts before them, well knowing that the British public will pronounce a just verdict on such proceedings.

I have travelled in this country nineteen months, and have *always* enjoyed equal rights and privileges with other passengers, and it was not until I turned my face towards America, that I met with anything like proscription on account of my colour.—Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Mind's Machine.—In or about the year 1440, Laurentius Coster, or John Guttemburg, invented printing, and shortly after Peter Schœffer invented metallic types. John Faust, a wealthy goldsmith of Mentz, along with the last named two, were shortly prosecuting the trade of printing in partnership, and the churchmen of that dark period becoming alarmed lest this grand invention should spread, to their discomfiture, made overtures to the inventors to give up their secret to the church, as the fittest possessor of this grand and sublime art. The churchmen are said to have observed, while endeavouring to swamp the system which would supersede the scribes—"We must put down printing, or printing will put down us." But the wily churchmen were not successful. Printing had been for some time carried on in secret, and printed works sold as manuscript, so that several men were already in possession of the important secret. Printing flourished; and William Caxton, who had learned the art on the Continent, commenced business in Westminster Abbey. After him, came Wynkin de Worde, and numerous others, and knowledge, which before was only within reach of the opulent, now became more accessible. By degrees, it has assumed the proud position which it now holds. Improvement after improvement was made in rapid succession, until the cylinder machine and the steam-engine have at length enabled 20,000 copies of the *Times* to be struck off from one form in an hour. As printing has advanced, so has knowledge become more general; and we now have numberless periodicals

published at a price which places them within reach of the artisan. In consequence of this, the working men of England are becoming a thoughtful, studious, and temperate race of men; vice, crime, and ignorance are simultaneously giving way to knowledge and order. Numerous manifestations of this may everywhere be met with; and I hope that the march of intellect will continue to quicken; that at every step it will receive a fresh impulse, until every human being on the face of the earth shall have felt the benefit and acknowledged the influence of the "Mind's Machine." Already have we seen that "knowledge is power," as exemplified in the triumph of truth over error, right over wrong, freedom over slavery, and justice over oppressive tyranny, in our own legislature. We must now watch its progress in reference to the working man. It is a stale and exploded sophism, that learning renders an artisan unfit for his occupation. It is at length acknowledged, that this same knowledge only makes a man more independent of oppression and tyranny. Our forefathers suffered indignities at the hands of their employers which the present race of toilers would not for a moment tolerate, and this is one reason why the aristocracy and those immediately *below* them in *rank*, but *above* them in *power* and *influence*, have contrived so far to keep the people in comparative ignorance. But the dark time is almost past. Already bright meteors may be seen flitting across the intellectual firmament; and shortly we shall behold the glorious rising of the sun of knowledge, diffusing along with its gorgeous rays the sublime, gentle, enthusiastic, and tender influences which are attendant on sound Christian knowledge—and at the same time dispelling the dark mists which hang at present over the ignorant portion of our fellow-men.

The "mind's machine," however, with all its strength and usefulness, is yet a mere infant—Hercules in swaddling clothes, in fact; and when the glorious time shall arrive when he shall have attained his majority, and reached his highest point of power and influence, we shall have reached the period when the whole earth will be a Clovernook, and all the inhabitants thereof anxious to promote each other's well-being. War will have ceased, and the last warrior's statue will have been thrown from its pedestal. Tyrants will have been hurled from their thrones, and universal man become *independent* and *free*. By the term independent, I mean not the narrow, mean, contracted sense in which it is generally used; but rather, the sense in which Robert Burns used it when he wrote his inimitable song, "A man's a man for a' that," in which he says,—

> The man o' *independent* mind
> He looks an' laughs at a' that!

With regard to the march of mind, and as a proof of its rapid strides, I would just instance, by way of encouragement, and as a *stimulant* to working men, the fast fading power of feudalism. Already has it resigned a considerable portion of its power, which it claimed as hereditary, into the hands of the Cobdens, Brights, Villierses, and Duncombes. Already have these successors to power used it, and proclaimed a determination to obtain *enlarged powers*. Already has Mr. Cobden, in his place in the House of Commons, said, while addressing the House, "I tell the Right Honourable Baronet (Sir R. Peel), that the power which they (the aristocracy) now exercise will be wrested from them by the mercantile classes." This is, in effect (though as I quote from memory, perhaps ot the precise words), a sentiment which was vociferously cheered in St. Stephen's in the last session of Parliament. And I tell the working classes that the mercantile men have been enabled to "Bell the Cat," solely through the instrumentality of the "mind's machine;" and this same mighty engine must speedily, if not held back by, instead of receiving a propelling impulse from, them, work out their deliverance from their present slavish position. Depend upon it, the press is the chief mover of all progressive doctrines; the press is the very safeguard and protector of the rights and liberties of the people; and through and by the press all future wars of right against might, freedom against tyranny, peace against bloodshed, and the oppressed against the oppressor, must be fought. The people have fresh champions daily springing up to fight the bloodless battles for them. Let them well supply their warriors with ammunition, and give a helping hand whenever they have an opportunity, and all will be well.

I will now conclude with a verse of a song, written by a much esteemed friend and fellow workman of mine

> Hurrah for the time when every clime
> The Press shall illumine and cheer;
> When freed from thrall, Peace over all
> Her radiant bow shall rear.
> His righteous sway let the world obey,
> For the champion of Truth is he;
> And his pow'r shall extend till the uttermost end
> Of the earth shall his empire be.

Sheffield. CRESWICK R. CORBITT.

Newcastle-on-Tyne Typographical Mutual Improvement Society.—We have received a beautifully printed copy of the rules of this society, the object of which is "the improvement of the profession generally, but more particularly in reference to the training of youth in a knowledge of the rise and progress of the art of printing, as well as to imbue them with a spirit of emulation to become more efficient as workmen; to promote a better general knowledge of all matters appertaining to the trade, and to cultivate the moral, intellectual, and social well-being of all parties connected with it." Our correspondent informs us that "the society has been in existence about six months, and is progressing satisfactorily. The small library has been formed partly by purchase, but more by gifts from the members. We hope shortly to be able to purchase works more particularly connected with our profession and general improvement; a number of gentlemen, friends of education, having been respectfully solicited to aid us, by donation of books, or by increasing our funds. The leading employers of the town have become honorary members. Mr. George Pringle, master printer, of Gateshead, gave the first series of lectures, the subject being "The formation of language;" and Mr. Olive Moore (president), overseer of the *Newcastle Guardian*, is at present delivering a course on "the rise and progress of the art of printing."—RALPH PEARSON.

Notices.

A SUBSCRIBER, Bradford, is informed Mr. Douglas Jerrold has NOT withdrawn his name from the *People's Journal*.

Through accident, the proofs of *Elihu Burritt's Pilgrimage* in the last, and of the *Times' Advertising Sheet* in the preceding numbers, did not reach their authors in time, and several errors in consequence crept into the two papers.

Contents.

London: Printed by BRADBURY and EVANS, Whitefriars, and published for the Proprietors by JOHN BENNETT, at THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, April 24, 1847.

FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON ON THE PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY REMONSTRANCE.*

A few weeks since, we received a letter from a gentleman in London (R. Kemp Philp), with whom we have no personal acquaintance, suggesting the sublime idea of a grand national remonstrance against American slavery on the part of the British people, to be signed by three millions of persons in behalf of the three millions of slaves now held in bondage in this country. Rejoicing at any and every demonstration of this kind that is made abroad, we expressed our gratification to learn that such a project was in contemplation, and also the hope that it would prove successful. Another letter from Mr. Philp, in relation to the matter, may be found in the next column. Also a letter from our much esteemed friend, William Lovett, (one of the most distinguished and most worthy of the moral suasion Chartists,) referring to the same subject. We assure Mr. Lovett, that we had no intention of transferring the task which he promised to execute, from his hands to those of any other person. He will recollect, that the memorial to which he alludes was to be one exclusively from the working men of Great Britain to the working men of the United States, because one of this character is greatly needed, in consequence of the general apathy or hostility of the American working classes to the anti-slavery movement. If such a memorial, signed by fifty or one hundred thousand persons, can be sent over here, let us have it with as much despatch as practicable; and we promise to circulate it through the Free States. But the proposition of Mr. Philp is of a different character—more general and more imposing, as it is designed to embrace all classes in society. As to the memorial suggested by the latter gentleman, we entirely agree with the opinions expressed by Mr. Lovett, that it should not be made a mere individual affair, but should emanate from such a body as the Anti-Slavery League, in conjunction with the Scottish, Glasgow, and Hibernia Anti-Slavery Societies. We trust an amicable arrangement of the matter will be made, so that there will be the utmost unanimity of feeling, purpose, and action, among those whose benevolent desire it is to see America delivered from her deadliest curse, her foulest crime—SLAVERY,—that her character may be redeemed, and her example as a free republic made resplendent in the eyes of all nations.

THE NATIONAL REMONSTRANCE AGAINST AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

DEAR SIR,—The receipt of your *Liberator* confirmed our expectations, that you would hail with joy the proposition for a great National Remonstrance against Slavery. And I have now the pleasure of assuring you that, since my last communication, much for our encouragement has taken place. The press has generally supported the proposed movement—the *People's Journal* taking the lead; and the *Inquirer, Wesleyan, Douglas Jerrold's, Leeds Times, Liverpool Journal, Liverpool Chronicle, Christian Record, Jersey Press*, &c. have supported the proposal—some of them by highly enthusiastic commendations. Besides which, I have in my hands numerous communications from individuals, who have volunteered their aid in working out this great demonstration: these I am treasuring up, until the time comes for action, when a general appeal will summon all to the post of duty.

I had the pleasure of meeting Frederick Douglass (should I not say Mr. Frederick Douglass, now he is *his own?*) and Mr. Smith, the secretary of the League, at Manchester, a few weeks ago. Of course, they approved of the plan—although it was somewhat new and startling to them, this being my first opportunity of personally introducing the subject.

In my own mind, I see clearly a practical method for working out the proposition. Having had experience, a few years ago, in getting up the great National Petition for Universal Suffrage, which received three and a half millions of signatures, and of which I was the chief mover, I apprehend that there will be no difficulty whatever in applying the same order of machinery to the carrying out of the great Remonstrance against American Slavery.

The only matter about which I experience some difficulty is this—whether the proposition had better be laid before the League, for their adoption; or whether it would have greater weight to make this a truly *People's* movement, by carrying it on independent of any existing organisation—but looking to all parties and associated bodies for support. I am strongly inclined to the latter course; and if I ultimately decide to move accordingly, I shall address, through the *People's Journal*, a series of papers to the people of London upon the subject, calling upon them to form a large and active committee, to seize hold of this lever for the overthrow of the diabolical oppression of your black population.

Such a committee formed, its first duties would appear to me to be as follow:—

To make an appeal to the ministers of every church, to urge their hearers to sign the Remonstrance.

To make a similar appeal to the press, throughout the nation, to give insertion to the Remonstrance, and to report the movement.

To form auxiliary committees in every town; and to raise funds for printing, meetings, obtaining signatures, &c.

This is a simple outline of the first steps I would advise to be adopted, and I shall only await a fitting state of things to urge the movement on.

Unfortunately, the philanthropy of this country is, at present, weeping over the sufferings of starving Ireland; and, therefore, until the present dearth has passed away, it would be, perhaps, unwise to make premature attempts, which a little patience will be certain to crown with success.

I have thought it proper to be thus explicit, that you may not think we have spoken unmeaningly, if you find that we are not *immediately* in action. In the meanwhile, prior to active movements commencing, the subject will be kept before the people in the pages of their Journal, to which your active and zealous co-worker, Mr. George Thompson, will regularly contribute.

I am desired by Mr. Saunders, the Editor of the Journal, to present you and your anti-slavery associates with his hearty good wishes.—And I remain, your very sincere friend, R. KEMP PHILP.

Liverpool, March 1, 1847.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM LOVETT.

London, 16, South Row, New Road, March 1, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I very much regret that many circumstances have transpired to prevent me from writing to you before; but, since I saw you last, I have met with very many personal disagreeables, which have so fully occupied my time and attention, that I have not been able to do what I anticipated in favour of that great cause, of which you have been both prophet and martyr for many years. I have, however, made a point of attending most of the council meetings of the League, and I rejoice to say that, though our means have been limited, it has proved an instrument of great good. It has helped to purify the ranks of evangelical dissent from the crime of slavery, despite the slaveholders' apologists and abettors. It has also made the subject of slavery plain and familiar to the minds of the millions, and is fast teaching them that slavery, in every land, is but a link in the same great chain of oppression which binds the multitude in all countries and climes. If no other good resulted from your voyage to England, than the formation of the Anti-Slavery League, joined to your plain-speaking appeals, and the numerous addresses of friends Thompson, Douglass, and Wright, be assured that these alone will produce fruit in season to fully compensate you and them for your labours.

You may probably remember, that, when you were in town, we spent a very instructive and pleasant evening at our respected friend, Mr. Parry's. On that occasion,

* First put forth in the *People's Journal* for Jan. 2, 1847.

you and Mr. Wright requested me to draw up an Address on the subject of American Slavery, similar in spirit to that which I had previously drawn on the subject of the war spirit which existed between the two countries.—This, if I recollect right, I promised to perform to the best of my ability; and my eloquent friend, Mr. Vincent, promised to aid in procuring signatures to it. Soon after this, however, I was so completely engaged in matters I have before alluded to, that, up to this time, I have hitherto been compelled, very reluctantly, to defer the execution of my promise. Seeing, however, a copy of last week's *Liberator*, I find that another person has taken upon himself the task, and that you seem to approve of his doing so. Now this, I must confess, somewhat surprised me; not that I am presumptuous enough to imagine that I am better qualified for the labour than the person who has thus voluntarily taken the work out of my hands; but after you had announced, at different meetings, that myself and Mr. Vincent had undertaken to prepare such an Address, I think I might have had some intimation given me, that a more able person had been found, lest the public might have supposed that I had been found unwilling or unworthy. What I am now desirous of knowing is, whether I am now at liberty to prepare the address which I promised, or whether the one sent to you (of which notice appeared in the *Liberator*) is to supersede it. My idea of such an address is, that it should not be made a mere individual affair of profit or honour, but should be as national as possible. I think it should emanate from such a body as our Anti-Slavery League; or, perhaps, what would be still better, should be put forth conjointly by some three or four different societies, with the names of the most popular and influential men we can procure, so as to recommend it to the great body of the people. By adopting some such plan, there would be a better chance of obtaining a larger number of signatures, than if it were put forth under individual auspices. I shall be glad to learn your opinion on the subject; but, whatever that may be, it will not lessen the high esteem I entertain for Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Hoping that you and your family are in good health, I remain,

Yours, very truly,

Wm. Lovett.

William Lloyd Garrison.

Good out of Evil.—We may see by the following letter, that not only has a proper apology been made for the treatment Mr. Douglass received, but that we have now an emphatic pledge against the repetition of any such acts for the future. All honour to the *Times* for its prompt, energetic, and indignant protest. We probably owe more to that paper's timely expression of opinion, than we shall ever have the means of knowing. The great commercial paper spoke to the great commercial steam packet company in tones that could neither be misunderstood nor disregarded:—

Sir,—Observing in *The Times* of this day a letter signed "Charles M. Burrop, of Asgill, Virginia, United States, Head Manager of the Cunard Company of Liners," I beg to inform you that no such person, or any other individual in the United States, holds any share or interest in the steam ships alluded to, and that the statements set forth in that letter are entirely untrue.

No one can regret more than I do the unpleasant circumstances respecting Mr. Douglass's passage; but I can assure you that nothing of the kind will again take place in the steam-ships with which I am connected.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, S. Cunard.

22, *Duke-street, St. James's, April 13.*

Baths.—Sir: In one of the back numbers of the *People's Journal*, in the Annals of Progress, I think, I saw a statement to the effect, that *baths* for *working men* were established in some very privileged manufactories in the metropolis. Would you oblige by calling attention to the above statement again, and answering the following queries:—are they managed and kept in existence by working men, or is it purely the benevolence of their employers which originated, and continues them in being? How are they constructed, and what position do they occupy on the manufactory? What were the anticipations when instituted, and what are their realisations at the present time? By answering the above, you would greatly oblige.—A Constant Reader.

Bingley.—Co-operation and general progress continues to march on here, but is crippled for want of a good room to hold public meetings, temperance and other lectures, festivals, *soirees*, &c. The Mechanics' Institute is doing much good, but is in want of a good room. The members number upwards of one hundred: they pay three halfpence per week, and have a good library.—The allotment system has made great progress here. A large number of persons have got a quarter of an acre of land each; and at the proper season of the year they may be seen wending their way to labour, and returning loaded with vegetables of various sorts.

Notices.

WILLIAM HOWITT AND THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."—Nos. I. and II.

An Appeal to the Press and the Public.

By John Saunders.

May be had (free) at the *People's Journal* Office, 69, Fleet-street, or of any of the Local Agents.

"The Pencil of Nature."—The best advice we can give to those correspondents who have honoured us with communications respecting the article bearing this title in our journal, is to buy the prepared photographic paper. It requires great delicacy in its preparation, and unless the amateur be clever at such matters, he is almost sure to fail. The paper can be procured at Mr. Ackermann's, in the Strand, at whose shop one of the necessary cameras can also be seen.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, May 1st, 1847.

LETTER FROM IRELAND BY AN ENGLISH ARTISAN.

Dublin, March, 1845.

MY DEAR STEWART,—Here I am upon the banks of the Liffey, with plenty of strange sights to see, good eyes, and a considerable curiosity. You will remember, that I told you, as we walked to the railway station at B——, that I accepted Burke's proffered situation, merely because it afforded me an opportunity to visit Ireland, and thereby extend my knowledge of men and things. Our life, the life of the workshop, is at the best but little better than that of a horse in a mine, and the world, generally speaking, is to us as strange a sight as a green field would be to him.

As you know, I have rambled more than the majority of my class, yet I saw some very strange sights in and about Liverpool; and being interested, I stayed there longer than I ought to have done, considering the state of my finances. I never clearly understood what the steam fare to Dublin would be, but I thought I could get over for a crown; so I spent my money accordingly. You may guess my surprise when the clerk at the City of Dublin Company's Office informed me that the fare was "twelve and sixpence." "Twelve and sixpence!" said I; "what in the cabin?" "Certainly, sir;" said the clerk. "Oh, I don't want to go in the cabin, what's the steerage?" The gentleman shut his book, walked to the fire, and with his back towards me said, "There's no steerage, twelve and sixpence in the cabin, or two shillings on deck, nothing else." "But there's a covering of some sort for the deck passengers, I suppose?" "A covering, no;" and turning sharply round, "you'll get a deck ticket at the dock to-night." I walked out, and I considered all day if I had not better come home, for I found that after paying my bill at the coffee-house I should land from the cabin with a very few shillings in my pocket, and the *thoughts* of walking the deck exposed to the rain and winds of the month of March, made me very uncomfortable.

A young middy, a fellow lodger, made all right again. He was "cleaned out," or he would have lent me some money, so he said, and I believe he would, but he told me that I could hire one of the sailors' berths for a trifle, and lie in bed "just as though I was in a cradle!" From this we got to that bore sea-sickness, and by his advice I took a good supper of soups, &c.

Behold me, at nine in the evening, making my way through slush and rain to the dock, where I got my "deck ticket" along with a score of other unfortunates, from a surly fellow in a wooden watch-box. We could not be permitted to go on deck; so we waited under an open shed until we had leave to go on board. Here the wind and damp air, and the sight of the cabin passengers diving below, while we were starving in that ugly place, made me quite misanthropical, and I had to seek solace in a pipe of 'bacca. Hang me, Bob, if a dock policeman didn't seize me by the collar and *swear* he'd put me out if I didn't put the pipe up.

A narrow plank admitted us to the deck, to which there was a general scramble. I waited, and at last *felt* my way on board the Duchess. It was raining sharply, and pitch dark, for one or two glimmering lanterns, fixed here and there, just sufficed to revive my recollections of light, and that was all. Where I was standing I knew not, and move I durst not; such a Babel I never heard, sailors swearing, cattle lowing, pigs grunting, children crying, cranes creaking, and everybody in every other body's way. I put my portmanteau down, sat upon it, and made myself comfortable. I had not long to wait before a bulky form came up to me, and a gruff voice whispered, "Do you want a berth, sir?" "Certainly," said I, "how much?" "Half a crown, if you have it to yourself; eighteen-pence a piece for two." I paid the half crown, and followed its receiver down a ladder into a chest, with shelves on two of its sides. "That's your berth," said my host, pointing to one of the topmost ledges.

A dim swinging lamp flickered against the roof, by the light of which I examined my berth. Its contents were a dirty straw mattress, two sheets, and a rug equally dirty. I made a foot-stool of my portmanteau, a pillow of my top coat, and then with some difficulty climbed up and laid myself along the shelf, just as I was. I didn't feel comfortable, but I was determined to have my "money's worth." Fresh arrivals entered the chest, a stout pudgy sailor, a foot soldier, with his wife and child. The woman and babe were elevated on the shelf which made an angle with mine, the sailor having occupied the one under it, and the soldier kissed his family and went on deck. Four Irish drovers made their *entrée*, and finding but one shelf for the lot, they began a noisy clatter in which they were to fetch the mate, turn some of us out, and play the devil, unless we abdicated. The woman was frightened, the sailor consigned them individually to his Satanic Majesty, and I answered all appeals with a counterfeited snore.

The hubbub, which at one time promised an unpleasant ending, was stilled by the man who received my half crown. Two of the drovers got in the vacant berth, and the others lay on the floor.

The engines were at work, but I could perceive no motion save the regular appearance of the crank, which, at intervals, bobbed up before a hole six inches square, the only ventilator of the cabin. I got to sleep watching this crank. How long I slept I know not, but I awoke with some rather curious sensations—the atmosphere was stifling. I sat up in my berth, seven human beings, to say nothing of the child, in a hole six feet square, and the two Irishmen on the floor were smoking!

I consoled myself with an orange, and laid down again, but not for long. The soup supper and the orange began to quarrel, and the confounded *shiver* which ran through the vessel at every stroke of the engines, settled the question; a tumble from the shelf, a curse from the Irishmen on the floor, a scuffle up the ladder, and I leant over the side "to watch the white waves."

Shortly before daylight I descended to the cabin, but I could not stay long; the air was absolutely poisonous. The poor woman and her child were in a truly pitiable state. I understood, afterwards, from her husband, that they had been married little more than a year, during which time he had been recruiting. A north country farmer's daughter entering upon the arduous duties of a soldier's wife. I thought the berth buyers badly off, but daylight exposed the miseries of the deck passengers.

By favour, the women and children had been allowed to occupy a half-enclosed shed in the waist of the vessel, generally filled by pigs or sheep. There they lay nearly all of them *ill*, the children wailing, the mothers helpless, a mass of wretchedness which beggars all description. Soaked by the rain, a confused heap of steaming humanity lay round the funnel and the grates of the engine-room; some for warmth had crept between the cattle, and misery was in every face.

The *Duchess* was an old vessel, and the weather bad, even for March, so we made but little way, and were twenty hours on the passage.

The City of Dublin Steam Company is a paying affair, it has beat out all competitors, and like all other prosperous companies, it evinces the utmost indifference to the poorer portion of the community, and makes no arrangement for their comfort. 12*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*, these are the PAYING PRICES, an excellent scale for the company, but what of the public? The public comfort is represented by fares. Rail companies will not carry a greater number for lower individual fares, and the Dublin Packet proprietors could not cut up their vessels into steerages "to lose the cabin passengers and stowage merely to make deck passengers comfortable." These men argue thus:—If a man can pay 12*s.* 6*d.* he can be comfortable in the cabin; if he can't pay that sum he must be content with the deck, and there meet with the seeds of disease or of death.

J. B.

Us and our Children:—No. 2.—Character to be great must be individual. The man whose mind is a mere facsimile of the passing age has little that is either great or noble about him. Nothing but what has been gained by association and contact. A thin impression easily rubbed

out—nothing individual. The mind that makes itself felt on society, that leads, directs, and governs it, acts of itself; has no standard, save that which a knowledge of men and things will give it. Its sympathies are of the broadest character. Its desires and anticipations converge in elevating and humanising universal man: in bursting his conventional shackles, elevating him in the love of truth, and developing the divine image.

In education we have too much lost sight of the grand end of all training. For the future, let there be a difference. A more glorious time dawns upon the rising generation. It rests with us, as to how far our offspring shall aid in bringing about this new era, in which mind shall be less under the influence of matter, and the wants of the world be supplied.

The romance of military glory is fast passing away. Dreams of conquest and universal empire are already giving place to philanthropic inquiry and civilisation.

To encourage this individuality of character, this preparation for usefulness, even in the present artificial state of society, is less difficult than might be anticipated. If a child has a good physical and moral education blended with a close attention to the opening blossoms of its tender and susceptible mind, and its powers be rightly directed, much has been done. Gradually will the grand purpose of its existence dawn upon its mind. It will resolve to live for the amelioration of humanity.—J. H. B.

Spade Husbandry,—Saxmundham, April 18, 1847.—Sir: I feel great pleasure in forwarding you the promised statement from Mr. John Sillett of Kelsall, showing the method he pursues in cultivating his two acres of land. It is necessary, for the guidance of those who adopt his method, to state that he keeps his cows (which are very productive) housed all the year, and bedded on sand, with a drain to carry the moisture away into a tank which is outside the cow-house. The moisture from the hogs is also conveyed by a drain into the same reservoir. The liquid thus obtained is used for manure, which he has found of infinite service in producing unprecedented crops. I might further state that the land is manured every crop, and dug with a three pronged fork thirteen inches in length.

Mr. Sillett has divided his land into four portions, three of 60 rods, and one of 120, which is grass, reserving 20 rods for beds for raising plants for transplanting, and has given a statement of the produce of each, which are as follows:—

No. 1. Was planted in October with spring cabbages in rows two feet apart, and one foot three inches from each other; between each row of cabbages he dibbled a double row of wheat. In February he planted between each cabbage early potatoes. The cabbages came off about the middle of May, and the potatoes in June. He then prepared the land for swede turnips, which he had raised upon beds; he transplanted the turnips the latter end of June the same distance from each other as the cabbages stood, which gave them a sufficient quantity of air to grow until the wheat came off, which was the beginning of August. The turnips had then all the air that was necessary to bring them to maturity, and in the October following they were as large as the turnips grown in the ordinary way. The following is the produce:—19 bushels wheat, 7900 cabbages, 7900 turnips, and 90 bushels potatoes.

No. 2. Was appropriated to the growth of beet. In April the seed was dibbled in ridges two feet apart, and a foot from each other; by this method the beet became very fine, and were admired by all who saw them for their size and quality; the quantity thus grown amounted to 720 bushels, which was followed by a crop of spring tares, which are now growing for food for the cows.

No. 3. Was planted with drumhead cabbages in rows three feet apart, and two feet from each other, and between each row of cabbages was dibbled a double row of beans and peas. The cabbages amounted to 3000, and weighed on an average 18 lbs. The beans and peas produced 12 bushels.

No. 4. Grass manured with liquid manure; 40 rods were cut green for cattle, and the residue produced 2 tons of hay, which is at the rate of 4 tons per acre.

If we take the produce at a low calculation, supposing all to have been sold (which was not the case), it would have realised the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
No. 1.			
19 bushels of wheat at 9s. per bushel	8	11	0
7900 cabbages at 0½d. each	16	9	2
7900 turnips, allowing 50 to the bushel, which would make 158 bushels, at 6d. per bushel.	3	19	0
90 bushels of potatoes, at 4s. per bushel.	18	0	0
No. 2.			
720 bushels of beet, at 6d. per bushel	18	0	0
No. 3.			
3000 cabbages, at 1d. each	12	10	0
12 bushels of beans and peas, at 4s. per bushel	2	8	0
No. 4.			
3 tons of hay (allowing the grass cut to produce the same on average as that cut for hay), at 5l. per ton	15	0	0
	£95	17	2

I am supposing everything to have been sold, excepting the spring tares, but as they are not produced within the year I have omitted to give an item of their value. In this calculation I have not set the produce at its real value, as it is not my wish to overrate the advantages to be derived by the spade over the plough.

The statements here given are simply facts as to the produce, and their value if sold at the price stated; and as I have shown in my former letter the profit realised by Mr. Sillett from two cows, I shall leave others to make their calculations as to the probable advantages to be derived by the system of cow-keeping over the one I have stated; suffice it to say that the statements here given can be borne out by Mr. Sillett, who states that before he commenced he did not even know the various seeds, and now that he has made himself acquainted with the system, and has thus far been successful, he feels fully confident he shall be able to make his land produce by spade cultivation double what it has done. This, therefore, is further evidence, tending materially to prove that the land is capable of maintaining in comfort all those that are willing to bestow that labour and attention that is required for the proper development of the capabilities of the soil. Yours truly, THOS. NEWMAN.

Contents.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, May 8, 1847.

Chapel-en-le-frith Self-improvement Society.—This is another of those excellent institutions which have lately sprung up through the length and breadth of the land, and another, though humble, evidence of the mighty conviction which has fastened on the minds of the working classes of this kingdom, that education is not, nor ought to be, the exclusive privilege of the "favoured few;" and that although sectarian bigotry and party spirit may cause men to jar and squabble, it behoves them—as they value their advancement in the social scale, as they wish to be what they ought to be, thinking and reflecting beings, instead of mere machines in the hands of others—that they use every exertion, and encourage and assist others to use every exertion, for their own moral and mental self-improvement. This society commenced in October last; and when the idea of forming an institution of this sort was first promulgated, it was scouted by a very many in the parish as visionary and chimerical. "Oh!" said they, "you can do no good with that here; the young men in this parish are not anxious for education. They will never attend. You won't get a dozen members. They would rather spend their money at an alehouse, or their time at a street-corner talking of everybody's business but their own. Besides, you ought to get the gentry of the place to put down their names as patrons, and to serve on your committee, or else you cannot succeed:" and a many more such like objections. "Well," the promoters said, "we believe you are mistaken. *We can do something.* When you say that the people are not anxious for education, you talk of times gone by, and not of the present rising generation; and we are persuaded that by founding such an institution as this, we are using a primary means of drawing off the young men from the grovelling and debasing enjoyments of the pot-house, by providing a place where they can pass their leisure time with benefit and credit both to themselves and to society. And as to a list of gentlemen patrons—while we entertain the deepest respect and good feeling towards them—we are of opinion that it will better consist with that spirit of manly independence and self-reliance which we are desirous to inculcate, that we should patronise ourselves, and should have a committee of *workers*, who will consider it a privilege as well as a duty to attend to the business of the society." Time has shown which of these two opinions was right. Instead of a dozen, it now numbers fifty eager and attentive members, and the number is rapidly increasing. So much so, that they have just taken the largest room they could get in the town; and I am proud to state that the most cordial good feeling prevails, and that such of the members as are competent, cheerfully and willingly lend a helping hand to their less-favoured fellow members. The course of instruction embraces reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and mathematics. They are collecting a library, and they are well supplied with magazines, newspapers, &c. Now and then some amateur favours them with a lecture; and now they have got a large room, they are about to engage paid lecturers. This and similar results are gratifying signs of "progress," and must be great encouragement to all those who are anxiouly labouring for the education and advancement of "the masses;" amongst whom the Editor of, and contributors to, the *People's Journal* stand confessedly prominent. "Humph!" methinks I hear some one say, "what influence can fifty members exercise on the well-being of society?" I know that the number is but small, but it is an atom of that mighty leaven which must eventually "leaven the whole lump." If every parish in the kingdom would only do its utmost, the sum total would not be a thing to be disregarded; and the writer would not have fulfilled his purpose, if he did not urge on the young in every parish or hamlet in the empire to try to form an institution of their own. Let them not say—"It's no use, we cannot do anything." *Try.* You don't know what you can do until you have tried. Co-operation, and an honest determination to do your utmost, will work wonders. Remember it was once said so in this place, than which none is more disadvantageously circumstanced; and yet, in the short space of less than six months, by the untiring perseverance of a few individuals, an institution has been firmly established; and out of a widely extended and thinly populated parish, containing only 3000 inhabitants, fifty young men have been found who have proved themselves eager for information, and willing to make sacrifices to obtain it. To show how highly it is valued, I may just mention that one of the members was heard to say—"I have missed three nights this week; that's three shillings of a loss to me." And yet I am very far from thinking that they have done all that they can or will do. There is a vast amount of ignorance remaining, which ought to be, and must be, exterminated. But there are evidences of a better state of things prevailing in this neighbourhood. The thirst for knowledge will become contagious; and he who does not use the means which are provided, and foster, encourage, and bring into active exercise, the latent energies of mind which are smouldering within him, will in time find that he has been far outstripped in "the march of intellect," and in all that contributes to make man useful and ornamental in the sphere in which he moves; and will, at last, have the *consolation* of knowing, that he is regarded by those whose advantages and opportunities were once greatly inferior to his own as a dolt and a laggard.

P.S.—It would materially assist in the formation and carrying on of similar societies to the above, if the Editor, or some of the talented contributors to the *People's Journal* would publish in that Journal an outline of general rules for their guidance.

An "Albion" Press for Frederick Douglass.—The proposition to raise a fund to present F. Douglass with a press, type, &c., originated with an esteemed lady of Newcastle-on-Tyne—the same benevolent individual who proposed and accomplished F. D.'s ransom from the despotic grasp of the slaveholder. She conceived the excellent idea of having an Anti-Slavery paper, edited by F. Douglass, and worked by coloured people—so that the negro population might have an organ peculiarly "their own," in which to express their thoughts, desires, and woes, in their own way, under the intelligent guidance of F. Douglass, their successful and worthy champion. The plan has been matured for some time—and the warmest friends of the negro race have freely been consulted upon the subject. It was thought, however, advisable to make Douglass's departure for America the season for public appeal in his behalf. Prior to his leaving England the object was named to him with the view of ascertaining whether it would accord with his taste and feelings to be the editor of a paper. His reply was at once conclusive—declaring it to be the object of his highest ambition to serve his oppressed brethren, by advocating their rights through the press. Elihu Burritt and other friends were also consulted, and friendly suggestions received from all—the result being the proposition which is now before the public. It is calculated that 500*l.* will purchase a good iron press, sufficient type, and supply a small capital to commence the work. The subscriptions are going on most satisfactorily. Let us invite our readers to cast in their mite to aid this noble purpose. Subscriptions may be addressed to our care, or to Mr. H. Richardson, 5, Summerhill-grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne; from whom subscription papers may be obtained by those who feel disposed to act as collectors. Some of our "moulders," we hope, will devise and cast a suitable device to ornament the head of the press. A neat wood engraving to embellish the head of the paper (probably a double demy sheet), from some willing hand will also serve to show our sympathy with the oppressed. "A Typo" informs us that he intends to give "a substantial *mallet* and *shooting-stick* to unlock the fetters of the slave," and another promises "a *planer*, of good English oak, to help to level the slave-system!"

Co-operation at Bingley.—Co-operation, or united interests, appears not to be dead. A few persons, having heard of the Leeds Redemption Society, called a meeting of all they knew who were favourable to the system, for the purpose of forming a branch, or district. Their first meeting numbered seven; and their numbers were doubled the next meeting. This branch is now going on very prosperously; for, in about three months from its commencement, they numbered fifty, with every prospect of yet increasing. This is not all. A number of these persons thought they would have something on their road to co-operation, therefore they resolved to open a provision store, which is expected to take place in a few weeks. The people of Bingley appear to be determined to wait no longer on government doing something for them, but are beginning to do it themselves. This is as it ought to be. Here is an example for people to "go and do likewise."

What is doing for the People in Newcastle?—Among the various and excellent institutions of our town none appear to me more useful than the Temperance Institution, inasmuch as it proposes to withdraw man from the haunts of demoralisation, and cultivate in him a taste for the moral, the beautiful, and the good. To a certain extent this has been the case; and when one's eye rests upon a working man who has forsaken the tap-room and its demoralising influences, and gathering, in the course of four years, 180 volumes, sits down at the end of his day's toil to converse with the great spirits of the past and present day, and holding converse with Jerrold, Martineau, Mackay, Burritt, Gillies, Thompson, Loudon, Hunt, Mazzini, Toulmin, Winter, Jewsbury, Reach, Smiles, Hodson, Linton, Fuller, &c., it is a proof to me that there is a good time coming for the working man of merry Old England; or, if you like it better, Young England, regenerated and intellectual England; whose sons too long have been looked upon as mere beasts of burden, born to toil, to eat, and drink, and die. I venture a thought or two (and although I do not possess the ability desirable to convey my thoughts in language chaste and refined, having had from an early period to toil for bread), that aided by the press and the *People's Journal*, the working masses of our beloved country will raise a noble structure for themselves, as lasting as the deeds of classic Greece or conquering Rome. A structure in which the nobility of the mind will stand out enfranchised, and the body released from the deeply degrading habit of intemperance. We are encouraged to this belief by a review of the lectures and means afforded by the recent visit of Messrs. E. P. Hood and R. K. Philp; the former having delighted his audiences for two weeks on temperance, history, and poetry; and the latter having conveyed to admiring numbers his views on the sanatory movements and their relation to the temperance cause. Mr. Philp's reasoning on this question gave great satisfaction. His description of man's physical organisation, theory of digestion, pathology of drunkenness, all illustrated beauti-

fully, were equally instructive and interesting—the calm, clear, and unimpassioned tone of the lecturer, indicating a thorough acquaintance with his subject.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. N. H. B.

The Manufacturing Classes.—Bacon observes, that merchants are the veins of a kingdom, without which "it will nourish little." Now if this be true, manufacturers are the vital organs which create and purify the blood hereafter to circulate through these veins; merchants are but the consequence—they are the cause: yet the former receives that honour due to the latter, in at least an equal degree. Among the higher ranks of society, any connection with trade is, and probably will long be, a taint upon noble blood; but in the middle classes, many of whom are but of the third or fourth generation themselves, there is a general and most unjust feeling against this same manufacturing race. Merchants have at length attained their due position; bright eyes and refined voices can discourse eloquently on the poetry of commerce. Take these, and place them on Dudley-hill at nightfall; bid them look at the bursting flames which disclose swarthy figures flitting to and fro. Show them the crackling, glowing fires, extending into the far horizon, all but conquering night, and let them listen to the hum of wheels, and then ask them if there be not beauty and poetry of the highest order in this land of Vulcan; this magnificent evidence of the industry and ingenuity of man. So much for the Beautiful! let us turn to mind, as among artisans of this description. In the district to which I allude, it is not uncommon to find powerful and acute intellects among these people; their toil has been of an elevating, not a crushing, kind. They have passed their lives among the most splendid triumphs of science, and the lesson has been of use. Then, in manufacturing towns of a more important description, a glance at the papers and journals will show countless advertisements for, or reports of lectures on, the most refined subjects, delivered by educated professors; and to whom? To working men, who sit in large masses, with upturned heads, drinking in the inspired strains of Shakspeare himself. When does the farmer raise his tone of thought, his worldly position, as do these despised artisans—despised by those who cannot appreciate them? Prince is a name which alone will bear out my theory: many more might be added. It is well known that the present member for a considerable town in the midland counties was once a workman. He is not alone, though probably superior in mind to most; for one of the senate must deserve ere he can gain the votes of a majority, and in any case must be a cultivated man. But there are many more who have literally fought their way up by the sweat of their brow; and these should be judged in manner and speech, not by those who dwell in the super-refined London world, but by whence they came, and the energy of the human mind will be duly estimated. Look at that man; himself once a workman at weekly hire, he has now works of his own; and has thought and read much, though his manner be somewhat rough. His first care is always for his boys, they will be well-educated manufacturers; his grandchildren will probably rise to eminence in the professions; his great-grandchildren may, without improbability, become, by their own merit, candidates for the highest offices of the state; and the first, the most difficult step has been achieved by that man. Is he not worthy of honour? I am not a manufacturer myself, and may therefore make this appeal, though nearly allied by every feeling of interest and affection, and A NATIVE OF WEST BROMWICH.

[*Algernon Hill.*]

The Peoples' International League.—The association under the above title (of which we spoke some weeks back,) was organised on Wednesday, the 28th of April, Dr. Bowring taking the chair, at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor. The meeting was well attended, and the League starts, we believe, with fair promise of a successful career. We give the objects below, commending them to the best attention of all who believe in or desire human progression; to all who recognise, as we do, the necessity of close union of the people, *and of peoples*, to counteract the evil agencies of diplomacy. The offices of the League are at 85, Hatton-garden. All persons agreeing with the objects can become members, "on enrolling their names, and paying an annual subscription of *one shilling or upwards.*"

OBJECTS OF PEOPLES' INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

To enlighten the British public as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries;

To disseminate the principles of national freedom and progress;

To embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government, and the maintenance of their own nationality.

To promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries.

New Publications Received

Up to April 28, 1847.

BOOKS.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY:—
Coxe's House of Austria, Vol. 1.
Lanzi's History of Painting, Vol. 1.

Chambers, Select Writings of Robert, Vol. 1. W. & R. Chambers.

Charter House, Chronicles of. By a Carthusian. With Illustrations. George Bell.

Child's Cheerful Companion; or Read and be Happy. Darton and Co.

Communism, Baron Dercsenyis. Researches for a Philanthropical Remedy against. From the German. Shillinglaw.

Convict Ship and England's Exiles. By C. N. Browning. Second Edition. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

De Cliffords, an Historical Tale. By Mrs. Sherwood. Darton and Co.

Douglass, Frederick; Narrative of the Life of. Written by Himself. Third English Edition. R. J. Clarke and Co.

Florentine Tales, with Modern Illustrations. Second Edition. R. Bentley.

GEORGE SAND'S WORKS:—
Simon. Edited by Matilda M. Hays. Churton and Co.
Consuelo, 3 vols. Boston, United States; Tickner and Co.
Countess of Rudolstadt, Sequel to "Consuelo," 2 vols. *ib.*

Grammar, Practical; intended for the use of those who have little time for study. By G. J. Holyoake. Fourth Ed. Watson.

Hours with the Muses. By John Critchley Prince. Fourth Edition, enlarged. Simpkin and Co.

Kindness, Illustrations of the Law of. By the Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Wiley and Putnam.

Latin Synonyms and Phrases, for the use of Grammar Schools, &c. By the Rev. E. Reddall. Simpkin and Co.

Lectures, Sequel to, delivered at Literary and Mechanics' Institutions. By William Henry Leatham. Longman and Co.

Legacy of an Etonian. Edited by Robert Nolands. Cambridge; Macmillan, Barclay, and Macmillan.

Mathematics no Mystery. By G. J. Holyoake. 2nd Ed. Watson.

MURRAY'S HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY:—
Sieges of Vienna by the Turks.
Sketches of German Life, and Scenes from War of Liberation in Germany. Part 1.

Nineveh, Fall of. By Edwin Atherstone. 2 vols. Pickering.

PARLOUR LIBRARY. Simms and M'Intyre.
1. The Black Prophet. By W. Carleton.
2. Memoirs of a Physician. By Alexander Dumas. Vol 1.
3. Wood Leighton. By Mary Howitt.

Religion, What is? The Question answered. By Henry Colman. Chapman, Brothers.

Rome, History of, from the Earliest Period to the Close of the Empire. Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss Corner. Thomas Dean and Co.

Zamba, Life and Adventures of—an African Negro King. Written by Himself. Corrected and arranged by Peter Neilson. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Pamphlets, Periodicals, &c., next week.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, May 15, 1847.

RECENT AMERICAN COMMUNITIES.

Mr. Editor—In an article which appeared in No. 67 of your Journal, from the pen of Goodwyn Barmby, upon the subject of the "Recent American Communities," there are several mistakes, which I am sure he, as well as yourself, will thank me for correcting:—

1. The Hopedale or Mendon Community was not founded by Adin Ballin, but by Adin Ballou.

2. It is *not* "established upon the religious principle of community of property," Mr. Ballou being a well-known opponent of that doctrine.

3, 4. Both the Northampton and the Skaneatels Communities have been defunct for over a twelvemonth; and the founder of the latter community, John A. Collins, has renounced his community and other notions, and, as a correspondent writes me, has become a believer in the Bible, and is a Whig.

I may add that the two most successful associations in the United States (there are no "communities" in the technical common property sense), are the "Brook Farm Phalanstery," "founded," as your correspondent states, "on Fourier's plan," and the "Hopedale Fraternal Community," the property of which is held in shares.

The "large building" connected with the former, of which Mr. Barmby writes, was burned down about a year ago (while in an unfinished and unoccupied state), but whether the association has raised funds sufficient to commence a new one, the writer is not informed. The leading members of this institution are remarkable for their literary ability, several of them being distinguished scholars. In consequence of this they are enabled to establish among them a most excellent school, the profits of which—thanks to the good sense of the "outside barbarians"—form a serious part of the income whereby this commendable attempt at a higher and holier life is sustained. Among the most respected members are George Ripley (the founder), for years a learned Unitarian minister; William Henry Channing, the nephew and biographer of the sainted William Ellery Channing; and John S. Dwight, one of the best musical critics in the States.

The "Hopedale Fraternal Community" admits no members but those who are non-resistants,* teetotallers, abolitionists, and believers in God and Christ. It has recently been "visited with a prevailing sickness, by which the regular course of its industry has been impeded, and a considerable pecuniary loss incurred." The following is an extract from the last annual report read by the founder (Mr. Ballou), on the 13th of February, 1847:—

"It is not without a tinge of melancholy and disappointment that I offer you the present official communication. The severe sickness which has been permitted to afflict our littlle community during the past year places us in circumstances somewhat different from those under which I delivered my last annual address. Death was then a stranger to our domain. No grave had opened to receive the relics of mortality within our confines. Pestilence had been hurried by the fresh winds of heaven through our homely dale, with scarce a permission to touch its favoured inhabitants. Prosperity was strengthening our stakes, and we were fondly hoping for enlarged success in all departments of our associated interests. But we have experienced a reverse. We have been wasted by disease, bereaved by the *destroyer*, care-worn by anxious vigils over our emaciated friends, enfeebled in our industry, impoverished in our financial resources, and chastened in our ambition by a complicated adversity. Instead of being able to congratulate you, this day, on the results of an unusually fortunate year's operations, and the declaration of moderate dividends on labour, I am obliged to announce that we have actually made a loss on our capital."

As the community under notice (the official name of which is above given) is one of the most important, and decidedly the most successful, which have been established, I conclude my letter with the following notice of it, which is from the report just mentioned:—

"We have a joint stock capital of over fourteen thousand dollars, soon to be augmented several thousands more by absorbing into it the credits due to individual members. Besides this we have an aggregate private capital, in dwelling houses and other property on or about our general premises, exceeding ten thousand dollars, equally available for all practical community purposes as the joint stock property itself. We have recently erected three new dwelling houses, a valuable shop for machinists and blacksmiths, with a wash-house appended, and a saw-mill just ready for operation. Our village now numbers fifteen dwelling houses, besides a chapel, school-house, shops, mills, barns, and other out-houses. This is in striking contrast with the appearance of things here less than five years ago, when we commenced. We have successfully established several branches of industry, and obtained a favourable run of custom from the surrounding neighbourhood. In the diligent pursuits of honest avocations, with the aid of our labour-saving machinery, it would be strange indeed if we could not sustain ourselves beyond the dread of absolute poverty. We *can* and *will* do this, besides bearing the extraordinary expenses of our school the year round, while the town uses our entire school-tax exclusively to educate its other children and youth in the several school districts. Meantime, our credit is deservedly sound and satisfactory in this whole region; and we are living on terms of friendly intercourse with its extensive and growing population."

By an American Looker On.

Edinburgh, April 23, 1847.

* Mr. Ballou has just written and published the most complete work on non-resistance which has appeared.

The Leeds Factory Women's Soirée.—Every event calculated to afford the public a clear view of the condition of the factory women is a valuable addition to the history of the labouring population of this country, and as such claims a niche in the annals of the *People's Journal*. An experiment of a singular character has been attempted in Leeds, which, as it exhibited in a striking manner the ruling feelings and passions of this numerous class, deserves to be recorded.

A linendraper residing on the south side of the town, in the immediate neighbourhood of the large factories, and carrying on a lucrative trade upon the system of weekly payments for goods, which are delivered upon receipt of the first instalment, determined to invite his numerous female customers to a festival, at which the best means for effecting their mental, moral, and physical improvement would be explained to them by competent speakers. He felt that if he could effect their regeneration from evil habits, if he could persuade only a fraction of them to abstain from pawning, it would benefit the honest tradesman and secure to themselves a well furnished and better organised home, with greater independence and unfettered action. Impressed with these views he engaged the Music Hall at Leeds, hired a band of music, and a company of glee singers, he also provided buns and oranges, with a due quantum of lemonade. The admission was gratuitous, but confined to females; and on the appointed evening a long line of coaches and cabs, containing double their licensed number, might be seen filling up the approaches to the fashionable concert-room of Leeds; while considerable numbers were hastening along, their heads covered by a handkerchief in lieu of a bonnet, to protect their headdresses and caps. These honest creatures had been told that bonnets were never worn in these assemblies, and their philosophy gave them no conception of a bonnet or a cloak room. Half an hour after the opening of the doors, the body of the hall, orchestra, and gallery, were entirely filled by eleven hundred females, and of this number 950 had been or were then working in the mills in the town, the remaining 150 consisted of the wives of journeymen painters, glaziers, masons, tailors, shoemakers, &c. The entire number of males present, including speakers and waiters, did not exceed twenty.

The appearance of this assembly strongly exhibited the improved condition of the female operatives since the passing of the Factory Bill—the general development of taste and even elegance in the caps and dresses, the carefully crimped collar, the neat sandled shoe, and the snow-white stocking, bespoke in these women a growing elevation of character most cheering to the philanthropist. On looking around in the early part of the evening at the closely packed ranges of smiling faces, it was scarcely possible to believe the audience was composed of a different class to that usually assembled in this, the principal room in the town, much less to conceive this was the first appearance of by far the greater number in a public *soirée*, or in scenes of this elevating description. The opening proceedings were marked by scrupulous order and a strict observance of forms usual at public *soirées*. The first sentiment proposed was worthy of the occasion, it was "Prosperity to the Operative Class, the source of our power, the producers of our wealth, and the supporters of our liberties as a nation. May their intelligence and position, both social, moral, and political, still continue to progress and improve; may their industry, virtue, and integrity, never diminish; but may their children, avoiding and escaping the failings and misfortunes of their parents, rise rapidly to that elevation of comfort and true dignity, that the wise and the good of all ages have wished to see them adorn." This noble sentiment was introduced by a gentleman capable of doing full justice to the subject, but he committed an error fatal to the harmony of the evening—he miscalculated his audience, and imposed on these simple factory women a speech of an hour's duration. Long before the close, symptoms of weariness were apparent; heads that had been stretched forwards for half an hour with intense interest fell back and drooped; and when he ceased, they shook themselves as relieved from an oppression. Not so with the second speaker. He administered anecdote, and dispensed flattery and advice in a jocular strain which captivated and delighted: before the shouts of laughter had subsided he had withdrawn, to permit the sweet strains of music to complete the restored harmony. The next sentiment is equally worthy of recording: it was "The Home of the Operative; may its hearth shine with health, comfort, and peace; may its master rule in sobriety, wisdom, and kindness; may its mistress govern in foresight, prudence, and love; and may the rising generation turn to their parents as guides to all excellence, and may they have reason to remember the home of their youth as the abode of innocence and happiness." The intelligent advocate of this sentiment committed the error of speaking in a language far

beyond the capacity of his auditory: it was florid, but without energy, and was protracted to improper length. Signs of impatience soon manifested themselves, and a low murmur of conversation gradually crept across the room: this was led off by the elderly females, until the gentle rill became a noisy torrent. The women, for the most part, used to speak amid the sound of revolving wheels, roaring straps, and flying spindles, elevated their tones to the accustomed pitch, and this Babel with its thousand tongues heeded little the reiterated demands for silence. The women audibly declared they wished the speaker would "hod his din." A plentiful supply of buns soon made their appearance; these were seized with avidity, and portions transferred to the pocket; still the hum of busy voices continued unabated, and the chairman sent a further supply of good things in the shape of oranges, almonds, and raisins, under the impression that the pleasures of eating would restore silence by its vigorous action—but in vain. If it promoted harmony, it invigorated gossip.

A glance round the room, in examination of the age of the noisy speakers, showed at once the wisdom and importance of educating the factory women: the advocate of compulsory education could desire no stronger test. Those who had reaped the benefits of the school established by the Messrs. Marshalls, or the female classes of the Holbeck Institute, were listeners; while those in whose minds the light of intellect had not burned were the energetic speakers. If the Messrs. J. and J. Wilkinson had not discovered the soundness of the moral and *commercial* policy of the Messrs. Marshalls in establishing schools for rearing better workmen and women, an assembly of this kind would have stimulated them into this course, as we are told it has done with other influential manufacturers. A prying listener would gather from the conversation, a dissertation on dress, a graphic description of the bartering they had been engaged in to secure the articles of finery with which they were attired, and the expressions of self-adulation at the adroit manner in which they pocketed the almonds and raisins for John, William, Maria, and Jane, who were pining at home. Think of the infirmities of human nature!—black satin exulting as it hid in its ample folds an orange for little Sally, and could yet forget this "elegant entertainment" was entirely gratuitous.

It has been found by experience there is no difficulty in collecting an assembly of factory women—the arduous task is in dispersing them to their homes in good humour. On this occasion the proceedings were brought to a close by the confused removal of seats, and the admission of favoured swains, who had been invited to attend at a late hour; and thus the entertainment merged into a factory women's *soirée dansante*, from which they dropped off in interesting twos and threes before morning.

Leeds. J. W. H.

Mechanics' Institutions—Sir: Although I fully agree with Mr. Bennett in his remarks upon the effect of high rates of subscription to mechanics' and literary institutions, I think, in his comparison of the attendance of the Greenwich Society with those of the Metropolis, he has omitted one cause of the comparatively small number which the latter can boast of. These institutions should be most liberally supported by the young men engaged in shops. Yet, I would ask, can it be expected from them when, by the length of their business hours, they are entirely debarred from the advantages which these societies offer? I beg to recommend this subject to your most favourable notice, and earnestly hope to see the principles of the early closing system advocated in your valuable Journal.

11, *High-street, Marylebone.* T. Chambers.

Scottish Temperance League.—The annual meeting of this associated body was held on April 15th, at the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, when the accounts underwent examination, and the general business of the League was transacted. The Rev. Dr. Reid was re-elected president for the ensuing year; and Mr. Reay secretary. In the evening a fruit *soirée* was held in the spacious assembly room, when the company was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Ritchie, Mr. R. K. Philp, Rev. W. Reid, Mr. Reay, Mr. Henry Clapp, of America, Mr. B. S. White, and Mr. Wm. Logan, the latter of whom presided. An excellent spirit prevailed; and the intervals between the speeches were enlivened by the performances of a band.

Frances Wright.—Madame D'Arusmont (more generally known as Frances Wright) is about to deliver a course of fifteen lectures at Mr. Fox's chapel, South-place, Finsbury, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings—the series to commence on Tuesday, May the 11th, at eight o'clock. The subject of the lectures is—"The mission of England considered in her history, with reference to the civilisation of modern Europe, and the *dénouement* of the difficulties of the hour." The importance of the subject, the talent and popularity of the lecturer, and her well-known character for integrity and fearless outspeaking, claim more than ordinary attention for this series of lectures.

W. J. L.

The Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers.—About three years ago there was a society formed in this town called "The Society of Equitable Pioneers." The ultimate object of this society is to elevate the labouring classes by purchasing land, erecting premises, and by dealing as largely as possible in all the necessary and useful articles of life. Upwards of two years ago, the members opened a provision store in Toad-lane. The requisite capital was raised in shares of one pound each. Every member was obliged to take up four shares. Members might either pay in one sum, or by instalments, at threepence per week; but no member was allowed to draw interest or dividend till the whole of his shares were paid up. The society at present numbers nearly one hundred members, and is enrolled according to act of parliament. The whole of the society's business is done with ready money. Stock is taken every three months, when the amount of money worn at the store by each member is added together, and each receives of the profits of the society in proportion to the money he has worn. Thus, a poor member with a large family receives, perhaps, twice as much dividend as one in better circumstances with only a small family. The society has, ever since it commenced practical operations, paid five per cent. interest on all shares paid up, and more than twenty per cent. dividend has been paid to its purchasing members. Its officers consist of president, treasurer, secretary, and shopmen, all of whom are under the control of the board of directors, which meets every Thursday evening for dispatch of business. A general meeting of the members is held on the first and third evenings in each month, for the purpose of receiving new members, and of explaining the principles, objects, and laws of the society; and suggesting, if possible, some improvement for the consideration of the officers and board of directors. The good which this society produces is of four kinds. First: habits of economy and honesty are encouraged by trading in ready money. Second: considerable employment is given to three or four of their members. Third: help is afforded to those who most stand in need of it—those with large families. Fourth: the profits are pocketed by the right class—the *industrious*, the *wealth-creating* class.

S. Tweedale.

Hereford Mechanics' Institution.—This institution is in the seventh year of its existence. Its first president was the Dean of Hereford; on his retirement, he was succeeded by that eminent scholar and antiquarian Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, K. H. He has delivered twenty-eight lectures on the History of England, and will terminate in five or six more, bringing his labours down to the reign of William IV., probably. The learned knight is a most liberal benefactor to the funds, as well as an exemplary instructor, by his continuous lectures to the members. He generously contributed the *People's Journal* to the reading room from the first number of your issue, and thus bears his distinguished testimony to the value he sets on your admirable Journal as the people's aid to knowledge.

Elihu Burritt.—Sir: I beg to inform you that Elihu Burritt has consented to lecture on Friday evening, May 14th, at the Literary and Scientific Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square.

E. Truelove, Sec.

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London: Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars, and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, May 22, 1847.

The Sanitary Condition of Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Public attention is everywhere being directed to the duty of improving the public health by the adoption of sanitary measures. Newcastle-on-Tyne is one of those densely populated places where, in the struggle for commercial advancement, the physical condition of its inhabitants, especially those of its poorer classes, has been sadly overlooked. The visitor to Newcastle at once perceives sufficient evidences of its unhealthiness; for though its principal streets are of a superior order, the narrow outlets from them are too numerous to escape attention, and these courts, lanes, and alleys are all of them the hotbeds of disease, producing a fearful amount of mortality, which it were a sin to permit longer to rage against the life and happiness of a comparatively helpless and numerous section of the community. Dr. George Robinson lately delivered a lecture upon this subject before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle; the lecture has since been published (London: Longman and Co.), and it will be found to comprise an able exposition of the unhealthiness of towns, its causes and remedies. Most of its facts are rather general than local—because, unfortunately, the evil is one of general prevalence. But the statistics which refer to Newcastle and the neighbourhood are of the highest importance, as demonstrating the duty of the general and local government to apply suitable sanitary regulations, and the interest and responsibility of the people in giving such regulations their fullest possible effect. The bad state of the cheap lodging houses is thus adverted to:—"The Inspectors of Prisons in England recommend not less than 1000 cubic feet (of air) for every prisoner, as being essential to health and ventilation;" but "Dr. Reid, in his local report, speaks of 'entering one of these lodging-houses crowded with beds,' and noticed at Gateshead (adjoining Newcastle) *five beds in one room*, in each of which there *were from one to three persons unwell.*" Such hotbeds of disease are *very common* in Sandgate, near the Castle, and in the courts leading out of Newgate-street." And it appears that the air supplied to the inmates of such places "does not amount to one-fourth of the *minimum* necessary for the purposes of health." The Health of Towns' Commissioners thus speak of Newcastle in their report:—"No regulations for drainage, many new streets without sewers, stagnant waterpools and open ditches, drainage *very defective*, and under no control." Dr. Robinson remarks, that "many of the older streets are, indeed, in this respect, quite as deficient as those of the unimproved continental cities. Open gutters in the centre, arranged without any regard to the inclination of the ground, abounding in deep holes, and frequently obstructed by deposits of mud, constitute the *sole* provision for the discharge of the offensive fluids constantly escaping from the adjacent dwellings. In the recently built districts the state of things is *still worse*. For as the streets are neither paved, nor furnished with drains, nor swept, the decomposing substances become trodden into and mixed with the clayey soil, so as to form a putrifying mud, from which, under the influence of a summer sun, the most deadly vapours are constantly eliminated." This is truly a serious state of things, and we are impelled to ask, of what use are our advances in physiological and chemical truth, unless we apply, to their fullest practical extent, their healing influences to the present sources of indescribable evil? The result of the insalubrity of Newcastle displays itself in a large amount of sickness and a high rate of mortality. "During the year 1841, one inhabitant out of every 150 died from epidemic disease, whilst in the northern district of the county the proportion was but as one to 334. And during the past year, the deaths thus occasioned must have amounted to nearly two per cent. of the whole population." "The average duration of life is much less in the town than in the country district: the average age of *all* who died in Morpeth, &c. during the year 1841, was 39 years and 5 months, whilst in Newcastle it amounted to no more than 24 years and 2 months; being a difference of *fifteen years and three months.*" Dr. Robinson makes the following earnest appeal to the better classes of society. He says—"Up to the present moment, under the apathetic system of legislation which has hitherto prevailed, poverty has been disproportionately connected with crime: but why? Are the poor, as a body, ignorant; are they irreligious; are a large number of them dissipated, depraved, drunken, dangerous—who is to blame? Are many of them deaf to the voice of reason, and some hardened even against the promptings of natural affection, on whom does the responsibility rest before God and man? On themselves? Born in physical darkness, nurtured in an atmosphere unillumined by the rays of wisdom or the pure light of religion, continuing throughout youth ignorant of their moral duties, unprovided by education with those intellectual resources which tend to divert the mind from grosser pleasures, urged by necessities, and exposed to temptations unknown to the more fortunate of their race, they reach maturity—children as regards everything that is good—skilled but in evil. Have *the rich* nothing to do with those horrible revelations which have recently taken place in Lancashire and other districts, where mothers, for the sake of obtaining a little money, and to be relieved of the burthen, have systematically poisoned their own offspring; where children of both sexes habitually resort to midnight scenes of debauchery and excess; where intemperance and crime, pestilence and ruffianism flourish as rank weeds in the neglected soil of fallen humanity?" We echo the inquiry—*Have the rich nothing to do with these things?* Assuredly upon them devolves a great and earnest effort to free society from these fearful evils—and they will find a response in the hearts of the people in proportion to the zeal and integrity with which they set about the work of moral and physical improvement. A Health of Towns' Association has since been formed at Newcastle. P.

Fleetwood Mechanics' Institution.—The first annual meeting of the members of this institution took place recently. From the report, it appears that the number of members is 184; 138 of whom are full members at 8s. per annum, and 20 females, and 26 apprentices and youths, who are admitted at 4s. per annum. There are no honorary members. The number who have joined the institution since its establishment is 213, which is an encouraging circumstance, when it is recollected that the population is under 4,000. The operations of the institution comprise lectures, classes, a library, and a reading-room. With respect to lectures, the managers have obtained the services of 11 gentlemen, who have delivered gratuitously 15 lectures on a variety of subjects, to all of which the members were admitted free, non-members paying a small charge for admittance. Writing and Arithmetic, Architectural Drawing, and Discussion Classes have been established with beneficial results. The library contains 247 volumes, and is open twice a-week; the duties of librarian being performed gratuitously by the members: and during the six months ending 24th March, upwards of 1300 volumes have been issued. The reading-room is supplied with a variety of newspapers and periodicals, and is open daily, Sundays excepted. The receipts last year were 91*l.* 9s. 10d.; the expenses, 84*l.* 8s.; cash in treasurer's hands, 7*l.* 1s. 10d., which, added to the supposed value of the books and furniture, makes a balance of nearly 40*l.* in favour of the institution. Amongst other things referred to in the report, it may be mentioned that the directors of the Preston and Wyre Railway had consented to allow lecturers in connection with the institution to travel on their line *free*. This is an important advantage, and an example which should be generally imitated by other railway directors. After alluding to the proposed union of the institutions of Lancashire and Cheshire, and the advantages likely to result therefrom, the report noticed what, in a great measure, is a new feature in mechanics' institutions, which is—that the managers have resolved that *all* persons, during their stay in Fleetwood, shall have the privilege of attending their reading-room and lectures, provided they are members of any other similar institution. This plan of admitting strangers will, if generally adopted, be productive of the best results. And when a man finds that, by supporting his own local institution, he can enjoy the privileges "[illegible] to kindred associations in other places, it is evident that the usefulness of these institutions will be materially increased and their influence for good strengthened and extended.

Astrology in 1847.—A correspondent has favoured us with a hand-bill, put forth by J. Devey, in Wednesbury, Staffordshire, which, commencing with a list of books for sale, continues thus:—"Please to observe, that J. Devey, the person who calls for this bill, has a knowledge of Genethliacal and Horary Astrology. But perhaps you are ready to say—We do not know what astrology is. If this be the case, I will tell you what it is. Astrology is the art of foretelling future events by the influences of the heavenly bodies. Perhaps you will not believe that it is possible for future events to be predicted by the motions, positions, configurations, and influences of the planets; and if you do not, let me call your attention to the following proofs:—The Emperor Domitian required the Professor Largius Proculus to calculate his nativity from the supposed time of his birth, which was done, and delivered into the emperor's own hands; and Asclatarius, a most famous astrologer of the first century, procured a copy of this nativity, rectified it, and foretold the hour and manner of the emperor's death; which, when Domitian heard, he commanded Asclatarius to be brought before him, and, when he affirmed that his predictions would prove true, Domitian asked him if he knew his own fortune, and what manner of death he himself should die. Asclatarius replied, that he knew he should shortly be torn in pieces by dogs. But, to confute the astrologer, the emperor ordered him to be burnt alive. The cruel sentence was accordingly put in execution. The body was bound and laid upon the pile, and the fire kindled, but, at that instant, there arose a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which drove the spectators away, and extinguished the fire, and Asclatarius was afterwards torn into pieces by dogs, as he had foretold. When Latinus informed the emperor of this event, he was greatly mortified and very melancholy; and on the day his assassination had been predicted, he feigned himself indisposed, and locked himself up in his chamber. Stephanus, the captain of his guard, went to his door, pretending he had received some important dispatches, which he wanted to deliver to him; but Domitian declined to admit him, till a certain hour was passed. Stephanus persuaded him it was then much later than the time specified; and the emperor, in consequence, concluding the danger to have passed by with the hour, or looking upon the prediction as a mere fable—seeing no conspiracy or

danger about him—opened the door, upon which Stephanus stepped up to him with a drawn dagger, and stabbed him to the heart; and this happened in the very hour that had been predicted by the astrologer. * * * * Again, it is worthy of remark, that the very day of the death of Queen Caroline was predicted by Raphael, in the Prophetic Almanack for 1821, and twelve months before the event happened. What will the disbelievers in the art say to this? I think I have now fully proved that it is possible for things to be told by astrology; consequently, I shall conclude by saying, that I shall be at liberty to answer you any question you may think proper to propound, in an astrological manner, when I call for this bill.—J. DEVEY."
Kings Hill, near Wednesbury.

Peoples' International League.—An address has been issued by the council of the Peoples' International League to the foreigners resident in Great Britain, calling their attention to the objects and leading principles of the League; and claiming not merely their sympathies, but also their aid in carrying them out. "Thought and action," says the address, "have been too long divided in man's life. We must try to restore the long forsaken unity, and to embody our belief, our aspirations, in acts."

New Publications Received

Up to April 28, 1847.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.*

Almanac, Dyson's Monthly: March, April, May.
Apprentices, Restriction of, unjust, impolitic, impossible, &c. By Richard Isham.—*Strange.*
Artisan, Autobiography of. By C. Thomson. Parts 1, 2, 3.—*Chapman, Brothers.*
Arithmetic, Simple, as connected with the National Coinage, Weights, and Measures. By Henry Taylor.—*Groombridge.*
Co-operation. A Tract for the Times; being a proposition for the establishment of a National Press Company. By John White.—*Strange.*
Death Punishment, Abolition of. Report of Meeting at Exeter Hall, with Lord Nugent's speech.—*Gilpin.*
" " Why ought the Punishment of Death to be abolished? By Anti-Gallows.—*Gilpin.*
Education, The Question of State. Reprinted from the Christian Reformer.
Factory Question, A few Words on. By Edmund R. Larken, M.A.—*Pelham Richardson.*
Florist's Journal and Gardener's Record.—*Groombridge.*
Florist, Midland, and Suburban Horticulturist. Conducted by J. F., in his Nurseryman.—*Simpkin and Co.*
Gaol System—Our present. By Joseph Adshead.
Ireland. A Journal of a visit of three days to Skibbereen. By Elihu Burritt.—*C. Gilpin.*
" Relief for, Prompt and Permanent. By Agricola.—*James Ridgway.*
" Irish Imprudence encouraged by English Bounty. By an Ex-Member of the British Parliament. [Mr. Buckingham].—*Ridgeway.*
Leisure, The right use of. An address delivered before the Members of the Early Closing Association, Lincoln. By George Boole.—*Nisbet and Co.*
Monetary. The Yeoman philosophising on his Poverty. By a Welsh Plebian of the nineteenth century.—*Parry.*
MUSIC:—
Haydn's Oratorios. Novello's edition, Nos. 4 to 7.—*Novello.*
Handel's Sacred Oratorios. Ditto Nos. 7 to 10. "
Musical Times, March, April, and May. "
Comprehensive Tune Book. Monthly. Edited by H. J. Gauntlet, Mus. Doc.—*Houlston and Stoneman.*
Handel's Songs, Duets, and Trios. Selected and newly arranged by J. H. Gauntlet, Mus. Doc.—*Houlston & Stoneman.*
Pauperism, Extinction of. By Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte.—*Cleave.*
Peace Society, Report of the Manchester and Salford.—*Irwin*, Manchester.
PERIODICALS:—
The North British Review. Quarterly.—Edinburgh.
A New and Old Evangelical Magazine (Quarterly), March—June.—*William Smith.*
Herald of Truth, a monthly periodical (American).—*Hine*, Cincinnati.
The Christian Examiner (American).—*Crosby*, Boston, U. S.
Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine.
The New Monthly Belle Assemblée. May. Edited by Camilla Toulmin.
Co-operation, Herald of; an Organ of the Redemption Society. May.—*Robinson*, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Rowland Bradshaw, or the Way to Fame, Nos. 4, 5.
Industrial Magazine of the Scottish Patriotic Society, for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes. March.—*Maclachlan and Stewart*, Edinburgh.
The Pennyworth.—*Kennedy and Ramsay*, Arbroath.

* The Books were given the week before last. In future, all Publications received will be acknowledged weekly.

PERIODICALS—*continued.*
People's Press, a Monthly Historical Newspaper. January to March.—*Shirreffs*, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Norfolk Miscellany of Literature, Science, Art, and Agriculture. Monthly, April 15.—*Jarrold*, Norwich.
Truth Tester, Temperance Advocate, and Manx Healthian Journal. Monthly. From the commencement, August 20, 1846, to April 15, 1847.—*Robinson*, Douglas, Isle of Man.
PHONOTYPY:—
The Phonetic Penman.—*Pitman.*
Medical Reporting, or Case Taking. By Samuel Crompton. Printed in Phonotypy.—*Pitman.*
PHRENOLOGY:—
Observations on Combe "On the Constitution of Man."—*Simpkin and Co.*
Railways, Speed on, considered in a commercial point of view. By Samuel Sidney.—*W. Stephenson.*
SANITARY, &c.:—
Letter to Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart., Lord of the Manor of Hampstead. By Charles F. J. Lord.—*Ollivier.*
Tracts of the Metropolitan Working Classes' Association.—*Churchill.*
The Address of the Committee.
On the Ventilation of Rooms, Houses, Workshops, &c.
Drainage and Sewerage.
Bathing and Personal Cleanliness.
The Health of Towns. A Lecture by Dr. Guy. 2nd edition.—*Renshaw.*
A Tract upon Health for Cottage Circulation. By Henry Morley.—*C. Edmonds.*
Analysis of Evidence laid before the Health of Towns' Commission on Metropolitan Sewage Manure.—*Hatton & Co.*
Report of the Health of Towns' Association, Feb. 24, 1847.—*Hatton and Co.*
Health made Easy for the People.—*Sherwood and Co.*
Remediable Evils attending the Life of the People. By J. E. Riadore, M.D., F.L.S.—*Sherwood and Co.*
SLAVERY:—
Slavery Immoral. By James Haughton.—*M'Glashan*, Dublin.
Narrative of James Willis, an American Slave.—*Hamilton and Co.*
Sunday Trains on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. Reasons why we voted for the Resumption of the Sunday Trains.—*W. Lang*, Glasgow.
TEMPERANCE:—
Temperance Gazette, or Organ of the Central Temperance Association for April.—*Tomkinson, jun.*, Birmingham.
East Yorkshire Temperance Lever. March.—*Andrew*, Scarborough.
Diploma, or Card of Membership—*Francis.*
British League, or Total Abstinence Magazine. March, April, May.—*Tofts*, Edinburgh.
Working Classes, A Plea to Power and Parliament for the. By R. A. Slaney, Esq., late M.P. for Shrewsbury.—*Longman & Co.*

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THE ANSWER OF THE PRESS TO MR. SAUNDERS'S APPEAL.

Arbroath Guide, April 17.

Mr. Saunders, in the beginning of 1846, projected and founded the *People's Journal*, a periodical having for its chief novelty and usefulness the cause of the people, particularly the working classes, much at heart. He had the sole management of the publication, and fulfilled all its editorial duties. The journal was contributed to by many persons of literary eminence, and the early success of the work promised well for its future fame. In March, 1846, Mr. Howitt was, at his own special solicitation, admitted as a partner in the establishment; but it soon turned out that the partnership would not work well. Mr. Howitt was not long in showing that he wished to usurp the reins of office, and sit in the editorial chair, and this is abundantly evident throughout. Mr. Saunders, keeping to the agreement, which provided that he alone was to be the editor, stoutly and rightly resisted; and it was this resistance, there can be no doubt, which was the real cause of the quarrel. He stood his ground staunchly. When the quarrel had grown serious, Mr. Saunders repeatedly wished Mr. Howitt to authorise him to sell the latter's share, and go out of the concern; but to this fair and reasonable offer Mr. Howitt would not listen. Eventually, the adjustment of their differences (chiefly relating to accounts, &c.) was remitted to arbiters, and we do not know if the matter be yet arranged. It was while the case was under consideration of the referees that Mr. Howitt, in December last, and in violation of his own engagement, brought the matter before the public, by announcing the immediate appearance of a journal bearing his own name, and at the same time attacking Mr. Saunders, and running down the *People's Journal*, to which his own was meant as a rival. This was replied to by Mr. Saunders in a calm and temperate Appeal to the press and the public, and merely defending himself against the attack of Mr. Howitt. To this Mr. Howitt replied in a pamphlet, brimful of spleen, scurrility, and coarse abuse, and such as to cause disgust to the reader. The evil spirit of malignity, and egotism, and self-conceit seemed peeping through every paragraph. And not content with confining himself to the simple questions in dispute, he enters into a long and vulgar detail of Mr. Saunders's previous career, which, whatever it might have been (and we are glad to know it was not the dishonourable one which his traducer would make the world believe), had, at any rate, nothing at all to do with the matter. Mr. Saunders has triumphantly and calmly answered the calumnies uttered against him, and exposed with much show of truth and reason the real character and objects of Mr. Howitt. There cannot be a doubt that the *excellent* William Howitt, the charity-breathing Quaker, wished to crush, and trusted to have been able to crush, Mr. Saunders.

Aberdeen Journal, April 28.

We have no hesitation in declaring that, while Mr. Saunders has entitled himself to the fullest confidence, Mr. Howitt has most materially damaged his character in the estimation of every honourable mind.

Bradford Observer, May 6.

We will state briefly and explicitly, and once for all, the impression which a careful perusal of the statements of both parties has left upon our minds. It is this—that Mr. Howitt has attacked Mr. Saunders in a manner unbecoming a man and an author, and that Mr. Saunders has made a successful defence, and cleared his character from all imputations.

Bristol Mirror, May 15.

Personally we are unknown to either of the parties more immediately concerned, and are not likely to be influenced by any improper bias in pronouncing an opinion decidedly favourable to Mr. Saunders. In brief, it appears to us that Mr. William Howitt is a meddling, domineering sort of person, who, having succeeded in joining a profitable business, made it his business to turn the tide of affairs exclusively towards his own profit; and, being frustrated in this *disinterested* endeavour, commenced a bullying, *un-English*-like squabble, which Mr. Howitt himself has appropriately denominated "the disgrace of literature and literary men."

Coventry Herald, May 7.

Mr. Howitt's late attacks on the character of the Editor of the *People's Journal* we can look upon as none other than a deliberate attempt to ruin, by means of his literary reputation, an honest and earnest fellow-worker in the people's cause. Mr. Saunders's vindication of his early struggles in life is rendered most complete and triumphant by the publication of letters from the highly-esteemed parties with whom he was brought into connection during his first literary endeavours. The good opinion of such men as Charles Knight, Douglas Jerrold, and the late Laman Blanchard, could not have been obtained without true desert. This little history of personal trials and triumphs is to us a most interesting chapter in the history of men of letters; and we are convinced that, far from detracting from the estimation in which Mr. Saunders is held, those revelations will greatly add to it, and aid and solace him, we trust, in his future career.

Dublin Pilot, May 14.

We have read the case made out by Mr. Saunders, of the *People's Journal*, and we now regret we did; for, such had been our opinion of William Howitt, that the averments made in that statement excited in us a sorrowful surprise.

Durham Chronicle, April 30.

We think Mr. Saunders clearly establishes that, after the *Journal* had been established, Mr. Howitt sought a connection with it; that, that having been obtained, he endeavoured by crooked means, to procure the entire management, to the exclusion of Mr. Saunders; that he attempted to make the *Journal* a vehicle for puffing off his own works; and, that being resisted by Mr. Saunders, he has made the latter gentleman an object of the vilest calumny; and, lastly, that he has established another work, identical in its form and object, contrary to an express stipulation in the deed of partnership.

Eastern Counties Herald, April 22.

This excellent publication pursues its course of usefulness by imparting instruction on the most important subjects which exercise influence on the material and intellectual condition of man. By continuing its intention in the manner it has set out, it cannot fail to lay society under the greatest obligations, and to smooth the difficult path of progress towards the objects which we all aim at. To do this effectually it is necessary that the motives and character of the parties who undertake such a task should be clear and unimpeachable—in fact, beyond all doubt. It is, therefore, satisfactory to be enabled to state that Mr. John Saunders, the proprietor and editor of the *People's Journal*, has fully succeeded in clearing himself from all the charges preferred against him by his quondam partner and contributor, Mr. W. Howitt. He has done this beyond the shadow of suspicion—no easy task, when we consider the nature of the imputations, and the ingenious and elaborate manner in which they were hunted out, preferred, and apparently substantiated.

Edinburgh Weekly Register, April 14.

We are happy to see that Mr. Howitt's splenetic assault has not all enfeebled the energy of Mr. Saunders. This part is exceedingly good.

Era, April 4.

Mr. Howitt's appeal affords a most forcible contrast to that of Mr. Saunders, the latter gentleman contents himself with a plain statement of his case, while the former commences with invectives of no slight bitterness, and still, with an eye to business, ends his tirade with an advertisement.

Gateshead Observer, April 3.

We will only say—and less we could not say without doing violence to our own feelings—that we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Saunders is an honest man. The lamented Laman Blanchard, one of his creditors, bore testimony, in 1843, to his fair dealing, strict integrity, and scrupulous fidelity to his engagements. Mr. Charles Knight, who enjoyed his "valuable assistance" for several years, and "regretted his determination" to withdraw his services, now testifies (March 5) that "his conduct," during the whole of their intercourse, "was invariably that of a gentleman." Venables and Co., the great stationers, who are necessarily the chief creditors of the *People's Journal*, having had submitted to them the accounts of the establishment, are satisfied (March 6) that Mr. Saunders is "an honourable and upright man." We have read nothing to convince us to the contrary.

Hereford Times, April 17.

To us it clearly appears that Mr. Saunders's statements are straightforward, gentlemanly, conclusive, triumphant—Mr. Howitt's, vulgar, vituperative, in tone and manner insolent, nay, supercilious and overbearing.

Inverness Courier, April 13.

We have read all the statements on this "very pretty quarrel," and are clearly of opinion that Mr. Howitt has the worst of it. He seems to be irretrievably damaged as a *man*; as an *author*, his recent work on the English Poets sunk him sufficiently low.

Kendal Mercury, May 15.

Mr. Saunders has emerged spotless from the controversy, which is more than can be said, we think, of Mr. Howitt, who displayed throughout a malignity and a bitterness of spirit unworthy of the sacred cause of letters.

Leeds Times, April 17.

We feel warranted in saying that Mr. Saunders has thoroughly vindicated his integrity. The dispute has left no stain upon his character as an honourable man. This is our strong conviction, after perusing the statements on both sides.

Leicester Mercury, April 3.

We think Mr. Saunders completely refutes the charges against his honour and integrity which, at the time we read them, we considered Mr. Howitt preferred in a very improper manner and spirit.

Liverpool Courier, April 14.

So far as we have examined, the Howitts are clearly in the wrong; and some of Mr. Saunders's charges against them it is as difficult to believe true as to suppose that they would be made if false.

Liverpool Journal, April 17.

We have seen the reply of the Editor of the *People's Journal* to Mr. Howitt's statement. . . . He has certainly written a plain, unvarnished tale, and apparently a truthful one.

Macclesfield Chronicle, April 10.

Mr. Saunders's vindication is complete and triumphant. Mr. Howitt has compelled him to enter into details respecting his past life which, instead of being discreditable to him, as had been alleged, turn out to have been highly to his honour,

Manchester Advertiser, April 10.

It must be gratifying to the proprietor of this talented magazine to find such general sympathy from all quarters felt on his behalf: and judging from the number now before us, for April, the loss of the Howitts is rather an advantage than otherwise. Every name of literary celebrity still crowds its pages, and contributes to render the *Journal* worthy the patronage of the people.

Manchester Examiner, April 17.

With regard to the controversy at present proceeding between Mr. Howitt and Mr. Saunders, we have carefully examined the printed statements issued by both. Whatever was before doubtful or vague, is now made clear by Mr. Saunders's last statement. The case is complete, and the public have before them all the evidence required to form an impartial judgment. Without going into the matter at any length, we shall content ourselves with briefly expressing our opinion that Mr. Saunders is in the right, Mr Howitt in the wrong. The attempt to impeach the integrity of Mr. Saunders has utterly failed. To one special point, however, we must advert with a feeling of indignation and disgust—we refer to the miserable raking up of Mr. Saunders's bankruptcy, and the miserable use attempted to be made of it by Mr. Howitt. Scarcely less paltry were the sneers in which the latter indulged at his antagonist's want of this world's wealth. Has Mr. Howitt forgotten the saying of D'Alembert, that the man of letters should have for his watchword "truth, freedom," and even "poverty?" We cannot dismiss the subject without alluding to the unassuming and manly autobiography which the coarse, and unfeeling, and utterly irrelevant allusions of William Howitt have extorted from Mr. Saunders. No one can read this brief narrative of an unobtrusive, hard-working, yet patiently-aspiring career, without feeling an interest in Mr. Saunders, and wishing him hearty success in his future labours. The letter of Mr. Charles Knight is highly honourable to the writer, and Douglas Jerrold's short and stinging lines are just what we would have expected from him.

Newcastle Guardian, April 17.

It is but justice to Mr. Saunders to say, that he is not the aggressor, having been literally dragged into court by his opponent. We have read both sides with some attention, and we have no hesitation, so far as the evidence goes, in "pronouncing for the defendant." On a first perusal of Mr. Howitt's statement, we did think there was occasion for his attack; but after reading Mr. Saunders's explanations, and especially the letters of Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and the arbitrators, we think Mr. Saunders has fully exonerated himself, and is entitled to the confidence due to an honourable man.

Norfolk Chronicle, April 9.

Mr. Saunders has decidedly the best of the matter, and completely disproves all the charges which are brought against him in Mr. Howitt's *Reply*. That Mr. Douglas Jerrold is also of this opinion, we gather from the following brief note, addressed by him to Mr. Howitt:—

"March 6, West Lodge, Putney.

"I have read your *Reply* to Mr. Saunders, and fully agree with your concluding words, that the matter *is* 'one more of those painful squabbles which are the disgrace of literature and literary men.' As a literary man I almost feel humiliated by it; and so feeling, have *again* to request that you will omit from the list of contributors the name of Douglas Jerrold.

"I have sent a copy of this note to Mr. Saunders."

As Mr. Jerrold continues to contribute to the *People's Journal*, we may imagine from the above his opinion of Mr. Howitt.

Northampton Mercury, May 1.

In common, we believe, with every contemporary who has given an opinion on the question, we feel compelled to admit that the verdict of the public must be very decidedly against Mr. Howitt. Our prejudices were, of course, with him. Of Mr. Saunders we knew nothing.

Sheffield Mercury, April 24.

Our sympathies are with Mr. Saunders, who, so far as we can see, has met every allegation of his opponent in a fair and open spirit.

Sheffield Times, April 24.

Mr. Saunders has conducted his case not only with great ability, but also in a cool and dispassionate manner, when he had many incentives to pursue a contrary course. He has, to our thinking, not only completely vindicated both his personal and literary character against the scurrilous and vulgar attacks of Mr. Howitt, but placed the latter in a position which must be anything but gratifying to his self-love.

Shropshire Conservative, April 10.

Our verdict is most unhesitatingly in favour of Mr. Saunders, who has replied fully to the charges made against him by Mr. Howitt, and has, from documentary evidence, convicted the latter gentleman of double dealing, and a no very strict regard for the truth. Mr. Howitt has started a rival to the *People's Journal*, called *Howitt's Journal*. Mr. Douglas Jerrold has declined being retained on the list as a contributor to Mr. Howitt's speculation.

Sunderland Times.

Perhaps few periodicals, or the character of few literary men, have been subjected to, and come honourably through, a severer ordeal than have the *People's Journal* and Mr. Saunders, its projector, editor, and proprietor, within the last few months, arising from one of the partners, William Howitt, from motives evidently personal and selfish, first attempting to get the Journal into his own hands, and, failing in that, seceding from the partnership, and, in spite of a clause in the deed of partnership precluding him from doing so for two years, setting up an opposition publication, which was sought to be established by a variety of gratuitous attempts to depreciate the *People's Journal*, and an attack upon its editor and proprietor, as low and vulgar as it was proved to be vindictive and unfounded. The replies of Mr. Saunders to these inuendoes are as complete and satisfactory as the manner of doing it is candid and manly.

Yorkshireman, April 10.

The *People's Journal* is an adventure of a more imposing and expensive class. Its contents are entirely original, and from the pens of the best and most able living authors of the day. We need not say how rejoiced we shall be should this publication find a resting place in the homes and haunts of the people of this country. It well deserves a *national* support. By the way, we observe that the Editor, Mr. Saunders, has attached to the present part a final reply to the statements of Mr. Howitt, as regards his connection with this journal. We are bound to confess that a more smashing and satisfactory answer we have never read. It convicts Mr. Howitt of that which we should be sorry to write upon paper. Falsehood, shuffling, misrepresentation, conspiracy, are startling charges to bring against a literary man of so much eminence as Mr. Howitt; but, nevertheless, Mr. Saunders maintains each allegation by the most irrefragable documentary evidence. Indeed, so humiliated has Mr. Douglas Jerrold felt himself at the conduct of Mr. Howitt, that he has ordered his name to be withdrawn from the list of contributors to *Howitt's Journal*. There is, however, a love of fair play inherent in the minds of Englishmen; and hence Mr. Saunders may find that the insolent persecution to which he has been subjected will be the means of rallying round him increased friends and subscribers. That such may be the issue of this most unfortunate literary squabble, we honestly and fervently hope.

The same general opinions (for which I regret I cannot find room here) have been expressed by the

Aberdeen Family Journal	John o'Groats Journal
Bell's Life in London	Kilmarnock Herald
Blackburn Standard	Leicester Chronicle
Bridgewater Times	Liverpool Chronicle
Bucks Advertiser	Man in the Moon
Bucks Herald	Plymouth and Devonport Journal
Bury and Suffolk Herald	Poole and Dorset Herald
Cambridge Advertiser	Post Magazine
Cheltenham Chronicle	Preston Guardian
Derbyshire Advertiser	Stirling Observer
Derbyshire Courier	Stockport Advertiser
Eddowe's Journal, Shropshire	Surrey Mercury
Elgin Courier	Tenby and Pembroke Chronicle
Greenock Advertiser	Waterford Mail
Halifax Guardian	Western Times
Herts County Press	

Opinions from other Papers, to the same effect, are daily reaching me.

Notice.

The character of the Conductor of a *Journal* which is sought to be established in the *People's* name, must be a matter of importance to all its earnest-minded readers. They know how that character has been attacked and defended—they will feel something higher than mere interest in watching the result. In order, therefore, to make it *certain* that all the ordinary readers of the *Journal* shall also be able to read, both now and hereafter, the judgment of the Press, we borrow the pages of the *Annals* for the occasion. Next week we shall endeavour, by extra care and diligence, to make up for the delay of the various interesting communications received for these pages. It will not, of course, have escaped attention that we have decreased the size of the *Annals'* type in order to make room for its constantly overflowing amount of materials.

London: Printed by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars; and published by John Bennett, 69, Fleet-street.

The Week

Ending Saturday, June 5, 1847.

THE MAY ANNIVERSARIES.

The yearly assemblies of philanthropic associations usual at this season of the year have just passed off, and with considerable satisfaction to the supporters of the several progressive movements. It may be safely stated, that all the societies seeking the extension of civil and religious liberty, and the general improvement of our social state, appear to be in a prosperous condition. The visits and labours of Elihu Burritt, Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Henry Clapp, and others, have had a sensible effect in stimulating the great heart of the people, and in diffusing those essential truths upon which the moral health of the community so much depends. We can only give a brief outline of the proceedings at the great meetings that have just been held—but this may be sufficient to assure the associates of these societies, in the several parts of the kingdom, that "all is well," and that their labours have not been in vain:—

The *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* held its annual meeting at Finsbury Chapel on the evening of May 17. The meeting was very numerous. Upon the platform were Sir G. Strickland, Messrs. Joseph Sturge, E. W. Alexander, Henry Clapp, Elihu Burritt, John Dymond, and very many other well-known friends of abolition. The right honourable Dr. Lushington occupied the chair. The report congratulated the subscribers to the society on the progress which anti-slavery principles were making, although in some places they had been considerably retarded. The receipts for the year had been 1715*l*. 13s. 6d.; the expenditure 1426*l*. 6s. 4½d.; leaving a balance of 289*l*. 7s. 1½d. to the credit of the society. The speakers were Sir G. Strickland, Henry Clapp, Rev. J. Boucher (of Paris), Rev. W. Gloster, of Philadelphia (a man of colour), and several others. The meeting passed off very satisfactorily.

The *Peace Society* held its thirty-first anniversary on the 17th and 18th of May. The meeting of members was held at the White Hart Inn, Bishopsgate-street; Joseph T. Price in the chair. At the public meeting in Finsbury Chapel, C. Hindley, Esq., M.P., presided. The meeting was very numerous, and ladies formed a large majority—an evidence that they have chosen the better part. The speakers were James T. Price, Esq., Rev. T. Aveling, Rev. J. Burnet, J. Brotherton, Esq., M.P., J. S. Buckingham, Esq., Elihu Burritt, Henry Clapp, &c. It was stated that there had been delivered, by the agents of the society and other persons under the immediate sanction of the committee, about 500 lectures during the past year to about 110,000 persons. Half-a-million of tracts have been distributed. The periodical press has been employed both in England and Wales. The sale of the *Herald of Peace* is increasing. Fairs and markets have been visited. On the continent of Europe twenty lectures have been delivered, some of them to as many as 1500 persons, and many thousands of tracts distributed. Including a balance of 556*l*. at the commencement of the year, the income of the society has been 2147*l*. 19s. 10d. There is a balance of more than 100*l*. on hand.

The *Anti-Slavery League* held a meeting on the 19th May at Finsbury Chapel. Dr. Bowring presided. The secretary, Mr. Smith, read the report, which spoke in encouraging terms of the progress of the cause, but exhibited a deficiency in the funds of the *League*, in consequence of active and expensive operations during the past months. George Thompson and other speakers delivered powerful orations in support of the objects of the *League*, and in exposition of the errors of its opponents.

The *National Temperance Society* held its annual meeting in Exeter Hall on Thursday, May 20. Joseph Sturge presided. The great hall was well filled, and on the platform were numerous friends of the cause from various parts of the country. The speakers were, the Chairman, G. W. Alexander, B. Rotch, Rev. R. Casseldon, J. S. Buckingham, J. Rutter, Henry Clapp, and others. The report included the following summary of the society's labours:—Drunkards visited at home, 1447; families visited, 14,477; revisits to persons and places, 8141; total visits by missionaries, 32,982; number of drunkards signed, 738; others, 1935; ditto of tracts distributed, 27,274. 1898 of those visited were without bibles, 8199 could not read, 5333 attended no place of worship. In 108 ships visited, containing 188 officers, 889 crew on board, 721 could read, and 670 could write; they had 505 bibles on board; 11 ships allowed strong drink on board; 30 allowed it in bad weather only; 27 adopted the tee-total principles—which vessels contained 5 captains, 19 other officers, 41 crew. There was a balance in hand of 343*l*. 11s. 3d. This meeting was followed up by a *Working Man's Demonstration*, on Monday, May 24, which, like its predecessors, was successful.

South London Phonetic Society.—On Thursday, the 11th of May, the first annual meeting of this society was held in the school-room of Maze-pond Chapel, Southwark. After about 80 ladies and gentlemen had partaken of tea, the more important proceedings of the evening were opened by Hepworth Dixon, Esq.; who said he believed the phonetic systems of writing (phonography) and printing (phonotypy) would have a very great and beneficial influence in the education of the industrious classes. The report was read by Mr. George Gain, the secretary. He announced that 119 ladies and gentlemen had been instructed during the past year, in the art of phonography at a nominal charge. Mr. Benn Pitman moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting, believing the arts of phonography and phonotypy are truthful and practical developments of philological science, the former furnishing a means for a rapid interchange of ideas among all classes, by supplying a more easy and expeditious method of writing; the latter by providing a truthful and simple method of printing, calculated to remove the difficulties at present attending the acquisition of the important arts of reading and spelling; pledges itself to aid in the dissemination thereof to the utmost possible extent." The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. George Withers (who seconded the resolution), Mr. Challis, Mr. Fawcitt, Mr. Sully, members of the "National Phonetic Council;" also by by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Pratten.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FRATERNAL INTERCOURSE WITH AMERICA.

The following portions of a letter received from America will be read with interest, especially by those associated for co-operative purposes in this country. One hint thrown out in the letter seems suggestive of a great idea, namely—*the association of the people in America to procure by co-operative effort corn and other articles of food, and transmit them to co-operative recipients in England, Ireland, and Scotland, without the intervention of the speculating spirit.* The Co-operative League should look to this matter in earnest. We can open a channel of communication, whenever that be desired:—

Cincinnati, Ohio, March, '47.

My good Brother,—I have been agreeably refreshed and most deeply interested by just reading your *People's Journal*. And I can really say, in the language of a Scotland correspondent, that it is indeed a "*People's Journal*." Long may it remain to be a blessing to the people, to bring them glad tidings of great joy! And blessed may its editor be in his works of benevolence and labours of love, in publishing peace and bringing great tidings of good!

One of the more favourable results arising from present distress in Ireland is the call that is made for the exercise of sympathy. (True, the sincerity of that sympathy may be considered somewhat questionable, which will raise some 25,000,000 of dollars to send a band of marauders to plunder the temples of a neighbouring nation, and murder their men and ravish their women! but which, at the same time, can only afford less than *one-fifth* of the sum to save a sister nation from the horrors of starvation.) Nevertheless, it is something, and is a sign of good: and we will not complain that they have done so little, but feel thankful that they have done so much. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Cincinnati, have done something, and will do more. Other cities, and the villages, and the country generally, are beginning to move; and when they get fairly under way, we hope they will not stop until the cry of the famishing has ceased to go up. * * *

But pardon my trespass thus far. My main object in writing to you was, after expressing my sympathy in your work, to make some suggestions relative to a reciprocal intercommunication between your country and ours, concerning the means of existence, corn, flour, &c. Is not the present a favourable moment for the friends of humanity? *May they not seize upon it to establish such a system of intercourse as shall eventually prevent the recurrence of such dreadful events as are now visiting the nations?* Cannot such an arrangement be now commenced between the friends of humanity in the different countries, as shall enable us, who live in the midst of this great western valley, where food is so abundant, to carry it and lay it at the doors of the poor in your and other countries, at a mere nominal price above the cost of transportation?

Can it not be entirely kept out of the hands of speculators? The general sympathy that is now excited may not continue after the immediate cause that produced it is removed; and the regulations of trade and commercial arrangements, if left to themselves, will soon reproduce the same dire calamities.

There has been formed in this city an association of individuals, mostly experienced reformers, who have united their interests and destinies for the good of the race. Their ultimate design is to change the present relations of society from selfishness to benevolence, and from isolation to universal brotherhood. *A more particular account will be given you hereafter*, if we should be so successful as to effect an interchange of views. One especial branch of their work is to place the land and means of existence in the hands of the people to whom it rightfully belongs. But to effect this they must make a commencement, and then advance with prudence and discretion until the day of "universal brotherhood" shall spread its light over all nations.

Corn meal, that has been selling in your country for three dollars per bushel, can be obtained here for twenty-five to thirty cents, and could be well afforded to your people for seventy-five cents: and so of most other articles of food.

Arrangements are now being made for establishing business in the larger cities of this country for the benefit of the labouring classes; and we hope to be able to extend it to your country also.

It may be objected that the work is great and our cause is small, and the world will die before we can afford relief. True, our beginning is in its infantile stages, but

"The smaller is its budding,
The more its room to grow."

And then we live at the commencement of a new era, when works for humanity will speed their way over the world at a rapid rate.

According to congressional reports, which are generally considered authentic, this nation has produced the past year upwards of 700,000,000 bushels of grain. Now here is an abundant supply for the 20,000,000 of our own people, and more than 400,000,000 bushels over. Were this, and the means of conveying it, in the hands of the friends of humanity—oh! how soon it should be poured at the doors of the starving millions!

Can we find those in your country who will enter with us into this work? Can you put us into communication with some of your business men, who are favourable to social redemption and human restoration? We are brethren—can we not do each other good? Children of one common father—can we not make each other happy? I think we can, if we will attempt.

Another thing let me here suggest. Here is the Mississippi Valley reaching from the Rocky Mountains on the west to the Alleghanies on the east, and from the Northern Lakes to the Southern Gulf, millions upon millions of acres of it are cursed for want of culture. The "*free soil*" movement is sweeping over the land like a tornado, and whirling the selfish claims of the monopoliser into oblivion; and we hope that the time is not distant when millions from the crowded shores of the eastern world, with outstretched arms, shall be welcomed to the *free* and fertile soil of the western. May we not be instrumental in bringing the day when the earth and its productions shall belong equally to all who inhabit it? And when those portions of it which are now exhausted by excessive tillage, shall rest, and those that are lying waste shall be cleansed, so that the earth may enjoy her sabbaths, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the solitary places may be glad.

Thine in bonds of Brotherhood, for God and Humanity,

* * *

A postscript to the above letter says :—

The association mentioned above consists of individuals joined in circles, or groups of 12 each; each circle being governed by itself, and then all merged in one. You will get something of our views from the *Herald of Truth*, which I have sent you. The first twelve possess about 200,000 dollars capital, a considerable portion of which they intend to invest as above mentioned. *I write at their request. We want to establish a kind of depôt in England, Ireland, Scotland, and other places*, that we may be able to carry out our purposes. We think our principles are strictly in accordance with the teachings of Christ, and of course in harmony with the laws of nature, or the government of God.

Kilmarnock Debating Society.—We have to notice the establishment of a debating society in this town, which has been in existence for some time, and is at present in a prosperous condition. Its members are composed of young men, some at trades, and others assistants in drapers' and other shops, who have been enabled by the shortening of their hours to devote more time to the cultivation of their minds. This institution meets every Wednesday evening in the Commercial Coffee House, Portland-street, and an essay is delivered every week by the members in rotation, when, if the subject admits of difference of opinion, it is debated on. The debates are carried on in a spirit of mildness and forbearance, and with none of the acrimony and noisy hubbub which, unhappily, societies of this kind are apt to fall into. The establishment of so many of these and kindred societies throughout the land, by young men, shows that there is a spirit of inquiry abroad, which in a few years cannot but be productive of much real good.—A.Z.

Wilderspin National Tribute Fund.—We readily comply with the request to call attention to this fund; and when we say (quoting from the address issued by the committee) that "to Samuel Wilderspin belongs the chief merit of developing and practically carrying out the system of infant training, by which inestimable good has been effected," we have done enough to commend the subject to the support of our countrymen. The address, and a list of subscribers, may be obtained from the hon. secretary, E. P. Lamport, Esq., 95, Lord-street, Manchester; or from the office of the *People's Journal*, at which subscriptions are authorised to be received.

Rochdale Peace Society.—The first annual report has reached us. The society was formed on the 19th of February, 1846, by a "few individuals," who have since been industriously scattering seed, and apparently upon good soil. The report is an able document, full of illustrations of the evils of war and the blessings of peace. On the cover is printed an excellent tract, *The Military System,—What is it?* By Wm. Logan.

The *Leeds Temperance Gala* came off on May the 18th. About 1,500 took tea. Received for admissions, 402*l.* 10s. 7d.; refreshments, 83*l.* 11s. 1½d.; tea-tickets, 51*l.* 1s. 6d.; total, 537*l.* 9s. 2½d! The proprietors of the Botanical Gardens clear 192*l.* 1s 2d.

Anti-Slavery Remonstrance.—A preliminary meeting of the supporters of the Remonstrance Movement will be held during the ensuing week. Persons desirous of aiding should send their addresses immediately to the *People's Journal Office.*

New Publications Received

April 28 to May 20, 1847.

Artisan, Autobiography of. By C. Thomson. May.—*Chapman.*
Currency, The Evils of. An Exposition of Sir Robert Peel's Bank Charter Act. By J. C. Wright, M.A., Banker, Nottingham.—*Longman & Co.*
Household Surgery; or, Hints in Emergencies. By John F. South, one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. With Illustrations.—*C. Cox.*
Ireland. The Irish Priest, or What for Ireland?—*Longman & Co.*
Knight's Weekly Volume.—Settlers and Convicts; or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods. By an Emigrant Mechanic. Two Parts.—C. Cox.
MUSIC :—
Vocal Exercises on the Sequential System of Notation.
The Sequential System in Phonetics. Part-Song. The Rivulet.—*Phonetic Depôt.*
PERIODICALS :—
The Harbinger, devoted to Social and Political Progress.—Published by the *Brook Farm Phalanx*, United States.
Life Assurance Record. Monthly Magazine. No. 1.—*W. Stevens.*
The British League; or Total Abstinence Magazine. First Quarterly Part for 1847.—*Tofts*, Edinburgh.
Norfolk Miscellany of Literature. Monthly. May 13. — *Jarrold & Co.*, Norwich.
Rowland Bradshaw. By the Author of Raby the Rattler. Parts 6, 7.—*Sherwood & Co.*
Picture Book without Pictures. By Hans Christian Andersen. From the German Translation of De La Motte Fouqué. By Meta Taylor.—*Bogue.*
POETRY :—
The Curse upon Canaan. A Seatonian Poem. By the Rev. R. W. Errington, M.A.—*Deighton and Co.*, Cambridge.
Love's Rescue, or the Inheritress. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Thomas Powell.—*C. Mitchell.*
The Furlough, or a Glance at Home. By Charles Sarol.—*W. and R. Robinson*, Edinburgh.
The Vision of Peace, or Thoughts in verse on the late Secessions from the Church of England. By William John Edge, M.A.—*Churton.*
Death's Soliloquy. By Thomas Eagles.—*Whittaker & Co.*
Original Poetry and Chansons. By Thomas Massey, a Tring Peasant Boy.—*Sachell*, Tring.
Burial of Burns. A Poem. By John Ray Taylor.—*Hamilton*, Glasgow.
Hours of Thought. By J. S. Hardy.—*Harvey & Darton.*
The Palace of Fantasy. By J. S. Hardy.—*Smith, Elder & Co.*
The British Poets. Library Series in Monthly Parts. Part 1. —Cowper.—*W. H. Reid & Co.*
Religion and Science, Relation between. By George Combe. —*Maclachlan & Co.*, Edinburgh.
Sanitary. The Registrar General's Quarterly Return of the Health and Mortality in 117 Districts of England.
Shakspere. Mr. Knight's One Vol. Edit. 8vo. Parts 1, 2.—C. Cox.

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The Week

Ending Saturday, June 12th, 1847.

ON THE TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

SIR—Observing in your Journal of April 24th, an article on *Crime*, by Lord Nugent, I felt anxious while this subject was before your readers to offer a few remarks. They are merely suggestive; and I flatter myself they will be found no inappropriate adjunct to the papers his lordship is now giving to the public.

For some years past, in making myself acquainted with the actual, moral, and physical condition of the people, I have paid considerable attention to this subject. I have visited many of the large prisons in England as well as Scotland, and can bear testimony to the improvements made, and still going on, as also to the salutary effects of a reformatory discipline upon the habits and dispositions of prisoners. There are, unquestionably, brutal natures on whom the kindest treatment will be in a great measure lost, but none whom it will not soften. On the mass of juvenile offenders it will have the best effect. But there is one evil of a serious kind to which I am desirous of calling attention. It counteracts whatever of good may be planted in the minds of those whom early training, vicious companions, or unfavourable circumstances, rather than any inherent tendency to evil, may have hurried into crime—I mean the want of some asylum to receive the prisoner when his term of punishment has expired. This question I have invariably asked of governors and chaplains of prisons—"What, in your opinion, is the effect of your training? Do the prisoners depart with a disposition to lead an amended life?" The answer of an intelligent and superior man in Scotland may be given as a sample of the general reply, "I believe," he said, "that the majority of those leaving this prison are well disposed to lead a better life, and earn an honest livelihood; but we all know the difficulty of getting employment, without the disadvantages of a bad character. They bear up awhile in their good resolutions, but want, or old associations, draws them into crime again." Now when we reflect that nearly all those who pass through our jails are uneducated, brought up in ignorance of domestic ties, and often absolutely trained in chicane, fraud, and robbery, the moral and religious teaching they have received in prison, the only influence ever brought to bear on their clouded understandings, is there any wonder that on these, the neglected children of society, being turned again loose upon the world, with no home to invite, no roof to shelter them, that they should fall again into their old practices. We have yet much to learn in the philosophy of society; and could we condescend upon the inquiry, without the prejudices in which we have been nurtured, we should become both wiser and better men. It would teach us that what we have been accustomed to regard as crime is often misfortune; that thousands are placed by stern necessity in such a position that they could only become virtuous by miracle. They are, in fact, shut out from the gentle household charities; cut off from all the amenities of society, and then punished for not conforming to its laws. Those who have examined the causes and extent of our juvenile delinquency, which is found to be increasing so fearfully, well know that the vast majority of those who are sent to prison ought to be sent to school. I would recommend to all who feel an interest in this inquiry the history of that great experiment carried on with such success by Mr. Wichern, at the Redemption Institute, near Hamburgh.

We want some class of asylums that would find shelter and employment for those who while in prison have had time to reflect upon their evil courses, and have, in effect, become reclaimed. And besides this, we want a system of industrial training for those who have learnt no trade or profession. We want, also, an altered public sentiment on the subject. Many a woman, for instance, will express her sympathy with the poor outcast of the street, who would think it improper to afford her a night's shelter to save her from utter ruin. There is a deplorable moral obliquity on these matters; and a conventional morality is set up, which neither justice or humanity can sanction. A lady will turn out the poor girl whose affections have been entrapped to her ruin, while she admits to her family circle and to the company of her daughters some gay deceiver, who may, parhaps, have reduced another to prostitution. They are not uncharitable or unkind, either, but such is the propriety of this professing age. By the same rule the poor boy, whatever his contrition for past offences, or determination as to the future, cannot obtain employment who walks from Newgate to try to obtain it.

It is, then, not more the duty of society than its interest to establish some asylum, where the released and often truly contrite prisoner might have his good resolutions confirmed and character established. I remember at one time in Nottingham there was a number of boys who were always, alternately, backwards and forwards from the workhouse to the prison. They would remain in the former until restraint became irksome, commit some petty offence, and be sent to prison. When their period of punishment had expired, having no home or friends, they were sent back to the workhouse; and many of them had thus passed five or six times. In many cases I have been informed that girls who have been confined for petty offences have been met at the door by procnresses, and enticed to some den of infamy; and thus, some misdemeanour thoughtlessly, perhaps, committed, is a first step in a life of utter abandonment and misery. Surely some effort ought to be made to rescue even the fallen from a doom so horrible. One case made a powerful impression on my mind at the time it came to my knowledge. A lady of warm temper missed a pair of stockings, and on commencing a search found them in an open box of her servant. A policeman was immediately sent for, and the girl given into custody. In her confusion she gave some conflicting statements as to her motives for secreting the stockings; when examined before the magistrates she solemnly averred that being invited to a party on the evening of the day the stockings were found in her possession, she had taken them to wear, intending to restore them the next day. As this did not agree with the statement given to her mistress, she was committed for trial. In the meantime it was found that her story about the party was true. She was acquitted at the sessions. But where was she to go without a character or home? On leaving prison she was met by an abandoned woman. And the gentleman who informed me of the particulars stated, that she had rushed to drinking and a life of debauchery with the greatest recklessness. We had discovered it too late to avail her. He felt perfectly satisfied that an act of vanity on her part, was all of which, in the first instance, she was guilty. It was in vain that her mistress grieved over her own precipitancy, the deed was done, and the poor victim's future life blasted. The conflicting statements might arise from confusion at being detected. How little they know of human nature who suppose that innocence is always self-possessed at such a moment! What a lesson for rashness and passion! It would have been humane to have given her the benefit of the doubt. But that is not to our present purpose. If some one, when she quitted the felon's bar, had been there to invite her to a friendly and hospitable roof, she might have been saved. As it was, without friends or character, what resource was left? Who is secure enough in the consciousness of their own moral rectitude to say that they might not, under such circumstances, have fallen like her?

I could not but contrast this with another incident that came to my knowledge about the same time. The governor of one prison I visited, furnished me with many interesting particulars of girls of the very lowest class who came into prison. None are utterly depraved. He had a girl living in his own house as servant, whom he had taken, from a feeling of compassion. She had been with him two years, and he assured me he never had a better servant. She had been brought into prison from a brothel of the very worst description, for some theft. After a few days, when deprived of the stimulus of drink, she became thoroughly wretched, and frequently wept bitterly. On speaking to her, he got her history. It is that of thousands—more sinned against than sinning. As the term of her imprisonment drew nigh, she looked with horror on her return to a cold world, with its frowning morality. No hearth looked bright for her; no mother to beckon her forth and welcome the prodigal sinner back; no one to breathe an invitation, or to whisper the divine injunction—one of warning, but also one of pardon—"go, and sin no more!" What had she to expect? From the decorous and the virtuous, scorn; from her own class, derision. That good man opened his door to her, took her into the circle of his own family, into contact with his sons and daughters, and his generous confidence had not been betrayed. Let the frigid moralist who has known nothing of that most potent of all temptations—want—talk in measured terms of propriety. I honoured that man, and as I shook his hand at parting, I felt I was his debtor. he had strengthened my faith in humanity.

I remember, at the first Birmingham Conference, held in 1842, and presided over by Joseph Sturge, that a sound principle was recognised—admitting the man who had paid the penalty of crime to the rights of citizenship again. It was alleged that a man might be convicted of felony, and yet in after years be a good and honest man. One incident given by one of the speakers, in support of a principle so Christian, made a deep impression on all present. He stated he had a man who had served him faithfully for years, and who died in his service. After his death, his wife said to him—"Did you ever know that John had been transported?" Such was the fact, however, but he had known nothing of it or the cause. How many men, could their first transgression be forgot, would be like that one.

I could give many other instances, but these must suffice. Let those who look abroad, and see our streets full of outcasts, reflect upon the cause, and look carefully into its history. How many breaking hearts would gladly welcome the invitation to a better course. They are struggling in sin and sorrow, from which there is no escape. Hope has no rising for them. Existence wastes drop by drop. Drink drowns memory, remorse; and they pass from existence, no one knows how or where. They are outcasts of society, yet living in it; and by a just retribution, spreading the seeds of contamination abroad. Yea, verily, the sins of the father are visited unto the third and fourth generation. I have, however, been led to moralise, where I only intended to state grave matters of fact. Yours, &c.,

Barnsbury Park, May 3rd, 1847. THOMAS BEGGS.

Another "Early Rising" Movement.—SIR: You have often in your *Journal* given us tidings of what is doing for the people; and we hail them as the aurora beams of the days of the "good time coming." We of Melbourne are not for waiting any longer to be *done for*, but have set about *helping ourselves*. A few weeks since, a young member of our Mechanics' Institute brought

me a list of eight or ten of his fellows who had agreed to meet early in the morning for *mutual improvement*, and requested me to meet with them, which I promised to do. We met. There were *seven* the first morning, and we have kept increasing till there are now about *sixty*. As the principal part are young men and women who work at the factories, we have commenced with writing, arithmetic, reading, and English grammar. Some have already made considerable progress; others are but just setting out; but when we witness such proofs as we have had of the courage which could overcome the "blarney" of a warm bed, and dare the wild wintry mornings, we are justified in expecting a similar determination to regard the difficulties in the path of learning only as so many mole-hills. We look upon ourselves as an embryo "People's College;" and as none but members of the Institute are eligible, its numbers have, during the present year, more than doubled. A penny per week is the ordinary subscription, and a halfpenny extra is paid by those who form the classes. Chronicle this in your *Annals*, as an evidence of what "the People" *can do for themselves* when they set about it; and for the encouragement of others to do likewise. Yours progressively, T. O. M.

[These early-rising efforts, on the part of young men especially, may be made productive of great good. How many precious hours are wasted in sluggishness which might be made productive of rich treasures? The bright June mornings offer a fine opportunity for commencing; and we shall be glad to hear of the formation of similar classes everywhere.]

The Late Hours' System and Mechanics' Institutions.—A correspondent, referring to an article in the *Journal* of April 17th, in which it is assumed, that the main reason why Mechanics' Institutions are not more extensively supported, is the high rate of subscription, admits that such may be the case in a degree, but pronounces the late hours of business to be the chief cause. He says, that "On looking over the books of the various Institutes of the metropolis, it will be found that the members consist, in the main, of persons of small independencies, government, professional, and banking clerks, and the higher class of artisans, whilst few, very few, tradesmen or shopmen are found on the lists. It has been computed, that in London there are 20,000 persons employed in the drapery trade alone, nearly the whole of whom are groaning under the thraldom of the late hours' system." He instances the desire of young men for mental improvement by saying, that—"Since 1838, great efforts have been made by the sufferers themselves to reduce the hours of labour; a partial success has followed, but much remains to be done. One great benefit, nevertheless, has resulted from the agitation of the question; I refer to the establishment of libraries and reading-rooms in most of the large drapery houses. In that with which I am connected (Messrs. Sewell and Co.'s), there is a library of about one thousand well chosen volumes, with a regular supply of daily and weekly papers, magazines, and reviews. Within the last few years, since the foundation of this library, a marked improvement has been observable in the demeanour and tastes of the young men; there is a steadily growing demand for useful and instructive books, and we may hope, should the association for abridging the hours of business be successful in their efforts, to see ere long an entirely different order of young men behind the counters of our shops, who shall live as rational and intellectual beings, capable of high and noble aspirations, and destined for a future immortal life, which it is necessary to prepare for whilst in this state of existence.—FREDERICK ROSS.

Recent American Communities.—Mr. Goodwyn Barmby says, "an *American Looker-on* is mistaken when he asserts (page 39 *Annals*), 'there are no *Communities* in the technical common property sense' in the United States." He remarks, "I will content myself with two instances. On the authority of American newspapers, I stated the existence of two communities, one, the Grand Prairie Community, founded by some who had previously been living in common property together, but who commenced the above establishment on Fourier's plan, and then returned to a communion of goods, as more simple and convenient; another, the Union Home Community, formed upon the property of Hiram Mendenhall, who freely relinquished it for communitive purposes."

Co-operative Trading Society.—On Thursday, June 1st, a meeting was held in Brunswick Hall, Ropemakers-fields, Limehouse, to form a Co-operative Trading Society. The meeting was well attended. Mr. William Heydon took the chair; when resolutions in furtherance of the objects of the meeting were unanimously adopted. Among other things it was resolved—"That a society, to be called the 'East London Co operative Society,' be now formed, to obtain provisions at the cheapest possible rate, the profits, after paying all expenses, to be appropriated in such a way as may be determined on by a majority of the members." The letter from America, published in No. 75 of the *People's Journal*, containing important propositions to the people of Great Britain, was read, and excited much interest. It was also resolved—"That to conduct our movement to a triumphant consummation mutual confidence is necessary; to promote this it is resolved, as soon as it is in the society's power, to form a reading-room and debating-society, to cultivate an acquaintance and become prompters to each others' virtues, and in this way generate a moral bond of union and brotherhood, the existence of which will be a certain pledge of success." WM. THOMASON.

Frederick Douglass—Our readers will be glad to hear that Frederick Douglass has been well received by the anti-slavery public of America. The ladies of Lynn got up a great and enthusiastic meeting on May 1st, to welcome him. Douglass made a very eloquent speech. The Barker family sung two original Odes, composed for the occasion, in their best style. Lloyd Garrison publishes in his paper of May 14th, the articles from the British press condemning the foul treatment of Douglass by the Cunard Company. These articles almost fill the *Liberator*. Thus the Americans may see that the British people do not sympathise with, but rather abhor, distinctions of colour. The Anti-Slavery Movement seems to be full of energy.

The League of Universal Brotherhood.—Elihu Burritt's *Christian Citizen* contains weekly a long list of names of those who have signed the Bond in this country, and also in America. Numerous societies are organising in connection with the League. Burritt writes at length upon his scheme for Ocean Penny Postage, which appears to excite much attention on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Henry Clapp's *Pioneer*, Garrison's *Liberator*, and Burritt's *Christian Citizen*, each contain lengthy letters from English correspondents, showing that much good has been done by the intercourse of the Movement men of the two countries, and that what Burritt terms the "fusion into one peaceful brotherhood" has actually commenced.

The Temperance Movement in Ireland.—Prosperity attends the Irish Temperance Movement. The newspapers frequently report monster meetings, which, though they have failed to excite notice in this country, are nevertheless sufficient to show that the cause is still progressing. James Haughton, Esq., writing from Dublin, mentions the successful labours of Father Spratt. On Sunday, May 30, a great assembly took place on Harold's Cross Green. It was very large and enthusiastic. Father Spratt addressed the assembly at some length He was followed by James Haughton; and it was computed that 540 persons took the pledge. The assembly was dismissed as soon as the church bell rang for service.——The *Carlingford Temperance Society* held its annual meeting on Wednesday, May 26. The Temperance Hall was filled. The company partook of tea; after which James Haughton, Esq., presided, supported by many well-known friends of the cause. The annual report was read, and gave much satisfaction. Mr. Haughton says—"I wish it were possible to enlist in our ranks, on behalf of the happiness-giving principles of tee-totalism a number of the young and intelligent men of our country, whose hearts burn with a desire to be useful to their fellow-men. They could not devote their talents to a better purpose than in the promotion of habits of perfect temperance. On that basis they could form and mould their countrymen into the practice of every virtue which would adorn our nature, and which cannot be planted in any other soil."

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The Week

Ending Saturday, June 19, 1847.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—WASTE OF GRAIN.

In a time of scarcity and dearness like the present, when starvation is a daily occurrence, and the cry is raised that "Famine is abroad!" the Use and Abuse of God's bounties must of necessity be forced upon the consideration of men. The heart-rending destitution prevailing throughout Ireland and the north, and increasing fearfully everywhere, partakes of all the horrible characteristics of famine.

The Queen, it is said, "has commanded that no description of flour, except seconds, shall be used for any purpose in her Majesty's household; and that the daily allowance of bread shall be restricted to one pound for every person dicted in the palace." An advertisement has appeared in the *Times*, signed by some of the nobility, declaring their intention to economise the use of food as much as is possible; the National Temperance Society has placarded the metropolis, calling attention to the dearness of bread, and the spoliation of grain, in the manufacture of strong drinks; and many ministers of the Gospel have preached and written to their congregations upon the duty of self-denial under the prevailing calamity, while they have overlooked the denial most easy, most healthful, and most dutiful. The claims of the temperance cause upon society, always great, are now enhanced a hundred fold. The present crisis, which puzzles statesmen, and will for months hence keep the energies of rulers at their utmost stretch, demands from every individual of the state an earnest consideration. The present is one of those solemn events in the history of a nation when every man must strive to be unto himself a government. It is not within the power of the crown, or the peers, or the commons, or these united, to assuage the sufferings of a people among whom hunger and pestilence are marching abroad, unless the multitude themselves are influenced by a spirit of forbearance, and readily put on whatever amount of self denial the necessities of the time may impose upon them.

Our duty now is to consider two important questions—1st Whether there exists a sufficiency of food to sustain the people until another harvest shall pour its blessings upon the lap of the earth? And, 2nd Whether we are making the best use of that which God has given us?

With reference to the first question, it is obvious—that even if we can succeed in drawing farther importations of grain from America and Russia (and these are said to be the only countries having surplus food), there will be an insufficient supply to meet the absolute wants of our population. Already large importations have taken place, and the tributary aid of other countries has been partially exhausted; whilst France has even abstracted from our own markets If, then, we would deal earnestly and wisely with a crisis becoming every day more and more appalling, we must at once consider whether we are making the best application of what we have, and see whether our limited stock of food may not be judiciously economised until the great difficulty has passed away?

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, an act or order was passed, restricting all people, on account of scarcity of food, to *two meals per day*. The intention of such an act, however good, might be easily evaded—since people with little conscientiousness, and keen digestion, might consume as much in their two meals as they would otherwise have done in three or even four!

In the year 1800, the scarcity of food at home was even greater than at the present. The distress then chiefly affected England. But in America, both rice and wheat were in unusual abundance, which is not the case at present. The difficulty was then met by government offering a *bounty* for imported corn, by *prohibiting all distillation from grain*, &c. The result was, that where before there was starvation approaching to famine, there soon existed absolute plenty. Now it is to *the prohibition of distillation from grain* that I would especially direct attention. If the wider spread of famine is to be averted, I look upon this as the great means for the salvation of perishing thousands. Every day that we live, thousands of bushels of wholesome grain are being converted into innutritious and intoxicating beverages. The food of the people is wasted, and a positive evil left in the place of the greatest blessing bestowed by God upon man. Let distillation be stayed—that the bread of the people be not wilfully destroyed—and the result will be *that we shall at once have a sufficiency of corn to maintain at least two millions of people until the coming of harvest!* Nothing can be done by law or by charity to surpass this. Whatever may be the opinion of people upon the general claims of abstinence, there cannot be a doubt that it is a solemn duty *now*. And we need not wait for an order in council, or an act from parliament, commanding the food of the people to be saved. Every man may at once make this law unto himself, for a time, if not for a permanency. He who now drinks a pint of beer, or a glass of spirits, consumes *wastefully* as much food as would have afforded a fellow-creature a substantial meal. If men cease to drink, the distiller and the brewer will soon cease their work of spoliation. Consequently, grain will be thrown abundantly into the market, and the lives of thousands, doomed otherwise to horrible deaths, may be saved. Even man's moral nature may be benefited by the growth of temperance, and the development of kindred love under temporary privation; and thus may be realised the sweet consolation that—

> "The clouds we so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> With blessings o'er our head!"

In some few instances the substitution of sugar and molasses for grain in distillation and brewing has commenced. But these substances rank high in the scale of nourishment, and I cannot, therefore, discover the policy of destroying life preserving properties for the production of mere indulgences. The emergency of which we have had a bitter foretaste, and which will be prolonged by an unusually late harvest, may demand, not only that we save our barley from destruction, but that every other alimentary substance be equally economised—and we shall do well to remember that, although the prospects are fair, we have no guarantee for plenty, or for the extirpation of the potato disease, in the season to which we are looking forward with hope. The adoption, moreover, of the temperance principle would tend to the removal of a dearth of that intellectual and spiritual sustenance which generation after generation has lacked. The mind may and does wither when its wants are not supplied—there is the starvation of intellect, as well as of body—and millions have perished as beasts, because intemperance has blighted their mental germs, and swept the earth with a moral pestilence,

ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

We have received the twenty-third annual report of this excellent institution. It is truly a "People's College," and one of the noblest kind; where, without distinction of class, colour, or creed, all may drink in those delights which intellectual and moral culture alone can afford. The report is interesting, as showing the excellence of an institution formed and supported by the people of Manchester to supply their own intellectual wants; and we think we cannot do better than advise the people wherever they may be in need of such an institution, to procure the report and rules of this institute, and adopt it as a model for their guidance.

We proceed to notice a few of the more interesting features in the report of the present year:—Richard Cobden, Esq. has been elected president—a choice which is as honourable to the members to have made, as it is merited by him to whom homage is given. W. C. Macready, who favoured the institution with a reading of *Macbeth*, has been voted a life member. During the year forty-eight lectures have been delivered—including six by George Dawson, Esq., *On the Writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge;* two by George Wallis, *On Ornamental and Decorative Art;* two by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, *On the Revelations of the Microscope;* six by Daniel Stone, Esq.; and two by Maung-gwud Dans (an Ojibbeway chief), *On the Manners and Customs of the American Indians.* The Saturday Evening Concerts have proved highly successful. A series of thirty-six of these evenings has been given. Among the performers engaged we find Henry Russell, the Hutchinson Family, J. Wilson, J. Sherer, Braham and Sons, John Parry, the Misses Smith, &c. &c.

In the Class department great activity prevails. The attendance on the following classes for the December quarter is thus stated —

Reading, writing, arithmetic, &c.	363
Mechanical and architectural drawing	106
Algebra, geometry, and mensuration	32
Commercial and ornamental penmanship	54
General drawing	57
French language and literature	45
French language (junior class)	17
Exercises in geometrical projection	19
German language (two classes)	35
Phonography (two classes)	42
Chemistry	48

There are now established nine departments for *female* education. These are English, French, Drawing, Modelling, Sciences, Needlework, &c. The number of females thus receiving instruction is 180. Another instance of the zealous efforts of the directors to use their institution to the utmost advantage, is afforded in the fact that they have established early *morning classes*, for those who can avail themselves of them. We have often in this *Journal* commended morning classes for mutual instruction, convinced that they will afford valuable opportunity for mental culture to tens of thousands who otherwise must lack the blessings of instruction. And we are glad to see that the directors of this institute hold similar views. The total number of members for the year is 1937.

An annual distribution of prizes takes place, when those who distinguish themselves in class studies are suitably rewarded. On the occasion of one of these distributions, a very pleasing incident occurred. The president, J. A. Turner, Esq., on presenting the first prize for proficiency in writing to Mark Barlow, said—"It gives me particular pleasure to see you here. This is a youth in my employment. I was not aware, till yesterday, that he was likely to obtain such a distinction. He came into my service in a very humble capacity, and he still follows a very laborious occupation in the warehouse. I have peculiar pleasure in seeing him. Shake hands, Mark!"

We hope that the success of this institution may never decline, but that it will go on creating and supplying intellectual appetites. We agree with Mr. Stone, that such institutions "strengthen and cement the relations between employer and employed," and that if they were more numerous, 'we should have more employers shaking hands with more 'Marks!'"

WILDERSPIN.

Testimonial to Wilderspin.—On Monday morning, June 7, at the hospitable board of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gaskell, between twenty and thirty guests assembled at breakfast, to grace the presentation of a time-piece, the offering of a large number of children and some teachers, to their indefatigable friend, Samuel Wilderspin. A scroll containing a long list of infant autographs hung from the ceiling to the floor (on which the remainder of the coil rested), bearing no doubt many names destined to future celebrity. Beside this scroll appeared Wilderspin's portrait, an excellent likeness and an admirable work of art, the production of the pencil of J. R. Herbert, R.A., who has enriched the present exhibition of the Royal Academy with that fine painting, *Our Saviour submitting to his Parents*. Breakfast was over, and the silver-toned bell of the testimonial time-piece, which occupied the centre of the table, chimed eleven, when Mr. Daniel Gaskell rose, and in a speech full of calm sense and unaffected feeling presented the offering. Mr. Wilderspin, under the influence of much emotion, replied. He adverted to the difficulties by which his path had been encumbered and obstructed, particularly to the prejudice and antagonism which his recognition of the equal right of all children, whether the offspring of Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, or any other dissenter, to be rescued from ignorance, had brought down upon him. He alluded with feeling to the hour when, after a struggle untouched by debt or dishonour, the prompt hand of Sir Robert Peel, by a gift of fifty pounds, sheltered him from utter destitution. This timely aid bridged the gulf till the generous friends at whose table he then stood took up his cause, and set the movement in action which would rescue the remainder of his days from want and anxiety. Mr. Monckton Milnes, with the power and ease of a practised speaker, enlarged on the exertions of Mrs. D. Gaskell; commented on the catholic spirit which had animated Wilderspin in his great work, and on the unfortunate absence of such a spirit at the present crisis. Mrs. Gaskell modestly deprecated the tribute paid to her efforts, by alluding to the aid she had received from Mr. E. P. Lamport, and many friends. Mr. Thornton Hunt, with a tact worthy of a son of Leigh Hunt, added what he characteristically called "a foot note" to the speech of Mr. Monckton Milnes. Mr. Charles Dickens, though suffering from a severe cold, spoke with his usual happy facility, dwelling especially on the circumstance of the movement in behalf of the educator of infancy having originated with a woman, and having been carried forward in the spirit of generous fervour which characterises the sex. The ladies, who added to the current eloquence by a speaking silence, rewarded him with smiles, and would have emulated Oliver in "asking for more," but that they recollected the plea with which he set out. Among the company were Mrs. Loudon, the author of *Mental Science*; Mrs. Marsh, the author of *The Two Old Men's Tales*; Mrs. Thelwall, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mrs. Heywood, the Hon. Mrs. Denman, and Mrs. Leman Gillies; Mr. Gaskell, of Thornes House, Yorkshire, and Mr. James Booth.

Plymouth Working Men's Improvement Society.—We have had an investigation into the sanatory condition of the town, which has brought to light that there exists great physical and moral evils among the working-classes. The report has shown that there are nearly 13,000 persons living in single rooms —in some rooms four, others six persons, while in some rooms as many as twelve persons, all living, eating, and drinking and sleeping in the same room. Need I say that much disease and immoral habits must necessarily arise from such a state of things. The Rev. Mr. Odgers takes a most zealous interest in this subject, and has delivered lectures to the working-classes on what they may do to improve themselves The result of these lectures was, that a few of the more intelligent of them determined to form a society to improve their mental, moral, and physical condition. The Rev. Mr. Odgers has kindly been among us, animating and encouraging us by his assistance. I have enclosed the rules—you will see by them that our objects are to instruct the mind, improve the morals, and, by mutual efforts, to raise a building society. We have enrolled a large number of members.—JOSEPH BOTTOMLY.

Bolton Essay and Discussion Class.—A class has been in existence some few months in this town, under the above title; the object of which is to extend the knowledge and improve the reasoning faculties of young men. The first essay was on "The Poetry of Shelley." We have since had essays on "The Progress of Astronomy"—"The present Evils of Society"—"Comparative Intellectuality of the Sexes"—"Evils of Intemperance"—"Characteristics and Tendencies of the Present Age"—"Is the Land of England capable of supporting its own Inhabitants"—"Human Happiness"—Unwholesome Air"—"Woman considered in her Physical, Intellectual, Social, and Moral Relations," &c. The latter subject, a very important one, excited a great amount of interest. The arguments advanced tended to show the vast influence woman exerts upon society, and the benefits that would arise from her being well educated. The general conclusions arrived at were of such a nature as gave ample proof that woman was endowed with faculties capable of elevating her to that state of intelligence, upon which the benefits and happiness of society so much depends. The class is at present in a very progressive state, and I doubt not but that it will prove of great tuility to its members.—D. DOUGLAS, Secretary.

New Publications Received

May 20 to June 5, 1847.

Artisan, Autobiography of. By C. Thomson. Fifth and concluding Part.—*J. Chapman.*
Byways of History, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Centuries. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols.—*Longman & Co.*
Church. A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P., on some Innovations injurious to the Usefulness of the Established Church. By Henry Stebbing, D D , F.R.S., Minister of St. James's Chapel, Hampstead-road.—*Hall and Co.*
EDUCATION :—
 Education a Government Duty, and a National Right. By E. Isham.—*Strange.*
 Beggars, Criminals, Fever, & Ragged Schools.—*Green*, Leeds.
Father Darcy. By the Author of "Mount Sorel," 2 vols.—*Chapman and Hall.*
Lakes, Sylvain's Pictorial Hand Book to English.—*J. Johnstone.*
Late Hours' System. By Henry Edwards, LL.D.—*Griffith.*
MUSIC :—
 A Hymn on General Scripture Reading.—*Houlston and Stoneman.*
Ornamental Designs, The Tradesman's Book of. Part 1.—*W. S. Orr and Co.*
People, Three Lectures on Moral Elevation of. By Thomas Beggs.—*C. Gilpin.*
PERIODICALS :—
 A New and Old Evangelical Mag. June—Aug.—*W. Smith.*
 Florist, Midland. By J. F. Wood. June.—*Sutton*, Nottingham.
POETRY :—
 Voices from the Mountains. By Charles Mackay, LL.D.—*Orr & Co.*
 Pomaré, Queen of Tahiti.—*Ollivier.*
Sin and Piety viewed in relation to the Universe, by a religious Application of the Discoveries made with the New Telescope of the Earl of Rosse. By Dr. Edwards.—*Nisbet & Co.*

By permission of Mr. Alexander Hill, publisher to the Royal Scottish Academy,

WE SHALL NEXT WEEK PUBLISH

THE PORTRAIT

OF THE LATE

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., L.L.D.,

Taken from the admirable Picture painted by Thomas Duncan, Esq., R.S.A., A.R.A., the property of Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Monzie, for whom the Picture was expressly painted.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by JOHN BENNETT, at THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OFFICE, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.

The Week

Ending Saturday, June 26th, 1847.

INTERNATIONAL DUTY.

Nothing shows so strongly the paramount and destructive potency of the selfish principle, as the cruel and infamous proceedings which daily take place in all countries, unheeded and almost unobserved by all other countries. It has even become generally recognised that it is a liberal and enlightened principle that no nation should trouble itself with the affairs of another nation. A rule of civic life supposed to correspond in terms, that "every man should mind his own business," is understood and applied in a very different and far more enlightened sense than this false canon of nations. By the maxim we have stated, it is only meant to be taught that no man should obtrude himself upon the affairs of his fellow to make mischief, or merely from a spirit of idle curiosity; that is, he should not interfere for evil; but to do a kind action, to help his neighbour, in any way to interpose for good, is by all the world allowed to be admirable.

The interposition may be injudicious, but the motives which prompt it are worthy, and the best, most active, and purest minds will be most ready to interfere for good. Advice, sympathy, and material assistance, are the modes by which such interference is generally manifested by the good man towards his suffering fellow-creature. Such interference is at this moment going on, and that on a large scale, on the part of Englishmen towards Irishmen. It takes place daily, with the best effects, between man and man in every parish in the kingdom. It is everybody's business to do good in detail, and in a direct action; as well as by contributing to the general good by the exercise of his judgment and action in reference to the general measures and questions which come before him. Such actions are the living exemplifications of the law of love, but to circumscribe their sphere by the limits of a family, a parish, or a kingdom, is to smother the heart of humanity. It is an attack upon the perfect law of love; it is irreligious and atheistic in the sense of negation of the spirit of good; and worse, for it is to support diabolism in its most frightful phase—in its character of the enemy of man. To do the good we have pointed out is to teach the perfect law of love.

That the people of England and of every other country feel kindly to each other, we doubt not. It is seen in the delight they take in the society of each other, when in possession of a medium of conversation, notwithstanding all national differences, whether in religion or manners, and the hospitality which we generally find each ready to afford the other. The people feel benevolently in the mass, when not played upon through their ignorance, by the designs of their rulers. Their rulers, it may be, are not less benevolently disposed in general matters, but they exercise the business of government, and in their foreign relations look only to the effect they may produce upon governments, and regard not the condition of a people considered separately from its government. They only recognise people through their governors, and they do not inquire whether the people are content with their governors; they ask only are the governors *de facto governors*; and that being affirmatively answered, they hear the people only through the *de facto* government. The peoples of the world are late in asserting an existence independent of their government. They move not as yet, except through their governments. Their governments at most consider only how their particular country, frequently only how their own stability, will be affected by the events which may be occurring in another country. There is no force in action for the good of the world—there is no union for the encouragement and establishment of good, no matter where it may be struggling. Thus, within the just-closed year we have seen in Gallicia the fearful work of pillage and slaughter proceed from day to day, and week to week, without any useful or effective expression of opinion or feeling on the part of the English or any other nation. Can we suppose that the record of the black deeds perpetrated there, and read by Frenchmen and Englishmen, have made no impression? Each one knows it is not so, but each one who desired to express his feeling and opinion on the subject knew not where to do it to any purpose. There was no combination or union to give effect to the expression of sympathy and indignation which every one felt. Governments are well aware of this; and they know they are safe in their career of rapine, so long as they duly regard other *governments*. In the absence of such a union among the people, it is very difficult, perhaps impossible, to get at the time even a correct version of the events which have happened. Afterwards it is too late, and all that sympathetic expression and mental action might have achieved is for ever lost. So the wicked burglary of Cracow becomes a *fait accompli*, before the people of the world ask each other whether it is foul or righteous. There is a crying necessity for some powerful, peaceful, watchful, and energetic union amongst the peoples of the world, for the good of the world. As man benefits himself by entering into society, so would we see the inhabitants of separate nations benefit themselves by a union for the establishment of peace on the earth and goodwill towards men. We say peace, for peace must be the true object of enlightened goodness; but then it can only consist with an harmonious arrangement between man and man in all things.

MICHAEL HAINAULT.

SOBRIETY AND CO-OPERATION.

The Bridlington Pilots.—One of the most pleasing histories, evidencing the good things working men may do for themselves by cultivating habits of sobriety, and co-operating for mutual benefit, is to be found in connection with the tee-total pilots of Bridlington, a small seaport on the coast of Yorkshire. Prior to the year 1842 the pilot boats of the port were all owned by publicans, who encouraged the men to drinking habits, and either directly or indirectly exacted from them the hard earnings for which they often endangered their lives. Drunkenness, therefore, prevailed, and the wives and families of some of the men were doomed to suffer the keen privations consequent upon such an evil. About this period, however, James Teare, one of the oldest and best of temperance advocates, visited Bridlington, preaching the glad tidings of true temperance, and calling to his standard the men who had heads to think, and hearts to feel, upon so important a subject. Among his first converts were some of the Bridlington pilots: the men who had often braved the perils of the storm to save the lives and property of others, begun to perceive that drunkenness was a perpetual tempest to them, and that they must now defy its ragings, and secure a peaceful haven for themselves. But difficulties beset their path. One of their boats was owned by the landlord of the "Greenland Fishery," another by the "Cock and Lion," and a third by the "Tiger;" and the owners soon showed that, however willing they might be that the pilots should snatch others from impending evil, they were unwilling that they should have a care for themselves. They were accordingly ridiculed, persecuted, and discharged where deemed incurable; and under these circumstances their cause seemed hopeless. But at last a voice was heard among them—"Let us unite to labour for ourselves!" and forthwith a company was formed on total abstinence principles, shares of ten shillings each were subscribed for, and soon a boat was seen floating upon the waters, her name, *Tee-totaler*, inscribed upon her modest flag that outspread itself upon the breeze. Success attended the exertions of her crew, who, freed from the slavery of strong drink, soon gave evidence of increased happiness. Stimulated by good example, other men became abstainers, and soon a second boat, the *Rechabite*, was afloat, manned by a tee-total crew. Soon afterwards one of the publicans failed, and offered a boat for sale. She was bought by tee-totalers, and after a thorough scrubbing and a coat of paint, her old name—*The Sportsman*—being blotted out, she was christened the *Abstinence*, and sent afloat as a "reformed character!" For some time the boats paid a profit to the shareholders of *thirty-five* per cent. Latterly, the weather having been fine, and the boats needed less, the returns have amounted to twenty-seven per cent. to the company, besides which they have paid to the men working them upwards of *one thousand pounds*, which money has found its way to their wives and families, and great benefit has resulted to the shopkeepers of the town. It must be named that in November, 1844, a large vessel, laden with tallow, from St. Petersburgh, was cast on the strand in a dreadful gale of wind from the east. A life boat was manned by fourteen men from the publicans' boats, and put to sea. But, after a severe struggle, they failed to reach the vessel. In the meantime, a small boat is observed struggling with the furious billows—a breathless anxiety prevails among the crowd upon the shore—the boat ploughs her way through the angry waters—they succeed in conveying a rope to the wreck, and all hands are saved! And now the boat puts back to the shore, reaching it in safety through the dangerous surf—'tis the *Rechabite!* and her tee-total crew, who are greeted by a loud burst of applause from the admiring multitude. A Tee-total Smack Company has likewise been formed, and they have given 120*l*. for a vessel to put out and assist ships in distress. To the working men everywhere, whatever be their occupation, we say—imitate the noble example of the tee-total pilots of Bridlington!—J. V.

The *Leeds Redemption Society* has issued a new tract in advocacy of co-operation, entitled *Community Practised and Practicable*. It gives an outline of the history of some American Communities; which is followed by an explicit statement of the plans of the Redemption Society.

The Health of the Poor in Glasgow.—A letter from the Rev. Dr. D'Orsay informs us that fever is fearfully prevalent in Glasgow, and that, with the view of mitigating the calamity, a series of simple Rules for the Prevention of Fever, and the Preservation of Health, approved by the medical men of the city, have been printed and extensively circulated. Our correspondent says:—"The district of Anderton has been selected as an experiment; five thousand papers have been distributed (one to *every* house and hovel, garret and cellar, in the place), and this laborious duty has been discharged by about forty ladies and gentlemen, all unpaid agents, whose motive to action would be a warrant for their perfect faithfulness." We have not room for the publication of the Rules; but we presume that those who may desire to obtain a copy, with the intention of following the above excellent example, may succeed by addressing the Rev. Dr. D'Orsey, Glasgow. We have handed over the copy sent to our office to the Metropolitan Health of Towns' Association, hoping that it may be made good use of.

The Hutchinson Family.—By the last American papers we learn that Mr. Asa B. Hutchinson, one of the celebrated "HUTCHINSON FAMILY," whose musical entertainments excited so much interest in this country last year, has taken to

himself a wife, the happy lady being Miss Elizabeth B. Chace, of Nantucket, Massachusetts. Mr. H. will be remembered as the bass singer of the family.—C.

Another Visitor from America.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Charles C. Burleigh, one of the most distinguished anti-slavery advocates in the United States, is expected to arrive in this country next Fall, for the purpose of spending a few months here in representing and enforcing the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which body Mr. Garrison is president. A correspondent says, that "Mr. Burleigh is the most powerful anti-slavery speaker—if we except Frederick Douglass—which the United States have raised. He is about thirty-five years of age; of a tall, commanding, though—like most of his countrymen—somewhat spare figure; reddish hair which curls slightly, and falls gracefully over his shoulders; long and untrimmed beard; and has a lofty forehead, projecting over one of the mildest yet most firm and expressive countenances which ever reflected the light of a calm blue eye."—C.

Kilmarnock.—The committee of the Total Abstinence Society in this town have printed an address to the people of Kilmarnock, entitled "Thoughts for the Thoughtful." From this we gather the following startling facts, which we hope will be the means of arousing the community here to a sense of the evil in which they have been indulging so long. There are in Kilmarnock at the present moment 150 public houses, which is 1 to every 22 families, or 1 to [illegible]38 individuals. In these houses are spent annually the sum of 20,000*l.* for spirits alone, exclusive of ale and porter. This [illegible]*l.* 2*s.* to every family, or 1*l.* 7*s.* to every individual. Let us now see what has been spent for religious and educational purposes, including stipends to ministers, and salaries to teachers, and we find it amounts only to 5900*l.* For poor assessments and a police establishment, the existence of which are evils mainly to be attributed to the love of strong drink, we pay 2180*l.* The people of Kilmarnock complain, and have petitioned parliament against being taxed for the erection of new Court Houses and Jail; but why not put away the necessity for Court Houses and Jail, by banishing from our locality that which fills our jails and penitentiaries, and creates the necessity of upholding a police force?" We hope the people of Kilmarnock will look to this, and reward the individuals who have been at the trouble of showing them these facts, by responding unanimously to their address.—A. Z.

Stockton Co-operative Corn Mill.—Pursuant to resolutions adopted at a public meeting held at the Temperance Lodge Room, in March last, a Co-operative Corn Mill Company has been formed at Stockton-on-Tees. The Rev. J. C. Meek is a zealous promoter of this work of brotherhood. Experiments of this nature cannot fail to do much good: they teach the people to rely upon their own exertions; to cultivate feelings of mutual affection; to regard their strength as proportionate to their union; they instruct the working classes in the elements of social organisation; and are, in fact, so many nurseries, where the young trees are nurtured, until they assume a sturdy growth and stately aspect, when putting forth their mighty arms, they defy the wrath of the tempest, and adorn the land from which they draw their sustenance.—P.

Benenden.—A few of the working men of this parish some time ago formed themselves into a mutual improvement society, being readily aided by some in more affluent circumstances. The society has for its object the establishment of a useful library, and weekly meetings for discussion and lectures. Mr. G. Buckland and the Rev. J. Hooper have already delivered two very interesting lectures—one on the "Natural History of the Earth," the other on "Elocution." Several donations have been received, among which was an excellent collection of books from Mr. Wells, resident surgeon, to whom the institution is much indebted for his warm and earnest support. The society at present possesses upwards of 300 volumes, and the increasing number of its members amounts to nearly 70. This society owes its origin principally to the efforts of the Rev. J. Hooper, a dissenting minister. We have observed with great pleasure, the entire absence of those miserable and baneful sectarian prejudices, which have so often formed a barrier to the union of man with man, in the attainment of those great and general objects, the possession of which cannot fail, morally and physically, to raise him in the scale of being. We hail the increasing number of these institutions as showing a desire for a higher kind of gratification than that found in the only place of public resort in agricultural districts, the alehouse.—S. B.

New Publications Received

Decorators' Assistant, and Weekly Record of Popular Science. Part 1. June. 17, *Holywell-street.*

Parlour Library.—Consuelo. By George Sand. Vols. 1, 2.—*Simms & M'Intyre.*

Scripture History Made Easy. By W. Pinnock. Revised and enlarged by Ingram Cobbin, M.A.—*G. F. Gibbs.*

Schiller's Tragedy of Maria Stuart. Translated by the Pupils of the German Class of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, and recited by them in the lecture theatre of the Institution, May 1, 1847.

Vaccination Considered in Relation to Public Health. By John Marshall, surgeon.—*Renshaw.*

Notices.

We are happy to be able to announce that MISS MARTINEAU has returned from Palestine, and will immediately re-commence her Papers on HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

A Series of
SKETCHES FROM THE HOLY LAND,
By HARRIET MARTINEAU,
Will also appear immediately in the *People's Journal.*

MR. JAMES SIMPSON,
(OF EDINBURGH,)
Will immediately commence a Series of Papers
ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

DR. BOWRING, M.P.,
Will shortly contribute a Paper on his proposed plan for
A DECIMAL COINAGE.

MRS. PERCY SINNETT,
Authoress of *Byways of History*, will contribute Papers regularly to the *People's Journal.*

Papers will also be contributed by

George Sand.	Douglas Jerrold
Elihu Burritt	Charles Mackay, LL.D.
Mary Leman Gillies	Joseph Mazzini
Andrew Winter	S. Margaret Fuller
Miss Jewsbury	Thornton Hunt
L. Mariotti	Camilla Toulmin
Thomas Wade	Ebenezer Elliott
W. Hepworth Dixon	Angus B. Reach
W. H. Ashurst	Dr. and Mrs. Hodgson
J. Critchly Prince	Lord Nugent

And many other writers.
All the Engravings by W. J. Linton.

*** Homes for the People, and other unfulfilled announcements, will be commenced very shortly. The delay has been simply caused by the extreme pressure upon the Editor's time and thoughts of the matters involved in the recent controversy.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet to Vol. III., price One Penny, is now ready. Also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,
Bound in the Richest Crimson Cloth, embossed, price One Shilling each. Both may be obtained from our Agents.

*** The numerous friends who are co-operating with us are reminded that the next number begins a new Volume of the *Journal*, and offers an excellent opportunity for new Subscribers to commence.

Contents.

London: Printed and published for the Proprietors by John Bennett, at The People's Journal Office, 69, Fleet-street; where all Communications for the Editor, Books, &c., for Review, and Advertisements for the Monthly Part, must be addressed.